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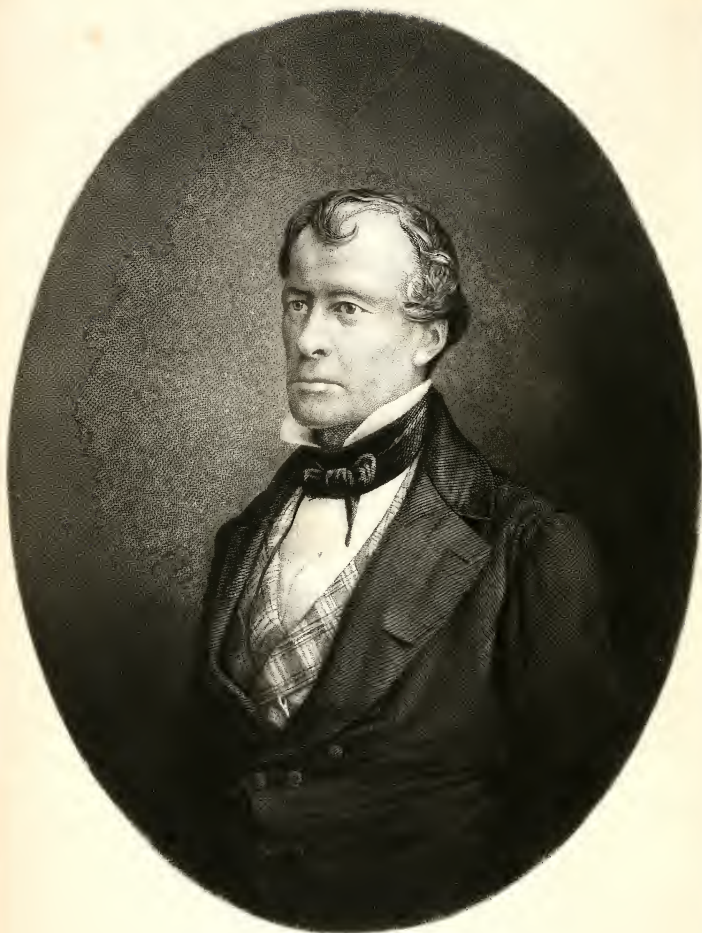


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J. P. Kennedy, MS.

*J. P. Kennedy*

J. P. Kennedy, MS.



Henry B. Conway





Whig Review

Vol XIII

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THE  
AMERICAN WHIG REVIEW.

No. XXXVII.

FOR JANUARY, 1851.

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THE SESSION AND THE WHIG PARTY.

A POLITICAL party is in difficult circumstances when it finds itself compelled to assume the responsibilities of office without acquiring, at the same time, that without which no office can be bearable to an individual, or efficiently held for the country, the power of executing in government the principles to which it pledged itself in opposition. Were the objects of political organization merely the garbling of the public taxes, such a position might fairly be considered a lucky hit; but as in this Republic, parties in office must gauge their conduct so that it will bear hostile scrutiny, and deserve national approval, or be content to lose within a very limited time even the taxes, such a position is one neither to be envied, nor if held, one which can result in anything but political ruin to the holders, unless their acts be dictated by the maturest wisdom, and executed with the boldest statesmanship. Strength is too often taken as the test of capacity, and it is after all the chief inducement for the admiration of mankind. The popular mind is prone to believe that in political tactics it is better to belong to a party of one, if he be a free combatant in opposition, than to belong to a party, no matter how old or numerous, which is burthened with office, and not with power. Such to a certain extent is the position of the

present administration; an unfortunate one at best, but one, too, which affords a great opportunity of exhibiting the superiority of genius over numerical force, and in which a statesman with the capacity of Montesquieu, and the energy of Napoleon would revel. We believe such an opportunity has not heretofore occurred in our Congressional annals, and is impossible under any form of government but our own. We may refer to the times when Richelieu held France in hand, even against insurgent nobles and a turbulent people; or to the later period when the younger Pitt roused all Europe against the modern Charlemagne, even when he was unable to command a small minority in his own Parliament; but neither illustration can give us even a faint conception of the singular anomaly which has eventuated through the simple action of the federal pact. Turning our eyes to Washington, we behold the Presidential chair filled by a man who was not elected to that position by the people, and yet did not acquire it by his own act, but who, by a decision of the merciless Atropos, was compelled to assume the office he holds, or abandon that to which he was elected; we behold an administration seated in the mansions of power, against whom are in constant array the twin majorities of the Legislature; wo

behold a party in office, which, during a long opposition, had matured a system of principles, and yet which is incapable by its own strength of establishing even one. To such an administration, and such a party, but two courses of action are permitted—either to avow that their hands are tied, and evade everything but silence and rest; or, by bold moves, to start their principles one by one upon the tribunitial battleground, throw upon their opponents the responsibility of defeating them, and prove to the world at all events the sincerity of their professions, and that nothing but the force of antagonistic majorities compelled them to exist in office without converting the occupation thereof to the national good. By the former plan, the present opportunity will be most legitimately lost, and the Whig party will have the advantage of retiring from office in 1853, without the faintest prospect of having such honors thrust upon them again, and with the imputation of having succeeded, during a short four years, in effacing from the public memory every principle it had made its own during the campaigns of a lengthened opposition. By the latter, present difficulties will be used as means of recruiting larger power and future success; and even should defeat on defeat meet us at every step, the principles of the war will lie on the ground it occupied, and be indestructible mementoes of consistent policy and strenuous endeavor.

True as these facts are with reference to all parties, they are peculiarly applicable, at the present time, to that American party which—by some such untoward mistake as that which befell Mr. Shandy, in the baptizing of Tristram, his son—had the misfortune to be ushered into the world burdened with the name of “Whig.” The principles of the party so-called can only acquire strength by discussion and education; it is the only one of all our parties which must rely on the educated force of the people, and not upon sectional differences, or class interests. Discussion of its principles can, therefore, alone increase its numerical power; for while the so-called “Democratic party” receives in every emigrant ship a cargo of recruits, who, pledged to the name, will gulp down any bolus lapped therein, and smack their lips over it in admiration, the Whig party must attain its recruits by slow endeavor and assiduous teaching. You cannot reform a fool—you

cannot make a man whose knowledge of arithmetic extends probably so far as “the Rule of Three,” deduce principles of political philosophy from elaborated figures. The Whig party, if it teach the truth, must rely on the newspaper editor, the book publisher, the writer, and the schoolmaster, and not on cargoes of humanity. Popular discussion alone can therefore preserve it in power. To this end no opportunity should be lost; least of all that opportunity which now presents itself of urging in Senate and House of Representatives day after day, and hour after hour, its cardinal principles, and so driving their debate through every newspaper, magazine, printing office, porter-house, or family circle in the Union. It is intensely stupid for any party in a Republic, which is a Republic, to rely on the *de facto* educated “classes;” such “classes” must be abolished, if by nothing else, then by time. They are wearing away hour after hour, and the young life of the country is daily issuing forth, self-willed, intellectual, capable of argument, and inclined to hold sternly to its opinions, but with these opinions gathered from humanitarian publications of the trashy kind, from excerpts of Adam Smith, and clippings of Stuart Mill, and the defunct Ricardo. No matter what exigencies may arise, no matter how transparent may be the ill effects of the commercial and other systems enacted against this country by “Democratic” gentlemen of the Anglified genus, Walker; the Whig party can never hope to establish a single one of its principles, until they are thoroughly *popularized*.

It seems almost trite at the present day to urge truths so plain. But however plain they may be, if we examine the history of our time we will find that they are neither very much recognized nor very carefully acted on. If there be any principle more than all others identified as Whig, if there be any undeniably true, it is the principle which asserts that American industry should be supported by Americans in preference to any other. Yet within a fortnight we have seen a society established in New-York for the protection of British manufactures in this country, the leaders of which are “Democratic,” and who will lead and are leading the very artisans whose interests they have bartered to a foreigner. We have seen for four years among the federal statutes, laws inflicting *ad valorem* taxes on actual Ame-

rican industry, because it is American, and laws awarding an *ad valorem* premium to British and Russian industry, because it is British or Russian. These laws too were enacted by men professing "free trade;" and were enacted against the very artisans who are their most faithful followers. We have seen, too, laws by the action of which British speculators have been enabled to stay the mill-wheels of our factories, and extinguish the furnaces of our smelting-houses; we have seen writ after writ of ejectment issued by British hands against New-England factory-girls and Pennsylvania workmen; we have seen them driven from their shops and work-rooms by the hand of Britain, as nakedly displayed as it is on the banks of the Ganges or the San Juan; and the laws under the protection of which these schemes were effected, were enacted and are defended by that party which declaims about non-interference, and professes eternal devotion to the "adopted citizens" and Bunkum. We have seen markets of profitable export destroyed,\* and markets of ruinous import forced into existence by the same professors of "enlightened commerce," and of the philosophic principle of "every man for himself." We have seen, by the same hands, the entire American nation, with its variable climate, its many climates, requiring for every degree of latitude a different degree of thickness of cloth, reduced to a state of complete dependence on British looms for even a shirt or a coat. We have seen the wages of the American artisan reduced or stopped; we have seen him compelled to submit to the plunder of slop-employers on the London system, or revolt; we have seen him driven to beggary or prison; and yet we have permitted the artisans so foully plundered to believe that they who plundered them were "Americans" and "Democratic." We have seen these highly American and thoroughly Democratic statesmen drive the produce of America into the hands of British aristocrats, sending to their shop American agriculturists with food, American cotton-growers with cotton, American gold-diggers with gold, to get them clothes, barring up our own shop doors the while, and thus affording to the mainstay of European tyranny the power of loaning million after million,

raised from American soil, to devastate Hungary, or defeat the schemes of the German people; and we have permitted the enactors of the laws under which wrongs so foul and universal were transacted, to represent themselves to the "adopted citizens" and emigrant population, as the "Friends of Hungary," the "Friends of Ireland," the Friends of Universal Freedom, and so forth. Nay, we have conversed in work-shops with artisans, and out of doors even with idle American artisans, who have propounded to us as true and good, the stereotyped defence of the very falsehood by which their right hands were rendered unproductive of life. Such things could not be, were any means taken to inform these men of the true nature of the delusions practised on them, and of the true and necessary effects of those theories to which, through a virtuous love of democracy, they have blindly pinned their faith. In the artisan population of America, largely American, largely too of foreign birth, and from the essentials of their craft possessing acuter minds, larger comprehension and a superior knowledge to any other class of workmen, the party which identifies itself with the support of native industry has resources of infinite power. It was the policy of the earlier period of the Democratic party to abuse and despise them as a mob, and of the later and present periods to hoodwink them with Jesuitic phrases and plausible generalities taken from the English economic vernacular, and so use them. The natural instinct of a German or Irish artisan coming to these shores, is hostility to all schemes for the protection of British manufactures, whether conceived in London or propounded by an "Union Safety Committee" in New-York. And all that is required to fasten firmly this allegiance to American industry, is to display fully to them that the party called here "Democratic" is precisely the same party which, by plundering their native countries, has driven both to these shores. Yet we do not know of a single book published in these United States, calculated to inform an artisan of his real necessities and those of the country of his adoption. The "free-traders," relying on blind faith alone, lead by blind faith—the supporters of American industry relying on the educational developments of the people, use no means whatever to create these educational developments. On the contrary, the highest

\* Vide Report of Secretary of Treasury.

rostrum in the land, the possession of which has been for two years in the hands of the "anti-free-traders," has been permitted by them to remain totally disused, while they could have made it every day of the past and present session an engine of discussion, forcing their theories and facts through every publication in the country, to the defeat of their adversaries, and the great discomfiture of agitators and disunionists of every grade and color. For two years, we say, the Whig party has been in possession of office—and though since its infancy it has been pledged to the support of native industry in all its branches against all odds, though it has staked its existence on the practical success of its theories, and the sincerity of its professions, yet in that time (if we except the Secretary of the Treasury's Report) not a single effort has been made in either House for the support of American labor, unless indeed the reading of the ridiculously impertinent letter of Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer against it.

Let us hope that for a little, at all events, the slavery agitation is at an end. Two years of the Whig term of office have been already wasted in considering "the condition of the planter-down-South question." Let some of the remaining moiety of the official term of the present administration be disposed of in considering the more important question of the condition of the white republicans of the North and West, whose slaves are their two hands only, and whose property is being daily and hourly spirited away by the machinations of "Democratic statesmen," and the Syren wiles of the arch goddess of abolition of every trade but her own—England. The principle of State-rights against Federal usurpation, or more properly the principle of co-equal independence in each of all the States, against any attempt made by one to use the federal authority for its gain and the injury of its sisters, is one which, in our political exigencies, must for ever recur; and it is not improbable that the slavery question, in all its aspects, may finally assume the character of a question connected not with negroism, but with white freedom. The State of Vermont has already, by a declaratory act with reference to the constitutional right of *habeas corpus* against the recent act of Congress, placed one phase of it upon that issue. And to a similar issue may be reduced the

question falsely called of "free trade," but really that of protecting by federal authority the trade of one interest or section in another, and to the injury of the whole. Were the Federal Constitution to be again formed, it would probably be the wisest and soundest Democratic course, to leave every State of the Union free to establish its own custom-houses and pay for them, to enact its own tariff laws, and take the consequences, requiring the Federal Government to depend for its resources solely on direct taxation. But under our present system, the good of the whole can only be obtained by compromise, by kindly exposition, and by enacting those laws only which are good for the whole, and not for an interest. Did the injuries, even under the present system, which result from the wholesale exportation of raw produce, result only to the States which export the raw produce, other States would have no right to interfere. Were Carolina alone injured by the export of raw cotton, or Ohio alone injured by the export of raw food, the people of New-York, Pennsylvania, or Massachusetts, would have no right to prevent the exporting States from political suicide. But the fact is, that since the Declaration of Independence the interests of the manufacturing States have been made subservient to those of the exporting States, so that, under the action of federal authority, the amount of raw exports have been in an inverse ratio to the prosperity of native manufactures—or, in other words, the nominal wealth of the Carolinas has been increasing with the absolute poverty of New-England. That this result must follow from our present system the student of sound economy, or even he who will open his eyes to facts, will at once see. We have ourselves endeavored to simplify these truths in papers intended for the more general reader; and if anything were needed to substantiate them, we have but to turn to the Report of the Secretary of the Treasury. The policy which the British Government has always practised, and to which it is as steadily attached at this day as it was a hundred years ago, is that of breaking down the manufacturing energies of every country with which it has come into connection, and reducing it to the position of a mere grower of raw produce. Had the present tariff been enacted by British hands it could hardly be better devised to that end. A premium is

given by *ad valorem* duties to the importer of British goods to undervalue the amount in value imported; and even taxes are laid upon the application of American industry to certain articles needed in American manufacture. Were these "free trade" men pardonably consistent, one might be excused for credulously believing them; but with the declared intentions of England on one hand, and the figures of the Secretary of the Treasury on the other, one cannot doubt but that this country is by the unseen agency of economic laws firmly under the control of England. One hundred and fifty years ago (A. D. 1719) the British House of Commons formally declared "that the erecting of manufactories in the colonies (i. e. of North America, now the United States) tends to lessen their dependence on Great Britain." And lest it should be supposed that the spirit and policy which dictated such a declaration was at all changed in our day, this present year, Anno Domini 1850, was not three days old, ere Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, by direction of his Government, addressed a letter to Mr. Clayton, in which he declared, with reference to "the erecting of iron manufactories" in Pennsylvania, that "higher duties in America (on iron manufactured in Great Britain) would produce a very disagreeable effect upon public opinion in England." And that "public opinion in England" has been very agreeably affected for some time at the total decline of not only our iron but our cotton and other manufactures, we have but to turn to the Report of the Secretary of the Treasury recently presented to Congress. There, among many other examples, we find these figures, showing the vast increase in raw cotton exported to Great Britain, and decrease in cotton manufactures exported to the same:—

TO GREAT BRITAIN.		
	Cot. Wool.	Cot. Man.
1846.....	\$27,707,717	\$9,607
1847.....	35,841,265	6,765
1848.....	41,925,258	28
1849.....	47,444,899	2,591
1850.....	48,884,453	50
Total.....	\$201,803,592	\$19,041

Our entire export of manufactured cotton this year amounts only to \$23,013,762—of raw cotton to \$296,563,066.

Turning then our eyes to the factories of

native manufacture, we find them locked up and idle, and their artisans crowding in idleness the purlieus of our great cities.

So of iron and other manufactures—we are deliberately sacrificing our own population to maintain that of England. And not only that, but we are daily running in debt to England to a vast amount—giving her our railroads for iron rails, and our banks, canals and public works for loans of her capital to carry out this stupendous waste. Every interest in the country, save only the raw-export interest, is perishing; debts are daily contracting, and the means to meet them daily decreasing, so that it requires no foresight to prophesy a financial crisis of no ordinary character, whenever our European creditors, by war or other causes, may be compelled to call upon us for the payment of our bonds.

The friends of native industry in Congress should therefore lose no time in pressing these manifold questions upon the attention and discussion of the country. Their energies should be directed not so much to the enactment of a protective as a preventive tariff. Productive tariffs are unjust in principle and unsound in theory. They involve a denial to the poor of luxuries, and the protection of the appetites of the rich to the injury of the whole. Such duties, therefore, as may be altered, should not be altered for the purpose of producing more revenue, but of preventing the admission of the article taxed. Our whole commercial and monetary systems should be thoroughly examined, and brought before the people, that thus, though defeated up to 1853, the supporters of native industry may have thereafter some chance of success.

One subject in particular we recommend to anti-free-traders in Congress to begin with; the subject of international copyright. The principles upon which are grounded the right of American literary men to protection against the wholesale importation of the British manufactured article, are precisely those upon which are founded the rights of all other American industry to similar protection. And as far as their interests go, literary men, almost without an exception, have accepted and will sustain these principles. They are, besides, the intellectual rulers of the people, and their services are requisite to the creation of any popular impressions. It would be a wise policy to com-



mence with them, and to afford to their interests that support, and to their just rights that necessary protection, without which as a class they must continue poor and dependent, at the mercy of every cheap publisher of British trash. Once their minds have been led to consider the question of native industry with reference to their own interests, they will not be slow to apply it to the interests of the cotton spinner, the leather manufacturer, the moulder and the smith.

In an article like this, merely prefatory to the principal subjects of sessional discussion, it is impossible to notice every subject which may be worthy of the attention of Congress, or thoroughly exhaust any. In connection, however, with the sustentation of national industry, there are other questions of almost equal moment, to which we would direct attention.

1st. It would be an irresistible argument against the present system, to produce in figures from the books or evidence of the companies themselves, the amount of stock representing the ownership and profits of our railroads, canals, aqueducts, harbors, public buildings, &c., &c., now owned in England. "Absenteeism" is the worst commercial evil to which a country can be subjected; and the system of government must be vicious and inherently bad which permits any country to fall under a system so ruinous to every industry, and so perilous to the very existence of the nation. We believe that at the present day, English absenteeism is drawing from the produce of American industry, an amount not less than fifty millions of dollars per annum.

2d. Considering our ruinous extent of imported manufactures, and our equally ruinous export of raw produce; considering this yearly drain of absenteeism, and the immense yearly addition of gold to the currency of the world, and that of America in particular, it is manifest that a commercial and monetary crisis of no ordinary extent is at hand. It is well to be prepared for it.

Our system of banking, based on notes convertible into gold and silver, is one which before fifty years must abolish itself; and indeed the time may not be so distant when, to compel a man to buy gold with his industry, and then to buy his dinner with the gold, will be looked upon as an antiquated folly. The currency of the country should be based on the national industry alone, without the intervention of a more evanescent and more variable standard. Gold and all other metals should be thrown into the market, to be bought and sold at their real value for use or export, and not kept screwed up to a congressional value, in a state unproductive to all but the bill-broker and the sweater of coin. We urge upon our financiers the necessity of looking to this subject at an early period; for in the uncertain state of our creditors in Europe, with the falling manufactures and increasing poverty of the country, there is no prophesying when the national industry may be driven into still greater difficulties, and the very existence of the industrial classes imperilled.

3d. Immediate steps should be taken to make such roads of communication between the Atlantic States and the Pacific coast as may be adjudged best for the general good. Three plans have been proposed—the inter-oceanic canal, the plan of Mr. Benton, and that of Mr. Asa Whitney. The first and the last have our entire approval.

4th. The public lands have been so fearfully plundered from the people, that we fear it is hardly worth while to speak of any which may remain unsold or unbartered. Reserving such as may be needed for public improvement, let the rest, at all events, be made free to actual settlers.

We trust the members of the Whig party in Congress will urge these topics on the public ear. When thoroughly understood and appreciated by the people, the party which sustains them will rule the United States.

## CAVETO REIPUBLICÆ PARRICIDAS.

BY RUFUS HENRY BACON.

WHEN felon hands disturb the public good,  
 Then, if the State be strong, the wrong is crushed,  
 And murderous discord into peace is hushed;  
 But if the State be weak, and what it would  
 Do, it dare not do, then the savage brood  
 Of hungry hounds, with early triumph flushed,  
 Speed to new crimes, and seize their gory food,  
 Insatiate now, not having been withstood!  
 Be warned in time, my country! Pirate knaves  
 Are swarming in thy midst! Their banner waves  
 Dusky and foul; yet blazoned with a lie,  
 To foil suspicion. Ah, the day is nigh,  
 If now false slumber seals thy watchful eye,  
 When patriots dead will shudder in their graves!

## POLITICAL MOTIVES FOR 1851-2.

In the December number we gave our readers an illustration of the frightful calamities brought upon a nation by placing her in a relation of free trade and reciprocity with England, whose enormous manufacturing monopoly, with open jaws, sucks in and devours the agricultural wealth of Ireland, and is fast reducing that country to a desert. We have shown, by the statistics of McCulloch and others, that the periods of famine in that country are exactly the periods of largest commercial intercourse with England. We have shown also, that if the population of Ireland is taken to be eight millions, that country produces food enough to keep thrice that number of persons from absolute starvation; that the *surplus* of Irish food, together with a small portion of that of North America, of France, and the countries of the Black Sea and the Baltic, feed the entire mass of English operatives and idlers, not one half of the fourteen millions of England being supported by their own soil. The horrible calamities suffered by Ireland—leaving four millions of her people at the mercy of a potato crop, which failing, they were reduced to beggary and starvation—

have been traced, not by a train of argument, but by the mere co-statement of admitted facts, to the operation of English monopoly legislation, under the lying designations of free trade and reciprocity between friendly nations. This “friendly” relationship resembles the friendly protection extended by a boa-constrictor to the creature it devours. The process of charming, slaving, and swallowing, by “friendly” intercourse, by a common “literature” and freedom of intercourse, bears a truly remarkable resemblance to the operations of the great snake upon the bird. Ireland has been fairly swallowed, is undergoing the macerative process prior to final digestion; her crushed figure, buried in the belly of the monster, raises a protuberance, just large enough to remind us of her existence; and the late Irish rebellions—strong convulsive kicks and twitches of the muscular parts of the entombed creature—serve to remind us that it is still suffering the silent agonies of dissolution.

It has been objected, that we ought not to charge the English Free Trade Ministry with the guilt of wholesale homicide; that the deaths of the four or five millions of miserable wretches who have perished gradu-

ally, or are about to perish, of hunger in Ireland, does not lie at the door of English rulers. That the *crimes* of men are measured by their knowledge: that we must not believe an English minister would willingly and deliberately destroy a million of wretches by famine. Finally, that the calamities of nations come rather by the ignorance and imbecility, than by the malice of men in power. Were the affairs of England to fall suddenly into confusion, and her manufactures cease, say our objectors, her own people would die for want of food, but their deaths could not be charged upon the malice of her ministry for the last fifty years, but only on their want of foresight, and general bad management. That political stupidity and prejudice have perhaps killed more human beings than even the sabres of Genghis Khan or the bullets of Napoleon have put to death. That a good-natured, wrong-headed fool in power can do more harm, generally, and cause the deaths of a greater number of men, women, and children, than the cruellest tyrant. Arguments which demand a serious consideration and a deliberate reply, and which in good time will receive both, we trust, to the satisfaction of our readers.

It is also to be considered, that English rulers are merely representative; that they go into power with instructions, and are bound to maintain a certain system, or they go out. Reform comes from the people if it comes at all, and not in any instance from the rulers, unless in rare cases, when ministers happen to be at once heroes and statesmen.

"Where then," continues our temperate and discreet objector, "will you lay the blame of this awful calamity, and of all similar calamities greater or less, impending over nations who hold open and unguarded intercourse with England?" In reply, many answers occur to us. We may lay it if we please upon Providence, and suggest as a remedy days of fasting and prayer. But as the God of Israel favors only those who act and think while they pray, it is needful to admit that the consolation of our answer is but trifling.

Fate is a convenient and broad-shouldered recipient of all blame. We may lay the fault upon fate if we are so inclined, were it not that in our next sentence we may be *fated* to lay it somewhere else, and impose the

blame of our own miseries; and of Ireland, and all other countries exhausted by what has been styled the "power of suction" of the English monopolizers, by which they draw away the wealth of other nations and convert it into ships of war and other appurtenances of monarchy, upon the folly, ignorance, and selfishness of the people of England themselves on the one side, and the grasping ambition and avarice of their rulers on the other.

Let us never forget, however, that in the affairs of this world there is a strict account kept by Nature, the prime minister and financier of the Most High. England, as a nation, has not profited by the mischief her commercial ministries have inflicted upon the rest of mankind. The conservatives of England stand ready to prove, by strict computation, that if the entire property of the country were equally divided among its population, each man would still be a very poor man, and would not realize enough therefrom to live with decency and comfort. A great deal has been said, too, about the self-dependence of England, when it is a demonstrated fact, as shown in our December number, that were an impassable hedge built about her, one half of her people must perish of hunger within a year.

The question of greatest importance before the world at this period, and which men of all parties must entertain alike, is doubtless, whether the present governing powers of England shall be suffered to go on in the line of ruin which they have marked out for us and for herself; whether we will permit them to enlarge and fortify a monopoly by which they keep several millions of their own people in danger of famine, and by which they exhaust the resources of every nation with which they have had the art or the fortune to establish relations of unprotected commerce. Of all people, (next to those of Ireland,) we of the United States are the most deeply interested in the reply that shall be given to this momentous question, beyond all comparison the greatest and the most important that has ever yet come up.

We, the people of the United States, are alone able to answer it effectually. If we value our own country we must answer it; if France, or Germany, or Ireland, then, for their sakes, we must answer it. Nothing in our own, or in the world's service, can however be done while we continue the



odious controversy that has so long cursed and stupefied us. Men are crazed with abstractions, and seem to have lost all taste for realities. The confusion of party that is said to prevail at the present moment, (we need not say *crisis*, every instant of our political existence being a crisis, if some are to be trusted,) is occasioned by uncertainty as to whether the people, or any considerable portion of them, will continue to favor those agitators who advise open disobedience to the laws, or their effectual evasion by illegal methods. Now, without opening the question, whether the method advised by Congress for the recovery of fugitive slaves is thoroughly the best and most agreeable to the spirit of our fundamental laws; it is, nevertheless, held to be absolutely necessary for the peace of the Union, that the law as it stands should be obeyed while it stands, and if its application is to be evaded, that the evasion be thoroughly constitutional and legal. We beg to remind those who nullify it on the plea of its supposed unconstitutionality, that they are themselves much more unconstitutional in their use of an illegal remedy. While the present Secretary of State was still by comparison a young orator in the Senate, the people of South Carolina attempted to nullify the revenue laws, because they seemed to them to be very unconstitutional. The people of Massachusetts will do well to recollect with what a fine legal and moral enthusiasm they hailed the successful enforcement of those laws, so offensive to their Southern fellow-citizens. South Carolinians insisted at that time that the sovereignty of the State was infringed by the execution of the tariff—that it was a direct attack upon the rights of States, which are by all men held sacred—Union or no Union. But South Carolinians have had a fine revenge upon their Northern friends, and can throw back the charge of nullification upon certain citizens of Massachusetts, who are engaged in agitating disobedience.

No nation has ever a body of laws that were satisfactory to all alike. Unconstitutionality, inhumanity, violation of rights, can be charged by remote construction, in some of their effects, upon almost every law, and indeed have been so charged. The Constitution, like Holy Writ, has its sects; its High Church, its Low Church, its heretics and its martyrs. To recall but one example,

Calhoun argued that Congress had no power of legislation over the territories, and was then extremely indignant with the people of California because they did not wait for the legislative action of Congress. Now, the people of California merely illustrated the fundamental position of the great champion of State sovereignty.

Other Senators from the South, equally warm in the defence of fundamental popular rights, insisted on the adoption of a line on either side of which it should be lawful or unlawful, *by act of Congress*, to own slaves. These profound legislators argued, nevertheless, violently against the *legislative* power of Congress over the territories.

All things considered, the people of the South, in the final establishment of territorial governments without pro-slavery or anti-slavery proviso, have gained a great victory for their darling and essential principle of State sovereignties,—and the North will, in good time, have cause to be thankful for that too. It would be childish to quarrel with the North about territories after such an admission.

Equally injudicious would it be for Southerners to engage in scandalous experiments upon the temper of the Northern people, by sending persons to reclaim fugitive slaves, not for their value, but for that avowed purpose. It is a very popular and plausible excuse for the people of Massachusetts that they understood a hostile intention in those persons who came into their State in search of fugitive slaves. If the reclamation was undertaken merely to try the temper of the people, to be made afterward a topic of jest among Southerners, the result was natural, and should have been expected. In South Carolina itself, were Northern men to enter that State armed for the recovery of free negroes confined there as aliens, the same conduct might be expected on the part of the people in South Carolina.

On a certain occasion the State of Massachusetts sent an envoy to South Carolina to test the laws of that State in regard to free blacks, confined for entering Charleston, and who were also citizens of Massachusetts. The envoy was ordered to depart in peril of his life, though he came there only for the trial of a legal remedy.

Massachusetts and South Carolina, or rather a certain irritable portion of the people of those States, the free blacks, and

the innocent admirers of English free-trade lecturers, and female orators of one, and the gallant disunionists of the other, have overstepped a little the line of courtesy, and of the Constitution. The body of sensible and discreet citizens of the South and North are not involved in this reproach. Because a few are refractory, the country is not thereby wholly shattered, but still retains some little faith in the "great experiment," as it is naively called, of constitutional republican government—that is to say, a government by the discretion, common sense, and brotherly feeling of the people.

In view of the disastrous effects upon ourselves of the policy pursued by the Government of England, in their attempts to appropriate the profits of all employments, raising up among ourselves two destructive factions, between whom there is no choice of evils, but whose hostility to each other is embittered and intensified by a rivalry in the favor and protection of a Power whose purposes they serve, we arrive involuntarily at the conclusion that opposition to the commercial and diplomatic policy of the ministry of England, and to the influence by which they endanger our Union, impede our industrial progress, and stifle every sentiment of nationality, has become the leading politi-

cal motive of the present time. The most careful and extended inquiry serves only to show, that, in every particular, the present policy of England results of necessity in our own disgrace and impoverishment. Our free spirit, the nationality and the just and natural jealousy of the people—all those masculine traits that distinguish them from the servile masses of Europe, demand an open and manly opposition.

The most powerful means of deception used to stifle this antagonism is doubtless the abuse of significant names. Every foreigner who lands upon the shores of the North American Continent, unless he be an agent of despotism, inquires for the party of the people, and is immediately enlisted in the ranks of "democracy and free trade." The name of Democrat and free-trader in America, like the name of Whig in England, carries a body of well-meaning people within the pale of a party hostile and hateful to republicanism, and whose entire policy, at this day, is to make a few men in England, and their wealthy agents in America, India, Ireland, and China, the sole managers of the world's business, and in very truth the masters of men.

Out of the dull ignorance of the people, flow a thousand mischiefs:—

OUT OF FALSE AND IGNORANT DEMOCRACY COME	{	SELFISHNESS.	{	Unprotected industry,—the people gradually depressed. Disunion and civil war. Monopoly—foreign and domestic.
		SERVILISM.	{	National poltroonery. Abolitionism. Dread of foreign opinion,—respect for foreign advice.

*Anglo-Mania, Dependence.*

The above we hold to be the political motives of 1850.

OUT OF ENLIGHTENED AND LIBERAL DEMOCRACY COME	{	ENTERPRISE.	{	National achievement in every art. Union and internal peace. Distribution of wealth,—universal employment.
		BOLD NATIONALITY.	{	National glory,—respect and confidence of neighboring States. State rights inviolate,—power of the sovereignties augmented. Contempt of foreign opinion,—our own example reacting upon other nations.

*The Country loved. Labor honored.*

Would to Heaven we dared say, that in the year 1852, the motives of enlightened democracy will actuate a majority of the people; but we dare not hope for so much. The flood of foreign opinion that for the last few years has deluged the land, seems

to have effectually and hopelessly corrupted us.

It has even become a question of much speculative interest with some far-looking persons, whether the tide of popular sentiments created by foreign and uncongenial influence

will not finally extinguish the respect of the people for their own institutions: a moneyed aristocracy created by alliance with foreigners, through an open and unrestricted commerce, it is said, must inevitably corrupt the democratic sentiment, and introduce elements of confusion which must finally break up the common grounds of union.

At this very moment, this powerful and almost irresistible influence of a purely foreign literature, and foreign trade, has the effect to produce a complete paralysis of parties. The grand national division of the American democracy, named Whig, cannot act out its full intentions, so completely paralyzed is it by the touch of England. It

is compelled to lie inactive and yield an unhopd victory to its antagonists.

This paralysis of a great democracy is certainly the most remarkable phase of national politics since the Revolution. The industrial classes of the people cannot engage in any new enterprise because it may be displeasing to the present English Government, and because the idea that any other people beside the English should supply themselves with clothes, books, and utensils of their own making, is pronounced by travelling English gentlemen to be a humbug, and a proof of ignorance. This state of things may perhaps be better comprehended by the reader in a tabular form.

AMERICAN NATIONAL IDEAS.

NATIONAL SENTIMENTS.	OPINIONS OF FOREIGN FREE TRADERS.
That the Union will continue. - - - - -	<i>A humbug.</i>
That Monarchy will profit by its dissolution. - - - - -	<i>A certainty.</i>
That the South will find its advantage in a close commercial alliance with the West and North. - - - - -	<i>A humbug.</i>
That the general imperial government ought not to abolish slavery, in a State or territory. - - - - -	<i>A constitutional humbug. (Exeter Hall and House of Commons quoted for this.)</i>
That the abolition of slavery will place the Southern States, the West Indies, and the cotton lands acquired, or in process of acquisition by Great Britain on the Southern part of this continent, on an equality. - - -	<i>A certainty.</i>
That the American people have any nationality, or policy. - - - -	<i>A humbug.</i>
That foreign opinion ought to govern America. - - - - -	<i>A certainty.</i>
That America will benefit by such government. - - - - -	<i>A first-class humbug.</i>
That the commercial prosperity of America will finally prove to be that of foreigners alone, and not of the American people. - - - - -	<i>A certainty.</i>
That American wealth ought to flow over into foreign hands. - - -	<i>A supreme necessity.</i>
That free trade is beneficial to English, American, and Irish corn-growers. - - -	<i>A first-class humbug.</i>
That Exeter Hall, agitating free trade and abolition in the same breath, is the great sustainer of British manufactures. - - - - -	<i>A divine fact.</i>
That modern Republics can have any literary or philosophical talent. - -	<i>A question.</i>
That they despise themselves. - - - - -	<i>A certainty.</i>
That they will ever be treated with consideration and respect by the other first class powers of the earth. - - - - -	<i>A doubt.</i>
That they will ever develop a distinct national opinion and polity. - - -	<i>A sublime humbug.</i>
That they are a civilized people. - - - - -	<i>A prize question for the next Cambridge graduates.</i>
That they have any men among them who have a true national pride, that needs no fostering from foreign travelling eulogists. - - - - -	<i>A droll absurdity.</i>
That they have moral courage. - - - - -	<i>To be answered by their Ambassadors.</i>
Whether the American democratic governments are not in fact serviceable tools of English Whigs. - - - - -	<i>The less said the better. (Investigation suppressed.)</i>
Whether a shrewd diplomatist cannot twist an American politician into any shape it pleases him. - - - - -	<i>To be tested by the event.</i>
Whether the republican rule of non-interference may not be made a pretext by Great Britain to work her sovereign pleasure with the weaker nations of the continent. - - - - -	<i>A question to be whispered about, and replied to by winks and nods.</i>

To this list, an hundred others might be added, but those given will serve to illustrate the spirit of that foreign opinion which paralyzes parties in the United States.

Nothing, however, can be imagined more powerfully illustrative of the influence of foreign opinion on this continent, through

the opening of unrestricted intercourse, commercial and literary, than the passivity and inaction of the people in regard to Central America. The fact that no popular movements have been made in that matter, discovers to our waking senses with what a millstone our necks are encircled. On the

democracy of America we are compelled to throw the blame of an inactivity, and a cruel indifference, as unnatural and uncongenial as it is mischievous.

Let us imagine for a moment, that neither our clothes nor our opinions came to us from abroad; that, in a word, we were thoroughly independent of foreign commerce, and could not only supply ourselves, but all the world, with the luxuries and necessities of life. Let us suppose that the Abolition party of New-England did not exist, or did not look to foreign lecturers to propagate their doctrines, and that Southern slaveholders, those champions of the rights of individual States, those testy guardians of sovereignties, did not look to a foreign power to sustain their withdrawal from the Union. With what a shout of execration would they have received the news of the seizure of the naval station of Rotan, midway between New-Orleans and the Isthmus, and of the establishment of a new British protectorate in Central America, and over the Isthmus State of Costa Rica! With what a violent military enthusiasm would not the entire martial population of the South and West be affected! Newspapers would teem with exhortations to the Government, petitions would flow in upon Congress, hundreds of thousands of volunteers would register their names at Washington for the defence of the Isthmus, the

strength of the navy would be trebled, the troops would furbish up their bayonets—the people would throng the parks and market places to hear military orations—the intruding foreign power would be notified, that, as the American Union was originally founded upon a compact of many independent sovereignties, and existed solely by the continued recognition of State individualities and liberties,—according to the laws of nations, compact or no compact,—it felt itself bound to enforce that law upon this continent, as it hoped for salvation, and desired the respect and friendship of the world; and that, all things considered, without any farther examination of treaties, it was decidedly the best policy, and the safest for both parties, that the free States of the North American Continent should not be seized upon by foreigners; and that, too, with the highest consideration and esteem, and at your earliest convenience,—phrases at once diplomatic and business-like. But these, alas! are the sentiments of '76, and in days of railroads laid with foreign iron, and laws based on foreign opinion, they fall flat and tame upon the ears of an enlightened Democracy. American honor has grown gray, and lives retired, while American shame builds palaces on the shores of the Atlantic, and with his merchant navies wafts away to England the profits and the honor of the people.

## SONNET,

### AMBITIOUS TO FILL A BLANK IN THE WHIG REVIEW.

PEOPLE talk Sentiment, but do they live it?  
 The lips are echoes of the mocking heart,  
 And that false subtlety which takes its start  
 From its dark chambers—they are first to give it.  
 Oh, our two natures—they are rank deceivers,  
 The inward Counsellor, the outward Act—  
 The gilded Sentiment, the iron Fact—  
 Befooling all but practised unbelievers.  
 True wisdom this—doubt the fair words of men,  
 Hear promises, advice, with cautious ears;  
 Being deceived, be not deceived again,  
 And watch the deep monitions of your fears.  
 So shall Success, that well-fed imp, abide  
 Through an obsequious world, attendant at your side.

## HON. JOHN P. KENNEDY.

THE public services of Mr. Kennedy, in both a literary and political capacity, have been great enough to give occasion for an extended biography. We must content ourselves, however, with presenting a few scattered facts in his life, from the present want of more ample materials.

Mr. Kennedy's father emigrated from the north of Ireland, and settled in Baltimore, where he became an active and prosperous merchant. He married a daughter of Philip Pendleton, of Berkley County, Virginia. From this union there were four sons, of whom John was the oldest. He was born in Baltimore, 25th of October, 1795, and was educated at the Baltimore College, where he was graduated in 1812.

In 1814 he served as a volunteer—a private soldier in the ranks at the battles of Bladensburg and North Point.

In 1816 he was admitted to the Baltimore bar, and began a successful practice in that city.

In 1818 he, in conjunction with his highly accomplished friend, Peter Hoffman Cruse, published in Baltimore a little work in 2 volumes, called *The Red Book*. It appeared in numbers, at intervals of about a fortnight, and was of a playful, satirical character. The book, though of an ephemeral nature, excited a good deal of attention.

In 1820 Mr. Kennedy was elected to the Legislature of Maryland, as a delegate from the city of Baltimore, and was re-elected in 1821 and 1822.

In 1830, Mr. Kennedy first became an author, publishing *Swallow Barn* in the course of that year. This book was designed to be a picture of the manners, customs, and peculiarities of Eastern Virginia. The narrative was pleasantly drawn up, and obtained for the young author a gratifying reputation. Leaving out of view for the present his political occupations in the interval succeeding, we will proceed to enumerate his productions.

In 1832, he published *Horse Shoe Robinson*, the first idea of which he received from an accidental acquaintance with the hero of it, whom he met in the Pendleton District of South Carolina in 1818, and from whom he received some interesting particulars of his own participation in the war of the Revolution, which were faithfully introduced into the story. This work of fiction was perhaps as extensively read as any one produced among us, with the exception of two or three of Mr. Cooper's.

In 1838, he produced *Rob of the Bowl*, a story intended to illustrate some portion of the early history of Maryland. In particular the wild, reckless character and stern and bloody career of the Buccaneers of the Gulf—"The Brothers of the Bloody Coast"—was vividly set forth in this fiction, one of their leaders with his piratical crew being introduced as cruising along the shores of Maryland.

In 1840, he wrote and published *Quodlibet*, a political satire written during the Presidential canvass of that year, and having special reference to the scenes and topics of that contest.

Mr. Kennedy, besides these more extended writings, has delivered many public addresses upon invitations from various societies; among them,

In 1834, One before the Horticultural Society of Maryland.

" 1835, A discourse on the Life and Character of William Wirt; delivered at the request of the Baltimore Bar.

" " The Annual Address before the American Institute of New-York.

" " Address before the Faculty of Arts and Sciences of the University of Maryland; in which he had been appointed Professor of History.



In 1835, Address delivered at the consecration of Green Mount Cemetery, near Baltimore.

“ “ Sundry Lectures on various subjects.

“ 1845, Address before the Maryland Historical Society on the Life and Character of Geo. Calvert.

Mr. Kennedy's life may be regarded in a two-fold aspect—his labors as an author and his career as a statesman being diverse but inseparable. The latter may be said to have commenced with his election to the Maryland Legislature in 1820, when 25 years of age, four years after his admission to the bar, two years after his *début* as an author. Re-elected in 1821, and again in 1823, he was the following year appointed by President Monroe Secretary of Legation to Chili; which appointment he resigned before the mission was ready to sail.

Espousing the side of the Administration of Mr. Adams, while continuing to reside in the strongly Jacksonian city of Baltimore, Mr. Kennedy was now virtually shut out from public life for years. But his interest in public affairs was undiminished, and his activity in support of his cherished principles unimpaired. In 1830 he wrote an elaborate review of Mr. Cambreleng's Report on Commerce and Navigation, ably controverting the Anti-Protective fallacies of that Report. The next year he was a delegate from Baltimore to the National Convention of Friends of Manufacturing Industry, which met in New-York, late in the autumn, by which he was appointed on the Committee to draft an Address in defence and commendation of the protective policy, which, in conjunction with his colleagues, Warren Dutton, of Massachusetts, and Charles J. Ingersoll, of Pennsylvania, he did, each writing a part.

In the autumn of 1838, he was elected a member of Congress from the double district of Baltimore city and Anne Arundel county—the first time a Whig had been elected from that district. He was promptly recognized and respected as one of the ablest of the many able new members, which the changes consequent on the monetary revolution of 1837 had brought into the House. In 1841 he was again elected, and, on the assembling of the Whig Congress of that year, he was appointed chairman of the Committee on Commerce. In that capacity

he drew a Report on our so-called Reciprocity Treaties, and their effect on the shipping interest of this country, which widely commanded attention. Several other reports from his Committee evinced like ability and research. He also, in behalf of a Committee appointed by a meeting of the Whig members of both Houses, drew the celebrated “MANIFESTO” of the Whig members at the close of the extra session, exposing and denouncing the treachery of John Tyler—a document rarely surpassed in ability, perspicuity and scathing vigor.

Indeed, it may be asserted, that no person in this country writes on political questions with more clearness, eloquence, and convincing argument than Mr. Kennedy. His style in his literary productions has always evinced many excellent qualities; but when he touches great national topics, he seems to be imbued with a new power. The same qualities which give him this peculiar ability on such topics, render him also a rapid and eloquent narrator on historical subjects, as several of his public addresses testify, and as is shown by his Biography of William Wirt, which was lately given to the public.

The State having been re-districted, he was again elected to the House in 1843, from the single district composed of the greater portion of the city of Baltimore, and served through the Twenty-eighth Congress. In 1845 he was once more presented for re-election, but defeated by the diversion of a small portion of the Whig vote to a “Native American” candidate. In October, 1846, the Whigs of Baltimore insisted on having his name on their Assembly ticket, and, to the astonishment of their brethren throughout the Union, he was elected, with two of his colleagues, in a city which gave a heavy majority against Henry Clay two years before, and still heavier against the Whig candidate for Governor in that year.

The most important public effort of Mr. Kennedy, and for which the party and the nation owe him a debt of gratitude, was perhaps his grand exposition of the contrasted doctrines and practice of the Jackson faction, in his great speech at Hagarstown, Maryland, Sept. 27th, 1848, reported in the *National Intelligencer*, Oct. 18th, of the same year, previous to the election of General Taylor.

In this speech, which is a wonderfully condensed history of the rise of the present Whig and Locofoco parties, Mr. Kennedy has identified the Jackson faction with the older Federalists, by showing that the Federal leaders went over almost *en masse* to the Jackson standard, and carried with them those Tory doctrines, derived originally from England, which gave its peculiar character to the Jackson administration. In the number of this Journal for January, 1849, this speech of Mr. Kennedy's is fully reviewed. On a future occasion it is our hope to present a complete memoir of our accomplished statesman and historian, together with a review of his writings.

## THE SORCERESS.

BY H. P. WEBSTER.

THERE is a palace built of clay, and, mildly as the moon,  
A clear and quenchless light illumines an inner lone saloon;  
And there in dreams reclined, or pacing to and fro erect,  
A Caliph lives who bears the merry name of Intellect.

His footmen slumber, watch, or play around the outer gate,  
And strangely are they named—Despair and Hope, Affection, Hate,  
Sorrow and Joy: he calls them so, for 'tis his idle whim,  
And gently rules them, or, if not, they only laugh at him.

His thoughts, a motley populace, as little fear his word;  
They mock his indolent police, and shame their vaunting lord  
Whene'er he tries to marshal them, and through the land he goes  
In burnished mail of poesy, or flowing robes of prose.

More oft he sits at home, and trusty Memory mixes draughts  
Of sweet and bitter taste for him to sip, the while he waits  
A cloudy fragrance from the bubbling hookah Fancy fills—  
The slave he keeps to dance, or tell him stories, if he wills.

Such are his lighter pleasures, and his graver are to read  
The rolls of parchment he has gathered with a sateless greed,  
Or, leaving these, to cheer with lofty words his Heart of Heart,  
Who sits, a weeping princess, in her silent room apart.

For there, with pallid fingers prest upon her burning eyes,  
She mourns her only child, (his name was Love,) who ever lies  
Embalmed, and fresh as if in living beauty, near her side—  
A double grief, for twice the boy had lived, and twice he died.

He was in truth a glorious child, all music, life and light,  
With hope and force instinctive reaching toward the infinite:  
Oh, he would conquer all the world, when he became a man;  
But passed away, ere half a score of sparkling summers ran.

The mourning princess smiled in peace, nor ever shed a tear,  
And "Allah's will be done," she only said from year to year,  
Until, one autumn day, a wise and lovely maiden came,  
With melting glances, drooping eyelids, and a nectar name.

She was so beautiful, the menials, Scorn and Sorrow, fled,  
But Hope and Joy unlocked the doors before her silent tread;  
She passed from room to room,—the Caliph bowed, and Fancy knelt,—  
And last she found the place where Heart of Heart in secret dwelt.

The princess heard a voice of sweet enchantment, raised her eyes,  
And saw the stranger and her own lost child, in mute surprise;  
The Caliph came: "My palace, princess, and myself," he said,  
"Are thine, fair sorceress, who thus hast given back the dead."

The lady left; the boy remained, and with so bright a bloom,  
It seemed that he had grown in beauty in the very tomb;  
And so unearthly were his simple words and saintly looks,  
The prince confessed that Love is wiser than the wisest books.

A year flew by; the stranger then returned, and calmly spake:  
"The joyous life that I restored I needs again must take;  
For I can keep no two alive, and now a princelier one,  
Whose other spurns him, longs to save from death his second son."

She vanished, and a fatal pallor smote the noble child;  
And now embalmed he slumbers there, and there in sorrow wild  
The loving Heart of Heart for ever says, with stifled breath,  
"I could have borne it all, but that it is a double death."

The Caliph puffs his solemn pipe, or takes a sacred scroll  
And reads to her the words that hopeless woe may best console:  
"Thy Love is now in heaven." "Then let me yield my weary breath,"  
She moans, "and find him there; I cannot bear the double death."

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## LESSING'S LAOCOÖN.

## THE SECRET OF CLASSIC COMPOSITION IN POETRY, PAINTING, AND STATUARY.

THE "Laocoön" of Lessing has been but little read in America. Copies of the elegant translation by Ross are rare on this side of the Atlantic. Readers of German profess to understand it in German; but like our collegiate Grecians, they read it, as Homer is read in schools, with little advantage. The Laocoön cannot, however, be classed among "difficult books." In the translation of William Ross, it is easily and soon read. The style of that translator, which is clear and flowing, facilitates, no doubt, an easy comprehension of the author's meaning. At two sittings one may read the whole. Lessing was neither a mystic nor a transcendentalist. His characteristics are perspicuity and judgment, and an understanding very free of prejudice.

The purpose of the Laocoön is to ascertain the limits of poetry and painting; to show what subjects, or rather, what conditions of subjects, are proper for poetic, and what for pictorial representation.

The work opens with an examination of Winkelman's theory, "that the *primary law* of the arts of design among the ancients, consisted in a noble simplicity and tranquil grandeur, both of attitude and expression." The illustrations of their principles are taken, both by Lessing and by Winkelman, who were contemporaries, from the celebrated group in marble of Laocoön and his two sons, represented as perishing together in the folds of two enormous serpents. The father appears to be in the very agony of death, but his features, in the marble, are not distorted to a revolting degree; they represent agony subdued by an exertion of the will, and yet agony extreme, even to death. Winkelman argues that the representation of the moral power which subdues unseemly manifestations of pain and passion, was the true object of classic art. Lessing shows, on the contrary, that the poets and dramatists of Greece did not confine themselves to the expression of subdued and dignified emotions; but gave room, in their dramatic exhibitions, to every variety and extreme of passionate expression, to a degree not toler-

ated on the modern stage; and that only the painters and the sculptors, in representing the passions, kept within the limits proscribed by Winkelman for all the representative arts. "Stoicism," says Lessing, "is *undramatic*, and our sympathy is always commensurate with the suffering exhibited by its object." "If it be true, that to give utterance to the expression of pain is perfectly compatible—at least, according to the notions of the ancient Greeks—with grandeur of soul, it follows, that it could not have been from the fear of diminishing this elevation of character, that the artist refrained from tracing on his marble (the Laocoön) the outward indications of painful shrieks. He must then have had some other motive for departing, in this instance, from the line adopted by his rival, the poet, who has chosen deliberately to express those shrieks."

In the second section of his work Lessing endeavors to show that *beauty* is the primary object of the arts, and that they were confined by the Greeks to the narrow limits of beauty. Mere representation, made for its own sake, was not permitted. There was even a law among the Thebans, which ordained the imitation of the beautiful alone: this law was directed against the caricaturists and delineators of vulgar subjects. The ancient statuary avoided every kind and degree of passion which contorts the countenance and destroys the beauty of the figure; while to the poets, every liberty of representation was permitted. Jupiter, hurling his thunder-bolt, was *fierce* with indignation in the song of the poet; while in the sculptor's image he was simply *grave*.

Imitation by the sculptor is confined to a single moment, and that of the painter to a single point of view, while it is the *art* of the poet to describe a series of movements, one following another, in the relation of cause and effect. Since, therefore, the arts are limited by their own intrinsic necessities, truth and expression ought not alone to be regarded. The difficulty of the artist is to select such a moment, and such a point of view, as shall be sufficiently pregnant

with meaning. "Nothing," says Lessing, "can possess this important qualification but that which leaves free scope to the imagination. The sight and the fancy must be permitted reciprocally to add to each other's enjoyment. There is not, however, any one moment less favorable for this purpose, in the object of art, than that of its highest state of excitement." *Transient* situations and appearances, our author argues, are to be avoided. The portrait of a man laughing disgusts upon a second view. Falling bodies cannot be represented. Ajax distracted, after having murdered the sheep and oxen, which he mistook for men, leans gloomily upon his sword, meditating self-destruction. That is the moment for the sculptor or the painter; and if an excess of passion is represented, it must be at instants of amazement and stupefaction, or at the pause or point of hesitation, on the eve of some terrible catastrophe. Thus we see the poet and the artist occupy the entire range of representation, and fill out the circle, one representing *motion*, and the other *rest*.

Passing over several chapters in which our author discusses questions that are interesting rather to the classical critic and the antiquary than to the artist, we come upon the seventh division of his subject, in which he distinguishes two kinds of imitation,—that of the genuine artist, and that of the servile copyist. The artist imitates the poet, and the poet the artist; but with different degrees of propriety. When *Virgil* gives us a description of the shield of *Æneas*, he imitates in a certain sense the sculptor of the shield; but it was a true imitation only when he had seen such a shield, and when he described what he had seen. "If, on the other hand, *Virgil* had taken the marble group of the *Laocoön* for his model," says Lessing, "he would have produced an imitation of the second kind; he would have copied the *subject* only, and his description would not have been taken from any particular attitude chosen by the sculptor, nor would he describe it as one would draw it, piece by piece, and limb by limb. He would take the group as the suggestor of a series of actions leading to the catastrophe represented in the particular attitude selected by the statuary." Our author is careful to give a superior credit to the more original kind of imitation, in which the poet

describes what he has seen; taking for his example *Virgil's* description of the shield of *Æneas*, where the poet is also the inventor of the imagery described upon the shield. Lessing argues that it would have been a degradation for the poet to have taken a hint from the marble group of *Laocoön*. He might, however, show as great an originality and power in describing the series of events which led to the catastrophe of *Laocoön*, though his first hint of them may have been given by the marble group, as the statuary himself, who, from some ancient story or tradition, executed the work in marble. It is not originality, which is demanded of the artist or the poet,—and this we say of ourselves, and not after Lessing,—but the power of producing a combined effect of pleasure and elevation, by whatever means that effect may be produced.

"The Count de Caylus recommends the artist to make himself thoroughly acquainted with *Homer*, that greatest of all pictorial poets—that faithful follower of nature. The Count assures the artists that their execution will be more perfect in proportion to their intimacy with the minutest details of the poet's description."

"The effect of the system here recommended," continues Lessing, in his 11th section, "would be, to unite the two kinds of imitation, which I have already distinguished from each other. The painter would not only have to imitate that which the poet had imitated before him, but he would also be required to do so with the identical lineaments which the other had employed;—he would be required to make use of his prototype not only in his character of narrator, but in that of poet likewise.

"But how does it happen that this second kind of imitation, which is so derogatory to the poet, is not equally so to the artist? If such a series of pictures as that which the Count de Caylus gives from *Homer*, had been in existence before the poet wrote; and if we knew that he had drawn his story from those materials, would not our admiration of him be infinitely diminished? How then does it happen, that we withhold none of our approbation from the artist, even when he does nothing more than embody the poet's words in forms and colors?"

To this question Lessing replies, that in the works of the painter or statuary, the execution seems more difficult than the invention; while, with the poet, *invention* is the test.

In offering this explanation, Lessing departs from his own principle; or rather, he loses sight of it, and neglects it. By his own showing, the merit of the painter or sculptor is *never* the merit of the poet, in any case. Neither is invention more credit-

able in the poet, than in the statuary or painter. And, if we be not wrong in the conjecture, invention, so much prized by the moderns, was not in the least esteemed by the artists and poets of antiquity; their works being founded entirely upon tradition and history; a common stock, from which all alike drew their materials.

In every work, the spirit and circumstance of the plot, or situation, was given by tradition; and it was the duty of the poet to develop and characterize it—*im-personate* it, if we may be allowed the expression, by the actions of the figures; while the statuary and painter restricted themselves to certain groups and tableaux, depicting points of rest and expectation. Consequently, there is no need of giving precedence to one art over the other, for the universe is both at rest and in motion in an equal degree, and the eternal rest is surely as sublime, to our imagination, as the eternal motion.

In composing pictures from Homer, or in executing groups in *bas-relief*, the artist does not adopt even the minutest trace of that which is the peculiar subject matter of poetry, nor is it possible for him to do so, in the nature of things, unless by caricature. He adopts only the dry bones of tradition, the history itself, which Homer may have got, and probably did get, as did Shakspeare, from his predecessors, improving on them, it may be, and adding new features, but not using larger liberties with tradition itself than the statuary or the painter may use with the same. The arts are therefore free of each other, and make no serious encroachments upon each other's limits.

Lessing argues, that should the poet take his descriptions from groups of statuary or from paintings, his merit would be infinitely less.

"Had Virgil," says he, "delineated the fate of Laocöon and his sons from the sculpture, he would have forfeited the merit which we consider the most difficult of attainment, and would have been entitled only to that which is of comparatively smaller importance; for the first creation of such a work in the imagination, is a far higher effort of genius than its description in words: but had the artist, on the contrary, borrowed his subject from the poet, our admiration of him would scarcely have been diminished, though the merit of the conception would not have been his own; for to impart expression to the marble is infinitely more difficult than to give expression in words; and in comparing the relative value of expression and execution, we are always disposed to excuse

the sculptor's deficiency in the one to the same extent that we require his excellence in the other.

"In some instances, it is even a greater merit in the artist to have imitated nature through the medium of the poet's imitation than without it. The painter who has delineated a beautiful landscape after the description of a Thomson, has performed a higher task than he who has copied it directly from nature."

Were the principles of our critic, indicated in the above remarks, to pass into literature as critical canons, we conceive a great and serious injury would be inflicted upon the arts. It may be a much more *difficult* task to paint a landscape after Thomson, but the difficulty of art does not in the remotest degree enhance its merit. Whether easily or with difficulty produced, is nothing to the point; works of art are not for the artist, but for others, and were we inclined to interpose between the artist and his work, we should rather say, the more easily it is done the better. "The painter of nature," says our author, "has the original before his eyes; the painter after Thomson must exert his imagination:" but, in truth, there is no such thing in art as a pure imitation of nature; the entire work, from the composition of the colors to the last degree of sublimity in expression, is a production of talent and imagination. The artist has, indeed, nature before him, but the spiritual significance of nature he has only in his own mind; and it is not *every* natural scene, every appearance on the face of nature, that *has* significance; nor, to *some* minds, has *any* scene *any* significance. If he paints after Thomson he does not take the colors of his stones and trees, (their most effective element,) nor their individual shapes, from Thomson. These he must take from nature, which is common to himself and to the poet. The poet may have expressed the spiritual significance of the scene, but by the canon which Lessing has himself established, he does so by the *changes* which pass over the landscape, the æsthetic succession of the changes forming a natural drama or story; as, for instance, that of the rise and progress of a thunder-storm, of which nature retains the tradition, for the use both of the painter and the poet.

We repeat, then, that the duty of the painter is to represent moments of rest, (*suggesting* motions and changes,) and that, too, by Lessing's own established principle—a principle which marks a satisfactory limit between pictorial and poetical art.

We firmly believe that while Invention is held to be the chief merit of an artist—while the attainment of what is called Originality is held up to the youthful poet or painter—we shall never produce great works of art. Let Art itself be its own merit, and let its subjects be taken, as they come, either from nature or from history indifferently; and he who can best select and execute the subject, he is the greatest artist. How absurd would seem the efforts of that painter, who should endeavor to invent a new form of human face! Novelty in art is a contradiction in terms, for the soul of art is representation.

Let us consider in what manner a great artist would choose to immortalize himself. Surely by the representation of a moral theme, and by no means of any extemporized fable. Were he a sculptor, his figure would be a Moses, a Cromwell, a Calhoun. He would turn to history both for story and sentiment; and chiefly to the oldest traditions, and the most sacred histories. Were he a poet, his choice would be of no idle scene, pregnant with no consequences; that which he represented would be significant either of the great laws which govern human nature in all conditions, or of the destiny of a nation, or perhaps, as in Milton's epic, of all mankind. He would endeavor to characterize the most powerful traits of humanity, in order, simply, *to express the grandeur of his own spirit*, (for the artist is ambitious, and seeks admission to the society of the great of all ages;) and he would, therefore, by a necessary sympathy, feel himself attracted only to the characters and actions of heroes and sages. If, like Milton, he chose to invent, his invention would be merely a combination,—an assemblage of known images, to express a series of established principles; and in this invention he would only imitate nature, and, as Milton has done, reproduce tradition in new actions, and describe what has already been described—battles, single conflicts, stratagems, statesmanship, and the interior struggles of the greater passions. He would never inquire whether or no he were original, but only whether he were true to nature in her highest passages, and correct and artistic in the combination of the forms and actions taken to illustrate his moral theme.

In the fifteenth section of his work, Les-

sing has marked the essential difference between the poet and the artist. Without adhering closely to the text, let us endeavor to develop the idea of which it contains the germ, and the germ only; for Lessing, although the originator, did not prove himself the master of criticism, and humbler spirits, following in his steps, may possibly add something to the work which he began.

"Time is the sphere of the poet—space that of the painter." More correctly, the statuary and the painter make use of visible fixed forms to represent passions and moral emotions,—visible fixed *forms*, which are significant in themselves, as the human face is, in itself, significant of what passes in the mind and heart. The poet, on the other hand, makes use of *sounds*, the measures of time and motion. The face and form of man is the property of the painter; his speech, the most significant and powerful of his actions, belongs to the poet. It is important, however, not to mistake written language, or phonetics, for an essential in the poet's art; since poetry may be composed without the aid of letters, and intrusted merely to the memory. The labor of the painter and statuary is mechanical, and their work requires no comment; its meaning, like that of nature, being at once apparent to all mankind. The work of the poet is limited to the language in which he writes; a medium variously colored, imperfect, and artificial in the highest degree.

The poet cannot make us see a thing which we have not seen; he can only represent the motions and actions of things which we *have* seen; which gives a hint of the mode in which poems should be illustrated; that is to say, by pictures representing points of rest in the progress of the story, and giving us portraits of the personages in groups preparatory to, or concluding an action, as Shakspeare has been illustrated by the more recent limners.

Because language can express and suggest every action, sentiment, and feeling, poetry can do the same; but as language proper always expresses by its nature a *movement* in the mind, while colors and lines express only fixed images in the same, poetry is the vehicle for expressing passions, actions, and variable emotions, while painting and statuary can only represent, in strictness, what is permanent and perpetual, or rather, what is complete in itself, and that



excites no desire that it does not satisfy. Strictly artistic groups of statuary should then require no label or explanation to make them agreeable and instructive. A sleeping infant, in marble, requires no text nor comment to enhance its value. A blind beggar led by a child stands for the natural symbol of certain truly divine sentiments—innocence, humility, submission to the will of God, and dutifulness. And surely, if the statuary has *expressed* all these in his group, it needs no label nor explanation, no quotation from Marmontel, to enhance its value. If in any particular the ancients have excelled us, it is in this, that their artists represented sublime and constant emotions, such as are in themselves complete. The statue of Niobe weeping over her children represents the instant access of a grief, which at once annihilates and replaces all other emotions, which pervades the whole mind and the whole body, which is actionless through despair, and, therefore, representable in the marble. A grief without remedy, and therefore without irritation; for it is the incompleteness of sorrow, the tincture of a lingering hope, that inspires it and leads to vehement action. In general the art of the statuary leads him to prefer a sublime or extremely pathetic subject, and for the very reason assigned: the quiet vision of the enthusiast, whose open eyes behold only spiritual things, and whose body sleeps in apathy while the spirit is exalted, is representable in the marble. The countenance of the sage or grave philosopher is more beautiful in marble than in life, perhaps for the very reason that the spirit of mere wisdom partakes more of acquiescence and submission than of action. The famous statue of the Listening Slave, so called, but by Winkelman otherwise designated, represents another species of rest, that of cunning and expectation. The Dying Gladiator, the Apollo Belvidere, the Hercules in Apotheosis, the Medician Venus, the very Caryatides—statues in the places of pillars—serve to illustrate the art of antiquity, and to show the superiority of judgment of the statuaries of Greece over those of later days. They knew the limits of their art, what it could and what it could not express, and they seldom attempted anything beyond those limits. Their bas-reliefs encroach a little upon the province of painting, but not essentially upon that of poetry. From their eminent suc-

cesses and the universal admiration which attends their works, we are forced to concede them the highest praise of criticism, which is that they knew, *first*, how to choose the highest subjects that could be executed in marble; and *second*, that they carried their execution to a degree unsurpassed by those who have come after them.

In illustrating the difference between the artist and the poet, Lessing gives us a beautiful example in the picture of Pandarus, from the Fourth Book of the Iliad, which picture, he says, is one of the most finished and most illusive in the whole poem:—

“Each moment is delineated, from the grasping of the bow to the flight of the arrow; and these moments are all so closely connected, and yet so distinct one from another, were we unacquainted with the use of the bow, we might learn it from this picture alone. We see Pandarus drawing forth his bow; he fastens it on the string, opens his quiver, and chooses a new and well-feathered arrow. He adjusts the arrow to the string, and draws back the string with the channelled end of the arrow, till they come in contact with his breast, while the iron end of the arrow approaches the bow. The large rounded bow now strikes asunder with a mighty noise, the string vibrates with a ringing sound, off springs the arrow, and flies swiftly to its mark.”

This series of actions would require a dozen different statues, set in order, for their representation. Homer paints them in a paragraph. He does not describe the bow, nor the arrow, nor the person of the archer—these he leaves to imagination, aided by experience; but he gives us the series of actions performed by these, tending all to the accomplishment of the work which he has in hand—the destruction of Troy, or rather of its hero, Hector; or, if we go still farther, the glory of Greece, in the persons of its kings.

“The painter can only employ,” says Lessing, “one single moment of the action, and he must therefore select as far as possible that which is at once expressive of the past and pregnant with the future. In like manner the poet, in his consecutive imitations, can employ but one single attribute of bodies, and must, therefore, select that which awakens the most sensible image of the body, under that particular aspect which he has chosen to represent. On this principle is founded the rule of unity in the pictorial or descriptive epithets of the poet, and of parsimony in his delineations of bodily objects.”

We see that the unity of poetry is a unity of progress toward a certain end,—the rise, the culmination, and the catastrophe of a single passion in a single individual, re-

flected in the inferior members of the group that move with him. And this rule of unity holds throughout the entire range of poetic art, from the point of the epigram, and the single thought of the sonnet, even to the sublime passion of the ode, and the glory and the majestic ambition of the epic, in which the entire force of human character, in one or in a few persons, is concentrated for a series of years upon the attainment of a single purpose. But this rule of unity, as it appears in the trunk and larger proportions, so carries itself into the minutest leaves, the very *if's* and *and's* of a vitally organized poem. Every word should have a vital connection with every other in the entire work, and every word should express, or assist in expressing, an act which is a part of the entire action, the whole, together and apart, having a defined and certain aim; and thus all disputes about the unities are set at naught by the very nature and necessity of art.

"Such principles as I have expressed," says Lessing, "will alone enable us to define and explain the grandeur of Homer's style, as well as to estimate as it deserves the opposite practice of so many modern poets, who vainly seek to compete with the painter on a point on which they must of necessity be surpassed by him. I find that Homer paints nothing but *progressive actions*, and each body, each individual thing which he introduces, he delineates only on account of the part it bears in these actions, and even then in general with but a single trait. Is it then surprising that the painter can find little or nothing to do where Homer has employed his powers of delineation, and that the only field he can find to work on is where the story brings together a number of beautiful bodies in fine positions, and within a space advantageous to art, however slight the poet's delineation of all these circumstances may be?"

Lessing proceeds to illustrate this great discovery, which, if a new school of constructive art shall ever arise in this country, must be taken as its corner-stone, and in defiance of that abominable miscellaneousness and confusion of purpose which characterize the modern school, by certain well chosen examples from Homer. Thus Homer characterizes the ship by a single trait—the black ship, or, the hollow ship; but of the embarkation, the sailing, and the landing, he draws a highly finished picture, because they are *actions*, or rather a single action, whose successions belong to poetry. If it becomes necessary for Homer to fix our view longer than usual on a single object, even then it will be found that no picture is presented

which the painter could follow with his pencil.

"He contrives, by numberless artifices, to place this single object in a series of successive movements, each of which exhibits it under a different aspect, and in the *last* of which the painter must wait to see it before he can fully exhibit what has been described by the poet. For instance, if Homer wishes to delineate the car of Juno, he makes Hebe put it together, bit by bit, before our eyes; we see the wheels, the axles, the seat of the car, the braces and the reins, not so much in actual combination, as in the progress of combination, under the hands of Hebe: the wheels are the only part on which Homer bestows more than one trait, delineating the eight brazen spokes, the golden circles, the bands of brass, and the silver naves, each separately and particularly. One would almost be inclined to think that the poet had chosen to dwell so much longer on the wheels than the other parts, out of deference to the more important service required from them in reality."

"Bright Hebe waits; by Hebe ever young,  
The whirling wheels are to the chariot hung.  
On the bright axle turns the bidden wheel  
Of sounding brass; the polished axle steel.  
Eight brazen spokes in radiant order flame,  
The circles gold, of uncorrupted frame,  
Such as the heavens produce; and round the gold  
Two brazen rings of work divine were rolled.  
The bossy naves of solid silver shone;  
Braces of gold suspend the moving throne:  
The car, behind, an arching figure bore;  
The bending concave form'd an arch before.  
Silver the beam, th' extended yoke was gold,  
And golden reins th' immortal coursers hold."

Lessing's second illustration is a description from Homer of the king, Agamemnon, putting on his dress. We see him draw on the soft tunic, throw the broad mantle around him, fasten his elegant sandals, gird on his sword, and lastly, seize the regal sceptre. Another poet would have delineated the dress and left us without the action. We should have had a tailor's card of Agamemnon.

"First on his limbs a slender vest he drew,  
Around him next the royal mantle threw.  
Th' embroidered sandals on his feet were tied;  
The starry falchion glitter'd at his side;  
And last his arm the massy sceptre loads,  
Unstaid, immortal, and the gift of gods."

Again, in describing the sceptre of the king he supposes that we have already seen it. Instead of a description he gives us its history. First, it is the work of Vulcan, it glitters in the hands of Jove, it marks the dignity of Mercury, it is the baton of Pelops, the staff of Atreus, and, finally, the ruling sceptre of the king of Argos. This makes the sceptre, if we may so speak, respectable in

our eyes; and by such a description, a stick of wood, stuck full of copper nails, is made the significant usher of a line of heroic images, representing dignity and authority in every grade.

Again, when Achilles swears by his sceptre, the poet traces it from the green tree upon its native mountains to the hands of the hero, acquiring attributes of dignity.

The delineation of the bow of Pandarus is another wonderful instance of the skill of the poet, who attaches to it a high degree of interest.

It has long been a matter of wonder among critics that Dryden, a poet of inferior skill to Pope in the management of verse, should be generally better esteemed by the ripest judges. We believe that an inquiry into the peculiarities of these writers will establish for the elder of the two a great superiority in epic force, in the qualities of action and vital unity. The imitators of Pope and Dryden, understanding nothing of the true vitality of art, imitated only their versification, their antithetic turn, and their epigrammatic point. That the writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were ignorant of the true principles of classic art, discovered or revived by Lessing, we have evidence enough to fill entire libraries, libraries commenting on, and imitating in a frigid manner, the classic unities. Impressed with the idea that unity was necessary to a work of art, they conceived of it as an artificial band, holding the parts of the work together, as the tire of a wheel gives unity, and not as the specific or vital principle of an animal gives unity to it. In treating of the episode and of episodic description, mechanical critics have regarded them as so many ornamental flourishes nailed or stuck upon the body of the work, and for which any other might have been substituted with equal propriety.

In the correspondence between Goethe and Schiller, of which there is a translated American edition, we find an apparent and continued effort on the part of those great writers and critics to solve the epic and dramatic problem of unity, independently of Lessing, and almost without reference to him, and with signal ill-success. The criticisms of Goethe and Schiller have no entireness, and show the dimmest appreciation of the root principle of epos and drama—an appreciation so dim, the uninitiated reader will perhaps never discover it at all; and in the

works of these poetic artists there is acknowledged by all a want of unity and want of action, which ranks them far below the models of antiquity.

The purposes of art are simple, and not speculative; its materials derived from nature and tradition, and not from excogitation and analysis; and perhaps it is impossible for any but a people whose actions are free and unrestrained, who have great and national purposes, simple and heroic views, and an experience of life, varied upon sea and land, in peace and war, and through the vicissitudes of calamity and brilliant fortune, to produce an original and classic school of poetry,—a people who believe, or incline to believe, that what they think and can do is the best, saving what their fathers thought and did before them, and who scorn and detest the barbarism and corruption of neighboring monarchies. Had Greece been flooded with an Asiatic literature, generated from the vice and luxury of courts, would she ever have produced a Homer or an Aristotle? And will America ever produce great writers and artists who will transmit our glory to future generations, while she is cloyed and debilitated with the sweet and sickly literature of French libertinism and English servilism? Great geniuses may be, indeed, in a measure, self-developed, but the imitative instinct puts them in strong and intimate sympathy with the age, the men, and the books with whom they converse. Let the young poet, and whoever wishes to excel as a writer and a speaker, beware of his company. If he associates with triflers, neglecting the harsh and disciplinary contacts of duty and business, and if, instead of serious poems and histories, he steepes his intellect in the muddy floods of sentimental fiction, the trifling and sensual, his moral power must decline, the pride and freedom of his soul be impaired, his hours of thought expended in useless reverie or idle criticism; despondency and low despair will take the place of manly ambition. To the inexperienced it is perhaps necessary to add this caution—not to mistake verbal and rhetorical criticism, and classical nibbling, for a study of great models. Sublime and beautiful works should be read as one views a majestic landscape, by a rapid and comprehensive glance. Magnitude is said to be an element of the sublime. To appreciate the sublimity of Milton or Homer, one must take in all at



once an entire member of their work,—a secret of criticism which, unhappily, few of our classical scholars possess; for these gentlemen judge a man's scholarship by the neatness and prosody of his quotations from Horace, and their knowledge of the great writers of their own and other tongues is oftentimes more correct than organic; but the poet and the writer who works from a central, living principle, must work from a consciousness very different from that of the analyst, or dissector. English treatises of criticism too often resemble a hand-book called the *Dublin Dissector*, which the student holds in his left hand open, while, with the scalpel in his right, he separates the integument from the muscle. The treatise of Lessing, on the contrary, deserves to be called an organic treatise, because it shows us the vital principle in the living work.

In the seventeenth section our author dwells at length upon the impropriety of detailed delineations of bodily objects in poetry. The signs of speech are arbitrary. When a word is uttered, or written, it signifies nothing to the hearer or reader except by reference to his own experience. The poet cannot describe a thing which no one has ever seen, so that the imagination shall receive it. He can describe only the changes, combinations, and actions of things that have been seen and are already known, or which the imagination shapes from experience, or from pictorial representations. Milton's angels have a human form, speak the English language, and their music was the music known to Milton; their armor is that of English knights, their artillery the modern cannon. Thus, in the detail of his work, the greatest of all inventors invented nothing. He could change, he could magnify; he could darken and illuminate, combine and put in action; he could inspire his angels with the great passion familiar to his own spirit; he could give them the theology and the skepticism which agitated his own intellect, and there invention ceased. His learning fills out the work coldly and heavily, the pedant and poet contending for mastery; his detailed descriptions of things without action, leave the imagination dull and stagnant; but when he puts in motion the angelic hosts, we hear the clash of armor, the sound of chariot-wheels, and the thunder of artillery—your bosoms burn with the ardor of the fight—and then the poet

seems to be a creator, or inventor, in the right sense.

America has produced many authors who have excelled in the description of natural scenery. Every one is familiar with the exquisite delineations of Bryant and Longfellow, in those beautiful and pathetic little poems, "*The Water-fowl*," and the "*Loss of the Hesperus*." There are touches in these of natural description unsurpassed in their kind. Many of equal or superior beauty are quoted by the readers of Tennyson; but these excellent poets do not describe for the sake of describing; they do not encroach upon the province of the landscape painter; they speak only of what we have seen and are familiar with, and then give us the changes, dramatic motives and pathetic incidents, which the phenomena of nature occasion, attend, or suggest. They combine in their poems the two-fold genius of ode and elegy; the elegy describing and lamenting past scenes, the ode, interior passions of an instant. In all that they write there is motion and life, and therefore, we dare say, they are popular and admired.

"I do not deny," says Lessing, "to speech in general, the power of delineating a bodily whole, by means of its separate parts; this it possesses, because its signs, although consecutive, are yet arbitrary. But I deny that this power is possessed by speech, considered as the mechanical means of poetry, because such verbal delineations of bodies would be deficient in that illusion on which poetry mainly rests; and for this plain reason, that the entireness of the body being destroyed by the consecutive nature of the discourse, and an analysis of the whole into its parts being thus effected, the ultimate reunion of those parts, in the imagination, must always be a work of very great difficulty, and in many cases would even be impossible. Where, therefore, no illusive effect is required, where the understanding of the reader alone is addressed, and where the only aim of the author is to convey distinct, and, as far as possible, complete ideas, those delineations of bodies which are excluded from poetry, properly so called, may with perfect propriety be introduced, and may be employed with much advantage not only by the prose writer, but by the didactic poet, who is, in fact, no poet at all."

Lessing quotes instances from Virgil of purely didactic and descriptive poetry, which are only a more agreeable paraphrase of prose, and exhibit skill in language, and a knowledge of husbandry, and nothing more.

"Except in such cases as these, the detailed delineation of bodily objects—without the Homeric artifice of rendering co-existent parts actually con-



secutive, to which I have already alluded—has always been regarded by the best critics as an uninteresting and trifling performance, for which little or no genius is required. When the poetaster feels himself at a loss, he sets to work, as Horace tells us, to delineate a grove, an altar, a rivulet meandering through pleasant meadows, a rapid stream, or perhaps a rainbow."

"When the judgment of Pope had become matured by years and experience, he looked back, we are told, with great contempt on the pictorial essays of his youthful muse. He insisted that it was indispensable for any one who desired to render himself really worthy of the name of a poet, to renounce as early as possible the taste for dry delineation; and compared a merely descriptive poem to a feast composed of nothing but sauces."

Lessing recommends that the poet who has conceived a work in which a series of images are brought forward, with sentiments sparingly interwoven, should change his plan, and make his poem a series of sentiments with but a slight admixture of images. But, after all, the most perfect descriptive poem must consist of an indistinguishable mixture, a perfect blending of imagery and sentiment.

The eighteenth section of our author's work continues the subject. The practice of certain painters who have represented in one picture an entire story—as when Titian gives in one piece the entire story of the Prodigal Son; or as if Cole's four pictures of the Course of Life had been blended into one piece—is condemned as an encroachment of the painter upon the territory of the poet, and serves to show that successions, not in time, but in space, are the proper sphere of the painter. Lessing argues an equal absurdity in those poetical descriptions which give scenes without motion from object to object.

And yet there is a certain liberty allowed, both to the painter and the poet. The painter may unite two distinct moments in the posture of a figure. The artist may have the sense and the courage to force a rule of art, in order to attain a greater perfection of expression. The poet may dwell momentarily upon an object, suspending, for a certain time, the entire movement of his piece. The painter may sometimes represent a falling body with effect, as has been done by Hogarth; but these are accidental to the main design, and rather heighten than impair the harmony of the whole. Thus, the figures on the right and left of a picture, may seem to be in rapid action, while the more im-

portant figures are at rest. A forest scene may indicate the movement of a tempest so as to produce a perfect illusion, without violating the unity and *fixed* lights and shadows of the whole. There is a broad margin allowed in all arts for an apparent departure from their peculiar principles.

One of the most brilliant chapters in this work is the critique on the two descriptions of a shield—the shield of Achilles, by Homer, and the shield of Æneas, by Virgil.

"Homer," says Lessing, "has composed upwards of a hundred magnificent verses in describing every circumstance connected with the shield of Achilles—its form, the material of which it was composed, and the figures with which its immense surface was covered, so minutely, and so exactly, that modern sculptors have found no difficulty in executing imitations of it, corresponding in every particular. This wonderful example of poetic painting is executed by Homer without the least departure from the principle adhered to by him throughout his work. The shield is epically described—that is to say, created out of the rude iron and brass, by the hands of the poet. Its figures spring gradually and successively into view; the orb rises from an edge to its full splendor. Homer brings before our eyes not so much the shield itself, however, as the divine artist who is employed in making it. We cannot forbear noticing, at this opportunity, that of all descriptions in the ancient poets, those of mechanical and agricultural labor are the most interesting and exquisitely wrought. The idea of indignity or disgrace did not attach itself, in the sublime age of the epos, to mechanical labor. The stigma seems to be *feudal*, and is certainly the disgrace of our time. Thank God, we are approaching a new age, when labor shall no longer be a disgrace, but shall be dignified, as in heroic ages, by sages and poets, with the highest honors of humanity; and in the day when toil is honored and men are free, when they have ceased to 'love a lord,' perhaps we shall have other heroes and poets, it may be, even greater than those of antiquity—but not while we are cursed with a servile literature, and a more servile art.

"We see the divine artist approach the anvil with his hammer and pincers, and when he has finished forging the plate out of the rough ore, we perceive the figures destined for their embellishment, rising one after another from the surface beneath the judicious strokes of his hammer. We never once lose sight of the workman, until his labor is completed, and then the amazement with which we regard his work is mingled with the confident faith of eye-witnesses to its execution."

Is not the above the finest piece of criticism that ever escaped a modern pen—the richest in suggestion, the most refined and discriminating, and with the greatest possible breadth of appreciation? Certainly nothing in Longinus approaches it, in com-

prehensiveness; and to have surpassed Longinus is to have surpassed all critics, not even excepting the favorite Goethe, whose subtleties, entitled criticisms, show, indeed, wonderful observation, but fall short in comprehensiveness, in the place of which they have often only mysteriousness. In the criticism of Lessing, the artist finds laid open for him, and clearly expressed, the rules by which he must work, if ever he succeed; rules derived not from speculation, but from a truly Baconian analysis (with an æsthetic guidance) of the greatest works that have been produced.

Virgil's description of the shield of Æneas is treated by Lessing with great severity, and apparently with great justice. Moral simplicity of intention is wanting in the work. It is made a vehicle of flattery. Virgil introduces us to a view of the god Vulcan busied with the Cyclops, and produces a few celebrated lines. He then leads us off into a different scene; Venus and Æneas appear together in conversation; the shield is leaning against the trunk of an oak—it might have been any other tree, or a rock. The hero Æneas has already inspected, and admired, and handled the arms in a very common-place manner, which only excites the restless desire of the reader to get him out of the way, and handle them for one's self. And then follows what Lessing pronounces to be a tame and tedious description, made by the poet, of the figures wrought upon the shield, while Venus and Æneas stand by, either whispering in a side scene, or with signs of great impatience, we may suppose, for the poet to have done with his tedious ciceronism and cease from making them ridiculous. "Homer," says Lessing, "makes the god elaborate the decorations of the shield because he, the divine artist, with that high moral simplicity which characterizes true art, desires to produce a piece of workmanship worthy of his skill. Virgil, on the contrary, would lead us to imagine that the shield was executed for the sake of the ornaments." A degradation of the armor itself, of the poet, and of the divine artist, Hephistos.

The twentieth section of the *Laocoön*, following out the principle already laid down by our author, prohibits the description of personal beauty by the poet, except in the most general terms. Homer tells us that Nireus was beautiful—that Achilles was still more so, and that the beauty of Helen was divine. "Nowhere do we find him entering into a circumstantial delineation of these examples of beauty; yet the beauty of Helen was the very pivot on which turns the entire fabric of the poem. How luxuriantly would one of our modern poets have dwelt on its details." These elaborate encroachments upon the province of the painter create confusion, and confusion only, in the imagination. The painter or the statuary can alone give us the picture or the statue of a Helen. After quoting an example from the Italians of this kind of description, Lessing draws a distinction between admiration for an artist and admiration for his work. We may admire the artist for the knowledge he displays, and the beautiful materials he brings together; we may condemn the work from its failure to produce a powerful and simple effect upon the imagination.

Beauty should be described in poetry by its effects alone, by the grace of its actions, and by the admiration and the ardor which it excites.

The only remaining topic of general interest touched upon in the *Laocoön*, is the use of deformity as a subject in art. It is argued that deformity is not a fit subject for the painter or the statuary, but is very proper for the uses of poetry; to this, however, there must be certain liberties permitted, since deformity may be used to set off beauty, even in painting; and we know that in the department of humorous painting, deformity is employed with great effect. The examination of this part of the *Laocoön* requires a separate treatment; and with every acknowledgment of his great genius, we here take our leave of the author with a protest and reservation against these conclusions of his twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth chapters.

## AMERICAN DIPLOMACY WITH THE BARBARY POWERS.

## THEIR PIRACIES AND AGGRESSIONS.

SINCE the conquest of Algiers by the French, the Barbary Powers have become wholly insignificant among the nations of the earth. They are virtually blotted from the roll of nations, and are hardly known except through history. A half century ago they held an important position, and if they did not command the respect of all Europe, they certainly made claims and enforced them as no other civilized or half-civilized nation would have dared to do. In their diplomatic relations they were peculiar—setting at defiance the law of nations recognized by the civilized world, and adopting as their rule of action the piratical code. They were generally known by the name of Corsair States,—a name which they well earned by their piracies, cruelty and treachery.

It is not our purpose to give a particular description of these States. At the beginning of the present century, the population consisted of several distinct races of men, believers in the Mohammedan religion, and acknowledging a partial connection with the Turkish empire, though acting in a good degree independent of that government. They had been Mohammedan for more than ten centuries, and for a long period were the terror of all Europe. They pushed their conquests into Spain, and remained the possessors and masters of a portion of that country for several hundred years, contending with the Christian, and attempting to supplant his religion. It was not till the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella that the Moors were expelled from Spain for ever, and that Europe began to feel that Mohammedan power had extended to its utmost limits.

It is not at all surprising that the constant warfare between the Christians and Mohammedans had created a feeling of hostility between them, which neither a sense of justice or humanity could control. At first it is probable that both parties were alike regard-

less of those rules of war which modern civilization have made imperative, and which may be regarded as comparatively humane. Both conducted like savages, and both dishonored the religion they professed. No cruelties were too severe to inflict on the prisoners of either party. Christians were reduced to the most abject and cruel slavery, while on the other hand Mohammedans were compelled to suffer the severest tortures, and even death. But in this merciless warfare the Barbary States always had the advantage. They were well fitted for a predatory warfare. They found ample protection both in their mode of life and the natural position of their country. War was the means by which they lived, and though they were repulsed and their towns destroyed, yet they were never conquered. As soon as their enemies disappeared, they came forth from their hiding places, and were ready to plunder anew, and reduce their enemies to captivity.

By this warfare a system of Christian slavery had grown up in the Barbary States, which to us seems almost incredible. Europeans were slaves to Africans, and drank to the dregs the bitter cup which such bondage imposed. What number of Christian slaves there were at any one time in those States we have now no information. In the beginning of the sixteenth century there were 30,000 employed in building the mole which connects Algiers with an island in its harbor; and at the destruction of Tunis in 1635, ten thousand were liberated by the army of Charles V. They were engaged in the construction of all the public works, and performed the most severe as well as servile tasks. So grievous had it become that all Europe suffered. The Pope offered pardon to all who should undertake a deliverance to the captives, and immediate entrance into paradise to all who fell in so laudable an undertaking. The army of Charles V. consisted of 30,000 selected troops from Germany, Italy, and Spain, and in the destruction of Tunis it apparently gained a most

decided victory. It however proved but temporary, and like a hundred other victories over them, it proved to be but a mere chastisement, and for a short time only checked their insolence and rapacity.

From that time to 1815 these people were almost constantly at war with one or more of the European nations. In 1655 the English sent a large fleet into the Mediterranean to avenge the honor of their flag, and to procure a deliverance of their prisoners. The fleet first came before Tunis, and a demand was made for the restoration of the captives. The Bashaw was not at all intimidated, and made no other reply than to request the Admiral to look at his forts and to do his utmost. The challenge was accepted. He entered his harbor, burned his ships, battered down his castle, took away the English prisoners, and then sailed out of the harbor, leaving him to repent of his folly.

The French next had their turn, and in 1682 sent a fleet under Admiral Duquesne against Algiers. On this occasion it is said that bombs were first used on ships of war. So destructive did they prove that the Dey soon yielded, and restored the captives, and made ample indemnity. The Dey, afterwards learning the great expense of the expedition, sent word to Louis XIV. that for one half of the sum he would have burned the whole city of Algiers.

All these expeditions against those States, of which twenty others might be mentioned, originated in the same way, and had nearly the same termination. The recovery of property and the deliverance of captives was the great object of them all; and these being accomplished, a temporary peace would follow on the agreement of the injured party to pay an annual tribute. Until our Government finally resolved to resist this badge of servitude, it had always been considered a necessary part of every treaty with them, and it seemed to be the only way which could then be adopted to protect the subjects of the sovereigns of Europe from slavery and robbery. At least the European nations thought so, and universally adopted it. Though every port of the Barbary States might have been blockaded, and the power of the Corsairs humbled, yet through jealousy of each other, or from the base desire of gaining some undue advantage, they preferred the humiliating choice of paying

tribute to these robbers. Never would these States make peace with all Europe at the same time. Peace with one was but the prelude of a war with another; for said the Dey, "If I make peace with all the world, what shall I do with my corsairs? For want of other prizes they will take off my head. The Algerines are a company of rogues, and I am their captain."

During our colonial history our relations with these powers were formed by Great Britain, and our commerce in the Mediterranean, which at the time of the Revolution was considerable, was protected by the tribute which that government paid. During the Revolution we had no commerce in that quarter, and of course there was no opportunity for aggression. No sooner was peace restored than our commerce revived, and our ships, bearing the new flag of stars and stripes, made their appearance in that sea. They went there too without any convoy or means of defence, and from a country that at the close of the war of Independence had not a single armed ship to protect its infant but growing commerce. The temptation was too great for Algerine honesty, and the country too remote and too much exhausted to inspire fear. The flag had not yet borne thunders to the gates of the Dey's palace, nor had his people learned the lesson which subsequent sad experience taught them. Accordingly the Dey made a formal declaration of war against the United States in July, 1785, and immediately after two of our vessels, the schooner *Maria*, of Boston, and the ship *Dauphin*, of Philadelphia, were seized, and their crews, twenty-one in number, were carried as slaves to Algiers. The news of this outrage, as it well might, created great alarm in this country. The name of Algerine had become odious and synonymous with pirate. It was connected with every horrible tale of childhood, and was far more terrible in its associations than even the cruel tortures of the American savage. And what made it still more alarming was the fact that there were no means by which those citizens could be freed, or others protected, but by the slow process of negotiation—negotiation too with a people that acknowledged no law but such as their own selfishness created, and were bound by no obligation but self-interest.

This attack upon our commerce was not wholly unexpected. The importance and



necessity of preserving peace with these States had been duly considered by our Government, and a special provision had been inserted in our treaty of alliance with France, by which the aid of that government was secured for this object; and during the previous year, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, and Thomas Jefferson, then residing in Europe, had been fully authorized to negotiate treaties with these powers, and to send agents there for this purpose. They did in fact send agents to Morocco, who succeeded in obtaining a treaty of quite a liberal character for that day. It provided that Christian slavery should be abolished, and that in case of war the prisoners of either party should be exchanged. It was concluded for the term of fifty years, and required neither tribute nor presents to maintain it. A change taking place soon after in the Government, it was thought prudent by Congress to have it confirmed, and twenty thousand dollars were accordingly appropriated for presents to the chief officers. This treaty was generally well observed by the Moors, who were encouraged in the performance of their duty by valuable presents from our Government.

At nearly the same time agents were sent to Algiers, not only for the purpose of negotiating a treaty, but to obtain the liberation of the twenty-one prisoners before mentioned. They had now been in slavery about a year, and this was the first act of the Government to obtain their liberation. Their first efforts were made to procure a release for the prisoners. They however soon found that the only mode of approaching the Dey was through an offer to pay a ransom in money for the prisoners, and it soon became a mere matter of dollars and cents whether a people which had successfully maintained its independence against the most powerful nation in the world should permit twenty-one of its citizens to wear the chains of slavery in Algiers. The Dey knew with whom he was negotiating. He knew that there was no American navy, for at that time Old Ironsides had not been built, and the names of Bainbridge, Decatur, and Preble had not been placed on the roll of naval heroes. He knew too that there was a rich American commerce, and that since he had made peace with most of Europe, this would afford prizes for his corsairs. He however could not refuse to set a price on his prisoners. He could ask a larger sum,

but he had too much respect for the opinion of the world to make the Americans an exception to his general rule, and to entirely refuse a ransom. With most of the European nations a fixed and annual tribute was paid by the Government for the protection of its citizens. France then paid an annual tribute of one hundred thousand dollars, and Great Britain, the boasted mistress of the seas, paid three hundred thousand dollars, besides a large amount in the distribution of presents every ten years; and even these large sums did not always afford protection, for during this very year several French captives were redeemed for five hundred dollars each.

The price which the Dey demanded for the American prisoners, shows with what views he regarded our countrymen. The captives consisted of three captains, two mates, two passengers, and fourteen seamen. The price for each captain was six thousand dollars; for the mates and passengers four thousand each; and for the seamen fourteen hundred dollars each; and to this was to be added the custom house duty of eleven per cent, making in all sixty thousand dollars, or upon an average twenty-eight hundred dollars each, while the agents were authorized to pay only two hundred dollars.

Under these circumstances, they found their undertaking hopeless, and accordingly abandoned all idea of redeeming the prisoners by a ransom.

After this, four years passed without the adoption of any open measures for the deliverance of the captives. Our Government seemed inclined to abandon direct negotiation, and to adopt a course of policy that at the present time does not seem to do it much credit. There is certainly some plausibility in the arguments in support of this course of proceeding. It was said that if so large a sum was paid for the ransom of these prisoners, it would only tend to hold out still stronger inducements to these pirates to prey upon our commerce and make slaves of our citizens, and that our only security was in convincing them that we were poor, and unable to pay any ransom whatever. It seems to us however that nothing could justify our Government in this policy but extreme necessity. It must be confessed that this was one of, if not the most trying, periods of our history. The States had not

then adopted our present Constitution, but lived under the old Confederation, which in its latter days was but a little more than the shadow of a government. Its treasury was empty, its credit gone, and a very general apprehension existed that its dissolution was near at hand. But still, could the whole people of the country have been awakened to the unhappy condition of their fellow-men, wasting away their lives in servitude, and dying in a foreign land, there would have been found means for their deliverance; and how much more creditable and humane it would have been to have paid that or any other sum, and trusted in the providence of God, that for the future the oppressor's hand should be stayed.

We have said that the Government took no open measures for the deliverance of the prisoners during these four years. It did not however wholly forget them. The cries, complaints and petitions of their friends would not permit it. It abandoned all hope of open negotiation. Through the agency of Mr. Jefferson, a religious association was secretly employed to obtain their release. This association was called Brothers of Redemption, or the Mathurin Fathers. This association was established as early as the twelfth century, and its chief object was the redemption of Christian captives in the Barbary States, and it had an officer constantly at Algiers for that purpose. How much our Government authorized the Mathurin General to pay we have no means of information. It however appears that extraordinary efforts were made to get the sum as small as possible. It was even thought necessary to use some deception in order to accomplish this object. One of our consuls abroad at that time says: "In order to destroy every expectation of a redemption by the United States, the bills of the Spanish Consul at Algiers, who had made the kind advances for the sustenance of our captives, were not answered. On the contrary, a hint was given that the advances had better be discontinued, as it was not known that they would be reimbursed. It was necessary to go further, and to suffer the captives for a while to believe that no attention was paid to them, and that no notice was taken of their letters. It would have been unsafe to trust them with a secret which might for ever prevent their redemption, by raising the demands of the captors to sums which

a due regard for our seamen still in freedom forbid us to give."

While these cautious and dilatory negotiations were going on, the revolution in France broke out, and among its rash results was the suppression of the Brothers of Redemption, and the confiscation of their entire property, so that from them neither the captives nor the country could expect further aid.

Six years had now passed, and the captives found no relief. They occasionally wrote their friends at home, and even sent a petition to Congress imploring aid. During this period six of the twenty-one had died. At home the old confederation had passed away, and a new government had been adopted by the people for their common safety, and to provide for their common defence. It now seemed impossible to longer turn a deaf ear to the cries of the enslaved. Accordingly in February, 1791, the Senate of the United States authorized, by resolution, the President to take such measures as he thought expedient to procure the redemption of the American citizens in Algiers, provided the expense of the same should not exceed forty thousand dollars.

In reply to this resolution, General Washington expressed his willingness and anxious desire to concur with the Senate in all reasonable and proper measures to accomplish said object.

Soon after the passage of this resolution, a letter was received by Congress from Captain O'Brien, dated Algiers, Feb. 28, 1791. He was the master of the ship *Dauphin*, and appears to have been a man of great intelligence and energy of character. He was regarded by the captives as their leading man during their sojourn at Algiers. His letter gives a pretty full account of their condition. He says: "It affords the Americans in captivity some consolation to hear that His Excellency the President has drawn the attention of Congress to Barbary affairs, and to consider the decrease of American commerce to the Mediterranean. I take the liberty to observe that there is no doing any business in this country of importance, without first *palming* the ministry; and by taking this proper channel, that there is no great difficulty to carry any point. At present there are but seven hundred Christian slaves in Algiers, and as the captives are much wanted to do the public work, the Regency

does not seem inclined to permit slaves to be redeemed on any terms; for without slaves these people could not well fit out their cruisers.

"In 1786 there were three thousand Christian slaves in Algiers; but the Spaniards, Neapolitans and other nations redeeming their people, and the pest, that great storm of mortality, which happened in this city in 1787 and 1788, which carried off nine hundred Christian captives, among which number were six Americans. Our redemption is but trifling higher than the terms on which the Spaniards and other nations redeemed, and since those redemptions and the pest, the price of slaves is constantly rising.

"The lads, who are pages to the Dey, were solicited to turn Mohammedans, but they would not, which makes their price more exorbitant.

"It has cost Spain full four and a half millions of dollars to make their peace and redeem their people—notwithstanding Spain acted something wisely not to be the dupe of all the commercial nations of Europe.

"It is my opinion that the United States may obtain a peace with the Regency for fifty or sixty thousand pounds sterling, all expenses included, that is, if the affair is well managed, and with Tunis for fifteen thousand pounds sterling.

"The present time is favorable to America to try for peace; and I further take the liberty to observe that those nations, the Dutch, Danes, Swedes, and Venetians, that pay a tribute annually, that their peace is on a more solid and lasting basis than those nations that give large sums for making the peace, and not to be tributary; for it is the annual sum that these nations pay, which is the bait that secures their peace, and not any sentiment of national honor or regard to treaties, but for their own interest in being supplied with naval and military stores."

He concludes his letter by saying: "We hope you will consider what our sufferings must have been in this country during that trying period of nearly six years' captivity; but we hope you will give such powers to your representatives as to finally extricate your fourteen unfortunate subjects from their present state of bondage and adversity."

Just previous to the date of this letter, one of the captives, Charles Covell, was redeemed by his friends for \$1,700.

Congress had passed resolutions, and a whole year had passed, yet nothing effectual was done. President Washington proposed to the Senate to conclude a treaty with Algiers, allowing forty thousand dollars as a ransom: twenty-five thousand dollars to be given to the Dey on the signature of the treaty, and twenty-five thousand dollars as an annual present or tribute. John Paul Jones was appointed the commissioner to negotiate the peace. This measure was kept secret, and of so confidential a character that all the papers were in the handwriting of Mr. Jefferson, then Secretary of State. Jones having soon after died in London, Mr. Barclay was appointed his successor; but he did not live to execute his commission, and in consequence another delay necessarily took place. In the meantime the Algerines having made peace with Portugal, and the protection which that war and her ships partially afforded having been withdrawn, our commerce became more exposed than ever; and at a single cruise of the Algerine corsairs in November, 1793, ten more of our vessels were seized, and their crews, one hundred and five in number, were carried captives to Algiers.

It was fortunate for those who had already been in bondage eight years, that the number of American prisoners had been so much increased, for it aroused the country to a sense of its duty. The prisoners immediately addressed a petition to Congress, dated Dec. 29, 1793, in which they say: "Your humble petitioners had the misfortune to be captured by the corsairs of the Regency in November last, while we were navigating vessels belonging to the United States, and are at present in this city of bondage, employed daily in the most laborious work without respect to persons; and your petitioners are informed that the plague, that fatal and tremendous disorder, is raging in the country adjacent; and as your unfortunate petitioners are confined to the slave prisons with six hundred captives of other nations, that from their situation the wisdom of the United States will consider what must be the fatal effects of the plague spreading amongst the captives."

About this time Congress seemed disposed to adopt new measures of negotiation with Algiers. They sent their agents as before to treat amicably, if they could, but at the same time there was a determination

to adopt measures of force. The country began to perceive that a commerce without a navy could not exist, or be carried to any great extent. Accordingly, on the 2d of January, 1794, the House of Representatives resolved, "that a naval force adequate to the protection of the commerce of the United States against the Algerine corsairs ought to be provided;" and during the same year the President was authorized to cause six frigates to be built, and ten smaller vessels to be equipped as galleys. Only three of these frigates were built, viz., the Constitution, the United States, and the Constellation; for peace having been soon after concluded, it was thought unnecessary to carry into full effect the original design. Enough however had been done to lay a foundation for our navy; and to the insolence of Algiers we owe this right arm of our national strength, and to their subsequent treachery we owe the first opportunity of testing the strength of those ships, and the skill, bravery, and gallantry of their commanders. It seemed to be but a just retribution, that the people whose crimes brought our navy into existence should feel the first proof of its strength, and that on the very spot from which armed corsairs went forth to plunder American commerce, an American fleet with a voice of thunder should have dictated to the Dey the terms on which he could save his capital, and even his own palace, from destruction.

The treaty which we made with Algiers was of a truly humiliating character; but inasmuch as it restored all the captives to their homes, and gave the country peace, it was a source of joy and congratulation. It cost the nation more than a million of dollars, besides the payment of an annual tribute in naval stores of twenty-one thousand dollars. Yet with all its cost, it was never a matter of regret, for it restored a valuable commerce for our country to the Mediterranean. This tribute was paid for seventeen years, and it would have been paid many years more, had not the Dey in an unfortunate hour, for the purpose of obtaining better terms, the second time declared war against the United States. This war, as we shall see, not only cost him this tribute, but was the first in that series of events which led not only to his own humiliation, but to the conquest of his country.

At about the same time Tripoli began to

assume a warlike attitude. By the treaty of 1796 there was no provision for the payment of tribute, but so interwoven was this system with those people that it was found impossible to keep them at peace without a constant tender of presents. In 1797, the presents which our Government made to this power cost twelve thousand dollars, and about double the amount was given the following year. "All nations pay me," said the Bashaw, "so must the Americans. Let them give me a stipulated sum, and I will be reasonable as to the amount." He further complained that our Government had been more generous to Algiers than to him, and in order to avenge so grievous a wrong, he made a formal declaration of war.

This war continued for three years, and was distinguished not only by the remarkable expedition of Eaton, but by several naval exploits highly honorable to our infant navy, and to the gallantry and courage of its youthful officers. At the treaty of peace, our Government again consented to the payment of tribute. It was perhaps wise at that time to do so. It was not then regarded as a badge of humiliation. And we were not then prepared to take the high ground, which the justice of our cause seemed to demand. Our Government had as much as it could do to protect our commerce in other quarters. The great questions as to the rights of neutrals, which grew out of the wars of Europe, had already begun to agitate the commercial world, and many an American ship had been seized by the belligerents, and held as a hostage to insure a fair settlement.

After this, our country remained at peace with all the Barbary powers till 1812. Each of them received an annual tribute, and a generous supply of naval stores. Our commerce, though subject to great embarrassments, had been much increased in the Mediterranean, and, so far as related to the Barbary States, was enjoying perfect security.

But our war with Great Britain in 1812 brought about a new condition of things. It became difficult for our Government to supply the naval stores, which by treaty we were bound to furnish, on account of the great danger from British cruisers then guarding and shutting us out of the Mediterranean. Our Government offered to pay the value of the naval stores in money, but



this was refused, for the simple reason that the naval stores had been usually appraised for about half their value. They however did not come, and as a consequence the Dey of Algiers declared war a second time against the United States.

This declaration was of but little consequence to us. We were then at war with Great Britain, and had no commerce within the reach of the Algerine corsairs. Our Government did not regard it as of sufficient importance to even recognize them as enemies. The only notice taken was to stop the tribute and to treat them with entire neglect. But the day of retribution was at hand. At the close of the war with Great Britain in 1815, we had a powerful navy, which that war had created, and which had then become the pride of the country. There was a universal desire through the country that Algiers should be made to feel its power. Accordingly Congress directed a fleet, under the command of the gallant Decatur, to be sent to the Mediterranean. It arrived off Algiers early in June, 1815, and without delay appeared before the city, prepared to use such arguments as would carry conviction, if not fear, to the mind of the Dey.

To him and his people the appearance of such a fleet was wholly unexpected. It was the first indication of resistance—and a pretty formidable one too. A communication was sent to the Dey, informing him that commissioners on board were ready to negotiate a peace on terms of perfect equality, and without the payment of any tribute whatever, and at the same time demanding an immediate answer. There was no alternative for the Dey. In case of refusal, the destruction of the city was certain. He accordingly agreed to negotiate on the terms proposed, and in fact to abandon all the peculiar claims which that Government had so long and invariably made. A treaty was then concluded, which was subsequently ratified by our Government, and conse-

quently the war was brought to a close. Afterwards some dispute arose between the Dey and our Government as to the construction of the treaty, and the Dey wrote a letter to the President of the United States, setting forth his views. To this the President made no reply; and the new difficulties, which the Dey was called to meet in the following year, caused him to abandon his claims, and to leave the treaty with the construction which our Government gave it.

This was the last controversy which our Government had with the Barbary States. The attack of the allied squadron under Lord Exmouth, in 1816, nearly destroyed their power, and made them afterwards comparatively harmless. They no longer made themselves the aggressors upon the commerce of the world, but submitted quietly to the fate which seemed even then to await them. After the abolition of Christian slavery and the system of paying tribute, they ceased to be formidable, and seemed to have lost the whole power which they had so constantly and cruelly exercised for centuries. While tribute was paid, they had the means of making war upon Christian nations; and while prisoners were ransomed at high prices, there was no want of inducements to make them. The whole system, as it existed prior to 1815, was nothing more or less than a system of piracy, sanctioned by the silent assent, if not by positive agreement of every nation of Christendom.

Our Government had the honor of taking the lead in this reform, and made the first decisive movement in support of it. It was a reform demanded by the advancing civilization of the nineteenth century; and the readiness with which all the European nations discarded the old system shows with what abhorrence they in fact regarded it. Its long continuance may be ascribed to their jealousy of each other, and their constant attempts to use it for the purpose of gaining some commercial advantage.

## AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LEIGH HUNT.\*

WITH no poet of the nineteenth century do we feel ourselves more familiarly acquainted than with Leigh Hunt; and that, without reading so much as half of all that he has written, or receiving, even from what we have read, a pleasure the highest or most enduring. But there is something in the *name*, so frequently mentioned among his literary associates, and more in his own once frequent and friendly greetings. In short, his free conversational style affects us like the cordial countenance of a person whom meeting for the first time, we forget, after half an hour's chit-chat, that we have not known him all our lives. No one hears the name of Leigh Hunt without a smile of recognition; and an allusion to his "Feast of the Poets" is sure to call up the recollection of some favorite couplet. With men of genius, his contemporaries, Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge and Moore, though we have held (as who has not?) delighted intercourse, there is no such familiar recognition. To speak of Hunt as a poet among these may be deemed irregular, the critics having ranked him long since with the minors. His poetry, indeed, is not of that noble stamp which elevates while it charms, and hallows every object that it touches; but trifling and even coxcombical as he frequently becomes, there is a cheerful humanity about him, a bright, playful wit, which bears us forward as if we were with a sympathetic influence, catching refinements from his delicate fancies, growing merry with his mirth, and witty with his *bon mots*; and we leave him at last in a mood as genial and animated as after a game of romps with children in the bay fields.

The secret of Hunt's power lies in the ultra-sympathetic sensibility which he learned of his mother, and the natural cheerfulness which he inherited from his father, assisted by his education at Christ's Hospital,

where a fellow-feeling unites the community as with one heart. Of this school, judging from Charles Lamb's description of it, the peculiar tendency is favorable to the expansion of the best feelings, and superinduces two most important elements of poetry—reverence and love. Hunt's muse has no vagaries, but is always cheerful and compliant. He delays not, like Coleridge, for the storm or other cause to swell the current of his verse, nor does it ever become, like his, the mighty river rolling onward to the ocean and reflecting the broad heavens. Hunt's genius is not the "giant element" like Byron's, leaping "the headlong height," and shaking the abyss. Neither does he, like Wordsworth, brood over his subject to the exclusion of what suggested it, concentrating within himself the strong poetic power till a fitting occasion to give out its fertilizing streams. His fancies spring up in jets continually, clear and distinct, and sprinkling with their dropping freshness whatever they can reach. Of all that he touches, we realize the presence; and he throws over it a descriptive elegance and grace, causing it to "glisten with livelier ray," just as he converted his English prison into a bower of roses beneath Italian skies,—literally covering its bars with flowers, and singing amidst them like a bird. His descriptions are always graphic, and in those of rural scenery he verifies his own couplet:

"And when you listen you may hear a coil  
Of bubbling springs about the grassier soil."

It was chiefly as a critic and free-spoken politician that, in England, Hunt became remarkable. He was the first who took an independent stand in theatrical criticism, and among the boldest of those who in the closing reign of George III. dared openly to condemn the course adopted by the Prince Regent. The criticisms created him

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\* Autobiography of Leigh Hunt; with Reminiscences of Friends and Contemporaries. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

a host of enemies, for which he was compensated by the acquisition of as many friends; the political articles condemned him to a two years' imprisonment. He comes before us now, in the decline of his eventful life, with a claim upon our kindest reciprocities which we heartily acknowledge. Somebody has said that "literary men *talk* less than they did." We are happy to see that our old friend has lost none of his pleasant garrulity, and we gladly welcome him to his old place at our fireside to call up the reminiscences of "auld lang syne." We wish he did not make so many excuses for presenting his autobiography. Diffidence does not sit naturally at all upon Leigh Hunt. This hesitation is not genuine: these apologies, and this long account of whys and wherefores, must have been superinduced by some pretty severe critical thrusts at that habit of talking to the reader in his own person, and comparing notes with him by implication on all sorts of personal subjects, to which he freely acknowledges he has all his lifetime accustomed himself. His own sincerity naturally made him confident in that of others, and such good faith in an author rarely fails to insure the accordance of the reader. Hunt knows this, and no sooner gets clear of his preface, than he falls back into his own unaffected and sprightly freedom, and moreover—for we must say it—into his own old egotistical habit.

The Autobiography, as it now appears, is a revision, but includes some letters never before published, and several articles which have only appeared in the *Examiner*, and are new to most readers. The whole work, indeed, the author thinks, may be new to the present reading generation, and interesting, inasmuch as times have altered, and writers are willingly heard now who would not have been listened to thirty or forty years ago. This is likely to be especially true in his case, whose matured judgment has dictated the acknowledgment of former errors of opinion, and who, while with frankness he states the origin of those opinions and their change, illustrates them with racy anecdotes both of himself and the literati of his day, with most of whom he was on terms of intimacy, or in some way connected.

When an author candidly acknowledges vanity and other faults, and the mistakes in his life consequent thereon, we lose all heart to upbraid him; we are willing to

hear him talk a great deal about himself for the sake of the lesson of his experience, provided he does it in good faith: provided we are not obliged to swallow the whole, we can even relish a dish of egotism, prepared with the seasoning of such rich and spicy condiments.

Brought by his position, as editor of the *Examiner*, to take an active part in the public events of the period, Hunt was accustomed to see men in their public relations with society, and to take an enlarged view of its operations. Thus his volume, predicated upon long and wide experience, affords, in the matter of the very errors it unfolds, subject for reflection as well as entertainment, and we shall offer our readers no apology for the large extracts we intend presenting to them.

Upon the biography proper, as having been already before the public, we shall enlarge but slightly.

The family of Hunt laid no claim to high ancestral honors. Our author takes the main stock to have been mercantile, and is even of opinion that Hunt is quite a plebeian name. His father, the son of a clergyman in Barbadoes, was educated in Philadelphia, and practised law there up to the time of the Revolution, when, by his Tory principles and loyalist pamphlets and speeches, he drew upon himself the popular odium, and found it expedient to withdraw as secretly and speedily as possible from his country. His wife, following nearly three years later, found her husband transferred from the bar to the pulpit, where his fine voice, agreeable declamation, and handsome person, together with his charity sermons, (against which, to the good man's astonishment, Bishop Lowth remonstrated,) acquired for him a great popularity. His sermons being chiefly remarkable for elegance of diction and graceful morality, the delivery was their principal charm. "I remember," says his son, "when he came to that part of the Litany where the reader prays for his deliverance 'in the hour of death and at the day of judgment,' he used to make a pause after the word 'death,' and drop his voice on the rest of the sentence. The effect was striking; but repetition must have hurt it. I am afraid it was a little theatrical." The Reverend Mr. Hunt seems to have delighted over much in the pleasures of the table, and, with all his popularity,

found it difficult to make his way in the Church, more especially as, being of a speculative turn, he had taken up some modification of church opinions. Through the influence of "Pope and Swift's Duke of Chandos," in whose family he had become a private tutor, and also through that of Sir Benjamin West, "who enjoyed the King's confidence in no ordinary degree," Mr. Hunt obtained a pension of one hundred pounds a year, which however he was obliged to mortgage, and he continued for several years in a condition of great pecuniary embarrassment. "He grew deeply acquainted with prisons, and began to lose his graces and his good name." Nevertheless he left no poor inheritance to his children in his animal spirits, and independent mode of thinking. Many years before his death he relaxed so far in his religious tenets as to become a Universalist. He had the art of making his home comfortable, and settling himself to the most tranquil pleasures.

"We thus struggled on between quiet and disturbance, between placid readings and frightful knocks at the door, and sickness, and calamity, and hopes, which hardly ever forsook us. So sanguine was my father in his intentions to the last, and so accustomed had my mother been to try to believe in him, and to persuade herself she did, that not long before she died he made the most solemn promises of amendment, which by chance I could not help overhearing, and which she received with a tenderness and a tone of joy, the remembrance of which brings the tears into my eyes. My father had one taste well suited to his profession. He was very fond of sermons, which he was rarely tired of reading or my mother of hearing.

"It is a pity my father had been so spoilt a child, and had strayed so much out of his sphere; for he could be contented with little. He was one of the last of the gentry who retained the old fashion of smoking. He indulged in it every night before he went to bed, which he did at an early hour; and it was pleasant to see him sit, in his tranquil and gentlemanly manner, and relate anecdotes of 'My Lord North,' and the Rockingham administration, interspersed with those mild puffs and urbane resumptions of the pipe."

With the discursive talent of his father, Hunt inherited the kindness and candor of his mother's nature. She was an American, and her son bore in his personal appearance the proof of his American descent. "The late Mr. West," he says, "told me that if he had met myself or any of my brothers in the streets, he should have pronounced, without knowing us, that we were

Americans. A likeness has been discovered between us and some of the Indians in his pictures." Hunt describes his mother as

"A gentle wife,  
A poor, a pensive, yet a happy one,  
Stealing, when daylight's common tasks are done,  
An hour for mother's work; and singing low,  
While her tired husband and her children sleep."

The fatigue of the *tired husband* probably arose from reading and smoking. Mrs. Hunt was a Universalist and almost a Republican; somewhat intolerant, but only in theory, her charity always running before her faith. She was fond of poetry, and encouraged her son's perseverance and vanity by treasuring up his verses and showing them to his friends.

Leigh Hunt was born in 1784, at Southgate, a village lying on a road running from Edmonton, through Enfield Chase, into Hertfordshire, which he shows to be classical ground, and associated with the best days of English genius, both old and new.

"Edmonton is the birth-place of Marlowe, the father of our drama, and of my friend Horne, his congenial celebrator. In Edmonton church-yard lies Charles Lamb; in Highgate church-yard, Coleridge; and in Hampstead have resided Shelley and Keats, to say nothing of Akenside before them, and of Steele and Arbuthnot before Akenside."

One of the earliest sketches in Mr. Hunt's book is that of his father's friend the Rev. W. M. Trinder, who was also, as the title page of a volume of sermons declares, LL.B. and M.D. How the doctor combined in his person the three professions of law, physic and divinity we are not informed, but Hunt suggestively signifies that the triplicity might have arisen from a philanthropic disposition, and that law and medicine were added to the paramount profession of divinity for the same reason that Shelley was led to walk the hospitals,—for the purpose of doing good among the poor. One of Trinder's sermons, "On Cruelty," condemns the gentle craft of anglers, which gives occasion to our autobiographer to enlarge very agreeably and sensibly upon that subject. Though many brave and good men have been anglers, he thinks their goodness would have been more complete, and their bravery of a more generous sort, had they abstained from procuring themselves pleasure at the

expense of a needless infliction. It was formerly thought effeminate not to hunt Jews—then, not to roast heretics—then, not to bait bears and bulls—then, not to fight cocks; all which evidences of manhood came gradually to be looked upon as no evidences at all. He has not found anglers or sportsmen in general braver than others, but on the contrary, that they make a great fuss if they hurt their fingers, while all their reasoning in favor of the amusement is disingenuous and selfish.

“As to old Izaak Walton, who is put forward as a substitute for argument on this question, and whose sole merits consisted in his having a taste for nature and his being a respectable citizen, the trumping him up into an authority and a kind of saint is a burlesque. He was a writer of conventionalities; who having comfortably feathered his nest, as he thought, both in this world and in the world to come, concluded he had nothing more to do than to amuse himself by putting worms on a hook and fish into his stomach, and so go to heaven, chuckling and singing psalms. There would be something in such a man and in his book offensive to a real piety, if that piety did not regard whatever has happened in the world, great and small, with an eye that makes the best of what is perplexing, and trusts to eventual good out of the worst. Walton was not the hearty and thorough advocate of nature he is supposed to have been. There would have been something to say for him on that score, had he looked upon the sum of evil as a thing not to be diminished. But he shared the opinions of the most commonplace believers in sin and trouble, and only congratulated himself on being exempt from their consequences. The overweening old man found himself comfortably off somehow; and it is good that he did. It is a comfort to all of us, wise or foolish. But to reverence him is a jest. You might as well make a god of an otter. Mr. Wordsworth, because of the servitor manners of Walton and his biographies of divines, (all *anglers*,) wrote an idle line about his ‘meekness’ and his ‘heavenly memory.’ When this is quoted by the gentle brethren, it will be as well if they add to it another passage from the same poet, which returns to the only point at issue, and upsets the old gentleman altogether. Mr. Wordsworth’s admonition to us is,

“Never to link our passion, or our pride,  
With suffering to the meanest thing that lives.”

Leigh Hunt was naturally sensitive to impressions of awe and fear. In his childhood he was frightened with ghastly pictures in story books, and particularly of one called the Manticora, with the head of a man and the body of a beast; “the same animal which figures in Pliny, and which the ancients called Martichora.” It was fortunate for him that the cheerful views he had

received upon the subject of religion, and his own cheerful temperament in general, were a check upon the bad effect of all this. We learn from Lamb, who suffered equally under nervous terrors, that Hunt took warning from his early experience, and was careful to exclude from his own children every taint of superstition. Yet, “It is not,” says Elia, “books, nor pictures, nor stories of foolish servants which create terrors in children. These can, at most, but give them a direction. Dear little T. H., (Thornton Hunt,) who was never allowed to hear of goblin or apparition, or scarcely to be told of bad men, or to read or hear any distressing story, finds all this world of fear, from which he has been so rigidly excluded, *ab extra*, in his own ‘thick coming fancies;’ and from his little midnight pillow, this nurse-child of optimism will start at shapes, unborrowed of tradition, in sweats to which the reveries of the cell-damned murderer are tranquillity.”

This is so poetical a theory that we are loath to combat it; but it must be said that common observation is opposed to it. No doubt the “chimeras dire” which pervade the brain of superstition are there before they indicate themselves, but they are there only through some yet earlier and unsuspected impression, received silently—unconsciously perhaps, and brought into action through association. The very mistakes which a child makes in the meaning of a word may be sufficient to plant the seeds of terror. A picture may indicate a mystery, and even so much cultivation of the imagination as is necessary to sympathy, or to render refined language intelligible, may, by the merest accident, result in a superstitious enthusiasm.

Who can say what subtle agencies, impossible for the most watchful parent to guard against; what words, looks or tones engender dreams that haunt the pillow of a child? Had “little T. H.” no hours of play with other children? Did his parents never, even out of their very guardedness, allude obscurely in his presence to forbidden subjects, or awaken his attention by suddenly checking the discussion? Did he never hear his father read that

“What *seemed* a head  
The likeness of a kingly crown had on;”

or of

“Danger, whose limbs of giant mould  
No mortal eye can fixed behold!”



This child, who was never *allowed* to read or hear a story of distress, might he, by no possible *accident*, have heard sung, only once perhaps, and therefore with the more wondering attentiveness:

"Old woman, old woman, oh whither so high?  
To sweep the cobwebs out of the sky:  
*And I shall be back again by-and-by?*"

The disposition to associate ideas varies in different temperaments. With children who associate strongly and rapidly, the slightest circumstances prevail and the merest accident is liable to counteract the closest attention and care. Secret associations govern such children, of the very existence of which their parents have no suspicion.

Proceeding farther in Mr. Hunt's book, since writing the above, we find the confirmation of our suggestions in the following:—

"Shelley delighted to play with children, particularly my eldest boy; the seriousness of whose imagination and his susceptibility of a 'grim' impression (a favorite epithet of Shelley's) highly interested him. He would play at 'frightful creatures' with him, from which the other would snatch 'a fearful joy,' only begging him 'not to do the horn,' which was a way Shelley had of screwing up his hair in front, to imitate a weapon of that sort."

Hunt's mother was fond of music and "a gentle singer." Her son looks back with a pleased and affectionate recollection of the songs of that day, of which, as well as in the pastoral poetry of the time, "the feeling was true though the expression was somewhat sophisticate." Hooke, Boyce, Dibdin, Jackson, Shield and Storace were the fashionable composers, and the songs most in vogue were the "Lass of Richmond Hill," "'Twas within a mile of Edinborough Town," "Ah, dearest Henry," &c. Many of these, which have been, and we believe are still, looked upon as purely English, were borrowed, our author thinks, from the Italian.

"I have often, in the course of my life, heard *Whither, my love?* and *For tenderness formed*, boasted of as specimens of English melody. For many years I took them for such myself, in common with the rest of our family, with whom they were great favorites. The first, which Stephen Storace adapted to some words in the 'Haunted Tower,' is the air of *La Rachelina* in Paesello's opera, 'La Molinara.' The second, which was put by General Burgoyne to a song in his comedy of the 'Heiress,' is *Io sono Lindoro*, in the same enchanting composer's 'Barbieri di Seviglia.' The once popular English songs and duets, &c., *How imperfect is expression; For me, my fair a wreath*

*has wove; Henry cul'd the flower's bloom; O, thou wert born to please me; Here's a health to all good lasses; Youth's the season made for joys; Gently touch the warbling lyre; No, 'twas neither shape nor feature; Pray, Goody, please to moderate; Hope told a flattering tale*, and a hundred others, were all foreign compositions, chiefly Italian. Every burlesque or *buffo* song, of any pretension, was pretty sure to be Italian.

"When Edwin, Fawcett, and others, were rattling away in the happy comic songs of O'Keefe, with his triple rhymes and illustrative jargon, the audience little suspected that they were listening to some of the finest animal spirits of the south—to Piccini, Paesello, and Cimarosa. Even the wild Irishman thought himself bound to go to Naples, before he could get a proper dance for his gayety. The only genuine English compositions worth anything at that time, were almost confined to Shield, Dibdin, and Storace, the last of whom, the author of *Lullaby*, who was an Italian born in England, formed the golden link between the music of the two countries, the only one, perhaps, in which English accentuation and Italian flow were ever truly amalgamated; though I must own that I am heretic enough (if present fashion is orthodoxy) to believe, that Arne was a real musical genius, of a very pure, albeit not of the very first water. He has set, indeed, two songs of Shakspeare's (the *Cuckoo* song, and *Where the bee sucks*) in a spirit of perfect analogy to the words, as well as of the liveliest musical invention; and his air of *Water parted*, in 'Artaxerxes,' winds about the feelings with an earnest and graceful tenderness of regret, worthy in the highest degree of the affecting beauty of the sentiment.

"All the favorite poetry of the day, however, was of one cast."

Hunt's recollection of "Encompassed in an angel's frame," "Fresh and strong the breeze is blowing," and "Alone by the light of the moon," recalls the days when our own childhood was delighted by the same; and we should have stood well pleased by his side at the music-stall where, dragging these long-lost favorites to light, he was carried back in pleasant abstraction to when, a "smooth-faced boy," he sung them at his mother's knee.

In reference to the song of "Dans votre lit," the favorite of his sister, because, in her ignorance of the French language, she associated with the last word the name of her brother, he says:—

"The song was a somewhat gallant, but very decorous song, apostrophizing a lady as a lily in the flower-bed. It was 'silly, sooth,' and 'dallied with the innocence of love,' in those days, after a fashion which might have excited livelier ideas in the more restricted imaginations of the present. The reader has seen, that my mother, notwithstanding her charitableness to the poor maid-servant, was a woman of strict morals; the



tone of the family conversation was scrupulously correct, though, perhaps, a little flowery and Thomson-like, (Thomson was our favorite poet;) yet the songs that were sung at that time by the most fastidious, might be thought a shade freer than would suit the like kind of society at present. Whether we are more innocent in having become more ashamed, I shall not judge. Assuredly, the singer of those songs was as innocent as the mother that bade him sing them."

Among Hunt's earliest memories is that of having seen, at different times in his boyhood, Wilkes, Pitt, and Fox. He describes the former in a flap-waistcoated suit of scarlet and gold, and Mr. Pitt, some years later, in a blue coat, buckskin breeches and boots, and a round hat, with powder and pig-tail. "He was thin and gaunt, with his hat off his forehead and his nose in the air." "I saw him again," he says, "in the House of Commons, sawing the air and occasionally turning to appeal to those about him, while he spoke in a loud, important, and hollow voice." When the persons he appealed to said, "Hear! hear!" Hunt thought they said, Dear! dear! in objection, and wondered that Pitt did not appear disconcerted. Later still he saw Mr. Fox, "fat and jovial, though he was then declining. He who had been a 'beau' in his youth, then looked something Quaker-like as to dress, with plain-colored clothes, a broad-round hat, white waistcoat, and white stockings."

Christ's Hospital, at which Leigh Hunt was educated, is said to have sent out, toward the close of the last century and the beginning of the present, more living writers in its proportion than any other English school—among them were Charles Lamb and Coleridge. Christ's Hospital, which in the time of Henry the Eighth was a monastery of Franciscan friars, had its revenues assigned by Edward the Sixth, at the instigation of Ridley, to the maintenance and education of a certain number of orphan boys, born of citizens of London. It has since been extended, so that boys from all ranks are now admitted; and it is considered as a medium between the patrician pretension of such schools as Eton and Westminster, and the plebeian submission of the charity schools. Of the religious education at this institution, Mr. Hunt thinks the effect produced was not what was intended. The persons who were in the habit of preaching might as well have hummed a tune, for they inspired nothing in the boys but mimicry.

The name of the morning reader was Salt. He was a worthy man, and might have been a clever one, but he had it all to himself. He spoke in his throat, and was famous for saying "murracles," instead of "miracles."

"Our usual evening preacher was Mr. Sandiford, who had the reputation of learning and piety. It was of no use to us, except to make us associate the ideas of learning and piety in the pulpit with inaudible hum-drum. Mr. Sandiford's voice was hollow and low; and he had a habit of dipping up and down over his book, like a chicken drinking. Mr. Salt was eminent for a single word. Mr. Sandiford surpassed him, for he had two audible phrases. There was, it is true, no great variety in them. One was 'the dispensation of Moses;' the other, (with a due interval of hum,) 'the Mosaic dispensation.' These he used to repeat so often, that in our caricatures of him they sufficed for an entire portrait. The reader may conceive a large church, (it was Christ Church, Newgate street,) with six hundred boys, seated like charity-children up in the air, on each side of the organ, Mr. Sandiford humming in the valley, and a few maid-servants who formed his afternoon congregation. We did not dare to go to sleep. We were not allowed to read. The great boys used to get those that sat behind them to play with their hair. Some whispered to their neighbors, and the others thought of their lessons and tops. I can safely say, that many of us would have been good listeners, and most of us attentive ones, if the clergyman could have been heard. As it was, I talked as well as the rest, or thought of my exercise. Sometimes we could not help joking and laughing over our weariness; and then the fear was lest the steward had seen us. It was part of the business of the steward to preside over the boys in church time. He sat aloot, in a place where he could view the whole of his flock. There was a ludicrous kind of revenge we had of him, whenever a particular part of the Bible was read. This was the parable of the Unjust Steward. The boys waited anxiously till the passage commenced; and then, as if by a general conspiracy, at the words 'thou unjust steward,' the whole school turned their eyes upon this unfortunate officer, who sat

\* Like Teneriffe or Atlas unremoved.\*

We persuaded ourselves, that the more unconscious he looked, the more he was acting."

Of Bowyer, the head master, well known through Coleridge and Lamb, Hunt gives a ludicrous description, and some very remarkable anecdotes. We have room for only two. The first relates to a boy towards whom the master had a peculiar dislike:—

"One day he comes into the school, and finds him placed in the middle of it with three other boys. He was not in one of his worst humors, and did not seem inclined to punish them, till he saw his

antagonist. 'Oh, oh! sir,' said he; 'what, you are among them, are you?' and gave him an exclusive thump on the face. He then turned to one of the Grecians, and said, 'I have not time to flog all these boys: make them draw lots, and I'll punish one.' The lots were drawn, and C——'s was favorable. 'Oh, oh!' returned the master, when he saw them, 'you have escaped, have you, sir?' and pulling out his watch, and turning again to the Grecian observed, that he found he *had* time to punish the whole three; 'and, sir,' added he to C——, with another slap, 'I'll begin with you.' He then took the boy into the library and flogged him; and, on issuing forth again, had the face to say, with an air of indifference, 'I have not time, after all, to punish these two other boys.'"

The other was the case of an unfortunate lad who could not be broken of a habit of drawling his words and neglecting his stops in reading. He was to read on the occasion named, in a book called "Dialogue between a Missionary and an Indian."

"*Master.* 'Now, young man, have a care, or I will set you a *swinging* task.' (A common phrase of his.)

"*Pupil.* (Making a sort of heavy bolt at his calamity, and never remembering his stop at the word Missionary.) '*Missionary* Can you see the wind?'"

"(Master gives him a slap on the cheek.)

"*Pupil.* (Raising his voice to a cry, and still forgetting his stop.) '*Indian* No!"

"*Master.* 'God's-my-life, young man! have a care how you provoke me.'"

"*Pupil.* (Always forgetting the stop.) '*Missionary* How then do you know that there is such a thing?"

"(Here a terrible thump)"

"*Pupil.* (With a shout of agony.) '*Indian* Because I feel it.'"

Immediately after leaving school, Hunt began to write verses, which his father in judiciously collected and published by subscription. The author acknowledges that they were chiefly imitative. "I wrote odes," he says, "because Collins and Gray had written them, 'blank verse,' because Aken-side and Thomson had written blank verse, and a 'Palace of Pleasure,' because Spenser had written a 'Bower of Bliss.'"

Introduced to literati and shown about at parties, the young poet was "fooled" nearly to the "top of his bent" with conceit; and a visit to some collegians at Cambridge and Oxford, where the repute of his volume had gone before him, filled up the measure of his self-complacency. Though visiting these Universities for the first time, he was so possessed with the presence of Mr. Leigh Hunt,

that he was oblivious of classical associations, and quite forgot to wander amid the haunts of Addison and Warton in Oxford, or those of Gray, Spenser, and Milton, in Cambridge. In relation to these Universities, he remarks that England's two greatest philosophers, Bacon and Newton, were bred at Cambridge, and three out of her four great poets; while Oxford, not always knowing "the goods the gods provided," repudiated Locke, alienated Gibbon, and had nothing but angry sullenness and hard expulSION to answer to the inquiries which its very ordinances encouraged in the sincere and loving spirit of Shelley."

Praised everywhere as a young Roscius in poetry, the vanity of our youth in his teens is not to be wondered at; but he met with some mortifications which were wholesome and served to steady his brain for a time. Taken by his father to visit Dr. Raine, master of the Charter House, this gentleman had the candor, instead of lauding the genius of the youthful aspirant, to warn him against the perils of authorship, and added that "*the shelves were full.*" It was not till he came away, unluckily, that Hunt thought of the answer, "*Then, sir, we will make another,*" which he imagined would have annihilated the Doctor. The mortification of having let slip the chance of such a repartee was, however, solaced soon after, when receiving a message from his grandfather that if he would come to Philadelphia he would make a man of him, he had the felicity to send word in reply, that "men grew in England as well as in America."

Hunt (excepting, on his mother's account, the women of Philadelphia) professes to have no great predilection towards Americans. In addition to his own individual "mote," he possesses, in this instance, an abundance of that national dim-sightedness which prevents the English in general from seeing any virtue equal to their own. Twice in the course of the Autobiography we meet with the remark (somewhat flattened by repetition) "that he cannot get out of his head the idea that there is a great counter built along the American coast, behind which all the people stand like linen drapers." Possibly among such knights of the cloth-yard might be found some able and willing to *serve* Mr. Hunt with good measure.

Our author's remarks upon Dr. Franklin, a man as far removed from his appreciation as the unaccustomed proportions of the elephant appear to the barking spaniel, are in the true spirit of dogged English prejudice, and a most unfortunate exception to Hunt's usual manly frankness and freedom from political one-sidedness. While objecting to Dr. Franklin that he did not represent "all that our nature largely requires or may reasonably hope to attain to," it would be well to consider who *has*. What individual, or even what age, has, in clearing away the back settlements, (to use our author's own illustration,) been able to show fully its complexion? Franklin "did the duty next him," and labored in his vocation, and for his own time, with a far-seeing reference to the future. The taste for extravagance which his countrymen had imbibed from the English needed to be repressed, and economy and even parsimony, in the spirit of patriotism, to be rendered respectable; to which end he wrote "Poor Richard's Almanac," adapting it to the occasion, and not intending it, as Leigh Hunt must know, to represent his philosophy.

Hunt's attention became drawn toward the stage. He had written a tragedy, a comedy, and a farce: the latter he offered to Kelly of the Opera House, of whom he gives the following portrait and anecdote:—

"He had a quick, snappish, but not ill-natured voice, and a flushed, handsome, and good-natured face, with the hair about his ears. The look was a little rakish or so, but very agreeable.

"Mr. Kelly was extremely courteous to me; but what he said of the farce, or did with it, I utterly forget. Himself I shall never forget; for as he was the first actor I ever beheld anywhere, so he was one of the first whom I saw on the stage. Actor, indeed, he was none, except inasmuch as he was an acting singer, and not destitute of a certain spirit in everything he did. Neither had he any particular power as a singer, nor even a voice. He said it broke down while he was studying in Italy; where, indeed, he had sung with applause. The little snappish tones I spoke of, were very manifest on the stage: he had short arms, as if to match them, and a hasty step; and yet, notwithstanding these drawbacks, he was heard with pleasure, for he had taste and feeling. He was a delicate composer, as the music in *Blue Beard* evinces; and he selected so happily from other composers, as to give rise to his friend Sheridan's banter, that he was an "importer of music and composer of wines," (for he once took to being a wine-merchant.) While in Ireland, during the early part of his career, he adapted a charming air of Martini's to English words, which, under the

title of *Oh, thou wert born to please me*, he sang with Mrs. Crouch to so much effect, that not only was it always called for three times, but no play was suffered to be performed without it. It should be added that Mrs. Crouch was a lovely woman, as well as a beautiful singer, and that the two performers were in love. I have heard them sing it myself, and do not wonder at the impression it made on the susceptible hearts of the Irish. Twenty years afterward, when Mrs. Crouch was no more, and while Kelly was singing a duet in the same country with Madame Catalini, a man in the gallery cried out, "Mr. Kelly, will you be good enough to favor us with *Oh, thou wert born to please me*?" The audience laughed; and the call went to the heart of the singer, and probably came from that of the honest fellow who made it. The man may have gone to the play in his youth, with somebody whom he loved by his side, and heard two lovers, as happy as himself, sing what he now wished to hear again."

Our author's recollection of Madame Catalini is, that in her brilliant singing there was "more force than feeling." He sketches several of the prominent performers of that day; among them De Camp, of whom it was said that "he failed in fops, but there was fire in his footmen;" the fat beauty, Mrs. Billington, who used to perform with Braham; the bass-singer, Lablache, "full of might and mirth;" and the tragic actress and singer Pasta, the secret of whose greatness was "perfect truth, graced by idealism."

"All noble passions belonged to her; and her very scorn seemed equally noble, for it trampled only on what was mean. When she measured her enemy from head to foot, in *Tancredi*, you really felt for the man, at seeing him so reduced into nothingness. When she made her entrance on the stage, in the same character—which she did right in front of the audience, midway between the side scenes—she waved forth her arms, and drew them quietly together again over her bosom, as if she sweetly, yet modestly, embraced the whole house. And when, in the part of Medea, she looked on the children she was about to kill, and tenderly parted their hair, and seemed to mingle her very eyes in lovingness with theirs, uttering, at the same time, notes of the most wandering and despairing sweetness, every gentle eye melted into tears."

The first actor Hunt remembers to have seen upon the English boards, was the celebrated Jack Bannister, who, "when he had made you laugh heartily in a comedy, would bring the tears into your eyes for some honest sufferer in an afterpiece." "Fawcett had a brazen face and a voice like a knife-grinder's wheel. He was all pertness, coarseness and effrontery, but with a great deal of comic force; and whenever he came trotting

on the stage, and pouring forth his harsh rapid words, with his nose in the air, and a facetious grind in his throat, the audience were prepared for a merry evening." This description would answer for our Burton. Munden is described as famous for grimaces and "making something out of nothing;" and Lewis as combining whimsicality with elegance, and levity with heart,—“the type of airy genteel comedy.” Elliston was, in his better days, the most genuine of lovers. “No man approached a woman as he did—with so flattering a mixture of reverence and passion—such closeness without insolence, and such trembling energy in his words. His utterance of the single word ‘charming’ was a volume of rapturous fervor.”

Then comes Liston, “who Listonized the whole piece in which he appeared,” and Mathews, still remembered on our own stage in his “At Homes,” his “Monsieur Morbleau,” and his “Sir Fretful Plagiary,” in which characters, says Hunt, “it was a sight to see him looking wretchedly happy at his victimizers, and digging deeper and deeper into his mortification at every fresh button of his coat that he buttoned up.”

Next follows Dowton, who was “the best Falstaff of his day,” and Cooke, the hook-nosed, malignantly smiling hypocrite and villain, whose Shylock and Sir Archy Mac Sarcasm are still remembered by some of the old play-goers among us.

Kemble our author admired not “as it was the fashion to do,” but considered that it was studied acquirement rather than genius which caused the critics to like him. He thinks Mrs. Siddons, though the mistress of lofty, queenly, and appalling tragic effect, failed in the highest points of refinement. “With the exception of Mrs. Siddons,” (who, it must be remembered, was, in Hunt’s day, declining,) “all the reigning school of tragedy,” he says, “had retrograded towards the time that preceded Garrick; and the consequence was that when Kean brought back nature and impulse, he put an end to it at once, as Garrick had put an end to Quin.” Of Mrs. Jordan, who “made even Methodists love her,” he says, “she seemed to hold a patent from nature herself for our delight.” Room or no room, we cannot get over the next two pages without quoting them:—

“Mrs. Jordan was inimitable in exemplifying the consequences of too much restraint in ill-edu-

cated country girls, in romps, in hoydens, and in wards on whom the mercenary have designs. She wore a bib and tucker, and pinafore, with a bouncing propriety, fit to make the boldest spectator alarmed at the idea of bringing such a household responsibility on his shoulders. To see her when thus attired shed blubbing tears for some disappointment, and eat all the while a great thick slice of bread and butter, weeping, and moaning, and munching, and eyeing at every bite the part she meant to bite next, was a lesson against will and appetite worth a hundred sermons of our friends on board the hoy; and, on the other hand, they could assuredly have done and said nothing at all calculated to make such an impression in favor of amiableness as she did, when she acted in gentle, generous, and confiding characters. The way in which she would take a friend by the cheek and kiss her, or make up a quarrel with a lover, or coax a guardian into good-humor, or sing (without accompaniment) the song of *Since then I’m doom’d*, or *In the Dead of the Night*, trusting, as she had a right to do, and as the house wished her to do, to the sole effect of her sweet, mellow, and loving voice—the reader will pardon me, but tears of pleasure and regret come into my eyes at the recollection, as if she personified whatsoever was happy at that period of life, and which has gone like herself. The very sound of the little familiar word *but* from her lips, (the abbreviation of husband,) as she packed it closer, as it were, in the utterance, and pouted it up with fondness in the man’s face, taking him at the same time by the chin, was a whole concentrated world of the power of loving.

“That is a pleasant time of life, the play-going time in youth, when the coach is packed full to go to the theatre, and brothers and sisters, parents and lovers, (none of whom, perhaps, go very often,) are all wafted together in a flurry of expectation; when they only wish as they go (except with the lovers) is to go as fast as possible, and no sound is so delightful as the cry of ‘Bill of the Play;’ when the smell of links in the darkest and mud-diast winter’s night is charming; and the steps of the coach are let down; and a roar of hoarse voices round the door, and *mud-shine* on the pavement, are accompanied with a sight of the warm-looking lobby which is about to be entered; and they enter, and pay, and ascend the pleasant stairs, and begin to hear the *silence* of the house, perhaps the first jingle of the music; and the box is entered amidst some little awkwardness in descending to their places and being looked at; and at length they sit, and are become used to by their neighbors, and shawls and smiles are adjusted, and the play-bill is handed round or pinned to the cushion, and the gods are a little noisy, and the music veritably commences; and at length the curtain is drawn up, and the first delightful syllables are heard:

“‘Ah! my dear Charles, when did you see the lovely Olivia?’

“‘Oh! my dear Sir George, talk not to me of Olivia. The cruel guardian,’ &c.

“Anon the favorite of the party makes his appearance, and then they are quite happy; and next day, besides his own merits, the points of the dialogue are attributed to him as if he was their



inventor. It is not Sir Harry, or old Dornton, or Dubster, who said this or that; but 'Lewis,' 'Munden,' or 'Keeley.' They seem to think the wit really originated with the man who uttered it so delightfully.

"Critical play-going is very inferior in its enjoyments to this. Never, after I had taken critical pen in hand, did I pass the thoroughly-delightful evenings at the playhouse which I had done when I went only to laugh or be moved.

"I speak of my own feelings, and at a particular time of life; but forty or fifty years ago, people of all times of life were much greater play-goers than they are now. They dined earlier; they had not so many newspapers, clubs, and piano-fortes; the French Revolution only tended at first to endear the nation to its own habits; it had not yet opened a thousand new channels of thought and interest; nor had railroads conspired to carry people, bodily as well as mentally, into as many analogous directions. Everything was more concentrated, and the various classes of society felt a greater concern in the same amusements. Nobility, gentry, citizens, princes, all were frequenters of theatres, and even more or less acquainted personally with the performers. Nobility intermarried with them; gentry, and citizens, too, wrote for them; princes conversed and lived with them. Sheridan, and other members of Parliament, were managers as well as dramatists. It was Lords Derby, Craven, and Thurlow that sought wives on the stage. Two of the most popular minor dramatists were Cobb, a clerk in the India House, and Birch, the pastry-cook. If Mrs. Jordan lived with the Duke of Clarence (William IV.) as his mistress, nobody doubts that she was as faithful to him as a wife. His brother, the Prince of Wales, (George the Fourth,) besides his intimacy with Sheridan and the younger Colman, and to say nothing of Mrs. Robinson, took a pleasure in conversing with Kemble, and was the personal patron of O'Keefe and of Kelly. The Kembles, indeed, as Garrick had been, were received everywhere, among the truly best circles; that is to say, where intelligence was combined with high breeding; and they deserved it; for whatever difference of opinion may be entertained as to the amount of genius in the family, nobody who recollects them will dispute that they were a remarkable race, dignified and elegant in manners, with intellectual tendencies, and in point of aspect very like what has been called 'God Almighty's nobility.'"

The *Spectator* was the earliest model of Hunt's prose; and his earliest printed composition in prose was a series of papers under the signature of "Mr. Town, Jun.," which he gave to the *Traveller*, a new evening paper, and received in remuneration a perquisite of five or six copies of the paper, and the delight of beholding himself in long columns of print.

Hunt was early versed in the humor of Bonnel Thornton and Colman, but looks upon it now as mere caricature in comparison with Goldsmith's. His admiration of

Walpole's style is sufficiently demonstrated by his own. Fielding and Smollett, Voltaire, Charlotte Smith, Mrs. Radcliffe, and Augustus La Fontaine were among his favorite authors, but especially Voltaire—"the greatest writer of the eighteenth century, and, upon the whole, the greatest France has ever produced;" but whose works, with the exception of *Candide* and *Zadig*, he thinks are scarcely known in England, even amongst those who talk most about them; these two novels, by no means his finest, serving as sufficient specimens of him, even among his admirers.

"Voltaire is one of the three great tragic writers of France, and excels in pathos; yet not one Englishman in a thousand knows a syllable of his tragedies, or would do anything but stare to hear of his pathos. Voltaire inducted his countrymen into a knowledge of English science and metaphysics, nay, even of English poetry; yet Englishmen have been told little about him in connection with them, except of his disagreements with Shakspeare. Voltaire created a fashion for English thinking, manner, and policy, and fell in love with the simplicity and truthfulness of their very Quakers; and yet, I will venture to say, the English know far less of all this, than they do of a licentious poem with which he degraded his better nature in burlesquing the history of Joan of Arc.

"There are, it is admitted, two sides to the character of Voltaire; one licentious, merely scoffing, saddening, defective in sentiment, and therefore wanting the inner clue of the beautiful to guide him out of the labyrinth of scorn and perplexity; all owing, be it observed, to the errors which he found prevailing in his youth, and to the impossible demands which they made on his acquiescence; but the other side of his character is moral, cheerful, beneficent, prepared to encounter peril, nay, actually encountering it in the only true Christian causes, those of toleration and charity, and raising that voice of demand for the advancement of reason and justice which is now growing into the whole voice of Europe. He was the only man, perhaps, that ever existed, who represented in his single person the entire character, with one honorable exception, (for he was never sanguinary,) of the nation in which he was born; nay, of its whole history, past, present, and to come. He had the licentiousness of the old monarchy under which he was bred, the cosmopolite ardor of the Revolution, the science of the Consulate and the "savans," the unphilosophic love of glory of the Empire, the worldly wisdom (without pushing it into folly) of Louis Philippe, and the changeful humors, the firmness, the weakness, the flourishing declamation, the sympathy with the poor, the *bonhomie*, the unbounded hopes, of the best actors in the extraordinary scenes now acting before the eyes of Europe in this present year 1850. As he himself could not construct as well as he could pull down, so neither do his countrymen, with all the goodness and greatness among them, appear to be less truly represented by him in that particular than in others; but in pulling down he had the same vague desire of

the best that could be set up; and when he was most thought to oppose Christianity itself, he only did it out of an impatient desire to see the law of love triumphant, and was only thought to be the adversary of its spirit, because his revilers knew nothing of it themselves.

"Voltaire, in an essay written by himself in the English language, has said of Milton, in a passage which would do honor to our best writers, that when the poet saw the Adamo of Andreini at Florence, he 'pierced through the absurdity of the plot to the hidden majesty of the subject.' It may be said of himself, that he pierced through the conventional majesty of a great many subjects, to the hidden absurdity of the plot. He laid the axe to a heap of savage abuses; pulled the corner-stones out of dungeons and inquisitions; bowed and mocked the most tyrannical absurdities out of countenance; and raised one prodigious peal of laughter at superstition from Naples to the Baltic. He was the first man who got the power of opinion and common sense openly recognized as a reigning authority, and who made the acknowledgment of it a point of wit and cunning, even with those who had hitherto thought they had the world to themselves."

We have always thought the general feeling toward this "great organ of his age" too bitter and unrelenting. He came at a period when impurity pervaded the whole moral atmosphere, and superstition, with gibes and antics, sat like a night fiend on the prostrate heart of religion. Sense and sarcasm predominating in his mind with a natural impatience of restraint, his skepticism was the consequence; and introduced early to the elegant and profligate coteries of *Ninon de l'Enclos*, and to the half political, half literary soirées at Sceaux, he found even there an exciting stimulus. His earlier works were neither remarkable for boldness nor originality, and it has been observed that "it was not until success revealed to him the extent of his own powers that he became reckless and free." Voltaire accomplished great ends, but he was an instrument obedient to the power of a progress which moved, and moves for ever. He was not always stimulated by pure, high and noble aspirations, but often by an innate destructiveness and the passion of success. Our author most happily designates the manner of Voltaire as consisting in an artful intermixture of the conventional dignity and real absurdity of what he is exposing, the tone being as grave as the dignity seems to require, and the absurdity coming out as if unintentionally.

It was in a paper entitled the "*News*," set up by his brother John, that Hunt com-

menced his theatrical criticisms, upon the perfectly novel ground of independence. He refused to know actors and to accept tickets. The first feat which he performed, and which he now regrets, was the annihilation of the admired Master Betty. Kemble, a Colossus in comparison, it was harder to overthrow, though repeated attacks were made upon his "majestic dryness and deliberate nothings." It was not until the rising of a far greater genius, who could by

"One touch of nature make the whole world kin,"

that Kemble lost ground, and "faded before KEAN like a tragedy ghost." Of his criticisms at that time, of the living dramatists, Morton, Colman, Reynolds, etc., Hunt speaks now with a graceful candor, and acknowledges his mistake in condemning as the fault of the writers what was rather that of the age—its dearth of dramatic character; and allows that without being excellent, there was more talent in their productions than he supposed.

The gay and confident spirit of the young critic received a sudden check from ill-health, which was increased to a long-continued state of nervous debility by super-abstinence, false regimen, and other mistaken methods of cure. Restored finally by exercise tending to enliven the blood, and amusements serving to raise the animal spirits, he fell in love, for the hundredth time, and married. The poet's heart, like that of his mother before him, was subdued by the fascination of elegant reading; and Mrs. Hunt still maintains her conquest by reciting her husband's verses, as he gaily acknowledges, "better than ever."

Toward the close of the reign of George III., and about three years before the Regency, Leigh Hunt and his brother John commenced the *Examiner*, in which were emulated the wit and fine writing of Addison and Steele. Encouraged by the success of his theatrical criticism, he "set up for an oracle in politics," with what he now conceives to have been assumption and a spirit of conceited foppery, which must have rendered him ridiculous in the eyes of the discerning. Yet we believe it to be true that he was never, at that, or any other time, other than "an honest man"; and that he set out with and continued to possess as good an amount of editorial qualification, not only as most writers "no older," but as many *much* older.



How many editors can as honestly say, "I am fairly grounded in the history of my country,—I have carefully read her laws,—I am proprietor of my journal, and I have no mercenary views whatever"?

Hunt, to keep clear of "patronage," and in that spirit of martyrdom which had been singularly inculcated from his cradle, denied himself now all political, as he had before done all theatrical acquaintances, and was fully prepared to endure all the evil consequences that fell upon him.

Reform in Parliament, liberality of opinion in general, and a fusion of literary taste, were the alleged objects of the *Examiner*. Its politics were rather general sentiments than particular reflections. Hunt, himself, gave his best hours and his warmest feelings all the time to poetry, and then, at the last moment, made a rush at his editorial duties and sat up late at night to complete them. His miscellaneous criticisms did good service, and created a more general appreciation of pure and valuable literature.

At the house of Mr. Hill, proprietor of the *Monthly Mirror*, Hunt fell in with a set of merry acquaintances, of whom he gives such fine graphic sketches that we are sorry to refer our readers to his own volume rather than to repeat them here. These gentlemen were the wit, Dubois, with his infinite quips and cranks; Theodore Hook, the "merry jongleur," the extemporizer of verse and music, and Campbell, who in the rapturous excitement of hearing himself parodied, dashed his wig at him, exclaiming, "You dog! I'll throw my laurels at you;" Mathews, whose imitations in private were still more admirable than on the stage; and the two Smiths,—*James*, of whose prose and verse our author observes that they were too full of the ridicule of city pretension, and adds the truly Johnsonian remark, that "to be superior to anything it should not always be running in one's head," and *Horace*, who in the verse of Shelley was said to combine

"Wit and sense,

Virtue and human knowledge, all that might  
Make this dull world a business of delight."

At the table of Hunter, the bookseller, assembled another set—Fuseli, Bonnycastle, Kinnaid, and Godwin. "Fuseli," Hunt says, "was an ingenious caricaturist of Michael Angelo, making great displays of mental

energy, and being ostentatious with his limbs and muscles, in proportion as he could not draw them. He endeavored to bring Michael Angelo's apostles and prophets, with their superhuman ponderousness of intention, into the common places of life. A student reading in a garden is all over intensity of muscle." Of Bonnycastle, Fuseli's friend, we are told that

"Bonnycastle was a good fellow; he was a tall, gaunt, long-headed man, with large features and spectacles, and a deep internal voice, with a twang of rusticity in it; and he goggled over his plate like a horse. I often thought that a bag of corn would have hung well on him. His laugh was equine, and showed his teeth upward at the sides. Wordsworth, who notices similar mysterious manifestations on the part of donkeys, would have thought it ominous. Bonnycastle was passionately fond of quoting Shakspeare, and telling stories; and if the *Edinburgh Review* had just come out, would give us all the jokes in it. Perhaps Bonnycastle thought more highly of his talents than the amount of them strictly warranted; a mistake to which scientific men appear to be more liable than others, the universe they work in being so large, and their universality (in Bacon's sense of the word) being often so small."

As a politician, Hunt was ardent even to fierceness, but never ungenerous, and he has outlived most, if not all his political animosities. The editors of the *Examiner* wished to see "the reins of restriction loosened in the hands of the individual, before the growing strength and self-government of the many." Mr. Hunt imagines he sees this in the present British government; but it must be remembered that he has retired from the "stir of the great Babel," and is probably better conversant with the reminiscences of his former literary course, than with the political movements of the present time, as his note in regard to Lord John Russell at the close of the second volume sufficiently testifies. He now speaks of George III. with as much independence of spirit as can be expected from a subject and admirer of his granddaughter Victoria, and moreover the receiver of a pension at her royal bounty. He is careful to suggest that the descendants of his Majesty are preserved from any inheritance of obstinacy, incompetency, etc., by "the infusion of colder and more judicious blood from another German stock."

Even literary criticism was in those days deeply colored with politics, and when the *Examiner*, after outliving a series of formidable persecutions, had been established

about three years, Mr. John Hunt projected a quarterly magazine of literature and politics called the *Reflector*, of which his brother became editor, and was aided by contributions from Lamb, Dyer, Barnes, Dr. Aikin, and others. In this periodical first appeared the "Feast of the Poets," by which the author drew upon himself the enmity of almost every living poet, and especially Gifford, of whom he still speaks in somewhat of his former tone, and with a bitter personality equalling that for which the great satirist has himself been censured. He now realized the truth of Steele's remark, that "the life of a wit is a warfare upon earth."

At an annual dinner of the Irish upon St. Patrick's Day, the decline of the Prince of Wales's popularity was remarkably evinced. His broken engagements and his violated promises in regard to the Catholic claims caused his name, which used to be hailed with rapture at the dinner in question, to be now received with hisses. Apologizing for the necessity, in self-defence, of repeating anything against the Queen's kindred, and skilfully suggesting his excuse on the ground that *the very feelings which would cause him to oppose one sovereign might render him the more devoted subject of another*, our author gives at full length the article containing the "libel" which resulted in two years' imprisonment and a fine of five hundred pounds. It describes the speeches of Mr. Sheridan and others present at the celebration, after which it goes on to answer an attack from the *Morning Post*, and to remark severely upon some complimentary verses which are said, literally, to address the Prince in the following terms:—

"You are the *Glory of the people*!—'You are the *Protector of the arts*!—'You are the *Mecenas of the age*!—'Wherever you appear *you conquer all hearts*, wipe away tears, excite desire and love, and win beauty toward you!—'You breathe *eloquence*!—'You inspire the Graces!—'You are an *Adonis in loveliness*!' 'Thus gifted,' it proceeds in English,

'Thus gifted with each grace of mind,  
Born to delight and bless mankind;  
Wisdom, with Pleasure in her train,  
Great Prince! shall signalize thy reign:  
To Honor, Virtue, Truth allied;  
The nation's safeguard and its pride;  
With monarchs of immortal fame  
Shall bright renown enroll thy name.'

"What person," says the *Examiner*, "unacquainted with the true state of the case, would imagine, in reading these astounding eulogies, that this '*Glory of the people*' was the subject of millions of shrugs and reproaches! that this '*Protector*

*of the arts*' had named a wretched foreigner his historical painter, in disparagement or in ignorance of the merits of his own countrymen! that this '*Mecenas of the age*' patronized not a single deserving writer! that this '*Breather of eloquence*' could not say a few decent extempore words—if we are to judge, at least, from what he said to his regiment on its embarkation for Portugal! that this '*Conqueror of hearts*' was the disappointment of hopes! that this '*Exciter of desire*' [bravo! Messieurs of the *Post*! ]—this '*Adonis in loveliness*' was a corpulent man of fifty! in short, that this *delightful, blissful, wise, pleasurable, honorable, virtuous, true, and immortal* Prince, was a violator of his word, a libertine, over head and ears in disgrace, a despiser of domestic ties, the companion of gamblers and demireps, a man who has just closed half a century without one single claim on the gratitude of his country, or the respect of posterity!"

Mr. Hunt thinks "*the very sincere tone*" of this libel might have furnished the Prince with a ground for pardoning it. Had the Prince pardoned him he would have overlooked all the Prince's faults. He considers himself "bound now to pardon the Prince in consideration of the circumstances which mould the character of every human being;" and doubts whether he himself was warranted in his own person to "demand more virtues from any human being than nature and education had given."

Everybody gives Leigh Hunt the character of being frank and simple-minded. The above is certainly *naïve* to the last degree. Or, is it not Punch in a new dress, a very flimsy disguise; and do we not see the checkered legs of Harlequin Vanity strutting below the over-sized mask of a long-visaged candor?

Although Hunt's liberal and cosmopolite politics were unpopular, they produced, to some extent, the effect he desired. Fearless, partly through an honesty of purpose, and partly through a most complete self-sufficiency, his greatest sin was, at the most, an indecorous warmth of expression, and the very injustice of his confinement caused many a true heart to "leap towards him in brotherly sympathy."

The sentence of imprisonment was received with manly courage. "My brother and I," he says, "instinctively pressed each other's arm. It was a heavy blow; but the pressure that acknowledged it encouraged the resolution to bear it; and I do not believe that either of us exchanged a word afterward upon the subject."

The dreary horrors of the prison were augmented at the outset by the insolence of the jailor, who became, after a while, more civil through the mysterious influence of a Greek Pindar which he saw among his prisoner's books, the unintelligible character of which gave him a notion of something superior even to himself. Many of the evils of the prison-life were, on the other hand, obviated, or at least ameliorated, by Hunt's own cheerful and enduring spirit.

"To regions of his own his genius true  
Took happy flights."

And when, after some months, ill health occasioned his being removed to a part of the jail called the Infirmary, he was so fortunate as to occupy two rooms which had never been used. These he adorned according to his own fanciful and elegant taste, and converted a little yard, which belonged to them, into a garden. His wife and children being permitted to remain with him, he affected to feel at liberty, and would draw on his gloves, and put his book under his arm as he stepped out into his bounded pleasure-ground of a morning, requesting his wife not to wait dinner if he should be late; thus by the liveliness of imagination, and the beautiful adaptation of the will to the circumstance, cheating his hard fate of its wretchedness, converting ugliness into beauty, misfortune into playfulness, and enjoying what, in allusion to another, he calls "the poet's *privilege* of surmounting sorrow with joy."

Freedom came at last, but brought not, at least immediately, the relief of mind which was to be expected. "Partly from ill health," says our author, "and partly from habit, the day of my liberation brought a good deal of pain."

"An illness of a long standing, which required very different treatment, had by this time been burnt in upon me by the iron that enters into the soul of the captive, wrap it in flowers as he may; and I am ashamed to say, that after stopping a little at the house of my friend Alsager, I had not the courage to continue looking at the shoals of people passing to and fro, as the coach drove up the Strand. The whole business of life seemed a hideous impertinence. The first pleasant sensation I experienced was when the coach turned into the New Road, and I beheld the old hills of my affection standing where they used to do, and breathing me a welcome."

The "Story of Rimini," expanded from a short passage in Dante's "Inferno," was

commenced in prison, and published in 1816. It is a poem full of exquisite description, and scenery so perfectly Italian, it seems to glow as if warmed beneath Italian skies. Like the rest of his poetry it degenerates often into the fantastic and trifling, but rises again to the direct and forcible. The author regrets, and we think with reason, the new casting of this beautiful poem, which lost, by the alterations, much of its pathos and fidelity to nature. It was grossly censured by Southey and others, more in the spirit of party and politics than in just literary discrimination.

The *Examiner* continued, with its former fearlessness,

"Showing truth to flattered state,"

and treating the Prince Regent with anything but solemnity. It finally declined under the ascendancy of the Tories and the desertion of Reform by the Whigs. Its failure was owing also, in a great measure, to Hunt's ignorance of the business part of the publication. He deeply regrets now those habits and accidents of education which led him to take books for the only ends of life. Hunt was among the most prominent of what, in ridicule, was designated the "cockney school," so called from some of the leaders being Londoners, and engaged in the public press. "Their peculiarities," writes Mr. Milnes, "were a lavish importance given to things trivial and common. They drew their inspiration from books and from themselves, and gave, in imitation of some of the old poets, a pre-eminence to individual peculiarities which was ridiculous transferred from them to the habits and circumstances of our time." Hunt says:—

"The jests about Londoners and cockneys did not affect me in the least, as far as my faith was concerned. They might as well have said that Hampstead was not beautiful, or Richmond lovely; or that Chaucer and Milton were cockneys when they went out of London to lie on the grass and look at the daisies. The cockney school of poetry is the most illustrious in England; for, to say nothing of Pope and Gray, who were both veritable cockneys, 'born within the sound of Bow Bell,' Milton was so too; and Chaucer and Spenser were both natives of the city. Of the four greatest English poets, Shakspeare only was not a Londoner."

The reviewers in Blackwood and the Quarterly were destitute of poetic perception, and directed an unrefined and un-

scrupulous satire against the poets of the cockney school as political opponents. Leigh Hunt was admired by many, and ridiculed by others as the master of this school of poets, when, in truth, he was only their encourager and sympathizer. Hunt had a visit of thanks from Mr. Wordsworth for advocating the cause of his genius. Keats, in a letter to Mr. Bailey, wrote:—

"There has been a flaming attack upon Hunt in the *Edinburgh Magazine*. I never read anything so virulent,—accusing him of the greatest crimes, depreciating his wife, his poetry, his habits, his company, his conversation. These philippics are to come out in numbers, called 'The Cockney School of Poetry.' There has been but one number published—that on Hunt. \* \* \* I have no doubt the second number was intended for me, but have hopes of its non-appearance from the following advertisement in last Sunday's *Examiner*:—'To Z.—The writer of the article signed Z., in Blackwood's *Edinburgh Magazine*, for October, 1817, is invited to send his address to the printer of the *Examiner*, in order that justice may be executed on the proper person.'"

Of Keats, Shelley, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Lamb, Mr. Hunt gives some fifty pages of very delightful reminiscences.

Wordsworth, in his younger days, must have been too solemn, uncompromising and dignified in his manners to tally with the easier grace of Hunt. The following, in allusion to the visit before mentioned, sufficiently illustrates their difference:—

"Under the study in which my visitor and I were sitting was an archway, leading to a nursery-ground; a cart happened to go through it while I was inquiring whether he would take any refreshment; and he uttered in so lofty a voice, the words, 'Anything which is *going forward*,' that I felt inclined to ask him whether he would take a piece of the cart. Lamb would certainly have done it. But this was a levity which would neither have been so proper on my part, after so short an acquaintance, nor very intelligible perhaps, in any sense of the word, to the serious poet. There are good-humored warrants for smiling, which lie deeper even than Mr. Wordsworth's thoughts for tears."

Thirty years afterward, when they met again, the manner of the great poet appeared greatly improved, "quite natural and noble, with a cheerful air of animal as well as spiritual confidence."

Hunt's bosom friend was Shelley. After his second marriage he resided at Great Marlow, in Buckinghamshire, where Hunt, with his family, paid him a visit, and de-

scribes him in his study, which was adorned with casts of the Apollo and Venus,—strolling in his garden and about the country,—or sailing in a boat, which was his favorite diversion. "Flowers," he says, "or a happy face, or the hearing a congenial remark, would make his eyes sparkle with delight; while he would droop into an aspect of dejection when he saw the miserable-looking children of the lace-making village, or thought of his own children of whom he had been deprived by Chancery."

"As to his children, the reader perhaps is not aware, that in this country of England, so justly called free on many accounts, and so proud of its 'Englishman's castle,'—of the house, which nothing can violate, a man's offspring can be taken from him to-morrow, who holds a different opinion from the Lord Chancellor in faith and morals. Hume's, if he had any, might have been taken. Gibbon's might have been taken. The virtuous Condorcet, if he had been an Englishman and a father, would have stood no chance.

"Plato, for his *Republie*, would have stood as little; and Mademoiselle de Gournay might have been torn from the arms of her adopted father Montaigne, convicted beyond redemption of seeing farther than the walls of the Court of Chancery. That such things are not done often, I believe; that they may be done oftener than people suspect, I believe also; for they are transacted with closed doors, and the details are forbidden to transpire."

Shelley's "princeliness" of generosity, his benevolence and sensibility, were accompanied by a playfulness and love of frolic. "It was a moot point when he entered your room whether he would begin with some half-pleasant, half-pensive joke, or quote something Greek, or ask some question about public affairs." He and Hunt once, riding in a stage-coach where their only companion was a very silent, "grim" looking old lady, "Shelley startled her into a look of most ludicrous astonishment," by suddenly addressing his friend, in his enthusiastic tone of voice, with a quotation from Shakspeare: "Hunt!

'For Heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,  
And tell sad stories of the deaths of kings!'"

"The old lady," says Hunt, "looked on the coach floor as if expecting to see us take seats accordingly."

Hunt's love for Keats was only second to that which he cherished for Shelley. The knowledge reaching him after Keats's death that the poet had at one time distrusted his



friendship,—though he comforts himself with the reflection that “it was sickness, and soon passed away,”—deeply wounded his sincere and affectionate nature. It was a suspicion wholly undeserved, and was overcome before Hunt dreamed of its existence. A letter which Keats’s devoted friend, Mr. Severn, received from Leigh Hunt a few days after Keats’s death at Rome, illustrates so fully Hunt’s warm and simple affection, and is so touchingly delicate and sympathizing, that, as we can never read it ourselves without emotion, we are induced to transcribe it for those who may not have seen it in Mr. Milnes’ “Life and Letters of Keats.”

“VALE OF HEALTH, Hampstead, }  
March 8th, 1821. }

“DEAR SEVERN: You have concluded, of course, that I have sent no letters to Rome, because I was aware of the effect they would have on Keats’s mind; and this is the principal cause,—for besides what I have been told of his emotions about letters in Italy, I remember his telling me on one occasion, that, in his sick moments, he never wished to receive another letter, or ever to see another face, however friendly. But still I should have written to *you* had I not been almost at death’s door myself. You will imagine how ill I have been, when you hear that I have just begun writing again for the ‘Examiner’ and ‘Indicator,’ after an interval of several months, during which my flesh wasted from me in sickness and melancholy. Judge how often I thought of Keats, and with what feelings. Mr. Brown tells me he is comparatively calm now, or rather quite so. If he can bear to hear of us, pray tell him—but he knows it already, and can put it in better language than any man. I hear he does not like to be told that he may get better; nor is it to be wondered at, considering his firm persuasion that he shall not recover. He can only regard it as a puerile thing, and an insinuation that he cannot bear to think he shall die. But if this persuasion should happen no longer to be so strong upon him, or if he can now put up with such attempts to console him, remind him of what I have said a thousand times, and that I still (upon my honor, Severn,) think always, that I have seen too many instances of recovery from apparently desperate cases of consumption, not to indulge in hope to the very last. If he cannot bear this, tell him—tell that great poet and noble-hearted man—that we shall all bear his memory in the most precious part of our hearts, and that the world shall bow their heads to it, as our loves do. Or if this again will trouble his spirit, tell him we shall never cease to remember and love him, and, that the most skeptical of us has faith enough in the high things that nature puts into our heads, to think that all who are of one accord in mind and heart are journeying to one and the same place, and shall unite somehow or other again, face to face, mutually

conscious, mutually delighted. Tell him he is only before us on the road, as he was in everything else; or, whether you tell him the latter or no, tell him the former, and add that we shall never forget he was so, and that we are coming after him. The tears are again in my eyes, and I must not afford to shed them. The next letter I write shall be more to yourself, and a little more refreshing to your spirits, which we are very sensible must have been very greatly taxed. But whether our friend dies or not, it will not be among the least lofty of our recollections by-and-by, that you helped to smooth the sick bed of so fine a being.

“Your sincere friend,

“LEIGH HUNT.”

Of Charles Lamb, Mr. Hunt says, there has never been a true portrait. His face resembled that of Bacon, “with less worldly vigor and more sensibility.” The small size of the head both in Shelley and Keats has been a puzzle to phrenologists. Hunt could not get on either their hats or Lord Byron’s. Lamb’s head, on the contrary, was large in proportion to his body, or rather to his limbs, which were fragile. Though a man of strict veracity in the ordinary sense of the word, Lamb had a fondness for confounding the borders of theoretical truth and falsehood. He said to a person who valued himself on being a matter-of-fact man, that *he* valued himself on being “a matter-of-lie man;” and at another time he said that “truth was precious, and not to be wasted on everybody.”

Hazlitt compared Coleridge’s genius to a spirit, all head and wings, eternally floating about in etherialities. “He gave me,” says Hunt, “a different impression. I fancied him a good-natured wizard, very fond of earth, and conscious of reposing with weight enough in his easy chair, but able to conjure his etheraleties about him in the twinkling of an eye.” Hunt refers us to his “*Imagination and Fancy*” for a critical summary of his opinions respecting Coleridge’s poetry, of which however he here says, “I take it upon the whole to have been the finest of its time;” and again, “Of all ‘the muse’s mysteries,’ he was as great a high priest as Spenser; and Spenser himself might have gone to Highgate to hear him talk, and thank him for his ‘Ancient Mariner.’”

Partly through the urgency of Shelley, who had been some time abroad, partly to recruit his own health and his wife’s, and chiefly on account of a proposal made by



Lord Byron to set up a liberal periodical publication in conjunction with him (Byron) and Shelley, Hunt went with his family to Italy. Moreover, while his brother John was to endeavor, in England, to reanimate the *Examiner*, Leigh Hunt was to use simultaneous exertion in Italy to secure new aid to their prospects and new friends to the cause of liberty.

After a very long and stormy passage, enlivened in description by that talismanic power which our author possesses of turning everything into mirth, poetry, or instruction, he arrived at Leghorn, where he met Lord Byron and Mr. Trelawney. He visited the former at his country residence at Monte Nero, where he lived with Madame Guiccioli, in "a salmon-colored house," which, in a hot Italian sun, suggested no very hopeful ideas of comfort or of poetry. Shelley hastened from his *villeggiatura* at Lerici, to meet his friend, and accompanied him to Pisa, where Hunt was to take up his residence. He remained a day or two; and after spending the last afternoon delightfully together in wandering about Pisa, the friends separated never to meet again. On the night of the same day Shelley took a post-chaise for Leghorn, where he was, next day, to depart for his home, with his friend Capt. Williams, of Lerici.

"I entreated him," says Hunt, "if the weather was violent, not to give way to his daring spirit and venture to sea. He promised me he would not, and it seems he did set off later than he otherwise would have done, and at, apparently, a more favorable moment. I never saw him more." The same night there was a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning. Mr. and Mrs. Hunt were anxious, but hoped their friend might either not have left, or arrived in safety before its commencement. Trelawney came to Pisa and told them he was missing.

"A dreadful interval took place of more than a week, during which every inquiry and every fond hope were exhausted. At the end of that period our worst fears were confirmed. A body had been washed on shore, near the town of Via Reggio, which, by the dress and stature, was known to be our friend's. Keats's last volume also (the *Lamia*, &c.) was found open in the jacket pocket. He had probably been reading it, when surprised by the storm. It was my copy. I had told him to keep it till he gave it to me again with his own hands. So I would not have it from any other. It was burned with his remains. The body of his

friend Mr. Williams was found near a tower, four miles distant from its companion. That of the other third party in the boat, Charles Vivian, the seaman, was not discovered till nearly three weeks afterward.

"The remains of Shelley and Mr. Williams were burned, after the good ancient fashion, and gathered into coffers. Those of Mr. Williams were subsequently taken to England. Shelley's were interred at Rome, in the Protestant burial-ground, the place which he had so touchingly described in recording its reception of Keats. The ceremony of the burning was alike beautiful and distressing. Trelawney, who had been the chief person concerned in ascertaining the fate of his friends, completed his kindness by taking the most active part on this last mournful occasion. He and his friend Captain Shenley were first upon the ground, attended by proper assistants. Lord Byron and myself arrived shortly afterward. His lordship got out of his carriage, but wandered away from the spectacle, and did not see it. I remained inside the carriage, now looking on, now drawing back with feelings that were not to be witnessed.

"None of the mourners, however, refused themselves the little comfort of supposing, that lovers of books and antiquity, like Shelley and his companion, Shelley in particular with his Greek enthusiasm, would not have been sorry to foresee this part of their fate. The mortal part of him, too, was saved from corruption; not the least extraordinary part of his history. Among the materials for burning, as many of the gracefuller and more classical articles as could be procured—frankincense, wine, &c.—were not forgotten; and to these Keats's volume was added. The beauty of the flame arising from the funeral pile was extraordinary. The weather was beautifully fine. The Mediterranean, now soft and lucid, kissed the shore as if to make peace with it. The yellow sand and blue sky were intensely contrasted with one another; marble mountains touched the air with coolness; and the flame of the fire bore away toward heaven in vigorous amplitude, waving and quivering with a brightness of inconceivable beauty. It seemed as though it contained the glassy essence of vitality. You might have expected a seraphic countenance to look out of it, turning once more before it departed, to thank the friends that had done their duty.

"Shelley, when he died, was in his thirtieth year. His face was small, but well-shaped, particularly the mouth and chin, the turn of which was very sensitive and graceful. His side-face upon the whole was deficient in strength, and his features would not have told well in a bust; but when fronting and looking at you attentively, his aspect had a certain seraphical character that would have suited a portrait of John the Baptist, or the angel whom Milton describes as holding a reed 'tipt with fire.' Nor would the most religious mind, had it known him, have objected to the comparison; for, with all his skepticism, Shelley's disposition was truly said to have been anything but irreligious. He was pious toward nature, toward his friends, toward the whole human race, toward the meanest insect of the forest. He did himself an injustice with the public, in using the popular name of the

Supreme Being inconsiderately. He identified it solely with the most vulgar and tyrannical notions of a God made after the worst human fashion; and did not sufficiently reflect, that it was often used by a juster devotion to express a sense of the great Mover of the universe. When I heard of the catastrophe that overtook him, it seemed as if this spirit, not sufficiently constituted like the rest of the world, to obtain their sympathy, yet gifted with a double portion of love for all living things, had been found dead in a solitary corner of the earth, its wings stiffened, its warm heart cold; the relics of a misunderstood nature, slain by the ungenial elements."

Hunt's family occupied, at Pisa, a part of Lord Byron's residence on the river Arno. Here Lord Byron, under the influence of his well-known "hippocrene," was occupied in writing Don Juan, and an intimacy commenced between the two poets, which, being founded rather in expediency than congeniality, was not of long duration. The letters of Byron, which our author considers to be an appropriate introduction to their acquaintance, have no very especial interest, and seem to serve better the purpose of "filling up" than any other. Indeed, the whole account of our author's intercourse with his noble friend, and afterwards "bitter enemy," is far less attractive than other portions of the book. Though Byron set a high value upon Hunt's honest and sincere admiration, and apparently sympathized with his liberal views and objects, yet when they came to see each other more intimately it is well known that a mutual repugnance arose, and at length (lightly as Hunt now refers to it) flamed up almost into hatred. Lord Byron had evidently a secret delight in the vanity of his companion, so much more simple and displayful than his own. Hunt says: "Lord Byron liked to imitate Johnson, and say, 'Why, sir,' in a high, mouthing way, rising and looking about him." He does not perceive that his Lordship, while jocularly assuming the *Johnson*, was, in reality, playing off the conceit and toadyism of *his* (Hunt's) unconscious *Boswell*.

In the fall Hunt removed his family to Genoa, where Mrs. Shelley had preceded them, and found houses both for Lord Byron's family and his, at Albaro, a neighboring village. Hunt's family and Mrs. Shelley occupied the Casa Negrotto. Lord Byron lived near them in the Casa Saluzzi. Here they received the first number of their new Quarterly, *The Liberal*, accompanied

by hopes and fears, the latter of which were too soon realized. Lord Byron's highly raised expectations being in some measure disappointed, his interest cooled off, and after four numbers *The Liberal* was no more. These, however, contained the "Vision of Judgment," some vigorous essays of Hazlitt and Shelley's beautiful translation of the "May-day Night," from Goethe. Hunt says that he himself wrote nearly half of the whole publication, but not, he thinks, in his best manner.

Of Genoa,—“Genoa the superb,”—of which the proverb says, “it has a sea without fish, land without trees, men without faith, and women without modesty,” our author tells better things, and gives a new view of the “city of palaces,” so often described by travellers. We refer our readers to the description of its aspect as seen from the sea; the account of its streets and palaces, its men and women, its churches, and of a religious procession which he witnessed there, in which was borne a wax-work representation of Saint Antonio kneeling before the Virgin, reminding him strongly of the ancient paganism. “The son of Myrrha,” he says, “could not look more lover-like than St. Antonio, nor Venus more polite than the Virgin; and the flowers stuck all about (the favorite emblem of the Cyprian youth) completed the likeness to an ancient festival of Adonis.” Of the climate he says:

“You learn for the first time in this climate, what colors really are. No wonder it produces painters. An English artist of any enthusiasm might shed tears of vexation, to think of the dull medium through which blue and red come to him in his own atmosphere, compared with this. One day we saw a boat pass us, which instantly reminded us of Titian, and accounted for him; and yet it contained nothing but an old boatman in a red cap, and some women with him in other colors, one of them in a bright yellow petticoat. But a red cap in Italy goes by you, not like a mere cap, much less anything vulgar or butcher-like, but like what it is; an intense specimen of the color of red. It is like a scarlet bud in the blue atmosphere. The old boatman, with his brown hue, his white shirt, and his red cap, made a complete picture; and so did the women and the yellow petticoat. I have seen pieces of orange-colored silk hanging out against a wall at a dyer's, which gave the eye a pleasure truly sensual. Some of these boatmen are very fine men. I was rowed to shore one day by a man the very image of Kemble. He had nothing but his shirt on, and it was really grand to see the mixed power and gracefulness with which all his limbs came into play as he pulled the oars, occasionally turning his heroic profile to

give a glance behind him at other boats. They generally row standing, and pushing from them."

From Genoa Hunt removed to Florence. Having heard, at the former place, nothing in the streets but the talk of money, he hailed it as a good omen that in Florence the two first words which caught his ear were *Fiori* and *Donne*—flowers and women. He took up his abode at the neighboring village of Maiano, on the slope of one of the Fiesolan hills. Here he was surrounded by classical associations.

"Out of the windows of one side of our house, we saw the turret of the Villa Gherardi, to which, according to his biographers, his 'joyous company' resorted in the first instance. A house belonging to the Machiavelli was nearer, a little to the left; and farther to the left, among the blue hills, was the white village of Settignano, where Michael Angelo was born. The house is still in possession of the family. From our windows on the other side we saw, close to us, the Fiesole of antiquity and of Milton, the site of the Boccaccio-house before mentioned still closer, the *Decameron's* Valley of Ladies at our feet; and we looked over toward the quarter of the Mugnone and of a house of Dante, and in the distance beheld the mountains of Pistoia. Lastly, from the terrace in front, Florence lay clear and cathedrally before us, with the scene of Redi's *Bacchus* rising on the other side of it, and the Villa of Arcetri, illustrious for Galileo. Hazlitt, who came to see me there, (and who afterward, with one of his felicitous images, described the state of mind in which he found me, by saying that I was 'moulting,') beheld the scene around us with the admiration natural to a lover of old folios and great names, and confessed, in the language of Burns, that it was a sight to enrich the eyes."

Notwithstanding his boast of the power of "pitching" his soul "from Tuscany into York street," Hunt began to long for the air of his native country. He not only missed London, but he missed his native English oaks and elms; and he compares the natural features of the two countries, like a true Englishman, quite to the advantage of his own. The fortunes of the *Examiner* and its editors had now come to a crisis, and it was necessary to return to England. Our author took leave of Mariano with a dry eye; Boccaccio and the Valley of Ladies notwithstanding. Before taking leave of Italy altogether, however, he lingers to make some remarks upon the insect tribes peculiar to the south of Europe. We quote his description of the fire-fly, well known in our own country:—

"But there is one insect which is equally harmless and beautiful. It succeeds the noisy cicada of an evening; and is of so fairy-like a nature and lustre, that it would be almost worth coming into the south to look at it, if there were no other attraction. I allude to the fire-fly. Imagine thousands of flashing diamonds every night powdering the ground, the trees, and the air, especially in the darkest places, and in the corn-fields. They give at once a delicacy and brilliance to Italian darkness inconceivable. It is the glow-worm, winged, and flying in crowds. In England it is the female alone that can be said to give light; that of the male, who is the exclusive possessor of the wings, is hardly perceptible. 'Worm' is a wrong word, the creature being a real insect. The Tuscan name is *luciola*, little-light. In Genoa they call them *cœe-belle*, (*ciare-belle*,) clear and pretty. When held in the hand, the little creature is discovered to be a dark-colored beetle, but without the hardness or sluggish look of the beetle tribe. The light is contained in the under part of the extremity of the abdomen, exhibiting a dull, golden-colored partition by day, and flashing occasionally by daylight, especially when the hand is shaken. At night the flashing is that of the purest and most lucid fire, spangling the vineyards and olive-trees, and their dark avenues, with innumerable stars. Its use is not known. In England, and I believe here, the supposition is that it is a signal of love. It affords no perceptible heat, but is supposed to be phosphoric. In a dark room, a single one is sufficient to flash a light against the wall. I have read of a lady in the West Indies who could see to read by the help of three under a glass, as long as they chose to accommodate her. During our abode in Genoa a few of them were commonly in our rooms all night, going about like little sparkling elves. It is impossible not to think of something spiritual in seeing the progress of one of them through a dark room. You only know it by the flashing of its lamp, which takes place every three or four inches apart, sometimes oftener, thus marking its track in and out of the apartment, or about it. It is like a little fairy taking its rounds. These insects remind us of the lines in Herrick, inviting his mistress to come to him at night-time, and they suit them still better than his English ones:—

'Their light the glow-worms lend thee;  
The shooting stars attend thee;  
And the elves also,  
Whose little eyes glow,  
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.'

The trees of Italy are beautifully and skilfully touched upon—the cypress, the olive, and particularly the chestnut:—

"The chestnut trees are very beautiful; the spiky-looking branches of leaves, long, and of a noble green, make a glorious show as you look up against the intense blue of the sky. Is it a commonplace to say that the *eastanets* used in dancing, evidently originated in the nuts of this tree, *eastagnette*? They are made in general, I believe, of

cockle-shells, or an imitation of them; but the name renders their vegetable descent unequivocal. It is pleasant to observe the simple origin of pleasant things. Some loving peasants, time immemorial, fall dancing under the trees: they pick up the nuts, rattle them in their hands; and behold (as the Frenchman says) the birth of the accompaniment of the fandango."

Settled once again at his beloved Hampstead, our poet found amid English scenery his "old friend Pastoral, still more pastoral." He now strolled about the meadows, with a "Parnaso," or a Spenser under his arm, and wondered that he met nobody who seemed to love the fields as he did. Toryism was at this time in the ascendant, and Hunt's literary productions were not popular. It was not until the rise of Louis Philippe and the decline of Toryism, that the signature of the quondam editor of the *Examiner* was greeted with its former favor. "It is not the best trait," he says, "in the character of the public, that they incline to believe whatever is said of a man by the prosperous. I have since been lauded to the skies for productions which at that period fell dead from the press."

We will not go with Mr. Hunt into the critical analysis of his own poetical productions, though many of his remarks thereon are as racy as the poems themselves. This method of commenting upon one's own productions is not altogether unauthorized. Mr. Hunt gives for it the example of the old Italian poets, with Dante at their head. He regrets that Shakspeare had not been his own commentator, and Spenser given elucidations respecting his Platonic mysticisms on the nature of man. He would have enjoyed "a divine gossip with him about his woods, and his solitudes, and his nymphs, his oceans, and his heaven."

Our author enlarges also upon his numerous prose works, and the publications for which he wrote as editor and as contributor.

These were, besides those already mentioned, the *Tattler*, a daily paper of four folio pages, which he wrote entirely; the *True Sun*, to which he contributed, as also to the *Edinburgh* and *Westminster Reviews*; the *Monthly Repository*, a Unitarian magazine; the *London Journal*, and the *Secr*, which now stands as a companion to the *Indicator*. His dramatic productions were, *The Legend of Florence*, *The Secret Marriage*, *Lover's Amazements*, *The Double*, and *Look to your Morals*,—all of which were failures. In addition to these and his volumes of essays, poems, &c., "I have written," he says, "one more book, small, and still in manuscript, which I can take no pride in, which I desire to take no pride in, and yet which I hold dearer than all the rest." This volume, it appears, is upon the subject of religion, and has appended to it his "*Christianism, or Belief and Unbelief Reconciled*," and is promised to be shortly published.

We cannot better take leave of our old friend than by quoting a few characteristic words of his own, descriptive of his present life:—

"With the occasional growth of this book, with the production of others from necessity, with the solace of verse, and with my usual experience of sorrows and enjoyments, of sanguine hopes and bitter disappointments, of bad health and almost unconquerable spirits, (for though my old hypochondria never returns, I sometimes undergo pangs of unspeakable will and longing, on matters which elude my grasp,) I have now passed, in one sequestered tenor of life, almost the whole lapse of years since I lost my friend in Italy. The same unvaried day sees me reading or writing, ailing, jesting, reflecting, rarely stirring from home but to walk, interested in public events, in the progress of society, in the 'New Reformation,' (most deeply,) in things great and small, in a print, in a plaster-cast, in a hand-organ, in the stars, in the scene to which the sun is hastening, in the flower on my table, in the fly on my paper while I write. (He crosses words, of which he knows nothing; and perhaps we all do as much every moment, over divinest meanings.)"

## THE DECENNIAD.

## PART I.

## YOUTH.

O FRIEND, absent in form and soul, from me !  
 Once dear, by cruel madness long estranged !  
 Again I stand, and seem to talk with thee,  
 By this fair stream, that hath in nothing changed,  
 But now, as ever, with mild murmur flows  
 On to her solemn lake and deep repose.

The tenth year mingles with eternity,  
 Since we together, from the windy crest  
 Of yon dark mountain, saw the victory  
 And chase of evening clouds, when on the west  
 They moved their misty ranks, in dim array,  
 Ensanguined by the Parthian shafts of day.

We saw, still glorious in his fall, the sun  
 Touch the red mountain with his burning shield ;  
 And when the silver planet had begun  
 Her triumph sweet above the azure field,  
 We turned, and by a mountain torrent led,  
 Went unseen through dim bowers along its bed.

The leafy bosom of a mountain, crowned  
 With rock-grown cedars, where the secret rills  
 Creep through fall'n leaves and under hollow ground,  
 Inward and downward : a dead shadow stills  
 Th' abyss ; and there the waters gathered are,  
 Unwitnessed, save by some high-climbing star.

Down through the gorge we took our silent way,  
 While each for each th' opposing foliage turned,  
 Till burst upon us the far-shining day,  
 That now on all the vast horizon burned  
 Her final fires, and in the failing east  
 The golden honors of the day decreased.

Lo ! where the mountain slides into the plain,  
 Covered with cedars and close-woven vines,  
 The cliff-born waters, welling forth again,  
 Flow in a crystal torrent that aye shines  
 With all the varying colors of the sky,  
 Broken and brief, a brilliant phantasy.



Quick at the fount the living waters play,  
Then laughing down the verdurous grade they run,  
Like troops of children, of a holiday,  
On a grassed playground, sloping to the sun ;  
The roguish ripples, dancing with delight,  
Twinkle and glow like diamonds in the light.

Then gentlier flow they among isles of grass,  
And promontories green, till calm and wide  
They move reluctant, swaying as they pass  
The anchored lilies, that companioned ride  
With fleets of floating foliage broad and green,  
And cups of flowery gold that glow between.

The scythe-ripe meadows greenly stretched afar,  
Where the long waters wound, obscurely shining ;  
The wakening airs kept up a breezy war  
With grass and trees their sudden flights confining ;  
The broad hills billowed in the windy chase  
Down their green sides, from brow to gloomy base.

Soft came the airs, with leafy murmurs sweet,  
And sensuous trill of insects in the grass ;  
Mild whispers, heard when day and darkness meet,  
That move an inborn music as they pass,  
Tuned by the wheel-strokes of a distant mill,  
Now plashing loud, and now a moment still.

Gradual, o'er all, the mountain sent his shade,—  
Though yet, from western clouds, a ruddy beam  
Glowed on the waters, playfully delayed  
By shallow ripples on th' impatient stream,  
That would not let the troubled splendor lie  
In the deep hollow of the nether sky.

Still at each windy lull it sought its rest  
In the calm bosom of the blue profound,—  
Like Faith's clear vision in a peaceful breast,—  
Then broke in passion ; when with hasty sound  
The wind awoke, and stirred the leaves, and flew,  
Trailing his skirt along the trembling blue.

The far wheel ceased, the swelling sluices roared,  
The mill-bell tinkled in the twilight air ;  
Sweet sounds that o'er the dewy landscape poured  
Remission blest of industry and care ;  
Vespers of labor, when with merriment  
The sons of toil all smiling homeward went.

Their children meet them half the pleasant way,  
And hand in hand the sons and fathers walk ;  
The happy mothers chide their long delay,  
While on the grassy lane they, lingering, talk :  
Young swains and hoary tillers, how the State  
Should be advanced, and who are truly great.

Then heart of youth and tender sympathy  
 Drowned the slow rising of those manlier strains  
 That move me now : for, O lost friend ! to thee  
 And me alike, the world with its fierce pains,  
 Its mad ambitions and proud agonies,  
 Was but a figment of masked tragedies.

We read, or seemed to read, in Nature seen,  
 An unknown Power ; whose hand æsthetical,  
 In beauteous life and leafy concourse green,  
 In hills and streams, and the far-thundering fall,  
 On wind-worn mountain and tumultuous sea,  
 Moulds the fair earth—shapes it eternally !

It was a mild Philosophy, whose head  
 Shone with bright hopes like glowing flowers, each day  
 Renewed ; and she her willing votaries led  
 Through many an antique, long abandoned way,  
 Amid the o'erthrown primal temples, dim  
 Inscribed with holy truth, in legends grim.

Or wedding sweet verse to a piteous air,  
 The daisy-crowned muse, full innocent,  
 Bewailed in leafy nook some love-sick fair,  
 Weeping her mate in weary banishment ;  
 Sad stops and tearful melodies, that gave  
 An echo to the wind and moaning wave.

Or in a pensive passion pacing slow  
 Along the margin of a reedy run,  
 She marked the maiden lily that doth show  
 Her snow-white, odorous bosom to the sun,  
 Hot ravisher, that with too ardent beam  
 Kisses the tender beauty of the stream.

Then came the Druid of soft Windermere,  
 And charmed us to his pleasant wildernesses ;  
 Bard of weak passions, impotent to cheer  
 The strong heart bending under stern distresses.  
 Poet of silly griefs and witless woes,  
 Great singer of small joys and mighty shows !

How swift the primal curse, Necessity,  
 Nipped all your wormy fruits and idle flowers ;  
 Searing their roots with acrid poverty,  
 And blighting their pale leaves with bitter showers :  
 Long fallow time it needed, ere a hand  
 With useful fruitage came and crowned the land.

“ God is in nature.” Aye, but in man most ;  
 And who would worship, let him not fall down  
 To seas or mountains, or even to the host  
 That diadem the night. Man wears the crown  
 Of the creation, and in him we see  
 The reflex, sole, of true Divinity.

Nay, worship God alone : be thou a man,  
 And not man's worshipper, nor Nature's. Show  
 The power of freedom. What young Freedom can,  
 Were it not worth a martyrdom to know ?  
 If thou wilt rhyme, then be thy manly verse  
 Made for a patriot's praise,—a traitor's curse.

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## PART II.

## MANHOOD.

Has the New World no passion fit to move  
 Heroic numbers? Must the liberal air  
 Still ring with verse that girls and boys approve,  
 Melodious lust and musical despair?  
 Then be despised the idle rhyming art,  
 Unfit for themes that move a patriot's heart!

Look where the modern epic Manhood stands  
 Among the people!—mark him, you who deem  
 Heroes a growth of other times and lands,  
 Or a mere fiction of the poet's dream;  
 Up! to *his* grandeur, rhymster, if you can!  
 And future times will deem you too a man.

Seest not the noble front,—the shoulders large,—  
 And majesty of motion, that declare  
 The hero born, not made; on whom the charge  
 Of empire, inevitable, rests? He goes,  
 Unconscious, toward his fame, and powerful state,  
 By character, God's mark, alone made great.

Clad in the dress of toil, he moves a king  
 Of Nature's crowning: his deep voice more feared,  
 His smile more valued, than the beckoning  
 Of law-made monarchs; and, penurious reared,  
 He laughs at wealth, and with rich eloquence  
 Unlocks all hoards and takes his liking thence.

For all men love him,—aye, all women too;  
 And every native beauty he will scan  
 With a moist eye, and tender; and were you  
 Before him, every mark in you of man  
 He would discern, and on the instant trace  
 The strength, or weakness, written in your face.

Trust him, and he will love you; do him wrong,  
 His anger blasts you like a desert wind:  
 Oppose him, he is courteous, and will long  
 Contend with bloodless weapons of the mind;  
 Force him to fight you, not the raging sea  
 More terrible or pitiless than he.

Make MEN your leaders, people,—if you dare  
 Be ruled by men ; but if the coward mind  
 Revolts, look you to England : she will care  
 Most wisely for you, and provide a kind  
 Fit for your needs. Your master comes, behold !  
 Sir Plausible, the prince of lies and gold.

Under the royal mantle England keeps  
 A serpent brood ; of whom, from time to time,  
 She raises one, and the base creature creeps  
 Away to some free land, whose ardent clime,  
 Full of intestine tumult and hot strife,  
 Soon swells his serpent bulk with vicious life.

Sunset of England's glory gilds his coils,  
 And sheds a gold light on his bloodless face ;  
 He weaves, admired, his diplomatic toils,  
 And ruins statesmen with a gentle grace ;  
 Prudent and cool, with tact and bonhomie,  
 He ousts the rugged sons of liberty.

Who can resist his subtle instigation,—  
 The bribe and flattery felt but still unseen ?  
 Satan deceives a woman—he, a nation,  
 With arts more powerful as they are more mean.  
 Shame on the coarse tools of Machiavel,  
 Supplanted by these new envoys of Hell !

Boasting and bold, a different agent comes,  
 Philanthropic, without a doubt or fear ;  
 To civil discord the fair land he dooms,  
 And brags his mission to the public ear !  
 What stays the halter from his hated neck ?  
 Courage, or fear ; our scorn, or our respect ?

Up, freemen of the North ! look to the spy !  
 Beware the Power that sends him, and seek home  
 Whether amid *yourselves* no traitors lie  
 In specious ambush, working for your doom.  
 Up ! iron hands, and swear, if wars begin,  
 The steel falls first on traitors for the sin.

And you, ye pulpit thunderers, with bent brows,  
 Hurling God's lightning with a clumsy fist  
 Against the altar of our holiest vows,  
 Look to the day when you will scarce be missed ;  
 Let vain ambition puff you not too high,—  
 There comes a breath shall mar your prophecy :

A breath from Germany, an Unbelief,  
 Withering and scorching all your gospel flowers ;  
 False Science, and false Art, but falsest, chief,  
 Transcendent subtleties, of rights and powers  
 Inherent, whispering mild, with sensual skill  
 Teaching your converts' hearts to worship Will.

Think you, proud Hierarchs, self-elect, the Lord  
 Has no revenge in store for those who break  
 Urim and Thummin, the nation's seal and word,  
 The talisman of freedom, for whose sake  
 On hard-fought fields, with gory conquest strown,  
 True hearts by thousands fell without a groan ?

Fell, with the smile of faith upon their lips :  
 For in the fatal, bloody fray, they saw  
 The young Star of Empire moving to the eclipse  
 Of despotism, detested ; and the Law  
 Divine made sovereign in the greatest good  
 Of the down-trodden, patient multitude.

Wouldst thou give murderous license to the black,  
 Most holy peace-maker ! and bid him kill,  
 In malice for the scars upon his back,  
 The master who reins in his sensual will ?  
 Dooming to hell nine-tenths of all thy kind,  
 Wouldst make a hell here too, thou sordid mind ?

Freedom is but a guardianship of laws  
 Held by the people : but the wolf and bear,  
 The assassin and the slave, with harpy claws  
 Of insurrection freed, raven and tear.  
 Are these your "citizens," your "voters grim" ?  
 Let Hayti's tyrant answer,—look to him.

Weakness and wickedness are friends, and then  
 This life is made Gehenna, when decrees  
 Flow from the hearts of base and feeble men,—  
 Forgers of factions and of treacheries !  
 And then come nations to the mortal hour,  
 When weak fools put strong knaves in seats of power.

Lo, the smart orator ! his bitter brows  
 Knit in the sharp folds of denunciation :  
 Fact upon fact and scorn on scorn he throws,  
 A madman hurling firebrands !—all his passion  
 In the echo dies ; his spirit is not approved ;  
 'Tis not by selfish fury men are moved.

Another comes : Such state no victor king  
 Had ever : At his bidding clamor dies,  
 Breathless : Anon the silver accents ring  
 Clear on the air : Delighted murmurs rise :  
 "What majesty of soul his words reveal !"   
 Then followed the applausive thunder, peal on peal.

He spoke of peace, union and brotherhood,  
 And the strong passion shook his aged frame ;  
 Then ceased, and when the shouting multitude  
 Stood trembling, as if pentecostal flame  
 Had fallen on all, he with his burning eye  
 Followed the shout and sealed the victory.



Like a gray cloud, that on a sultry close  
 Of eve, appals, unlooked, the torrid South,  
 He stood, when, all too confident, his foes  
 Exulted, deeming his Olympian mouth  
 For ever shut : but he with lightning scorn  
 Blasted the front of treason newly born.

Then burst the thunder of his eloquence,  
 Purging the air that sickened with the scent  
 Of foul rebellion. Reason gathered thence  
 New courage, and the exulting Continent,  
 All darkened o'er by dread uncertainty,  
 Blazed with her Union fires from sea to sea.

Such be thy rulers, Land, in these more blest  
 Than Israel in her judges ! Let the dead  
 Lie with their kings : on the great future rest  
 The feet of Heaven's true sons. The golden head  
 Of empire, rising like the sun at morn,  
 Dims the pale stars that did its front adorn.     Δ

## "LONDON ASSURANCE;"

OR,

SIR HENRY LYTTON BULWER *versus* YANKEE NEWSPAPERS.

A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE.

AIR.

"And back recoiled, he knew not why,  
 Even at the sound himself had made."

"It is clear that Great Britain *does not intend* to relinquish her hold on San Juan; and that in open and flagrant defiance of her stipulations she still both 'assumes dominion' and 'exercises' it in the most arbitrary manner in Central America. San Juan is as effectively "occupied" by her as Liverpool. These matters must soon come up before Congress, and we have a right to expect that both Houses will thoroughly investigate them. If the Clayton and Bulwer Treaty is not regarded in its direct and obvious provisions, it is very certain it will not be in its more obscure ones. A rigid adherence to its terms should be insisted on, or it should be abrogated."—*New-York Tribune*, Dec. 4th, 1850.

"Since the appearance of our last, we have received intelligence which gives us ample reason to believe that *the recent outrages on American rights at San Juan and its vicinity, have been in no manner instigated or countenanced by the British Government*, and that they will be promptly rebuked if not expressly disavowed. \* \* \* That the British officials at San Juan and vicinity have been expressly and repeatedly ordered from London to refrain from molesting or interfering

with American citizens or vessels in any port of Central America, or upon its coasts, *we are fully assured*; that those orders have ere this been received and will henceforth be obeyed, *we will not doubt*. We are not so clearly assured, but have good reason to believe, that the British occupation, protectorate, or whatever it may be called, will soon be withdrawn from 'Greytown,' and all that part of the Central American coast, as we trust it also may from all Central America, so that the amicable relations of the two countries may be preserved and secured by a full and faithful execution of the terms of the Clayton Treaty. With this no new treaty is needed, and the withdrawal from Nicaragua of the insolent and mischief-making Chatfield would dispel the last cloud hitherto obscuring the prospect of continued amity.

"There really is no excuse for trouble in that quarter."—*Same paper*, next day, (Dec. 5th, 1850.)

"The Express, dilating on the late British assumptions and outrages at the mouth of the San Juan, says:—

"We beg leave to express the opinion, not hastily or unadvisedly given, that neither Great Britain on the one hand, nor the Executive or Mr.

Webster on the other, have any such designs as are imputed to them by the *Sun* and *Tribune*?

"Will *The Express* be good enough to state frankly, promptly, and clearly, what 'designs' in reference to this matter have been attributed to 'the Executive and Mr. Webster' by *The Tribune*? We are anxious to know."—*Same paper, day after, (Dec. 6th, 1850.)*

"We now notify *The Express* that we consider every such statement in its columns as that *The Tribune* had imputed 'designs' to 'the Executive and Mr. Webster' with respect to the recent British outrages in Nicaragua, as the meanest kind of falsehood, and as morally of the nature of forgery."—*Same paper, day after that again, (Dec. 7th, 1850.)*

It may not be in accordance with the well-known etiquette of Review circles to notice the errors or follies of the newspaper *prolétaire*, or daily talking class; as unfortunately the Republic of Letters, like republics of a more material and less infinite existence, is prone to imitate the class distinctions and the vices of monarchy. However, we, having a profound contempt for the mock "respectable," and being disposed to assert on all occasions the principle of fraternal equality, mean now and then to descend from our dignity, when the descent can be effected for our own gain, and the amusement or improvement of our readers. To the large mind of a Review, the loftiest political tumbling, and the smallest newspaper fanfaronade, abound in themes of equally profound thought; and as there is nothing below the consideration of the true philosopher; as Sir Isaac Newton made great discoveries from the falling of a rotten apple; so we think in the falling of the *Tribune*, as recorded in the above extracts, our readers will find the germ of an elaborate science, of which our popular newspaper editors are the most facetious and indefatigable professors—the science of taking the extreme sides of a question in turn, without being committed to either, and without offending anybody. An admirable science, requisite to be known that you may get on well in the world, and maintain the principles you profess, without seeming on the whole to differ with principles of a directly opposite character; requiring, too, considerable practice before you can assume the necessary appearance of honest credulity one day, in that which you contradicted the day previous, and the still more necessary department of violent and virtuous indignation, should

friend or enemy hint the remotest disbelief in your new assertion. Thus, a writer must have "gone in" for the Rochester knockings, before he is capable of assuming a discreet confidence in the assurances of Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer and the honor of England. And though we cannot pretend to determine what amount of credulity the *Tribune* may have acquired, after such exploits in the imaginative and the ridiculous, we are inclined to think the assurances which may enable it to shirk a question involving the national honor and the endurance of the United States, and devote its remarkable energies still further to the popular exhibition of "Abolition" gambols, must be very welcome and very slight indeed. It is highly amusing, no doubt, to observe the bagatelle at which, as exemplified in the above extracts, the two leading Whig newspapers of this city are playing. We can well appreciate the dislike any Whig organ would have, in the present aspect of affairs, to incur the charge of imputing unworthy designs to Mr. Webster. But to be just to Mr. Webster, it is by no means necessary to be unjust to our country, or to abandon without protest, and even with a slur, American ships and American citizens to the outrages of Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, and his Greytown police. Nay, it is unjust to Mr. Webster to couple confidence in *him* with confidence in the assurances of the British Ambassador, or of his congenial superiors, or of his obedient servants. Mr. Webster's eminence, and the public trust in his integrity, cannot be increased by coupling him with a man whose honor has been several times publicly belied since his arrival in this country; or with the public faith of a foreign government which stands arraigned before the world of having, at one and the same moment, ratified a public treaty, and broken it. Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer himself has, with the characteristic cunning of a vulgar diplomatist, endeavored, by the use of Mr. Webster's name in public and private, to acquire either the screen of a great man's name for his unworthy duplicity, or to drag down the name now most honored by the American people to a level with his own. And however agreeable it may be to either of our Whig newspapers, to make the other somersault with the dexterity of one of the Ravel family on a tight rope, yet if in doing so the honesty

of Mr. Webster, which no human being doubts, is to be coupled with British or Punic faith, or with faith in the verbal assurances of the reckless and double-dealing representative of the Russell Cabinet here, whom no human being, after what has occurred, can trust; if, we say, the honor of the Whig party, or of any party presuming to rule these United States, is to be represented as identical with the honor of England, or that of Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, then it must ere long fare ill both with that party and these United States. Disgrace and doom must result to any party or nation which is so blind as to pin its faith and its interests to public falsehood, or proven treachery. And deeply as we know the American nation trusts in the integrity and national spirit of Mr. Webster—deeply as we know it trusts in the political integrity against foreign machinations of that party which owes its birth and its proudest laurels to repelling with republican sturdiness the aggressions of Great Britain, yet after the duplicity and baseness displayed by Mr. Bulwer since his arrival in this country, upon this very question of Central America, we are confident, no matter what authority may endorse him now or henceforth, that the people of this Republic will never again trust in his promises or assurances, or the honor of his Government. If an American party desired political damnation, we could not suggest to it a speedier or easier mode of effecting it, than by taking the person or character of Sir H. L. Bulwer under its wing. The *Tribune* cannot have stronger personal assurances of the intentions of Great Britain in one direction, than we have public assurances in the other. No personal assurance can be stronger than a solemn public treaty, to which with good faith pledged, the British Cabinet has formally affixed its ratification, the seal of its monarchy, and the signature of its minister. The parchment deception known as the Clayton and Bulwer treaty, distinctly bound, and by Mr. Clayton's declaration was intended to bind, the British Government to abandon the exercise of all power, whether as protectors or armed occupiers of Central America.\* Mr. Bulwer

himself, and higher than Mr. Bulwer, Lord Palmerston himself, together with every agent and minion from Chatfield to the last Mosquito policeman, have publicly declared that treaty naught; set it at naught; and in open and public violation of it have held San Juan, arrested and disarmed American citizens, detained and threatened to sink ships of the United States on inland American waters, seized and imprisoned their officers, and even compelled them to acknowledge British sovereignty in Central America, by obliging them to call the old Spanish "San Juan de Nicaragua" by the name given to it under the baptismal hands of the reverend Chatfield—in flattery of his superior Lord Grey—"Greytown." These outrages have been unremittedly practised—and are now being practised. And while a public treaty is thus belied, the man must be very urbane to the servants of the British embassy, or very worshipful of editorial tumbling, who will attach to any verbal assurances, though they may be quite sufficient to stultify a legion of editors, the smallest credit.

Not that we mean to say that no assurances have been given—nor do we mean to say they may not have been believed, even in presence of the manifold evidences reaching us by every mail from the Isthmus, directly belying them. Mr. Bulwer, or Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, if he pleases, is a man of the most confounding assurances. He assured Mr. Clayton of his deep respect, while he was writing a letter to Mr. Chatfield personally disrespectful of our Government and Secretary. He assured Mr. Clayton of his own good faith, and the good faith of his Government, in fabricating a treaty, while he was writing to Mr. Chatfield to disregard and break that treaty. His consistent double-dealing has only been matched by his singular effrontery and most remarkable success. A polite man of the world, he is assiduous in his flattering attentions, and

ford, or any alliance which either has or may have, to or with any State or people, for the purpose . . . of occupying, fortifying, or colonizing Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito Coast, or any part of Central America, or of assuming or exercising dominion over the same."

The entire treaty has been already published. It would be the more useless to republish it, as its reckless violation by the British authorities, and the defence of that violation by Lord Palmerston and Sir H. L. Bulwer, have rendered it, as binding on us, null and void.

\* We extract from Art. I. of the treaty "as ratified:" "Nor will either [G. B. or U. S.] make use of any protection which either affords or may af-

perfectly surcharged with assurances. A few days before Zachary Taylor's death, he assured the Baltimoreans that nothing in history was equal to Buena Vista, excepting Agincourt. Scarcely was General Taylor dead, ere he assured Mr. Webster of his abyssmal respect; and assured him further of the joy that would be felt by British "Public Opinion," (the same fat gentleman who, as he formerly assured Mr. Clayton, would be so very much displeased with any alterations we might choose to make for our own good, in our own tariff,) on hearing of his advent to office. Till Mr. Webster left Washington to recruit his overtaken health, the assurance of Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer followed on his heels; and when Mr. Webster journeyed North, Sir Henry L. B. brought his assurances North, too. A polite English gentleman who would travel from Washington to Marshfield merely to dine—who would make it his business to wait on the Great Expounder in his almost native city of Boston—who would, on his journey home to Washington, seize two public opportunities, at a Scotch dinner, to attempt a glorification of Mr. Webster at the expense of Mr. Webster's country, (a glorification doubtless highly gratifying to that gentleman;) who could muster coolness enough, while he was dishonestly breaking a treaty himself had made, and dishonestly plundering a weak and friendless Republic of its noblest territories—and in so doing avowed he was pursuing the policy of his Government—who could, we say, muster sufficient coolness, *in flagrante delictu*, to assure some inhabitants of New-York of his earnest wish that, over the doors of the Augean stable in Downing street, were inscribed the words, "Honesty is the best policy"—an urbane man of such whole-souled assurances, of such affable attentions, of such straightforward deportment, and of such extravagant duplicity, must be a very seductive person—and withal worthy of belief. And if by such arts he was enabled to hold up Mr. Clayton to the derision of his country, and, at the same time, make it appear that he enjoyed the unlimited confidence of men in power—whom we all know to be astute lawyers, stern republicans, and ardent patriots, enjoying the confidence of the people—how is it to be wondered that even a wink from one of his subordinates in Barclay street should mislead an unsophisticated editor, pledged to

the Rochester knockings and the meliorative mission of Mr. George Thompson? No doubt, assurances have been given; and in antagonism to assurances from such an ambassador, *homo factus ad unguem*, a complete gentleman, as he is,\* how could a simple republican editor, were he even the steersman of a party, place any reliance—place the smallest reliance, upon the fact of a public treaty being publicly ignored; upon the facts with reference to the British flag over "Greytown," *ci-devant* San Juan de Nicaragua; with reference to the seizure, ransacking and detention of the steamer Director, an American ship in American waters, and the imprisonment of its officers, citizens of the United States—how, we say, could any of these facts, being merely facts, and *not* assurances, be believed?

For years now the British policy of converting Central America into a Transatlantic Hindostan, having "factories" on its coasts to control the trade of the Pacific, and police organizations in the interior to grow cotton and other products for British manufacture, has been publicly avowed, and slowly but consistently practised. The present possession of either coast of Central America would insure, in the future, these objects; insure further the "annexation" to the Mosquito Kingdom (capital "Greytown") of Mexico, and the golden sands of the Sacramento; would insure still further to Great Britain on our southern flank, that position in military strategies, which in two wars she has already used to the destruction of our commerce and shipping and the slaughter of our citizens, from Canada on our northern flank, and from Newfoundland, the Bermudas, and the West Indies in our front; in fact, would give her the command of our whole frontier, north, east, and south. This future British American empire is now embosomed in Grey-

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\* *Vide* Bailey on "The Formation of Opinions." We used at college, long ago, to translate this passage, "An ambassador done to a turn?" but, unfortunately, the ambassador is not done in this instance; only *we*. Therefore let the present translation stand. It is good—the only objection we can make to Horace's phrase, as regards Sir H. L. B., is that the "nail," which this person (Sir H. L. B.) is at present using, should be regarded, as it is, "a talon." However, we leave the matter to Heyne, Dacier, Fenelon, McCaul, Anthon, and Bailey on the Formation of Opinions. The above translation is good—you will find it in Anthon.

town, to spring thereout, extending bit by bit over this vast continent; or to be therein scotched and trodden to death. Already it has extended its flag or its protection over the entire Atlantic coast from Yucatan to the Isthmus; and one great portion of the territory now virtually held by it, viz., the former Republic of Costa Rica, has been seized, or, which is the same, taken under "Greytown" protection, since the Whigs have assumed the executive rule of the United States, and since the ratification of the Clayton treaty, and in defiance of that treaty. So far the policy practised has been precisely that formerly adopted with reference to Madras and its surrounding kingdoms. One by one, each in turn was protected and swallowed up, till after the lapse of but one hundred and fifty years, the flag which once but dared to show its face on an insulated "factory" on the coast, now floats despotic from Cape Comorin over all India, to Cashmere and the Himalayas. So of Ireland, too—starting originally in "protection," the English established a mere outpost: for a hundred years or more the people of that island looked, without uneasiness, on a little coast territory, called "the Pale," whose garrison they could have crushed at a blow, till bit by bit their island, too, was swallowed up in the Maelstrom of British voracity. At this present moment, having utterly exhausted both Ireland and India, the same British policy is in full operation against two territories on different continents; but the object in attaining the control of one is only of value when accompanied with that of the other. Hong Kong is but the complement of Greytown. Having established a "factory" on the coast of China, the English have doomed to slaughter, robbery, exhaustion, and death, a nation of some four hundred millions. But to be enabled to secure to the Chinese that beneficent doom; to be enabled to transport to the Empire of the Sun marauding armies and police agents; and from it, wealth, teas, rice, silver, raw cotton, and food, the passage by the Isthmus of Central America must be held. Hence Greytown; hence Chatfield; hence Bulwer; hence speeches at Scotch dinners, polite assurances to Mr. Clayton, polite requirements upon that gentleman, that Palmerston letters and other information, furnished to the people by editors, should be suppressed, and

kept from the people; hence journeyings to Marshfield, we doubt not with similar requests and assurances, and the like. Starting with a claim so insulting to common sense and decency, that an American should only answer it with a blow, the claim of protecting the head of a diseased Indian with a crown, whose posterior region they should first protect with a garment, the English have claimed and seized the whole Atlantic seaboard of Nicaragua, seized and held its capital, "Greytown," and laid hold, by means of suborned traitors and pensioned spies, of the entire Costa Rican Republic—to say nothing of the open seizure and lawless possession of Rotan, the strongest naval post between New-Orleans and the Isthmus. These acts have been followed up by gross outrages on the persons of our citizens, and on our shipping; by insult to every man, whether United States or Nicaraguan citizen, whom the English wished to make feel and recognize their usurped authority. They have been followed up, too, by public outrages against our country on the part of the English ambassador at our "court"; by his publicly declaring his intention to break a treaty he had himself signed; by his writing a private discreditable letter to one of his underlings in Nicaragua; by this underling publicly writing an official letter to the President of Nicaragua, re-echoing the sentiments of his superior, and representing us to our ally as men incapable of perfecting our pledged faith, and as men, aforesaid, treacherous to our honor—as powerless at best, and in reality "pretended friends." The salutary experience Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer acquired in Spain, prevented him from perpetrating against this country in his own person these impertinent outrages; but it ill becomes Republican simplicity, or sturdy Republican manhood, or Republican faith, to retain at our capital, or receive at our private tables, or permit to be cheered at public banquets in our chief city, an ambassador so utterly forgetful of the condition which protects his person from punishment, as to treacherously belie our country to a faithful, though weak ally, and so cowardly as not to dare to do it with his own hand, but to employ that of an irresponsible underling. These outrages, from the "protective" seizure of Costa Rica to the pillaging of the Director, and the insulting falsehood of "pretended faith" on our part,



have been, one and all, perpetrated, we repeat, within the past two years. Once already has the American nation been held up to the jeers of mankind, as a nation so devoid of Republican firmness, that it dared not assert its dignity or its rights; as a people so devoid of diplomatic skill, ordinary shrewdness, and the tact of a common lawyer, that, when it did stoop to treaties, it agreed to such as were worthless to our aims, and hostile to our interests. The Whig party has it now in its own power to restore the honor and character of our country, and save Central America, and finally a large section, if not all of this continent, from the fate of India—a fate to which the Chinese people are already destined, and in which we see grovelling the Hindoos of India, and the Celts of Ireland.

We speak thus plainly and openly what we know to be the sentiments of a large and far-seeing portion of the American people. Whatever be its name, that party will command the American people which governs the Country, for the Country's good. More than one American party already has been rent to atoms by British wiles—has yielded to the arts of diplomacy, unworthy of a republican, and fallen from office amid the execrations of its own supporters. From the Alien laws of the elder Adams, to the surrender of our territory on the Northwest by President Polk, this lesson has been often enough given, to prevent the necessity of the American nation receiving it again at our expense. If the Whig party is to be driven from office, let it not be, in God's name, on grounds it would make an American blush to defend—let them not be doomed in partisan defeat to the obloquy of political dishonor—let not the alternative be put to its members, of remaining faithful to mistaken friends or hood-winked leaders, or faithful to the interests and honor of their country. For now two years that party have held the reins of office, having matured in opposition a national policy and a commercial system, by the establishment of which alone our country can ever assume the consistency of a nation, or attain the glory of an empire. During that time a single principle of its policy has not been mooted; and now, with half its term of office expired, we cannot, we dare not begin the second half with the renewal of that game of clap-trap, diplomatic push-pin, and the longer sufferance of

British aggression upon the southern shores of our continent, which has been played before the people through the first half of the Whig official term, and which, if continued, must make the nation, its government, and its manhood supremely ridiculous.

But assurances that these British aggressions will cease have been given by British agents. Well—granted. Assurances may have even been given that the entire British usurpation over Central America will be utterly and for ever withdrawn. All these assurances were given before to Mr. Clayton; were publicly given, and by public treaty were publicly ratified. But the treaty has been equally publicly broken, and the assurances denied or laughed at. Not once or twice or thrice only, have these foul falsehoods deceived a minister, and been foisted on the public ear—again, and again, and again, have they been repeated, with the same result. How often must an American be deceived, ere he is aware of the mendacity of the deceiver? How often must our country be held up to the derision of the world, by the machinations of an unprincipled diplomatist? "*Quousque tandem, Catilina, abutere patientia nostra?*"—*Quousque, quousque?* Not once again will the American people submit to such base deception. Not once again will *they* place the smallest reliance on private assurances, while the broad facts of a broken treaty, and a dozen similar assurances from the same quarter publicly belied, stand staring them in the face. The only assurance the American public will take is this very plain one, the transportation of Mr. Chatfield to the Colonial Office, with his "Greytown," his "flag," his "British supremacy," his "protective treaties," his war sloops, his "police," his "Mosquito" crown, and the impertinent letters of himself and Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer along with him. The British Government and its reckless representative here, utterly mistake the spirit of the American people at the present day, if they fancy for an instant that our country will finally permit any European monarchy to re-plant its accursed tyrannies on this soil. The principle of non-interference is one the United States have steadily and in good faith practised towards all nations, whether American or European; and European monarchies are grievously at fault if they fancy, because they have been enabled to disregard it in

Europe and Asia, they will be permitted to infringe it on this continent. To the establishment of that principle the United States owe their existence, and for its maintenance against any and all aggressors the people of this country have already more than once staked their national sword and their national honor; and are ready to do so again. It may suit the pay-masters of the *London Times*, to exhibit printed schemes for the creation of a "balance of power" on this continent; to make such disposition on paper of the territories of America as will reduce to a nonentity the present power of the United States, and endanger their future existence; it may suit the agents of the British press and Government in this country to raise the hypocritical cry about our "non-interference in Nicaragua," while they are seizing acre after acre, and city after city of Central America, establishing therein forts and police systems, and subjecting our citizens journeying there upon the territory of a sister Republic, and upon their proper and just business, to outrages unprovoked and unpardonable; but the American people, as a people, can afford to laugh at the ridiculous scheme, and the transparent hypocrisy, and are able too to resent and punish the outrage. The principle of non-interference is a sound democratic principle, is the only democratic principle in the law of nations; but it is a part of the law of nations, is to be respected by every nation equally, and, if not respected by any one, is to be maintained by the others with the weapons recognized by the law of nations, and the law of manhood and right. The United States have pledged themselves by treaty to observe it towards Central America: they desire neither dominion nor control there; they desire only to see their allies, the Republics of Central America, preserved in their integrity and freedom, and they are determined that no European nation shall interfere there to their injury, much less wrest away the territory of our allies for its sole gain, and *avowedly* for our injury. If "non-interference" is to be maintained, it must be equally maintained; and to quote that principle in this instance as a ground why we should permit British outrages in Central America to pass with impunity, (throwing out of consideration altogether the violation of the Clayton treaty, and the more recent outrages on the persons and

property of American citizens,) is to quote the law against trespass, to prevent a man shooting down a ruffian who is about setting your very next-door neighbor's house on fire. To *re-establish* the principle of "non-interference" on this continent, we must drive the English out of "Greytown" and its dependencies. The principle on which they assert their right to be there, is one which the United States will never recognize as a part of the law of nations. If the British had a right to enter the territory of Nicaragua with an aggressive force and against the declared will and protest of the Nicaraguan government and people, and crown therein a semi-Indian savage as *their* recognized King over that territory, they have an equal right to cross the Canadian frontier and crown on our soil any Indian of the Northwest, and take him under their protection; nay, they might recognize to-morrow "Wildcat," or a young Tecumseh, and protect either as King of Mississippi, or Monarch of Oregon. The principle strikes at the very foundation of our Republic, and is incompatible with our existence. It has been used for the purposes of plundering an ally, and raising up against ourselves, upon our southern frontier, a power hostile to us; a power to "balance" *us*, bless the mark! in peace, and hurl invaders and slave insurrections upon us in war. Principle, justice, friendship, our honor, our right to our own soil, our future safety, are involved in this issue, and it must be maintained. To recapitulate; the American people will not permit the tools of an European monarch to interfere in the internal affairs of this continent; they will not permit a fire to be lighted against their side-wall avowedly to burn down the roof above them, and be told that they must not interfere; they will not permit the wedge which has been used to split asunder the Central American Confederation to be driven up between the territories won by the blood of our bravest soldiers and this Republic; they will not permit citizens travelling from one State of this Union to another to be disarmed by British police, imprisoned, searched like common felons, and spat upon; they will not permit, in short, a British flag to blacken with its shadow another inch of American soil; and if the English desire peace and not war, the sooner they understand us the better for them. Peace or war are alike to us.

We will not evade any present trouble to insure future peril to our country; and whatever be the consequences, the American people are determined, and have heretofore expressed their determination, not to permit a foreign power to acquire a territory, from which, by hedging us in on the south, as she already does on the north and east, she would be enabled at any time to dictate to the United States the terms of a dishonorable and ruinous peace. As we now stand, with the finite position of England in Central America, and her exhaustion at home, she dare not peril her existence with a "blast of war." By the arts of diplomacy alone, by unscrupulous falsehood and despicable chicanery, with naked treason to assist her, can she attain any new footing on this continent. And if any such assurances have been given by England as those above referred to, we are confident they were not given with a view to their fulfilment, but to appease by small sops the American people, to hide under the cloak of good-will the dagger and the brand, *while*, and *while* only, the league of Russia, Austria, and France, against her dominion in Europe, threatens to drag her into a European war, and to throw her for her home defence, on all the available funds and forces she can muster. *While* the European cauldron preserves its present heat; *while* the "German question" remains unsettled; *while* "constitutional monarchy" and Prussia remain in peril; *while* France wavers between

an ultra-Republic hostile to her on one hand, and an empire which will require to baptize itself in a new Jena, and erase the memory of Waterloo, before it can attain the glory, or efface the fall of its prototype, on the other, no new provocations may be given to this nation, by outrages like that on the steamer *Director*, like that of the seizure of San Juan, or of the conduct of Mr. Bulwer: but assuredly, whenever the present "European difficulty" is got rid of, they will be resumed, and perpetrated with tenfold atrocity and adroitness. But if in the meantime we are foolish enough to permit the hornets' nest to remain fixed to our gable wall, because, being in the somnolent season, they for the present instant do not fly into our windows, and sting us to death—if we are foolish enough, because no more "Directors" are at present to be plundered, to permit the Cabinet of Greytown to extend and consolidate its police and empire over Nicaragua and Costa Rica—we deserve the consequences. It will then be necessary to relinquish for ever all claim to national honor, republican faith, or American manhood; or by the blood of thousands of our citizens, to be poured out on the plains of the Isthmus, re-establish once more the right of Americans to America, the hitherto untarnished honor of American faith, and the hitherto unstained glory of the arms which won the war of Independence, and scattered to the winds, in 1812, the boasted commerce of Great Britain.

## PUNY POETS AND PIRATICAL PUBLISHERS.\*

THIS book is certainly a literary curiosity,—not because of its superior merits or rare composition, but because of its singular popularity and success, when we compare these with its absolute unworthiness. Mr. Willis himself has long been eminent among a certain class of American litterateurs, and his writings have generally been puffed into a sicklied notice through their influence; added to the efforts of a whole legion of venal journalists, whose inferior talents, wholly disproportioned to their ambition, find always a most agreeable task in coming to the rescue of poems emanating from their cherished model, and whose life and occupation consist in playing an eternal and endless game of “Tommy come tickle xœ;” that, thus, by a method of amiable collusion, they may hoist their confederates and themselves into an ephemeral notoriety.

Now, as we, in common with all true friends to genuine American literature, have a thorough contempt for this species of writers and literary representatives,—though these are not the most objectionable class,—and sincerely regard them as obstructions to all healthful development of a pure national literature, we have a mind to express our opinions quite freely and candidly in connection with Mr. Willis’s book. But we desire it to be distinctly understood that no personal antipathies, as concerns our author, prompt us to the task. We have no acquaintance, personally, with Mr. Willis. We never met him or saw him, to our knowledge, and we know nothing unfavorable to his character or reputation; for if we did, we should be very far from entering into a review of his poems which, we fear, may justly be considered harsh and condemnatory. If we had any personal spleen to vent, we should seek a more manly course of satisfaction; while we should regard a goose-quill ebullition of wrath as contemptible and

ridiculous—indeed, dishonorable. We are thus particular because we have an especial object in view while we go through with our task of criticism; which object mainly is to expose the unworthiness of Mr. Willis and his coterie to represent American literature, and, at the same time, to unfold some of the causes which make us, in a literary sense, the slaves of English writers, and the mere tools of Anglo-American publishers. We shall address our efforts, in an especial manner, to this latter class, for we believe that they are justly answerable for the ascendancy of that herd of venal pretenders to literary excellence, whose daily flip-flap from job presses not only discourage meritorious and independent competitors, but have created such disgust for home literature as to divert the interest of our truly tasteful and literary people across the waters, and to sicken them at the sight of an American work. Their selfish and unpatriotic conduct is manifested daily. Not content with flooding our country with mutilated and spurious English books, we are favored by these enterprising gentlemen with reprints of foreign magazines and reviews, to the serious and ruinous disparagement of our American works of that description. They go even farther. Their bloated fortunes are sparsely lavished on English and French writers, who, unprotected against American book pirates, and debarred from all pecuniary profits in this country, are willing to write for pennies, rather than lose all. A monthly magazine may thus be gotten up by influential and wealthy houses, which will overmatch American productions, as well in quantity as quality of matter. American writers and journalists are generally too poor to write and work for nothing, which they must do if they would enter into competition with Anglo-American writers and Anglo-American publishers. The ab-

\* The Poems, Sacred, Passionate, and Humorous, of Nathaniel Parker Willis. Complete edition, revised and enlarged. New-York: Clark, Austin & Co. 1850.

sence of an international copyright law cuts off British writers in America, and, *vice versa*, cuts off American writers from all profits in Great Britain. Hence, a large publishing house like that of the Harpers, wealthy, influential, and anti-American in feeling as concerns literary development and encouragement, may easily swell their enormous gains by pampering British writers who are legally debarred from copyright in this country, and who, poorly paid at home, pleasantly condescend to pick up pennies from foreign bidders; while an American-hearted publisher, devoted to the culture of home literature, and forced to pay high for good writers, is crowded out of the market.

It is not difficult to perceive the drift and intent of these prefatory discursive remarks. We mean to be understood as endeavoring to demonstrate, that we, Americans, owe all our literary discouragements to Anglo-American publishers, who, like the Harpers, and one or two other publishing houses farther east, employ their vast capital and influence to nurse and pillow British writers at the expense of American writers. An American journal or review, high-toned and able in character, is necessarily very expensive, because its contributors must, in general, be well paid. But an Anglo-American publisher, who refuses high-toned American productions, which are protected by law, and casts his bait for British writers who have no copyright privileges in our midst, is at no expense save that of his paper and type. The last can afford to undersell the first, and, of course, obtains precedence with the public. Hence, American readers are far more familiar with British novelists, poets, essayists, and historians, than with those of the United States. Where Putnam or Hart publishes one genuine American book, the Harpers can throw out a dozen English reprints, of the very first class, at half the cost of the first. Thus is America made the slave of England, literarily, not for want of equal talent on the part of her writers, but from the selfish policy of large and influential publishers. An American journalist is underbid by literary poachers on British disabilities. The American writer offers his work to an Anglo-American publisher, only to be told that a British work of equal merit can be thrown before the public free of all original cost. Hence

American literature is almost in the dust; and when Irving, Cooper, Prescott, and some few other master souls shall have passed away, it is greatly to be feared that genuine American literature will be without a worthy representative.

Such are some of the hapless causes from which has sprung the sickly ascendancy of such poetry as that of Mr. Willis, and his numerous *confrères*. America is without a poet, or a poetical prestige. Here, in our opinion, is the reason. We have no Byron, no Moore, no Walter Scott. The minds, if any such have ever been born in our midst, which felt a consciousness, perhaps, of inspiration akin to theirs, have shrunk from competition with mere handicraft pretenders, or else have been deterred by repulsive and avaricious publishers. But we have Mr. Willis, and, as the Coryphæus of his venal band, it is with Mr. Willis we intend to deal. He has habitually assumed to himself for a long series of years a species of supremacy in the second-rate literary circle, which makes him pre-eminently fit, and proper, and legitimate game for our present undertaking. The lofty and self-important tone which distinguishes, even yet, his weekly editorial bulletins, impresses, and is doubtless designed to impress, all readers with an idea of his *judicial* supereminence in literary affairs. Nor have we the least fault to find with this. On the contrary, we award to Mr. Willis a high and enviable degree of moral courage in playing his game; for it must be confessed, in view of his slender materials, that he plays his game with remarkable address. It is not every day that we find a man who has the courage to put forth and father such a production as Mr. Willis's "Sacred Poems," and yet complacently and serenely supererogate weekly patronage to all other American poets and writers.

Nobody will doubt, we imagine, but that Mr. Willis has acquired his poetical notoriety by means of a systematic and well-directed course of magazine and newspaper puffing; for no sane person, we are persuaded, can read his poetry, and trace the same to any merits he possesses in that line. We know that puffers can do much. We know that authors, when placed in certain situations, can do more still, to emblazon their works, and *snap* public opinion, or rather public notoriety. But we confess



that, to our judgment, neither puffers *per se*, nor puffed authors *par excellence*, ever accomplished a more dexterous or unaccountable achievement than when they succeeded in puffing Mr. N. Parker Willis into existence as a poet. It is no inconsiderable source of amusement, we may remark *en passant*, to sit apart and watch the trickery of now-a-day authors, especially poetical authors, to create for themselves a saleable notoriety. The method is complete, and may lay claim to quite a venerable antiquity. The proprietor of a magazine projects a creditable scheme to disseminate agreeable light reading, mingling with the same fashion plates, fancy engravings, and much learned talk about tournures and trousseaux. He enlists one or two really talented and able writers, and a dozen or two second and third-rate writers. The first require too high pay to fill up an entire number with their writings. Therefore, the last are called in to fill up the intervals; serving the first pretty much in the same capacity as common actors, in a stock company, serve the "star" actor. By-and-by the best of the commoners is selected for a *puff* offering; and then the clangor of editorial clarions begins: "Wonderful genius developed," "unrivalled *début*," "Tom Moore surpassed," "Walter Scott equalled," "Byron matched," and many other rare and rich specimens of genuine *blarney* are blazoned on the covers, and new contributions announced from the pen of some "newly-discovered, fast-rising, and world-eclipsing poet." The whole pack of venal pennymen open on the scent, and weeks and months are consumed in crying up a *literary* synonym of "Jarley's wax works," or Barnum's "Chinese lady." In the meanwhile, the readers of the magazine are all agape with astonishment at their protracted obtuseness as regards the merits of this amazing child of letters. They have whiled away years of intimacy with the author's writings, and yet were required to be waked up to his accomplishments. The din of trumpets is systematically prolonged; their ears are so continuously racketed with the noise of his achievements, that, at length, they read everything bearing such a redoubtable name, and tacitly consent to have him enrolled as a standard author.

This account will not, we incline to think, be considered too overwrought or exaggeratory to those who are familiar with

the reading of the various literary newspapers and magazines of our northern cities. At all events, we think we may safely say that the "Sacred Poems" of our author are mainly indebted to this species of collusive heraldry for their singular notoriety. And to increase the chances of their being shelved as standard specimens of American poetry, Mr. Willis has thought proper, we suppose, to bring them out at this time, in connection with other poems, prefaced with a serene-tempered, somewhat self-gratulatory introduction, and quite a pretty picture of himself in one of his most sentimental attitudes.

Whatever may be our opinions, we are, however, constrained to criticise Mr. Willis as a poet. Magazine publishers and newspaper editors chronicle his comings and his goings, his sayings and his writings, his adventures and his onslaughts, as those of "the poet." He himself tells us that he "has no hesitation in acknowledging the pedestal on which public favor has placed him." We are forced, therefore, to regard such high authority; and as he looms forth to the public eye, self-sculptured and architruved, we should be wanting in respect to "public favor," not to recognize his claims to the name of poet.

We expect to confine this article mainly to a notice of the "Sacred Poems," as these, we believe, are generally supposed to form the principal cornice of that "pedestal" to which our author refers. We must begin by saying that they are, to our judgment, very tame and unsuccessful transpositions of beautiful Scriptural incidents. That which is intended for poetical amplification and illumining, pales and flickers beside the unpretending but impressive diction of the sacred writers. Indeed, in the progress of their perusal, we meet oftentimes, as we shall presently demonstrate, with really pitiful and sickly attempts to retouch and embellish what has been far better told in the original, thousands of years ago, when languages had scarcely assumed definite form. They abound with expressions which are not only shamefully unpoetical, but are uneuphonious, ungraceful, and improper; while they are most un tastefully repeated, as applied to the different characters, and for lack of originality of thought, in nearly every poem of the series.

We cite, as an instance of this striking want of true taste in the choice of expres-

sion, the following lines from the poem of "Jairus's Daughter:"

"The old man sunk  
Upon his knees, and in the drapery  
Of the rich curtains *buried up his face*."

Also the following from the poem of "The Leper:"

"And in the folds  
Of the coarse sackcloth *shrouding up his face*."

Again, in the "Sacrifice of Abraham," we are favored with the same expression as the first, as follows:

"And Abraham on Moriah bow'd himself,  
And *buried up his face*," &c.

In the poem on "Absalom," David is reduced to the same grievous necessity as Jairus and Abraham, but the expression is slightly varied for the better, thus:

"He *cover'd up his face*, and bow'd himself," &c.

We next find "Hagar" seeking like consolation as her predecessors in the volume:

"And, *shrouding up her face*, she went away," &c.

The last example to which we shall refer in corroboration of our alleged fault against "the poet," is found in the poem on "Lazarus and Mary," where the latter, seemingly in a sort of mesmeric communication with Hagar, David & Co., resorts to the very same expedient while grieving:

"She *cover'd up her face*, and turn'd again  
To wait within for Jesus."

Now we contend that the term "buried up," or "shrouded up," is not only an unpoetical and ungraceful, but a manifestly incorrect term, besides being harsh and discordant; not to mention the fact that the expression is used six or eight times in short, succeeding poems, comprising in all only some fifty-eight pages. We had better say *bury down* than "bury up," for the first is more likely; but the phrase, either way, is clearly unchaste—especially when, seeking to glide softly through the melodious flow of blank verse, we chance suddenly to stumble against its roughness. Indeed, we must say that Mr. Willis pays quite a poor compli-

ment to the taste of his readers when he supposes that they will charitably endure such continuous and ugly repetitions, in the absence of all excuse for such, unless he shall plead, in extenuation, a want of originality, or an over-desire to obtain those "present gains" which, in his preface, he very frankly tells us, were more his object than was any "design upon the future." We might, probably, account for the uncouthness of expression more easily. In truth, we feel greatly inclined to attribute the same less to a want of proper discriminative powers, than to the feeling of arrogant confidence which easily prompts to immoderate self-indulgence and unallowable liberties, those persons who are under the influence of that intoxication which is engendered by incautious admiration of themselves.

But more than all, we must seriously object to the justness of that popular award which seems to have greeted these poems, because of their unpleasing, spiritless sameness and resemblance. They are alike in thought, in character, in description, and in language, nearly; and if the names were not different, and the scenes slightly shifted, we might unconsciously mistake Jairus for David, and Abraham for Jephthah; as also the Shunammite mother for the widow of Nain, Hagar for Rizpah, and Absalom on his bier, for Lazarus as he lay shrouded for the grave. There is a grating continuity of all the essential features and groundwork which form each separate poem throughout the entire series; and, even if they possessed intrinsic merits, all interest in them would be marred and spoiled by so inexcusable a blemish. We turn over leaf after leaf without finding that relief which is so necessary when engaged in reading poetry; that variety of thought and description which constitutes the secret of true poetical composition, and without which, as they well know, the best of poets become soon insupportably tiresome. The genius of Spenser and of Ariosto is universally admired and admitted; yet no one wades through the Faerie Queene or the Orlando Furioso, without wearying sadly under the weighty and monotonous versification. We do not, by any means, intend to compare Mr. Willis or his "Sacred Poems" to these fathers of poetry and their hallowed *chefs d'œuvre*; we mean only to say that he has fallen into their only error—and that, not because he intended to do so on

the ground of allowable precedent, but because, although poet-born as he seems to think, he has failed to learn one of the very first elements of the *ars poetica*. Our private opinion is, to say truth, that these awkward and uncomely transpositions of Scripture were squirmed forth by their author just as the blank pages of Mr. Godey's "Book" required, or as Mr. Godey's purse could afford, monthly offerings to the pile of those "present gains." Their arrangement and composition do not indicate or foreshadow that slumbering genius which, after long years have passed, can now inspire its possessor with such exultant confidence as to herald the publication of his early-day poems with an assurance to his readers that the "ripeness of poetical feeling and perception are all before him." The series forms a perfect family, in which the resemblance between the various members is so great as to strike the most casual observer. Each succeeding poem is but a transfiguration of its predecessor; and the shade of difference is so slight as to be almost imperceptible, excepting, as we have said, as to locality and name.

Sir Walter Scott, in his book on Demonology and Witchcraft, if we may pursue farther this course of remark, tells us of a young London gentleman who, from extreme nervous disarrangement, was seriously annoyed by a troop of phantoms which appeared to his vision nightly at a certain hour. He found it necessary to call the advice of a medical gentleman. After examining the state of his patient, the physician advised a removal to his country seat. The change of scene effected wonders. The patient thanked his physician, determined on settling permanently in the country, broke up his house in town, and brought his furniture to the villa. But this, alas! proved to be a fatal move. The sight of the familiar furniture revived the unhealthy associations of his malady, and he had scarcely retired to bed before the whole company of dancing spectres re-appeared with an expression of countenance that seemed to say to him, "Here we all are again! Here we all are again!"

Now this anecdote we take to be aptly illustrative of the character and style of Mr. Willis's series of Sacred Poems. We read the first and second, and then, for a rest, lay the book aside. In a short time we take

the notion to resume. We naturally look for some novelty and refreshment. But, lo! the third is but the first and second, dignified with a change only of incident and name; the same thoughts, the same conceptions, the same descriptive outlines, except, perhaps, that one transpires at day-dawn, another at noontide, and the third at twilight or late evening. With the precision of a musical box which is wound up at intervals, that it may play over the same tunes again and again, we find Mr. Willis, in nearly every successive poem of his sacred series, true to his familiar portraiture of a distressed father, an anguished and doting mother, an interesting corpse, and a ministering spirit; varied only as the scenes are made severally to occur by sunlight, or starlight, or moonlight.

But there are, in these poems, other and more serious blemishes than those of repetition and sameness, merely. The diction is oftentimes imperfect, and sometimes quite obscure. For instance, in the opening lines of the poem of Jairus's Daughter, we have the following lines:

"The shadow of a leaf lay on her lips,  
And as it stir'd with the awakening wind," &c.

Here is a palpable impropriety. The pronoun *it* must refer to the noun nominative, or the sentence is without meaning; and if it be intended thus, the idea is nonsensical, for we are at a loss how to imagine that "the awakening wind" can stir the shadow of a leaf; and yet *shadow* is the relative of *it*, as *leaf* is in the objective case. We have heard of "airy tongues that syllable men's names," where the scene supposed is mingled with something unnatural or superstitious; but, in a plain, matter-of-fact case, taken too from Holy Scripture, we have never before observed where *shadow* is so complacently made substance. Nor are we at all satisfied, as a reader of poetry, or of what is meant for poetry, with the figure of speech to which Mr. Willis here resorts to bring forth his idea. There is something strained in the idea of casting the shadow of a leaf on a dying girl's lips. Her bosom, her cheek, her forehead, any of the three could more properly have been used than lips. The whole sentence is mawkish and ungainly, even though it had been properly constructed.

A few lines further, speaking of Jairus as he "*buried up his face*" in the drapery of curtains, he thus goes on :

"And when the twilight fell, the silken folds  
Stirr'd with his prayer, but the slight hand he  
held

Had ceased its pressure ; and he could not hear,  
In the dead, utter silence, that a breath  
Came through her nostrils ; and her temples gave  
To his nice touch no pulse ; and at her mouth  
He held the lightest curl that on her neck  
Lay with a mocking beauty," &c.

Here we have again a most obscure and incorrect phrase, inasmuch that one cannot easily imagine how silent *prayer* can possibly *stir* "silken folds." There is, moreover, an ungraceful abundance of anatomical delineation ; for we have, in the few lines quoted, little else than a description, in regular succession, of *hands, nostrils, temples, mouth, neck, &c.*, besides the rather odious picture of a delicate, dying young lady *breathing* through her nose.

The seven or eight opening lines of the next paragraph will do something better, and possess a moiety of prettiness :

"It was night ;

And softly, o'er the sea of Galilee,  
Danced the breeze-riden ripples to the shore,  
Tipp'd with the silver sparkles of the moon,  
The breaking waves played low upon the beach  
Their constant music, but the air beside  
Was still as starlight, and the Saviour's voice,  
In its rich cadences unearthly sweet,  
Seem'd like some just-born harmony in the air,  
Waked by the power of wisdom."

But, after much tame and badly conceived description, we find in the closing paragraph a repetition of the author's anatomical peculiarities, in a long and fulsome jeremiad about "transparent hands" and "tapering nails ;" "nostrils spiritually thin" and "breathing curve ;" "tinted skin" and "azure veins ;" "jet lash" and "pencil'd brow ;" "hair unbound," "small, round ears," "polish'd neck," and "snowy fingers." Each noun is regularly mated with an adjective, two, three, or more, as the length of the line may admit, or as the author's invention may quicken. In the midst of this poetasting dissection the first of the series closes, abruptly.

The second is taken from the Scripture account of a person whom Christ cured of the leprosy as he was passing on to Caper-

naum. The incident is narrated by St. Matthew in the eighth chapter, second, third, and fourth verses of his Gospel, thus :—

2. "And behold, there came a leper and worshipped him, saying, Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean.

3. "And Jesus put forth his hand, and touched him, saying, I will : be thou clean. And immediately his leprosy was cleansed.

4. "And Jesus saith unto him, See thou tell no man ; but go thy way, show thyself to the priest, and offer the gift that Moses commanded, for a testimony unto them."

The manner and style of this pithy narration are exceedingly chaste and impressive ; with a melody and simplicity of diction, at the same time, that fall agreeably on the ear, and are evincive of much closer alliance with true metrical harmony, than is the pompous and elaborated poem of which we are speaking. But Mr. Willis has chosen to misconceive the spirit, and to misinterpret the facts of the incident—both, too, to the disparagement of the gospel version. He sets out with a warning flourish of trumpets, and an array of notes of exclamation truly appalling, and which are wholly at war with the mild and unpretending features of the real incident. The Bible scene is eminently characteristic of all that was lovely in the Saviour's earthly ministrations and associations. The portrayal made by Mr. Willis in his poem is unstriking, and very badly conceived in every respect ; while its execution is so flat and commonplace as to excite a feeling of amazement that the author should ever have been reckoned, or should presume to reckon himself, a poet. There is, besides, an ungraceful perversion of one of the not least impressive facts, which robs the story of its principal charm. Jesus, after healing the suppliant leper, bids him "tell no man," but to go and "show himself to the priest," and offer the gift as commanded by Moses. Mr. Willis, on the other hand, and with most unaccountable want of artistic taste, chooses to send his leper to the priest in the first instance, and that not to offer "the gift" as "testimony," but to solicit a cure, or rather to hear an official affirmation of the "doom" which he was already expiating. Now we can imagine something peculiarly interesting, as well as suggestive, in connection with Matthew's story,—of how the poor crushed victim of a loathsome disease



might fall at the Saviour's feet, and implore that compassion which he had heard was never solicited in vain; and, being healed, should *then* go to the soul-hardened priest, and show himself, as directed, with the gift in hand. But we are unable to perceive the beauty or force of Mr. Willis's tortuous and unnatural version, or of the wizard-like malediction which he puts into the priest's mouth. We seriously object, also, to the application and correctness of the following simile, when, speaking of Jesus, he says:

— "Yet in his mien  
Command sat throned serene, and if He smiled,  
A kingly condescension graced his lips,  
The lion would have crouch'd to in his lair."

A look of *command* is always associated with pride, or with haughtiness of demeanor, or with some physiognomical development indicative of superiority. The Saviour is not thus represented; but is always humble, meek, unpretending, and studiously unostentatious; while *command*, in the sense intended above, is never evidenced in look or word. As for "kingly condescension," in connection with the character of this personage, the idea is as absurd as it is misapplied; and, at the same time, we have always loved to imagine "the lion" rather as following and fawning upon so benign a being as Jesus,—caressingly familiarized as in the paradisaical time,—than "crouching in his lair" to an awe-inspiring and *commanding* master. We never before met with so gross and reckless an onslaught on the mildness and meekness of the Saviour.

The third poem of the series opens thus:

"'Twas daybreak, and the *fingers* of the dawn  
Drew the night's curtain, and touch'd silently  
The eyelids of the king."

We take this to be, on the whole, the worst conceived and most unstriking similitude in the world. We might very well go further, and pronounce it to be the least allowable, and certainly the least apt. We have often known primer publishers to represent the sun with a great red rubicund face; but we have heretofore failed to find an instance where any writer, whether of the primer or poetical order, has gone so far as to picture the *dawn* with *fingers*. Mr. Willis's conceptions must be far ahead of any that his readers can claim, to imagine the remotest reality or plausibleness of this

unique metaphor. How much of the horizon, we beg to ask, will Mr. Willis invest with his imaginary *fingers*? We must suppose that he had chalked out something definite and shapeful in this respect, for we can scarcely think that he refers to, or means to *finger* the whole line of "the dawn." Nor do we at all sanction the idea of "the *dawn's fingers touching silently* the eyelids of the king." It is something *outré* and unimaginable, and evinces a woful lack of that fertility of thought which is the most essential element of a genuine poetical endowment.

But a few lines further on, we meet with another figure of speech which, if less allowable, is at least equally novel and original. It occurs in the last of the lines employed to describe David's wont of a morning to

"Play with his lov'd son by the fountain's lip."

It would be, we incline to think, quite a difficult task to go about trying to picture such a member to such a thing. Mr. Willis is either very dull about finding similitudes, or very reckless, or else very deficient in proper discrimination as concerns figurative acumen. We know that the Mississippi river is said to possess a mouth, in geographical parlance; but a poet, unless he possessed Mr. Willis's boldness, would scarcely venture to clothe such mouth with *lips*.

On the next page our author quite coolly employs other *fingers* than those of the *dawn* to perform their morning service—when, describing another daylight scene, he says:

— "and they who drew  
The curtains to let in the welcome light."

This is genuine flesh and blood—no undefinable and unimaginable ethereality; and looks more like the plain common sense of every-day life. The repetition, however, indicates a scrupulous nicety and distinctness of description, which is not usual to novelists or poets. Mr. Willis has a most inveterate *penchant* to designate the very time of night his characters go to bed, the precise hour at which they get up, how they washed, how they prayed, and never fails to tell his readers that the bed *curtains* were punctually *drawn aside* by something or somebody; while the alternations of time



which mark each poem vivify the illustration of name which attaches to Bulwer's novel of "Night and Morning."

Passing over the "Sacrifice of Abraham," we come next to an expression in the "Shunammite," which strikes us with its absolute childishness:

"She drew refreshing water, and with thoughts  
Of God's *sweet goodness* stirring at her heart," &c.

Nor have we the least patience with such flippant taste as we find evidenced in the closing lines of the poem, where our poet does not allow his readers even a breathing spell—but favors them only with a *starry* interval—betwixt the period of the child's lingering, "long drawn out" death, and his hocus-pocus (*à la* Willis, we mean) restoration to life by the prophet.

The poem of Jephthah's Daughter, we think, begins with entirely too much abruptness:

"She stood before her father's gorgeous tent."

There is a sort of sneaking resemblance to the opening line of Mrs. Hemans's heroic poem, *Casabianca*:

"The boy stood on the burning deck."

Or if Mr. Willis and his admiring coterie will pardon the allusion, we may rather liken it to a smack of the fine old nursery song:

"Lord Lovell he stood at his castle gate."

We should suppose from the following, from the same poem, that Mr. Willis had no very keen relish for a woman's lips, or no very nice perceptions of their daintiness, or else, having been born and bred in northern regions, was unused to the tropical growths of the sunny South:

"Her lip was slightly parted, like the *cleft*  
Of a *pomegranate blossom*."

Now we are not at all of opinion that the term *cleft* when thus applied is an admissible expression, for we read much oftener of *clefts* in rocks than in *blossoms*. We have heard of Moses being ensconced in the cleft of a rock while God's glory passed along: we cannot imagine how Moses could seat himself in the *cleft of a blossom*; and yet, the objects being totally dissimilar, the phrase must be incorrect in one or the other

case. But we take the liberty to submit that "the *cleft* of a pomegranate blossom" is as unlike the *parting* of a woman's lips as it is possible to conceive; and as the *cleft* of this blossom is by no manner of means a very graceful or luscious severance, but on the contrary rough and rugged for so gorgeous a flower, we incline to think that so exquisite a gentleman as Mr. Willis would have hesitated about the comparison if he had ever seen the petals of a pomegranate bloom.

While describing with much enthusiasm the beauty of Jephthah's daughter, the poet winds up with the following:

"Her countenance was radiant with love;  
She looked like one to *die for it*," &c.

After having exhausted description of the same anatomical tendencies as previously gone through with in the case of Jairus's daughter, and lavished on his young heroine every beauty of thought of imagery, we are quite too suddenly let down with the expression above italicized. To "*die for it*" is a loose, vulgar arrangement of words, amounting almost to downright indecency. We do not look for such within the pages of so neat a book, or from the pen of so courtly a litterateur, especially when that pen is engaged with such lofty and sacred subjects. We recollect to have come across such an expression in the first pages of the *Heart of Mid Lothian*, where, after the mob had broken down the door of the tolbooth, one of the number releases an imprisoned fellow-bandit, with the advice, "*Kin for it, Ratcliffe!*" Now, at such a time, in such a place, and uttered by such a person, no expression could have been more appropriate or in better taste. But as applied to so lovely and interesting a creation as Jephthah's hapless daughter, no set of words can be more harsh or unseasonable.

"Onward came  
The *leaden tramp* of thousands."

This, again, found a few lines afterward, is an incorrect and unfortunate simile. There is nothing martial or stirring in connection with *leaden* materials. Lead gives back a dull, dead sound. Nor is it possible to understand or perceive the pith and point of an expression which presupposes *leaden* shoes, as it is a metal never used for that purpose,

whether for men or horses. The last being evidently alluded to, we rather think a son of Vulcan would smile at stumbling on such an idea.

We are glad we can reconcile it to the task we have undertaken, to say that we consider the poem on Absalom quite a creditable and successful effort,—much the best of the sacred series as so far noticed. The prettiest lines and strongest description which occur in the whole series may be found, we think, in the poem of "Christ's Entrance into Jerusalem."

"As he reach'd

The summit's breezy pitch, the Saviour raised  
His calm blue eye—there stood Jerusalem!

\* \* \* \* \* How fair she look'd—

The silver sun on all her palaces,  
And her fair daughters 'mid the golden spires  
Tending their terrace flowers, and Kedron's stream  
Lacing its meadows with its silver band,  
And wreathing its mist-mantle on the sky  
With the morn's exhalations."

The imagery here shadowed forth is inconceivably grand and magnificent, wholly beyond the bounds of the rather contracted and too tame description of Mr. Willis. Indeed, we have long thought that this most interesting Scriptural event is eminently prolific of wide and glorious themes of contemplation, and we wonder that so spiritless a writer, poetically speaking, as our author, should so boldly have ventured to versificate the simple and unadorned narrative of the sacred penmen.

We have loved, oftentimes, to imagine the incidents of that eventful morning when, seated on the picturesque summit of the Mount of Olives, the august son of Mary gazed sadly, though with the eager admiration of expanded tastes, on the glorious beauties and resplendent panoramic scenery which all around opened to view. And what would not his adorers of the present day have bartered to have been numbered among the little group whose wondering eyes were fixed, entranced and bewildered, on the benign and mysterious young Being whose lips were giving utterance to that gloomy prophecy which announced, in mournful strains, the approaching calamities and woes of Zion!

"There stood Jerusalem!"

The early rays of the sun dispensed, perhaps, a cheerful hue over the scene, and the

soft breath of the morning breeze swept gently through the groves of palm trees which waved in the valley. Just beneath, at the mountain's base, was the smiling little hamlet of Bethany, the quiet abode of the lovely sisters and their brother, with its groups of neat cottages, and modest pastoral mansions, half obscured in the vast shadows which yet enveloped them. Beyond, arose in sullen majesty the bleak and frowning mountains which overlooked the ancient city of the Canaanites, and immediately between was Jerusalem itself—with its hills, and winding walls, and wild ravines—looming in the mellow light, with those stupendous architectural monuments which had endured since the age of Solomon, and which, long centuries anterior, had fallen under the eye of the Macedonian conqueror. Rising proudly above the rest was the famous mount of Zion, the ancient Acropolis of King David, crowned with the splendid palace which had once sheltered the royal lover and his frail Bathsheba; whose spacious harems swarmed afterwards with the thousand voluptuous hours of their amorous son, and which, even in ruin, seemed to assert its former grandeur. Opposite, was the crescent-shaped mount of Agra, romantically studded with lesser eminences; and from whence towered the grand and gorgeous structure first consecrated to the worship of Israel's God, the gigantic dimensions of which yet startle and bewilder mankind. We may easily imagine that, as the sun's brilliant rays irradiated the glittering front, it appeared to the group on Mount Olivet as a vast mountain of dazzlingly white marble, presenting a magnificent array of domes, and pillars, and turrets, all fretted with golden pinnacles, which, touched with the splendence of the early morn, shone with surpassing grandeur. Intervening was the broad valley of the Cheesemongers, so famed in Bible story, and from the dark bosom of which bubbled the sparkling pool of Siloam; while on the north, from amidst cliffs and crags covered scantily with dwarfed shrubbery, was Calvary—destined, a few months afterward, to tremble beneath the wonders and the horrors of the crucifixion. Beneath were seen the rock-clad streets which had been so often threaded by the hostile bands of Gentile conquerors, and so often drenched with the blood of prostrate Israel. Before that temple had Alexander paused to reverence

the High Priest. There the Syrian chieftain, surrounded by his fierce soldiery, had designed to honor the Jehovah of his fallen foe; and there, too, had Pompey the Great, fresh from the gory field, bent his haughty spirit before the hallowed associations belonging to the spot.

Such are the imperfectly-told and mere skeleton outlines of a theme which might have challenged the minstrelsy of a Homer, but which Mr. Willis, with singular apathy and negligence, has been content to cramp up within the space of some half dozen lines, in despite of its crowds of suggestive associations so legitimately appropriate to his subject.

The limits of a critique will not allow us thus to loiter; we must pass on, therefore, to the "Baptism of Christ." Our attention is first arrested by these lines:

"Softly in  
Through a long aisle of willows, dim and cool,  
Stole the clear waters with their *muffled feet*."

We do not know, in the first place, what business the preposition *in* has where we find it, unless Mr. Willis designed, at the risk of grammar, to lengthen his line to the proper measure; but we are utterly confounded when our author comes to speak of the "*muffled feet*" of "clear waters." We are familiar with the expression "foot of the mountain," or "foot of the hill," but we have jumped up for the first time that of the *feet of waters*—*muffled* at that. We are to suppose, however, that as we become acquainted with *Willisiana* perfumes, we are in like manner to learn *Willisiana* figures of speech, having already shaken hands with the "fingers of the dawn," and stumbled against the "muffled feet" of water.

A few lines after these we find that Mr. Willis, with the unrestrained privileges of a poet, ventures unhesitatingly and quite complacently to settle a Scriptural quarrel which has consumed hundreds of disputatious folios, and has puzzled learned theologians ever since the apostolic era; for, alluding to John the Baptist, we meet with the lines describing him, as

"He stood breast-high amid the running stream,  
Baptizing as the Spirit gave him power."

It is by no means conceded by Christians that John actually went into the "running stream;" and although Mr. Willis's version

may be sanctioned by the sectaries of the old Baptist denomination and the neophytes of the Campbellian school of divinity, we yet think that the same would be denounced as heretical and unorthodox by the doctors of Geneva, of Oxford, and of the Sorbonne; while even Rome might fulminate her Papal bulls against the rash assumption.

We take the following from the poem of Hagar in the Wilderness:

"It was an hour of rest; but Hagar found  
No shelter in the wilderness, and on  
She kept her weary way, until the boy  
Hung down his head, and open'd his parch'd lips  
For water; but she could not give it him.  
She *laid him down* beneath the sultry sky—  
For it was better than the close, hot breath  
Of the thick pines—and tried to comfort him;  
But he was sore athirst, and his blue eyes  
Were dim and bloodshot, and he could not know  
Why God denied him water in the wild.  
She sat a little longer, and he grew  
Ghastly and faint, as if he would have died.  
It was too much for her. She *lifted him*  
And bore him further on, and *laid his head*  
*Beneath the shadow of a desert shrub*;  
And shrouding up her face, she went away,  
And *sat* to watch, where he could see her not,  
Till he should die."

Taken as a whole, we must pronounce this extract to be very awkward, very inexpressive, unideal, and commonplace. Besides the sluggish composition, there is exhibited a most woful deficiency in creativeness of imagination and artistic ingenuity. If we analyze minutely, it is to be feared that numerous minor blemishes may be shown. In the short space of eighteen lines the words *he* and *she* are made to occur eleven times; as if the author's ideas could not be cut loose from his characters. During the same time Hagar rose up and *sat* down again twice. She *lifts* Ishmael up and *lays him down* twice. The last time she leaves him to repose in a rather intangible and undefinable place, for Mr. Willis tells us she "*laid his head beneath the shadow of a desert shrub*." We should suppose that a *desert* or leafless *shrub* would afford but scanty shade, where even "*thick pines*" had been found too "close and hot."

"Fair were his locks. His snowy teeth divided  
A bow of Love, drawn with a scarlet thread."

These lines are found while describing one of the sons of Rizpah; but the reader is wiser than we claim to be, if he can unravel the meaning. How "snowy teeth" can *di-*

vide a "bow of Love" we are wholly unable to divine; nor can we tell what earthly connection a "scarlet thread" can have with the figure.

The same poem furnishes another specimen of labyrinthal composition:

"He who wept with Mary—angels keeping  
Their unthank'd watch, are a foreshadowing  
Of what love is in heaven."

It would require, we think, a ball of our author's "scarlet thread" to wind through this foggy complicity of words at all understandingly.

We next get something of an ethereal adventure:

"O conscious heart!

\* \* \* \* \*

Number thy lamps of love, and tell me, now,  
*How many canst thou re-light at the stars,*  
And blush not at their burning?"

This is decidedly of the Swedenborgian cast—so refined and so spiritualized as to bully conjecture and frighten fancy. We would be pleased, moreover, if Mr. Willis will explain the aptness of the allusion, when, speaking of the *heart*, he asks if it will *blush*?

We decline, for the present, to notice "Lazarus and Mary," and must here close with our excerpts from the "Sacred Poems." We trust that the admirers of Mr. Willis may pardon to candor much that has seemed bitter and harsh in the foregoing review. We have been led to undertake the taskless from any exalted opinion of our author's merits as a poet, than with a view to set before the reader, fairly and undisguisedly, the nature and quality of that poetry which, in certain circles, has lifted Mr. Willis to that pedestal of favor which he so modestly acknowledges in his preface. It has been perceived, doubtless, that we do not concede that unhesitating and redoubtable supremacy to which our author has so flippantly laid claim. On the contrary, we must frankly declare that we consider Mr. Willis a very ordinary and indifferent writer of poetry, and can only wonder how he became so grossly possessed as to suppose that he could conjure with a true wizard's rod, or sweep the harp with a minstrel's grace and skill. But his poetry, such even as it is, has been too much the theme of undisputed laudation,

heretofore, to make it altogether a condescension to scrutinize and test its merits. The admirers of Mr. Willis cannot expect to so venalize others of less susceptible and, perhaps, less indulgent temperaments, as to extort universal concessions in favor of their poet's claims to the laurel wreath. It has been, all along, their good pleasure and his interest to cry up and extol these feeble offerings to the shrine of the Muses. Nobody has felt any pleasure, or taken any interest, in crying them down. But we think that this indifference has been carried quite far enough; while leniency may become culpable in view of Mr. Willis's vaulting ambition and excessive vanity, as well as of the extravagances of his admirers; and especially in view of the very serious fact that American literature, and not its counterfeit votaries, has to pay the penalty of all this hapless amiability and indifference. For nothing is more certain than that by thus clogging the avenues to eminence with swarms of rampant, vain-glorious, elbowing pretenders, the doors are effectually closed against such as may really deserve to enter. Men of real talent disdain to resort to unworthy devices, or to join in unbecoming scuffles. Their mushroom competitors, on the contrary, are none too proud to stoop to any or all species of what may now be termed *Barnumania*, to attain a sickly and an ephemeral notoriety, and to pick up those scanty "present gains" to which Mr. Willis so candidly alludes in the preface to his book.

But we would not be understood as meaning to class Mr. Willis with that herd of despicable and disgusting scribblers who, despite their blathering and nauseous excrescences, have so subsidized penny presses as to crowd out, temporarily, all genuine literary votaries, and to infect the country with daily emissions of noisome nonsense, alike baneful to the encouragement of merit, and to the development of national literary resources. On the contrary, we desire to say that whatever contempt we may entertain for Mr. Willis's verses, we have yet seen much from his pen in a more appropriate and dignified department, that indicated, to our humble and imperfect judgment, talent of a very high and enviable order. But while entertaining a very high opinion of much of his prose writings, we are yet constrained to say, that our author

would, to our judgment, have better consulted his self-respect by abstaining from all adventurings in the way of poetry.

We shall now dismiss Mr. Willis and his poems, for the present; promising, by-the-by, that we design to resume and complete in some future number, our contemplated

task of examining his entire book of "sacred, passionate, and humorous" poems; and that although we have chosen to select him, first, as the expiatory offering to the offended literary genius of America, he shall not be the last.

*Longwood, 1850.*

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## HENRY C. CAREY:

### THE APOSTLE OF THE MODERN SCHOOL OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.

BY RUFUS W. GRISWOLD.

HENRY C. CAREY has been recognized through continental Europe as one of the master thinkers of our generation. It is time for him to be known in his own country. In Political Economy he has applied the methods of the Positive Philosophy, and his works exhibit the chief advances the science has made since Adam Smith published his "Wealth of Nations." They are text-books in the colleges even of Sweden and Norway, while at the University in the street next to that in which the author has his residence, books are adopted composed of ideas from empirical and nearly obsolete systems: Say and Ricardo are regarded as expositors of the last and ultimate discoveries. Let us see if this law respecting prophets cannot be changed; or if not changed, confirmed, by an exception in the case of our philosopher.

Mr. Carey was born in Philadelphia, in December, 1793. His father was the late eminent Matthew Carey, memories of whose virtues preserve about his name a thousand delightful associations. Matthew Carey was a political economist also. He wrote much, and he wrote effectively, because he taught that which was in accordance with the feelings and interests of his readers; but he was of the old school, dead now, with its professors. He disliked abstract ideas or principles, and did not trouble himself much with their investigation. The consequence was, that he made no addition to politico-economical knowledge, and left nothing by which he should be remembered except the

fact that he was a consistent and ardent friend of protection.

Ricardo left his doctrine of Rents; Malthus his principle of Population; their books are little read now, and they themselves would have been long since forgotten, but that they taught what had been taught by no others. Of the hundreds of their countrymen, who have since written, scarcely one has furnished a new idea; or if such an idea can be found in the books of any one, it will not bear investigation. Many have collected facts, that are useful, and all of them have talked and written about their facts and theories; but only as empirics. One man contended on one side and another on another, and there was no standard by which to judge them. Ricardo and Malthus gave laws that would not fit the facts, and the facts were altered and suppressed to suit the laws.\* McCulloch taught that transportation and exchange were more advantageous than production,† and Cobden that it was better to go to colonies in which rich lands were to be had cheap, than to stay at home where landlords charged high rents for the poor ones that were necessarily cultivated: and therefore

\* Thus we see by a correspondence published in the London papers that Mr. Horace Mayhew, author of the metropolitan "Labor and the Poor" articles, has ceased to write for the London *Morning Chronicle*, the conductors of that journal wishing him to suppress, in his reports on the condition of the working classes, facts opposed to free trade.

† See Carey's Past, Present and Future, p. 128.



that imported food would be cheaper than that which was grown at home. The result has proved that he was wrong. Food is now obtained with more difficulty than before; emigration is necessary, and the late decision in Parliament shows that Protection will be restored: as the ministry could command only the mean majority of 21.

A few years hence McCulloch will be remembered only as the compiler of a few indifferent books of reference, and Cobden as the author of much ill to the people of England. Many of these men have ideas that are sound; but they know nothing of the principles of the science they undertake to teach; and so they are continually making blunders. Of all the French writers of the first forty years of this century, only one, Jean Baptiste Say, has lived to the middle of it, and his work is only a mass of error in an imposing form.

This may be called sweeping criticism; but time will prove that it is just. We need principles, as the astronomers did, before Copernicus, Kepler and Newton gave them the laws which govern the movements of the universe. Others observed facts and wrote treatises, but only these names have lived. Ricardo and Malthus furnished what they believed to be the great natural laws in regard to land and the sources of its value; the relation of the laborer and the capitalist; and of population. Their names are still familiar, but their theories are shattered by the assaults of critics; they will be forgotten, and their places will be occupied by those of the great author of whose works we propose to write. Ricardo and Malthus will be to Carey as Ptolemy to Copernicus.

From 1803, a period of almost fifty years, since Ricardo published his doctrine of Rent, there has not been even an attempt, except Carey's, to add anything to political economy. Senior, Whateley, and a thousand others, have been disputing about words, while as many others have been attacking Malthus and Ricardo; but no one has attempted to discover laws, to take the place of those which were assailed. Of the supporters of these writers, every one has been compelled to admit that their laws did not cover the facts, and to interpolate accommodating passages. John Stuart Mill, in his recent work, has done this even more largely than his predecessors, and so furnished additional proof that their laws were *not* laws, but

mere anarchy. Ricardo had to leave a place of escape for difficult facts,\* and his successors have since found themselves obliged to open so many new ones, that his laws are now like sieves.

The period was propitious for a discoverer. The opinion of D'Alembert that the steps of Civilization were to be taken in the middle of each century, was to be confirmed by a new illustration.

Mr. Carey's father was a practical man; all his children were trained to affairs; thus they became observers. The students of books are rarely creators in science. Truth is most likely to be evolved in the school of experience. From the age of seven years until he was twenty-one, Mr. Carey was in his father's book-store. From 1821 to 1838, he was a partner in the important publishing house of Carey, Lea & Carey, and Carey & Lea; but in this period he passed one season abroad, we believe immediately after his marriage with a sister of Leslie, the painter. The determination of his mind was already fixed, when his retirement from business enabled him to devote his faculties entirely to the science with which his name will for ever be associated.

Mr. Carey's first book—*An Essay on the Rate of Wages*—was published in 1836, and was soon after expanded into *The Principles of Political Economy*, which appeared in three octavo volumes in 1837—1840.

Before proceeding to give an account of this performance we will more particularly show what was, at the date of its publication, the condition of the science it was designed to illustrate. Mr. Malthus had taught that population tended to increase faster than food, and that so irresistible was this tendency, that all human efforts to restrain the number of men within the limits of subsistence were vain. It was a great "law of nature," and it was of little consequence, therefore, how fast food might be increased, since the only effect must be to stimulate population, which, in the end, was sure to outrun the means of living. The impression which this work produced has been briefly noticed in what we have written in connection with Mr. Alexander H. Everett's reply to it, printed in London and Boston in 1822. The doctrine was a convenient

\* The Past, the Present and the Future, pp. 70, 71.

one, for it relieved the directors of affairs from the charge of causing, or suffering, the poverty and wretchedness by which they were surrounded.

Soon after this, Mr. Ricardo attempted to explain by what means the supply of food was limited. He taught that men always commenced the work of cultivation on the most fertile soils, capable of yielding, say, one hundred quarters for a given quantity of labor; but that as population increased, it became necessary to resort to poorer soils, yielding but ninety quarters, and that then the owner of the first could command as rent ten quarters. With a further increase, lands of a third quality, yielding but eighty quarters, were brought into use, and then the first and second would command as rent the whole difference, say, twenty quarters for the first, and ten quarters for the second. The payment of rent is thus regarded, in this school, as an evidence of constantly diminishing reward of labor, resulting from the increase of population, in consequence of which it is necessary to extend the area of cultivation. With each step of its progress, the owner of the land takes a larger proportion of this constantly decreasing product, leaving a smaller one to be divided among those who apply either labor or capital to cultivation, thus producing a constant increase in the *inequality* of human condition. The interests of the landlord are in this manner shown to be for ever opposed to those of all the other portions of society. Rent is supposed to be paid because land has been occupied in virtue of an exercise of power, and not because the owners have done anything to entitle them to it. Here we see the germ of that discord which everywhere in Europe exists between the payers and receivers of rent. The annual fund from which savings can be made is held to be continually diminishing, the poor becoming poorer as the rich grow richer. The tendency to increase is more powerful in population than in capital, and the natural result must be that "wages will be reduced so low that a portion of the population will regularly die of want."\*

The effect of the promulgation of these principles, upon the science of which they

were asserted to be the basis, was curious. It was clear that increase of population led to famine. It was equally clear that increase of wealth tended to the extension of cultivation over inferior soils, with constantly decreasing returns to labor. Nevertheless, the political economist was everywhere surrounded by facts showing that the condition of man improved as numbers increased and as cultivation was extended. With lessened rewards of toil there should be deterioration of moral condition, and abridged facilities for intellectual cultivation, but it was incontestible that men were more moral and better instructed than in any previous centuries. The increasing disproportion between the share of the landlord and that of the laborer was calculated to increase the inequality of condition, and yet it was not to be doubted that the two were nearer together than they were in the days of Elizabeth or of Henry VIII. The fact and the theory were always at variance with each other, and hence resulted a determination to limit the science to the consideration of wealth alone, excluding all reference to social condition. Mr. McCulloch therefore defined Political Economy as the Science of Values, and Archbishop Whately desired to change the name to *Catallactics*, or the Science of Exchanges. The whole duty of the teacher of this new science was held to be that of explaining how wealth might be increased, allowing "neither sympathy with indigence nor disgust at profusion or at avarice; neither reverence for existing institutions, nor detestation of existing abuses; neither love of popularity, nor of paradox, nor of system, to deter him from stating what he believed to be the facts, or from drawing from those facts what appeared to him to be the legitimate conclusions."\*

Such was the Political Economy then, and such is that which is now, taught in the schools of England. The consequences are seen in the manner in which the poor people of every part of the United Kingdom are being expelled from the little holdings to which they have been reduced by a system of unbounded public expenditure, and the contemptuous tone in which the common people are spoken of in all their jour-

\* Mr. Mill, quoted by Mr. Carey.

\* Mr. Senior, quoted by Mr. Carey.

nals. Charity is denounced as tending to promote the growth of population. Marriage among the poor is regarded as a crime, and farmers are regarded as participant in crime for giving employment to men with families in preference to single men. But the system itself was an enormous wrong against nature. Mr. Carey entered the lists against it, with the earnestness and confidence inspired by a conviction that he contended for humanity.

His book commences with a single elementary proposition, that man desires to maintain and improve his condition, whether physical, moral, intellectual, or political: and the object of it is to show, that the theories of Mr. Malthus and Mr. Ricardo are in direct opposition to the universal fact, and therefore cannot be regarded as natural laws. On the contrary, he shows that food has always grown faster than population, and that the power to obtain subsistence has always increased most rapidly in those countries, and at those times, in which population has most rapidly increased, and in which cultivation has most rapidly extended over those soils denominated by Mr. Ricardo inferior. The error of all these writers is shown to be in taking *quantities* instead of *proportions*, and it is the law of proportions that constitutes the novel feature of this work. Ricardo and Malthus assert that land, labor, and capital are the agents of production, and are subject to different laws, all tending to produce contrariety of interests, and that the reason why such is the case is that land owes its value—or power to command rent for its use—to *monopoly*, while capital is the accumulated product of labor. Mr. Carey, on the contrary, shows by a vast variety of facts, that land owes its value to labor alone, and that its selling price is *invariably* less than would purchase the quantity of labor required to induce its present condition were it restored to a state of nature. It is therefore, like steam engines, mills, or ships, to be considered as capital, the interest upon which is called rent, and it is subject to the same laws as capital in any other form. With the growth of wealth and population, the landlord is shown to be receiving a constantly decreasing *proportion* of the product of labor applied to cultivation, but a constantly increasing *quantity*, because of the rapid increase in

the amount of the return as cultivation is improved and extended.\* So it is with the

\* The following table of the distribution at various periods in the progress of population and wealth, will enable the reader more readily to apprehend this:

Production.	Proportion of Capitalists.	Quantity to Capitalists.	Quantity to Laborers.
First.....100,000.....	$\frac{1}{2}$	50,000.....	50,000
Second...300,000.....	$\frac{2}{3}$	120,000.....	180,000
Third...600,000.....	$\frac{3}{4}$	200,000.....	400,000
Fifth...1,000,000.....	$\frac{4}{5}$	250,000.....	750,000

By the following passages, which we take from M. Bastiat's new work, *Harmonies Economiques*, it will be seen that he adopts these views as the basis of his political economy: "*A mesure que les capitaux s'accroissent, la part absolue des capitalistes dans les produits totaux augmente et leur part relative diminue. Au contraire, les travailleurs voient augmenter leur part dans les deux sens.*" (P. 280.) . . . . "Ainsi le partage se fera de la manière suivante:—

Produit total	Part du capital.	Part du travail.
Première période, 1000	500	500
Deuxième période, 2000	800	1200
Troisième période, 3000	1050	1950
Quatrième période, 4000	1200	2800

"Telle est la grande, admirable, consolante, nécessaire, et inflexible loi du capital." (P. 281.)

"Ainsi la grande loi du capital et du travail, en ce qui concerne le partage du produit de la collaboration, est déterminée. Chacun d'eux a une part absolue de plus en plus grand, mais la part proportionnelle du capital diminue sans cesse comparativement à celle du travail." (P. 284.)

*Cause of value in land.*—"Cette valeur, comme tous les autres, est de création humaine et social." (P. 362.) After reciting the various modes of applying labor to the improvement of land, he says: "La valeur c'est incorporée, confondue dans le sol, et c'est pourquoi on pourra très bien dire par métonymie: *le sol vaut.*" (P. 363.)

*Land not changeable for as much money as it has cost.*—"J'ose affirmer qu'il n'est pas un champ en France qui vaille ce qu'il a coûté, qui puisse s'échanger contre autant de travail qu'il en a exigé pour être mis à l'état de productivité où il se trouve." (P. 398.)

*Cause of this.*—"Vous avez employée mille journées à mettre votre domaine dans l'état où il est; je ne vous en restituerai que huit cents, et ma raison est qu'avec huit cents journées je puis faire aujourd'hui sur la terre à côté ce qu'avec mille vous avez fait autrefois sur la votre. Veuillez considérer que depuis quinze ans l'art de dessécher, de défricher, de bâtir, de creuser des puits, de disposer les étables, d'exécuter les transports a fait des progrès. Chaque résultat donné exige moins du travail, et je ne veux me soumettre à vous donner dix de ce que je puis avoir pour huit, d'autant que le prix du blé a diminué dans la proportion de ce progrès, qui ne profite ni à vous ni à moi, mais à l'humanité toute entière." (P. 368.)

The reader who may desire to see the perfect

capitalist. The *rate* of interest falls as cultivation is improved and capital is accumulated with greater facility, and the capitalist receives a smaller *proportion*; but the *quantity* of commodities obtainable in return for the use of a given amount of capital increases, and with every change in that direction there is shown to be an increasing tendency to equality and to improvement of condition, physical, moral, intellectual, and political.

According to the system of Mr. Ricardo, the interests of the land owner and laborer, the capitalist and the employer of capital, are always opposed to each other. Mr. Carey, on the contrary, proves, and we think most conclusively, that "the interests of the capitalist and of the employer of capital are thus in perfect harmony with each other, as each derives advantage from every measure that tends to facilitate the growth of capital and to render labor productive; while every measure that tends to produce the opposite effect is injurious to both."<sup>\*</sup>

The entire novelty of these views rendered it necessary that they should be supported by a great body of facts, and Mr. Carey therefore furnished an examination of the causes which have in various countries, particularly India, France, Great Britain, and the United States, retarded the growth of wealth—demonstrating that they were to be found in the great public expenditure for the support of fleets and armies, and the prosecution of wars, the natural results of a state of things in which the few govern the many, taxing them at their will; and that the

remedy was to be found in that improvement of political condition which should enable men to govern and to tax themselves, doing which they would be disposed to remain at peace.

That man may be enabled to improve his physical condition, combination of effort is shown to be necessary, and that tends to increase with increase in the density of population. Therewith comes increased security of person and property, and increased respect for the rights of others, tending to promote the further increase of wealth, and to enable men to devote more time to the cultivation of mind. Improved mental condition enables men to apply their labors more productively, and thus obtain better subsistence from a diminished surface, facilitates combination of action, and increases the growth of wealth. With its growth the proportion of the laborer increases, and that of the landlord or other capitalist decreases, and the power of the former to govern himself, and to tax himself, grows steadily with the growth of wealth and population; and thus we have physical, moral, intellectual and political improvement, each aiding and aided by the other.

It will be seen from this brief summary that the field occupied is a most extensive one, more so than that of any similar work that has been written. The views are presented with great distinctness and force, and illustrated throughout by numerous facts drawn not only from the four countries principally referred to, but from Italy, the Netherlands, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, &c. It is one of the chief distinguishing merits of the work that each part of it, while complete in itself, has that relation to the other which belongs to the divisions of a whole, in which all things are so interblended and harmonious as to produce a cumulative and finally perfect effect; while in the various systems presented to us by Europe, every part is in conflict with every other.

In denying Mr. Ricardo's *theory of the occupation of the Earth*, Mr. Carey did not undertake to present any by himself, but this he has done in his more recent performance, *The Past, the Present and the Future*, published in Philadelphia in 1848. In this original and masterly composition he has shown that the law is in direct opposition to the principle announced by Mr. Ricardo and since adopted in the English school,

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correspondence of these views with those published by Mr. Carey, as far back as 1837, may do so by a glance at Chapters II, III, IV., and VII. of his first volume, where he gives a great number of facts in support of ideas then so new, and of course so heretical.

A remarkable fact, to which we now desire to call the attention of our readers, is, that M. Bastiat has thus adopted the views of Mr. Carey, without, so far as we have been able to see, alteration or addition. His name never occurs in the work, except as authority for one of his quotations, which M. Bastiat has copied, while the names of Ricardo, Malthus, Senior, Scrope, Considerant, and a host of others are found in almost every chapter. It must be highly gratifying to Mr. Carey to see his views obtain so entirely the approbation of a man of the reputation of M. Bastiat, that he should be willing to give them to the world as his own.

\* Vol. I., p. 339.

and to some extent in France and in this country. In the infancy of civilization man is poor and works with poor machinery, and must take the high and poor soils requiring little clearing and no drainage; and it is only as population and wealth increase, that the richer soils are brought into cultivation. The consequence is, that in obedience to a great law of nature, *food tends to increase more rapidly than population*, and it is only by that combination of effort which results from increasing density of population that the richer soils can be brought into activity. The truth of this is shown by a careful and particular account of the settlement of this country, followed by a rapid sketch of the occupation of Mexico, the West Indies, South America, Great Britain, France, Italy, Greece, India, and the Islands of the Pacific, illustrating and confirming the position that the poor lands at the heads of streams, or the small and rocky islands, are first chosen for cultivation, while the lower and richer soils are left unimproved for want of the means which come with growing wealth and population. Mr. Ricardo's theory is then examined in all its parts, and shown to be entirely opposed to the whole mass of facts presented in a rapid review of the course of events in the different portions of the world, while the exceptions made by him for the purpose of providing for the infinite number that could not be brought under his general law, are shown to be *themselves the law*; and that such is the case is now admitted by some of the most eminent economists of Europe.

With the downfall of Mr. Ricardo's hypothesis of the occupation of land disappears the base on which rests the celebrated theory of Mr. Malthus—a theory which has been largely discussed in this country by Mr. Everett and others, and which is examined at length from his point of view by Mr. Carey, who shows that everywhere increase of population has led to the cultivation of the lower and richer soils, followed by increase in the facility of obtaining food, while depopulation has everywhere been marked by the retreat of cultivation to the hills; a truth which he illustrates by numerous instances.

He next surveys the circumstances attending the progress of wealth. It is held by the English economists that capital, applied to land, must necessarily bring diminishing profits, because applied to a machine

of constantly decreasing powers; and that, therefore, manufactures and trade, steam-engines and ships, are more profitable than agriculture; whereas, Mr. Carey shows that land is a machine of constantly *increasing* capacities, and that the only manner in which machinery of any description is beneficial, is by diminishing the labor required for converting and transporting the products of the earth, and permitting a larger quantity to be given to the work of production. The earth is the sole producer, says Mr. Carey, and man merely fashions and exchanges her products, adding nothing to the quantity to be converted or exchanged, and the growth of wealth everywhere is shown to be in the ratio of the quantity of labor that can be given to the cultivation of the great machine bestowed on man for the production of food and wool. This leads to an examination of the British system, the object of which is shown to have been that of compelling the people of every part of the world to bring to her their raw products to be converted and exchanged, thus wasting on the road a large portion of them, and all the manure that would result from their home consumption, the consequence of which is shown to be the exhaustion of the land and its owner. The broad ground is then taken that the products of the land should be consumed upon the land, and that nations grow rich or remain poor precisely as they act in accordance with, or in opposition to, that view. Mr. Carey is a free-trader. In his first book he advocated the British doctrine of diminished duties, as the means of bringing about free trade. In his *Past and Present* he admits his error, and shows that the protective system was the result of an instinctive effort at the correction of a great evil inflicted upon the world by British legislation, and that *the only course towards perfect freedom of trade is to be found in perfect production*.

The effect of increasing wealth and population resulting from the power to cultivate the richer soils, in bringing about the division of land and the union of man is then shown, and illustrated by examples drawn from the history of the principal nations of the world, ancient and modern; and here the European system of primogeniture is examined, with a view to show that it is purely artificial, and tends to disappear with the growth of wealth and population. This leads to the discussion of the relations of



man to his fellow-men, which are shown to tend to the establishment of equality wherever peace is maintained, and wealth and population are allowed to grow; and to inequality, with every step in the progress of war and devastation.

Man himself next appears on the scene. Mr. Malthus, Mr. Ricardo, and all others of the English school, represent him as the slave of his necessities, working because he fears starvation. Mr. Carey, on the contrary, shows him to be animated by hope, and improving in all his moral qualities, precisely as by the growth of wealth and population—the results of peace—he is enabled to clear and cultivate the rich soils of the earth.

Thence we pass to the relations of man and his helpmate, which are shown to improve precisely as do those of man to his fellow-man, as the rich soils are brought into cultivation. Man and his family follow, and the same improvement, under the same circumstances, is shown to take place in the relations of parent and child.

Concentration, or the habit of local self-government, so strikingly illustrated in New-England, is next examined in contrast with centralization, as exhibited in England and France, and its admirable effects in tending to the maintenance of peace are fully exhibited. The various systems of colonization next pass in review, and give occasion for an examination of the various causes that brought negro slavery into this country, and the reasons why it is here alone that the race has increased in numbers. India and Ireland, and the devastating effects of the colonial system, Annexation, and Civilization furnish the materials for the succeeding chapters, and give occasion—the last particularly—for the expression of opinions much at variance with those taught by Guizot and others of the most distinguished men of our day. Such are the *Past and Present*. The closing chapter is the *Future*, and contains an examination of many remarkable facts now presented to our view by our own country, produced by the existence of the unnatural system fastened upon the world by England, and to be remedied by the adoption of an American policy, having for its object that of enabling men to live together and combine their exertions, instead of flying from each other, leaving behind rich lands uncultivated, and going to Texas or Oregon to begin the work of

cultivation on the poorer ones. “With each step in the progress of concentration, his physical condition would improve because he would cultivate more fertile lands, and obtain increased power over the treasures of the earth. His moral condition would improve, because he would have greater inducements to steady and regular labor, and the reward of good conduct would steadily increase. His intellectual condition would improve, because he would have more leisure for study, and more power to mix with his fellow-men at home or abroad; to learn what they knew, and to see what they possessed; while the reward of talent would steadily increase, and that of mere brute wealth would steadily decline. His political condition would improve, because he would acquire an increased power over the application of his labor and of its proceeds. He would be less governed, better governed, and more cheaply governed, and all because more perfectly self-governed.”

The field surveyed by Mr. Carey in the *Past and Present* is a broad one—broader than that of any other book of our time—for it discusses every interest of man. The ideas are original—whether true or not, they are both new and bold. They are based upon a great law of Nature, and it is the first time that any system of political economy has been offered to the world that was so based. The consequence is, that all the facts place themselves, as completely as did the planets when Copernicus had satisfied himself that the earth revolved around the sun.\*

More recently, in his *Harmony of Interests*, Mr. Carey has published a full examination of the great question of commercial policy, with a view to show that protection, as it exists in this country, is the true and *only* road to free trade. He has brought to the illustration of this important doctrine a mass of facts, greater, probably, than was ever before displayed in support of any position in political economy. It commences with an examination of our whole commercial policy for the last thirty years, and shows the effect of protection in increasing the sum of production and consumption, the means of transportation, internal and exter-

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\* This work has been much read abroad, and we perceive that it has recently been translated into Swedish, and published at Stockholm.

nal, and the influx of population from abroad, always an evidence of the increased productiveness of labor. In this work it is shown conclusively, that shipping grows with protection, because protection tends to promote immigration, or the import of men, the most valuable of commodities, and thus to diminish the cost of *sending* to market the less valuable ones, grain, tobacco, and cotton. The question is examined in every point of view—material, moral, intellectual, and political; and the result arrived at is, “that between the interests of the treasury and the people, the farmer, planter, manufacturer, and merchant, the great and little trader and the ship-owner, the slave and his master, the land-owners and laborers of the Union and the world, the free-trader and the advocate of protection, there is perfect harmony of interests, and that the way to the establishment of universal peace and universal free trade, is to be found in the adoption of measures tending to the destruction of the *monopoly of machinery*, and the location of the loom and the anvil in the vicinity of the plough and the harrow.”

In addition to the works I have named, Mr. Carey has published two others, on the Currency—the larger of which is entitled *Credit System in France, England, and the United States*. Their object is to show, that there is a very simple law which lies at the root of the whole currency question, and that by its aid, the revulsions so frequently experienced may be perfectly accounted for. That law is perfect freedom of trade in money, whether by individuals or associa-

tions, leaving the latter to make their own terms with their customers, and to assume limited or unlimited liability, as they themselves may think most expedient. In a detailed review of the operations of several of the principal nations, and of all the States of this Union, it is shown that the tendency to steadiness in the quantity, and uniformity in the quality, of currency, is in the exact ratio of freedom, while with every increase in the number or extent of restrictions, steadiness diminishes, and insecurity increases. The views contained in this work are now adopted by some of the most eminent writers in France. They constitute the basis of a recent and excellent work\* by M. Coquelin, who quotes largely from that of Mr. Carey, declaring that our countryman has, “in the investigation of causes and effects, succeeded better than the English inquirers,” and had, as early as 1838, “clearly shown the primary causes of the perturbations recurring almost periodically in commerce and currency.”†

The portrait of Mr. Carey, accompanying this article, is from a crayon sketch by Mr. Collyer, and is, in every respect, one of the best likenesses we have presented in this Magazine. It is excellently copied by Mr. Buet.

\* *Du Credit et des Banques, Paris, 1848.*

† Un des plus beaux ouvrages assurément qu'on ait publiés sur le credit.—*Journal des Economistes.*

## MISCELLANY.

**OUR STEAM NAVY.**—The following important communication was handed to us by a gentleman whose long experience as a commander in the naval service of Great Britain and of the East India Company, entitles his views to the highest respect. The opinions he expresses we are obliged, not only for consistency, but from a settled conviction of their truth, to sustain in full. For the same reason that we gave our support to Mr. Whitney's plan of a Pacific Railroad, we give it to the plan of our correspondent. In a succeeding number we hope to lay before our readers a communication from the same experienced source, on the naval resources of the United States as regards steam-ships. It is a very common error to suppose that the steam-vessels built at private yards in New-York can be immediately converted into vessels of war, like the steam-ships of the Cunard line. We are prepared to show that this is a grave delusion, which may lead upon occasion to fatal consequences.

*To the Editor of the American Whig Review:*

SIR:—In perusing the Report from the Bureau of Construction, Equipment, &c., contained in the *New-York Herald* of the 21st instant, I was much surprised to find that the knowledge so dearly bought by experience here and elsewhere has had no effect upon the authorities in this department. It is a well-determined fact, from the experience of the past, that all Government work is worse done, and more expensive, than that which is open to the competition of the whole country.

The specimens of naval architecture turned out of the Government yards will not compare with some turned out of private yards, either for speed or economy. The late attempts of Government men in England, where they have had every opportunity and inducement to remove the "prestige" against them, has proved the inefficiency of the system. Some of the most abortive attempts have been made at a vast cost of treasure, producing the most useless craft that can be found afloat, while some of the most efficient and beautiful vessels for war purposes that have ever been launched were constructed in private yards.

There is no inducement from increased emoluments or business, arising from superior attainments in work or model; no rivalry or cause for emulation. "The models already made have satisfied the Government; why then should we alter them?" There is

no inducement for the Government officer to go out of the beaten track as long as his pay is continued to him monthly. He goes jogging on in the old style; but place the same man in the position, either to improve his work and system or lose his occupation, and you will find the old adage verified—"Necessity is the mother of invention." He will turn his attention forthwith to the most likely course to keep his time and capital continually on the stretch, so as to produce him the greatest amount of return. This he is obliged to study, as there are others who will outstrip him in the race if he does not exert his utmost care and attention; and it is thus that the greatest proficiency is to be attained.

The Report above alluded to recommends, "that the public yards be supplied with the necessary apparatus for the construction of steam-engines for naval purposes." Let us consider this recommendation. In the first place, the expense will be enormous. I do not know the cost of the Washington yard, but it must have been very great, as all enterprises managed directly by the agents of Government have ever been, and will be, until the end of time. An outlay like it, being added to each naval yard, will greatly increase the burden on the treasury, and to what end? We have in commission "seven steam-ships; repairing and equipping, five; on the stocks and constructing, one." (*New-York Herald*, 27th Dec., 1850.) For this existing force the Washington yard must be sufficient. The number of vessels is at present small, but the necessary increase in this department of the national strength will soon be such as to put it in a position to vie with all other powers. Since the actual necessity of looking to this branch of the service has been impressed on the Government, rapid progress has been made in the right direction; and ere long the steam navy of the United States must become sufficient for the defence of our immense coast line, and to punish aggression abroad, should necessity arise for such a course. Our private foundries are sufficient for the manufacture of machines for almost any number of steam-ships that may be required, without establishing an expensive Government monopoly. If they are not, they will easily and rapidly increase when the necessity for them arises, for depend on it, our enterprising citizens will not allow any such opportunity to escape their vigilance, and we have seen during the present year a most extraordinary increase in the production of steam-engines from our foundries—an increase, indeed, scarcely credible. At the present time there is to be seen on the banks, and at the wharves of the East River, a sight such as no other port in the world can offer, and which gives an astounding idea of the enterprise and power of the United States.

You may there see together thirteen ocean steamers, (all new,) of large size, advancing rapidly to completion. These are—

	Tons.
The Humboldt, Havre packet, about -	2700
North America, for Chagres, - - -	1800
Winfield Scott, - - - - -	1400
Brother Jonathan, for Pacific, - - -	1400
Mexico, Gulf of Mexico, - - - -	1200
Alabama, Savannah line, - - - -	1200
Independence, - - - - -	800
Golden Gate, Pacific Co.	
Golden Age, Pacific Co.	
La Fayette, Havre line,	
Pioneer, Havre line,	
Large Propeller, for Philadelphia and Liverpool.	
A Steamer, for Charleston line.	

Besides these, there have already been completed and gone to sea—

The Atlantic, Pacific, Baltic, Arctic, New World, New-York,	The Franklin, Florida, Columbia, Prometheus, Sea Bird, Pacific, The Louisiana.*
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It is reasonable to think that the present excess of demand for steam communication cannot last long; like all other rages, it will have its day, and will be followed by a stagnation in that particular branch of manufacture. What then will become of our machinists? When the fever abates there will be a state of inanition; and then would be the time for the application of the remedy, in employing the machine shops for the work of the Federal Government, and for the good of the large masses of citizens who will otherwise be thrown out of work just at the time they have attained the greatest experience and skill. Such a body of men as now exists, (gathered from among the skilful of all nations,) being once scattered and otherwise occupied, it will be a difficult matter to collect again; and even should it be possible, they will have lost that efficiency which arises from constant practice, and which that alone can give.

It is true, a portion of them would find work in the Government yards; but why should the State be put to the expense of the yards, when the private ones are all ready for the work required?

The yard at Washington being already in existence, if it is efficient as it should be, it must be equal to the present wants of the Government. The repairs of existing steam-vessels would be the principal work allotted to it, and it will soon find quite sufficient occupation for a small establishment in that line.

One principal reason why private enterprise is more desirable than a Government establishment, is the constant call upon it for various styles and descriptions of machines for numerous purposes, in the construction of which many great improvements are suggested, perfected, and made avail-

able for marine purposes; the development of which would be exceedingly improbable while pursuing the one object of marine engines only.

The reason alleged for the recommendation of the Bureau is, the great delay that has arisen in the manufacture of engines in the several foundries. To whom is the blame of this delay to be attached? To the parties who entertain the contract, for if they do their duty strictly and impartially, there can be no delay without its appropriate penalty; and if the penalty be duly enforced, there *will* be no delay. If the penalty be merely a matter of form, why put it in at all? If it is not to be enforced leave it out altogether, and leave the parties to take their own time to complete their work; it will be no worse than now.

I trust that having shown that the machine shops of New-York alone are sufficient for the purposes of supplying steam-engines, independently of foundries and manufactories in other States, of which there are a great many, it will lead to a full and perfect examination of the policy and necessity of such a system as that of making a great Government monopoly at so great an outlay as it will require of the public funds.

Let our machinists in private foundries benefit legitimately by the wants of the Government, and at the same time let the Government reap the advantage and benefit accruing from the united skill and experience of our land and marine engine mechanics.

F. P. WEBB.

New-York, Dec. 28th, 1850.

"THE PILGRIM FATHERS."—Perhaps there is not in American history an event more memorable, or one more calculated to revive a national spirit among Americans, should that spirit occasionally fade, than the landing of the crew of the Mayflower at Plymouth. The history of that event and its consequences has been served up in too many styles, at too many public dinners, to render fragments of it warmed up here at all delectable to the palate of our readers. But nevertheless it will be acknowledged that the celebration of the Pilgrim landing is about the last occasion which should be used by men of intellect or citizenship, or which could be used by men of decency or taste, for the exhibition of national flunkeyism, or the glorification of the power that with fire and sword drove the Pilgrims from their homes.\* Nevertheless, at a recent dinner given in this city by the New-England Society, some scenes occurred of so remarkable a character, we feel compelled to notice them briefly.

Moses H. Grinnell occupied the chair. "On his right," we are told, appropriately sat Mr. Webster, who came on from Washington to be present at

\* Was any festival instituted by the Prophets for the glorification of the Pharaoh? Or were those who hankered after the flesh-pots (the free-traders of those days) permitted to give three times three at the Passover for the reigning Pharaoh? If we celebrate our fathers, should we not celebrate the spirit? A prayer for England, begging that the hearts of kings might be set right, and that God would avenge his starving people, would have been appropriate.

\* As I give these lists from memory only, there may be two or three left out. These are independent of a fly on the North River.

this dinner; and, singular enough to relate, there came on too an honorable individual whose whole diplomatic dexterity seems to be employed in keeping on the heels of Mr. Webster, and crushing himself into every society where that gentleman appears.\* Into the same conveyance which brought Mr. Webster from the capital, Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer had got himself conveyed, and he squatted himself down at the Pilgrim dinner!! opposite the former. There were also present, too, Mr. G. P. R. James, (owner of two imaginary horsemen, and author of "a story without a name," &c.) flanked by others not celebrated for Americanism.

We pass over the early toasts. The first speaker was a reverend person, who indulged largely in praises of the Bible and other matters of a less sacred character, from which we extract a little. Having produced an old Bible, and handed it about in the order of brandy, wine, Word of God, and cigars, he gave its history in this fashion:—

"Let us, then, hold to our ideal, and hold it up to the sight of all men—(here he held up the old Bible)—and demand that everything shall be squared by the law of God. This Bible belongs to Mr. J. Coles of this city, who preserved it safe during his stay in Georgia, and brought it back to New-York."

Showing that "Mr. J. Coles" is like the King of France, celebrated in an everlasting doggerel for marching up a declivity with a large army, and performing the memorable feat of marching down again, with the same all safe and right side up.

The peculiar duties of the clerical order, and of course of himself, were thus shown by the reverend gentleman:—

"The clergy were the lungs of the country, and their business was to bring the people into contact with the pure air of God."

Had the reverend speaker claimed the honor of the brains, instead of the lungs, his comparison would have been more acceptable to his own order; though it must be confessed, if on that occasion he rightly represented them, we are ready to concede him the comparison.

An effigy of the Mayflower, made of sugar and isinglass, lay on a clean plate on the table, and to this the orators in turn most solemnly addressed themselves. Streams of affection, and a flow of outpoured rhapsody deluged the little sugar bark.

Among others Mr. Webster and Sir H. L. Bulwer addressed the guests.

Mr. Webster said: \* \* \* "We know that we are Americans. (Vociferous applause.) It is as Americans that we are known all over the world. Who asks what State a citizen of the United States is from, in Europe. Africa, or Asia?

Is he an American—does he belong to the flag of the country—does it protect him—is he under the protection of the eagle and the stars and stripes? If he is, all other conditions are regarded as subordinate and not worthy of mention. *Let it be our duty to cherish this American principle—to spread it over the whole continent—to carry out English principles.* I mean, sir, (addressing Sir Henry Bulwer, the British Minister,) *the Anglo-Saxon American principle* (loud laughter, in which Sir Henry Bulwer joined) over this whole continent—the great principles of *Magna Charta*—the principles of the American Revolution—the English language, so that our children may recite Shakspeare and Milton on the shores of the Pacific. Before that, our American ideas, which, in the main, are English ideas, will penetrate Mexico.\*"

Our opinion of Mr. Webster is too high to permit us to believe that he, as an American, seriously identified the spirit of the Norman monarchy with that of the American Republic, or that he seriously desires to see "English principles," by whatever name they be called, extended over this continent. The supposition of its possibility,—the necessity of making this wretched explanation, calls into our face a blush of shame, and a sickening sense of disgrace. Surely, surely it was the complimentary spirit of the occasion, and nothing else, that brought forth such expressions. We have been advised that in the conduct of a public journal or a Review, a single injurious expression, or that has not the right spirit, will undo the work of years. How much more then of the first of public men. Ought not the head of this mighty people, (we say head, as it is the popular belief that the government centres in him,) ought not the head of this grand Republic carry himself with the demeanor of the mightiest representative of men,—with the consciousness of twenty millions of freemen at his back,—who, if he but evince the spirit and give the word, will make him their leader, but whose eyes are now blinded to his surpassing genius and unequalled fame, by the intervention of a polished opacity, from whose diplomatic buttons the glory and the power of Great Britain flash into their eyes, and not the glory of Daniel Webster, or of the nation whom he represents?

Nor are this American people wholly of English descent. Not one fourth of them have English blood in their veins, and not one tenth of them but would feel injured by having attributed to them English principles, or principles identified with these. If we have been, or are ruled by English principles, or their like, the Declaration of Independence was a farce, and the War of Independence an extravagant folly. On English principles some of our best Republicans should be hanged forthwith;—it is better to let these gentlemen know at once where they are.

The affable and flattering Mr. Bulwer rose to speak after Mr. Webster. The complimentary words bestowed on himself and his government and its principles were of course assumed as literally true, and fully appreciated. A toast was

\* Now there was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and S—n came also among them. And the Lord said unto S—n, Whence comest thou? Then S—n answered the Lord and said, From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it. And the Lord said unto S—n, Hast thou considered my servant J—b, that there is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God, and escheweth evil?

Then S—n answered the Lord and said, Doth J—b fear God for nought? &c. &c.



given, exhibiting singular effrontery in itself, as follows:—

"Old England and Young America.—Bound together by a common language and a common lineage, &c."

"Young America" must feel very proud of its distinguished ancestry; and the *Times* newspaper must moreover feel deeply gratified at this acknowledgment of paternal authority and blessings from its lately rebellious infant. But to this toast Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, having probably first written to Chatfield and Palmerston about the agreeable sport of humbugging the Yankees, delivered the following large quantity of self-glorification:—

"He said he had made a point of attending that meeting, since he knew that gentlemen there present did not expect in him the buttoned-up diplomatist, but the Englishman with the open hand and heart, who would state to them what the feelings and thoughts of Englishmen were."

Was there ever such an ambassador? He actually unbuttoned his waistcoat, and presented to them his whole heart and soul, at the first outset. Then, after having favored "the beautiful females behind the Corinthian pillars at the back of the hall" with the second long smile with which they were that evening presented, and turned over American literature, science, and art, head-dressed Mr. Webster:—

"And if I extend my inquiry still further, if I wish to discover a man whose young imagination was ripened amongst the solitary scenes of border life, and whose manly judgment was formed amidst the daily and active business of great communities, can you not point out to me such a man—one whose eloquence is poetry held in chains by reason? whose statesmanship is philosophy reduced to practice? who stands second to none of America's children—I should say superior to all, if the tall and venerable figure of an absent friend did not rise up before me, whose star shines from the West, as yours, sir, (bowing to Mr. Webster,) fills the East of the hemisphere, radiant on all sides with intellectual light." (Three cheers.)

After the praise of its head, follows the glorification of the country itself:—

"Gentlemen, I love your country: it is amongst the earliest and most favored of England's children; and methinks I can still trace the characteristic features of the parent in the lineaments of the offspring. I do not, indeed, believe that the magnetic influence of a common origin is yet extinct; and when I stood with you but recently, mourning by the grave of the gallant Taylor, did you not shed with me a sympathizing tear over the fate of the illustrious Peel? Aye, and if the spangled banner should be again unfurled on the ocean or the field, on the one scene of action will not your sons remember the glorious words of Nelson,\*—on the other, will not the name of the great warrior veteran, who has borne the old banner of Wolfe and Marlborough aloft and victorious through a hundred fights, rush to your recollection and inspire your ranks?"

\* The words are curiously apt for Americans, and should be emblazoned on the star-spangled banner—"England expects every man to do his duty."

Well, we rather think not, to all these questions; but it is well to know that Sir H. L. B. loves our country *because* it is among the earliest and most favored of England's children; and therefore, inasmuch as it is not English, he doth not love it; and the proportion being one fourth to three fourths, we conclude the quarter of love is negated by the quarter of hate, and the remaining half of his feelings is hate unalloyed. So of Touchstone in the forest; it was good for certain reasons, and not good for certain reasons; and the whole reason of his liking forest life was, that he was in the forest, and wished to make the best of it.

So of some great "University" in New-England: it was good because "it was the genial daughter of his own alma mater;" and Americans are great and good, because they are "Albion's transatlantic children!"

It is hardly needful to particularize more at length the extravagant flattery of individuals, and thorough British offensiveness of the entire speech. Let us add that it was followed by the band playing "God save the Queen," amid the most rapturous enthusiasm; and that we would have not one word to say in defence of Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, but for a pointed remark delivered in his speech with singular acuteness and precision, showing what an opinion he had formed of his audience.

"There are few examples," he said, "in history of men staying their footsteps in so unpromising a spot; but he *guessed* (great laughter and cheering) that the ancestors of those present were plucky fellows."

More a good deal than some of those present could say of themselves. "God save the Queen!"

*Vide* Rabelais, Book I, Ch. xxxviii.: "*How Gargantua did eat up six pilgrims in a salad.*" The pilgrims hid themselves in a garden among the lettuces, and the giant King Gargantua, plucking the lettuces, carried them home and ate them; and, says our satirical historian, "They were all the while in so great fear they dared not speak nor cough. If we speak, said they, he will kill us for spies." There is a cabbage garden we wot of, in which several millions are hid away for fear, and they dare not speak nor cough for fear of being killed. And the giant daily carries away the cabbages and eats the pilgrims in them. *Vide* American Review for December, article, "Who Feed England?"

But one gentleman present had the manliness or decency to break this swollen bubble of Flunkeyism, the Rev. Dr. Bethune. We are glad to be enabled to say that there was even one American to utter such common truths as these:—

"Rev. Dr. Bethune, in reply to the toast, of the 'Hospitality of the Hollanders to the fathers of New-England demands the everlasting gratitude of the sons,' said, with all respect for some speakers who had preceded him, this country was not altogether a daughter of England. Americans were not the descendants of any particular nation, but of every nation in the world."

We ask pardon of our readers, in connection with matters so serious, for mentioning the fact that the novelist of the two horsemen did not speak, which was a loss. As a descendant from one

of the Pilgrim Fathers, and looking to them and their fellows in England in the days of Cromwell, their mighty chief, as the founders of the great Republic, and the originators of civil and religious liberty, we desire to see the anniversary of their coming made hereafter an occasion for the defence of the principles they cherished; a solemn ceremony, to which the friends and representatives of pure Republicanism of all nations may be invited, and at which the mighty dead may be invisibly present, and impart their own spirit to the living.

Soon after writing the above, we read Mr. Webster's powerful vindication of the language of our Government, in its recognition of Hungary as an independent nation, in his letter of Dec. 21st, 1850, from the Department of State, in reply to the letter of the Chevalier J. Hulsemann on the part of Austria.

In the course of this vindication, Mr. Webster says: "The Government and people of the United States, like other intelligent Governments and communities, take a lively interest in the movements and the events of this remarkable age, in whatever part of the world they may be exhibited. But the interest taken by the United States in those events has not proceeded from any disposition to depart from that neutrality towards foreign powers, which is among the deepest principles and the most cherished traditions of the political history of the Union. It has been the necessary effect of the unexampled character of the events themselves, which could not fail to arrest the attention of the cotemporary world; as they will doubtless fill a memorable page in history. But the undersigned goes farther, and freely admits that in proportion as these extraordinary events appeared to have their origin in those great ideas of responsible and popular governments on which the American Constitutions themselves are wholly founded, they could not but command the warm sympathy of the people of this country.

"Well known circumstances in their history, indeed their whole history, have made them the representatives of purely popular principles of Government. In this light they now stand before the world. They could not, if they would, conceal their character, their condition, or their destiny. They could not, if they so desired, shut out from the view of mankind the causes which have placed them, in so short a national career, in the station which they now hold among the civilized States of the world. They could not, if they desired it, suppress either the thoughts or the hopes which arise in men's minds, in other countries, from contemplating their successful example of free government.

"That very intelligent and distinguished personage, the Emperor Joseph the Second, was among the first to discern this necessary consequence of the American Revolution on the sentiments and opinions of the people of Europe. In a letter to his Minister in the Netherlands in 1787, he observes that 'it is remarkable that France, by the assistance which she afforded to the Americans, gave birth to reflections on freedom.' This fact, which the sagacity of that monarch perceived at so early a day, is now known and admitted by intelligent

Powers all over the world. True, indeed, it is, that the prevalence on the other continent of sentiments favorable to Republican Liberty, is the result of the re-action of America upon Europe: and the source and centre of this re-action has doubtless been, and now is, in these United States.

"The position thus belonging to the United States is a fact as inseparable from their history, their constitutional organization, and their character, as the opposite position of the Powers composing the European Alliance is from the history and organization of the Governments of those Powers. The sovereigns who form that Alliance have not unfrequently felt it their right to interfere with the political movements of foreign States; and have, in their manifestoes and declarations, denounced the popular ideas of the age, in terms so comprehensive as of necessity to include the United States and their forms of governments. It is well known that one of the leading principles announced by the allied Sovereigns after the restoration of the Bourbons, is, that all popular or constitutional rights are holden no otherwise than as grants and indulgences from crowned heads."

Mr. Webster adds farther: "Mr. Hulsemann and the Cabinet at Vienna may rest assured that, in the mean time, while performing with strict and exact fidelity all their neutral duties, nothing will deter either the Government or the people of the United States from exercising, at their own discretion, the rights belonging to them as an independent nation, and of forming and expressing their own opinions, freely and at all times, upon the great political events which may transpire among the civilized nations of the earth. Their own institutions stand upon the broadest principles of civil liberty; and believing these principles and the fundamental laws in which they are embodied to be eminently favorable to the prosperity of States—to be, in fact, the only principles of government which meet the demands of the present enlightened age."

These powerful declarations defend the Secretary against himself, and commit him to a line of conduct that every American must approve; but, with all respect for his great authority, and his eminent position as the guide of our public counsels, we conceive that these principles, native to himself, are not "English principles," but their mortal antagonists; and that when they come to be applied in practice, England will find herself compelled to recede from her enormous pretension upon this continent, and will find that the American people, as they *live* by the principles so grandly set forth by their Secretary, so they must become their defenders, and the stern antagonists of those who violate and trample upon them.

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"FATHER AND SON."—We are indebted to the editorial columns of the *London Times* newspaper for the following singular instance of paternal solicitude and natural affection. It is very affecting. The anxiety of the tender parent to beat his own poor son without hurting the feelings of anybody is singularly sincere and dramatic, and withal true to nature. The old gentleman's "long-practised skill," his "steady industry," and his "dogged de-

termination" are beautifully introduced and admirably contrasted with the tender, endearing, and soft qualities which he attributes to his infant prodigy, the lad's "youth, ingenuity and ardor." And then, to cap the climax of the tragic scene, comes the "fell necessity" which makes the old dada so very cruel and merciless to his offspring—we fancy we are reading the Roman story anew, inserting merely Bull for Brutus; or the tragedy of Sophocles, in which Antigone plays the part of "The Navigation Laws," ruthlessly sacrificed by the parent hands to appease the destinies of commerce. But our readers must judge for themselves—and probably not a few of the sterner sort may be affected even unto tears. Boy! bring hither that reviving vial and our cambric handkerchief. Oh! bitter, bitter sorrow, that our partricial hands should be raised against so simple-minded and generous a father!—

"We have several times had to direct attention to the fresh and fresh lines of steamers on the American rivers and lakes, to vast additional lengths of canal, and the endless ramifications of the railway system; as also to the new manufactures wherever an opening offered. The rapid increase of population in the States, augmented by an annual immigration of near 300,000 from these isles, is a fact that forces itself on the notice and the interest of the most unobservant and incurious. All these promise to develop the resources of the States to such an extent as to compel us to a competition as difficult as it is unavoidable. We must run a race with our gigantic and unshackled rival. We must set our long-practised skill, our steady industry, and our dogged determination against his youth, ingenuity and ardor. It is the father who runs a race with his son. A fell necessity constrains us, and we must not be beat. Let our ship-builders and their employers take warning in time. There will always be abundant supply of vessels good enough and fast enough for short voyages. The coal trade can take care of itself, for it will ever be a refuge for the destitute. But we want fast vessels for the long voyages, which otherwise will fall into American hands. It is fortunate that the Navigation Laws have been repealed in time to destroy those false and unreasonable expectations, which might have lulled the ardor of British competition. We now all start together, with a fair field and no favor. The American Captain can call at London, and the British Captain can pursue his voyage to New-York. Who can complain? Not we."

"Not we"—oh no, not you! Why the devil (excuse the remark) should *you* complain? Did not a person called WALKER, and a thorough scheming little aristocrat, named BANCROFT, to whom you were so very civil and good that he loves you better than his own kin, and various other persons of your party in this country, induce your "youthful and ardent" or verdant son to throw away his best weapon for the control of the seas, to suit your necessities, under the score of "reciprocity," when the reciprocity was, like the handle of a pitcher,

all on one side, and that your own? Complain? Why, such was the anxiety to meet your wishes about keeping up the seeming "control of the seas," that even when your youthful and ardent son succeeded in whipping you clean in speed and bottom, threatening not only to match you on the high seas, but even at no distant day to manage the entire commerce and carrying trade of his own country, the commerce of that country was as far as possible taken out of his grasp, and put into your own. What an old fool you would be to complain, Father dear, at such unmitigated good luck on your side, and folly on ours. If it were otherwise you would complain rather obstreperously.

However, it is highly satisfactory to Americans (it must be) to know that nothing has occurred to "lull the ardor of British competition" likewise; that even should British competition get lulled while watching the new steamers on our rivers, and our "new manufactures wherever an opportunity offers" to clothe ourselves, (through the otherwise overtaken energies of "British competition,") that every step we take even on our own soil "is a fact that forces itself on the notice and the interest of the most unobservant and incurious." We are a highly interesting infant phenomenon—we are.

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PRIESTLY PROFANITY.—We read: "The Neapolitan Government has prohibited the sale of the works of the following authors: Shakspeare, Schiller, Molière, Lamartine, Lucretius, Lucian, Sophocles, Sismondi, Thiers, and Humboldt."

So singular a medley of the sublime and the ridiculous probably never before entered the head of a priest or a king. King Bauba seems to have a really astonishing discrimination in literature. What can be atheistical, anarchical, or anti-monarchical in Shakspeare we are at considerable perplexity to discover. But we can fancy the scene in Hades which may be produced by this announcement. When the great Will finds himself associated with a maudlin sentimentalist and writer of grisettes' *anours* like Lamartine, and a newspaper statesman who owes his celebrity to the dynasties he assisted to overthrow by supporting like Thiers; when the grave Humboldt, a sort of nineteenth century Sinbad, or Gil Blas of philosophy, finds himself alongside of the sharp and witty Molière; when the glowing and condensed soul of Sophocles is coupled with the writer of some sixty volumes of lachrymose histories like Sismondi, Lucretius must go singing lewd songs to the maids of Hecate, and Lucian will have, thanks to King Bauba, and the Roman Catholic and Apostolic inquisition on dead genius and living imbecility, an opportunity of inditing a dialogue more novel and probably more enduring than any which he has left to us of the upper world. King Bauba! on the part of the souls in hell who will enjoy one good laugh over your folly, we thank thee.

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

*The Poet Campbell's Advertisement for a Child-Sweetheart.*

The following was handed to us by a gentleman formerly connected with the press in London. We place it before our readers without comment. We have never before met with the verses, and publish them rather for the amusement they may afford our readers, as illustrating a private trait of their tender-hearted and accomplished author, than in the hope that they will add anything to his poetical reputation.

*To the Editor of the American Whig Review :*

MY DEAR SIR:—In the able and interesting sketch of the British poet Campbell, in your last, there is an error, which, I feel assured, you will have pleasure in correcting. His "Advertisement" for the young lady was not in *prose*, as inserted by you, but in *verse*, according to the copy inclosed.

Dr. Beattie, I may add, must have been hoaxed by an English literary wag named Hill. The circumstances I remember perfectly well. Towards the close of Campbell's career, I met him one day in St. James's Park, when a pretty child arrested his attention. The poet, who at this period was becoming peculiarly sensitive, wished to obtain her address; and Hill, coming up at the moment, jokingly suggested that this could only be procured by making love to the nurse. Campbell appealed to me, and, with the view of dispelling his melancholy, I told him there was no other course, unless he followed the practice of a person who had advertised for a wife. Hill, taking up the sorry joke, next morning hurried to a London newspaper office, and inserted the document you print. Campbell, who was exceedingly annoyed by its appearance, on the following evening sent me the pretty little poem I subjoin. I need not say it obtained immediate publicity.

With much regard, believe me, yours truly,  
A FRIEND OF THE POET.

New-York, October 18th, 1850.

LINES ON HIS NEW CHILD-SWEETHEART.

*By Thomas Campbell.*

I hold it a religious duty  
To love and worship children's beauty;  
They've least the taint of earthly clod—  
They're freshest from the hand of God.  
With heavenly looks, they make us sure  
The Heaven that made them must be pure.  
We love them not in earthly fashion,  
But with a beatific passion.

I chanced to, yesterday, behold  
A maiden child of beauty's mould;  
'Twas near (more sacred was the scene)  
The palace of our patriot Queen.

The little charmer, to my view,  
Was sculpture brought to life anew;  
Her eyes had a poetic glow,  
Her pouting mouth was Cupid's bow;  
And through her frock I could descry  
Her neck and shoulders' symmetry.  
'Twas obvious, from her walk and gait,  
Her limbs were beautifully straight.  
I stopped th' enchantress, and was told,  
Though tall, she was but four years old.  
Her guide so grave an aspect wore  
I could not ask a question more—  
But followed her. The little one  
Threw backward, ever and anon,  
Her lovely neck, as if to say,  
I know you love me, *Mister Grey*.  
For, by its instinct, childhood's eye  
Is shrewd in physiognomy;  
They well distinguish fawning art  
From sterling fondness of the heart.

And so she flirted like a true  
Good woman, till we bade adieu!  
'Twas then I with regret grew wild—  
Oh! beauteous, interesting child,  
Why asked I not thy home and name?  
My courage failed me—more's the shame.

But where abides this jewel rare?  
Oh, ye that own her, tell me where!  
For sad it makes my heart and sore,  
To think I ne'er may meet her more.\*

*United States Monthly Law Magazine.*

The January number of this publication has been received by us, and in its present form manifests a vast improvement over the preceding numbers, not only in its style, but in the quality as well as quantity of its matter. From its objects and design, as set forth in its prospectus, and the manner in which they seem to be carried out, we should judge it invaluable to the profession, while it assuredly contains much that will interest the general reader. This journal aims to set forth, in a condensed form, whatever is of interest to the legal profession throughout the United States, and to give a more prominent position to the legal literature of this country. But its most important feature, and the one upon which its utility as well as

\* It may be added that the lines arrested the attention of the little lady's parents, and that a poetical reply, followed by an interesting acquaintance, was sent. The circumstance was brought under the notice of the English Queen, and an attempt was made by some friends of the poet, who knew well his peculiar qualifications for the post, to obtain for him the appointment of Tutor to the Prince of Wales. The application was met with no encouragement.



its success must rest, is its monthly notes of the more able and important decisions of the courts in America and Great Britain. From the intricacy of commercial relations, and the unity of interests pervading our Republic, it is highly important that the practising lawyer should keep the run of all new decisions, not only in his immediate locality, but in the remotest sections of the country. They should reach him with telegraphic speed. But to this there are many obstacles—distance, the expensive nature of law books, and more especially the voluminousness of the reports themselves. Law reporters too often eke out their pages with the formal proceedings of courts and the lengthy statements and one-sided arguments of counsel, which the professional reader feels little inclination to wade through, much less to pay for. The opinion of the court, which presents with fairness the arguments pro and con, and which at any rate is the only thing sought for, since it is “the law,” is almost lost sight of, and with a single halfpenny’s worth of bread, we have an almost intolerable “quantity of sack.” The Law Magazine avoids all these sources of annoyance, and in its reports of cases, strips off the technicalities of practice, and presents the principle in a plain and condensed form, but with sufficient precision of statement and accuracy of reference to render it authority in courts of law. It thus embodies an amount of legal information which could by no possibility be obtained in the same space by any other vehicle. Accompanying these notes of cases, are monthly alphabetical digests of all cases of general interest in the superior courts of law and equity, both in the United States and England, properly classified and arranged for reference.

The present number contains, among other things, an extremely vigorous article upon “The Practice of the Law,” which not even the veteran practitioner can read without some degree of profit, or at least of pleasure; a brief sketch of the life of Judge Cranch; an article upon “Law Reform,” some remarks upon the legal profession as it exists in the United States; an essay on National Jurisprudence; and Critical Notices on late Law Reports.

We have seen letters to the Editor of the Law Magazine from distinguished American jurists, which of themselves augur most favorably for its success; and we have little doubt but that it will speedily acquire the reputation and position it deserves.

#### *Reveries of a Bachelor; or a Book of the Heart.*

By I. K. MARVEL. New-York: Baker & Scribner.

Ere we have had an opportunity to express our opinion of this delightful book, it has, we understand, already passed through two editions. The readers of this Review are acquainted with the graceful and piquant style of the author, through the “Notes by the Road” and other papers contributed to our pages. Certainly he must take rank among the first, for purity and beauty of style; and we must confess to a preference, over all other books of modern travels, of his “Fresh Gleanings.” These “*Reveries*” have a

peculiar fascination. They are *heart pictures* of sunshine and shadow, joys and sorrows. Drawn by the hand of a master, they are full of those “touches of nature” that make “the whole world kin;” and we are drawn on from the beginning to the end of them, as if by a melancholy though pleasing spell, listening as it were to some chanter, recounting to us the thoughts, and feelings, and aspirations which we had never dared utter, scarcely to ourselves. Our limited space precludes more than this bare mention of the book, or we would try and give some more definite idea of the very ingenious form into which it is thrown, the beautiful thoughts and sentiments with which it abounds, and the charming pictures of character and scenery that adorn it. A Boston editor, no doubt regarding Mr. Mitchell as the author of the “*Lorgnette*,” says it is by one of the *ephemeral* writers of the day. This is a pity, for we think the book would convey pleasure, and profit too, to several generations; and we would therefore recommend the author to go to Boston, and take some lessons in writing for posterity, and thus become one of those “immortal few that were not born to die.” But seriously, what is this jealousy between the two cities kept up by? Nothing, we believe, but the temptations offered to point a sentence therewith, as illustrated above.

*Illustrations of Washington Irving's Dolph Heyliger.* Designed and etched by JOHN W. ENNINGER. New-York: G. P. Putnam. 1851.

On opening this production we must confess that we were surprised at the remarkable merit it exhibits. Being disappointed somewhat in this artist's first attempt in this form, his illustrations of Hood's “*Bridge of Sighs*,” we were not prepared to expect such a *masterly* handling of his subject as is exhibited in this series of plates. The book is in the form and style in which the Art Union published Darley's illustrations of Irving's *Stories of Rip Van Winkle and Sleepy Hollow*. The plates are ten in number, and are preceded by the story elegantly printed. The humorous and not the pathetic is evidently this artist's forte. We consider this an eminently successful effort, exhibiting a true sympathy with and delicate appreciation of his subject,—one, we think, the most artistically perfect of all Mr. Irving's productions, so wonderfully are the natural and the supernatural blended together in it. To say that these illustrations are worthy of it is the highest praise we can bestow. They have afforded us infinite pleasure in studying them, and we commend them to the centre-tables of all who would add a new fireside delight to these long winter evenings, as one of the very best of the season.

*Chanticleer: A Thanksgiving Story of the Peabody Family.* New-York: Redfield. Boston: B. B. Mussey.

A book full of pleasant thoughts, and pleasant pictures, purely American; its sphere of action not confined to any particular spot, but left to the reader's fancy to locate.

Truly appropriate to the happy season, a tinge



of poetry, free from affectation, and a dash of genuine humor pervade it. No one can rise from the perusal in any but a happier frame of mind.

The characters are true to the life. Old Peabody, a patriarch, overflowing with the milk of kindness towards the whole human race; the griping merchant, and suborned wife; the wealthy Mrs. Carrack, an argosy with silken sails, laden with wealth and pride; her son made up of puppyism, Paris coats and, patent leather; the hearty, homely, farmer folk from the West; the sorrowing mother; the rollicking sea-captain; the true and firm-hearted grandson, and his gentle Miriam; and last of all, the ever important Mosey, "the lassie wi' the bonny locks," are the prominent characters in the pleasant play. We have not seen a more agreeable gift-book.

*Béranger: Two hundred of his Lyrics done into English Verse.* By WILLIAM YOUNG. New-York: G. P. Putnam.

In the wide range of French poetry, the verse of Béranger is perhaps the most difficult to translate. Coming, evidently, warm from the heart and appealing to the sensibilities of the reader, witty and ludicrous, idiomatic, and full of every, day phrases of the people, these Lyrics present obstacles insurmountable to a translator of ordinary powers. That Mr. Young has been very successful is admitted by the critics, and in this opinion we cheerfully acquiesce. That he has shown extremely bad taste in his introductory preface is equally clear. He *apologizes* for translating a work of Republican tendency. "Place, and peculiar circumstances," says Mr. Young, "render it pardonable that an Englishman, strongly and steadily attached to the monarchical institutions of his native land, should make this reservation when aspiring to lay before the citizens of a Republic a work which breathes the very essence of Republicanism."

The editor of any paper, the author of any book, compiled and published in the United States, were wiser to keep such sentiments, if he possesses them, confined to his own bosom. If "peculiar circumstances" compel him to seek a support in a country whose institutions are repugnant to him, let him at least evince sufficient gratitude to the land that feeds and protects him, to abstain from gratuitous insult. It is very evident that such anti-American feeling is far from popular with us. We wish our author many editions with a new and widely different preface.

*Biographical Essays.* By THOMAS DE QUINCEY. Boston: Ticknor, Reid & Fields.

This volume is one of a series of the writings of De Quincey, in the course of publication by this eminent Boston firm.

The collection of these famous essays, which lay scattered through so many of the magazines of the day, was a happy thought and a most welcome one to the reading public.

De Quincey is, we think, the very best magazine writer of the age. Full of knowledge as he is on all topics of literature; learned in all the

great languages ancient and modern, with a remarkably clear and forcible style; keen in his wit, and with remarkable powers of analysis, he is undoubtedly somewhat conceited, and the confidence he has in his own powers in that particular, betrays him sometimes into a carelessness in which the reader will find him tripping. As an evidence of this we may refer to his observations on the question of the condition of Shakespeare's boyhood, page 35. He speaks contemptuously of the question as having no practical bearing. He says: "The tree has fallen; it was confessedly the noblest of the forest, and we must therefore conclude that the soil in which it flourished was either the best possible; or, if not so, any thing bad in its properties had been disarmed, and neutralized by the vital forces of the plant, or by the benignity of nature." He says it is a mere question of curiosity; whereas to us it appears the most *practical* of all the *Shakespeare questions*. Certainly, to know the constituents of the soil and other conditions in which a plant grew, is almost the only *practical* question to us about it. Its inherent vital forces and the "benignities" of nature are only for our admiration and reverence. But we refer to this only as a specimen of the nodding of the Homer. The volume contains admirable essays on the life of Shakespeare, of Pope, of Charles Lamb, of Goethe, and Schiller.

*The Companion. After-Dinner Table-Talk.* By CHETWOOD EVELYN. New-York: G. P. Putnam.

A book of jests is rightly esteemed to be the most stupid of volumes, but by a "book of jests" is implied simply a bundle of Joe Millerisms bound together, and forming about as agreeable a "Companion" as would one of those human hyenas, who go about the world with their faces moulded by long practice into one eternal grin.

Mr. Evelyn's "Companion" is a work of a far different stamp, and comprises the choice sayings of many of the eminent wits of all ages, from Seneca to Sydney Smith, who, as the Rev. Mr. Stiggins would express it, is our author's "particular vanity." Scintillations from Cowley, Walpole, Lamb, Ben Jonson, Sir Thomas Browne, Swift, Walton, and Fuller, sparkle throughout the book, in which no man can find a dull page.

We Americans have a cant phrase, applied to a person possessing great colloquial powers—"He talks like a book." Could any one be met with who could talk like the book before us, he would be an after-dinner companion worth meeting, and would prove the most successful of "diners-out."

*America Discovered. A Poem in Twelve Books.* By AN AMERICAN. New-York: Trow.

Epic poems have of late years become, as it were, an annual infiction, and this is perhaps the most serious dispensation that has yet befallen us. Had Columbus succeeded as badly in the discovery of our Continent as we have in that of our author's talent, we fear that the "Battle of Bunker Hill" would yet remain unfought.

*Conchs of Ruby: A Gift of Love.* By T. H. CHIVERS, M.D. New-York: Spalding & Shepard.

The publication of this book is one of those extraordinary things which men will sometimes do, and for the doing of which no mortal man can give anything approaching to a reason. It would make a fitting dessert for a heavy dinner of "America Discovered." One verse par example:

"By her side Cherubic Asta,  
With white limbs like alabaster,  
Plays along Heaven's emerald pasture—  
Ganymede of joy below—  
While her saintly soul sings Pæans  
In the Amaranthine Eons  
Of high Heaven with her dear Fleance  
Of the days of long ago."

*The Ministry of the Beautiful.* By CHARLES JAMES STACK, of the Middle Temple. Philadelphia: A. Hart, late Cary & Hart.

A series of conversations on the influences of nature. We open the book and quote at rand m. The following sentence will commend it to many minds:—"Most wisely has nature given to childhood a love of the wonderful and the beautiful; and of all pernicious cants, one of the worst is that, which, under pretence of loving truth, crams the memory and stimulates the intellect when full play should be given to the fancy and the heart."

*The World's Progress: A Dictionary of Dates, with Tabular Views of General History, and an Historical Chart.* Edited by G. P. PUTNAM. New-York: G. P. Putnam, 155 Broadway. 1851.

Mr. Putnam is one of those laborious men whose aid is so needful to the scholar and the student. The Dictionary of Dates is an admirable book of reference, and in chronology is faultless. The tables are well arranged, presenting at a glance the remarkable cotemporary events of each period or year. The paper and print are exquisite, and the work is not less remarkable as a specimen of American art, than for the singular minuteness and industry of the editor. A library without it is wanting in a prime necessity.

*History and Geography of the Middle Ages, for Colleges and Schools. Chiefly from the French.* By GEORGE W. GREENE. D. Appleton & Co.

This book seems to be an admirably arranged manual of mediæval history for the purposes intended. Indeed, to all it will serve as a safe guide through the dark labyrinth of the period of which it treats. The experience of the learned editor has enabled him to make a contribution to school literature much needed.

*Memories of the Past.* By MARCUS T. CARPENTER. New-York: Baker & Scribner.

A volume of poems very prettily issued. The mellifluous voice of woman, we find, if properly

applied to them, produces a very fair music. Mr. Carpenter we know not, but every one must begin by being unknown. He *joineth* verse to verse with some ease, and we wish him good health, and better employment.

*American Education, its Principles and Elements.* By EDWARD D. MANSFIELD. New-York: A. T. Barnes & Co.

The subject and purpose of this book should commend it to universal attention. A system of education truly adapted to this country, politically and morally, is *the* great desideratum. All contributions to a thorough discussion of the subject should be eagerly welcomed and universally considered.

*Richard Edney, and the Governor's Family.* A Rus-urban Tale, simple and popular, yet cultured and noble, of morals, sentiment and life, practically treated, and pleasantly illustrated. Containing also hints on being good and doing good. By the Author of "Margaret," and "Philo." Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

We have only been able to take a cursory look through this volume; but from what we see we are sure we may strongly recommend its perusal. Although, as the title page (which we give above) would suggest, we may expect some imitation of Dickens's style,—and this will be obvious to the reader in the first chapter,—yet it is not without its originality and much graphic power. There is also obvious throughout the book, an earnest purpose of good, a high appreciation of religion, and a strong good sense in its inculcation.

*The Diosma: A Pcrennial.* By Miss H. F. GOULD. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

This is a collection of poems in which the genius of the fair authoress in the production, and her taste in the selection, of pure and graceful poetry, have been happily combined to make a volume worthy of a place on every lady's table. It is as pleasant a gift-book as could be selected.

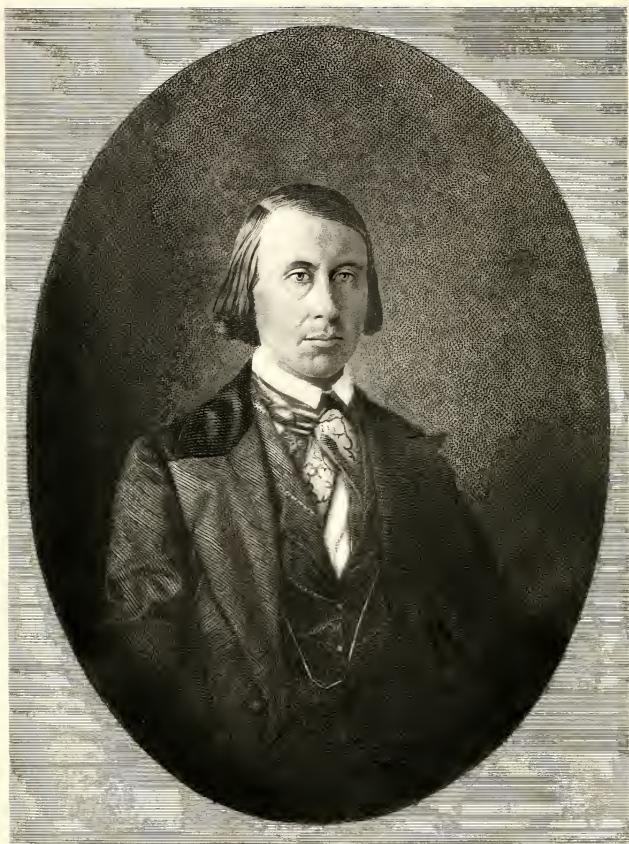
*The Sportsman's Vade Mecum.* By "DINKS." Edited by Frank Forrester. New-York: Stringer & Townsend.

A small volume of some eighty pages, containing much useful information of the canine race in few words, and also a few hints of sporting generally. It is beautifully got up.

*The Artists' Chromatic Hand Book, being a Practical Treatise on Pigments, &c., &c.* By JOHN P. RIDNER. New-York: G. P. Putnam.

A book apparently of value to the young artist, but so entirely practical that we can only judge of its merits by the favorable opinions of practical men.





Engraved for Am. West. Pioneer.

Joseph R. Cobb

THE  
AMERICAN WHIG REVIEW.

No. LXXIV.

FOR FEBRUARY, 1851.

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“THE WORLD’S FAIR.”

A.D. 1851. THE FIRST OLYMPIAD OF CANT.

FLIGHT I.

IN Elis, among the sacred olive groves on the Peneus' banks, the ancient Greeks were accustomed to celebrate the grand epochs of ante-Christian civilization. They had found the world overwhelmed in barbaric night, subject to despotisms and ideas to which we have since assigned the name of Asiatic; they had found men willingly subservient to the uncontrolled authority of individuals, willingly abandoning their manhood and their ideas of justice to a superstitious belief in Fate, in the impossibility of anything but the present, and in the mere animal conservatism which has since become a creed in subservient churches, and ill-begotten men, that that is right which exists. They found, moreover, rude stones piled heap on heap without order and without beauty, set aside for the habitation of the tyrant, and the sacrifice to the tyrant's god. They found blocks of wood and rock roughly cut or worn with attrition, and worshipped as semblances of divinity. They found in democracy, servitude; in government, tyranny; in political socialities, universal centralization; in social order, unlimited power, and illimitable abasement; infanticide practised as a religious duty; polygamy coveted as a moral order; buildings without architecture; gods without decency; men without intellect; women without beauty; nations without arts; language without literature; belief without reason; gutturals without harmony; vocal noises without music; marble quarries without a statue; landscape beauty without a painter; and an untamed, rude, voiceless, senseless world fit only for the habitation of the moaning demons who flit along the Stygian morass. Of these they built up Greece—eternal Greece, the nurse of all that has lived even to our day in beauty, the mother of all that is good in man, or grand in genius. By their hands the tyrants were hurled down, with the rude Asiatic altars, and the ruder Asiatic idols; and instead there sprang into vitality and memorable grandeur, a democracy unsurpassed for refinement and the qualities of manhood, for art, and grace, and intellect, and genius; a philosophy which, in later times, a Church seeking the dominion of the world dovetailed into its creed; sculpture so exquisitely entrancing that the very artist has died of love before the charms created by his genius; music so moving that the fable vainly imagined rocks to follow its sweet sounds, and opposing demons to be lulled to rest by its gently undulating cadences; paintings so



grand that even monsters stood in affright before the dinner's semblance of a woman's head in anger; epic poems so true, so resounding, so sublime, that they first gave gods, then heroes, then victories, then immortality, to the hearers; love songs so captivating that they enchained conquerors; and staves of the Anacreontic feast so seductive, that they furnished, even to the enjoyment of the most sensual, the tenets of a philosophic school. To celebrate these grand triumphs of Hellenic genius over the wilderness of earth and the vacuity of thought, to renew new contests in the arts, and develop still further the genius by which they were effected, the civilized world assembled in the Elean Olive Groves. Thither at the stated time came all the men of Achaia, all the children of the Classic mother; uninvited save by the national will; unprotected save by the Olympian Jove; unaided save by that devotion to science, that love of art, which had dictated their triumphs and insured to them immortality. No public meetings to subscribe oboli to furnish food by the way; no reinforcement of police to protect the traveller; no public ships to carry him or his: the people of Greece, free and brave, fit to protect themselves from outrage, and scorning public help or private charity, were to be seen wending their way at the full moon of every fifth year to the little spot of sacred ground, where was to be inaugurated another era of Hellenic triumph. The Bæotian, rude of tongue and ruder of frame, brought thither by the hand children, who were one day to immortalize the glory of their country, and of the games they came to see; to contest on that ground for the olive crown of manly power or genius, or among the great men of the earth for imperishable renown, under the names of Pindar, Epaminondas, Hesiod and Plutarch. Thither, too, came the Arcadian, his thoughts set to sweetest music, with which to charm the love of some fair Ionian, or make audible to the ear of the vulgar the exquisite harmony of his life; the Spartan, in his gait the exemplar of a trained soldier, whose nursery was the gymnasium, and college the phalanx, splendid in figure and form, despising the men so mean as to require to know how to read, (a practice to which he had heard deformed and weak persons had recourse in their personal decrepitude;) his manners quick, sharp and dry

as an edge of tried steel, intent only on proving that Greece was greatest on earth, Sparta in Greece, and he in his own Sparta; the urbane Athenian, martial in gait, yet with the easy, unassuming bearing of the citizen of that capital where god-like statues in every street awoke the admiration of the artist and the eloquent anger of the puritanical barbarian—he comes, too, with the polish of the Acropolis, and the learning of the schools, yet so supreme in manly beauty, that Corinthian dames may flaunt their charms beside him in vain, or sculptors fruitlessly essay to liken the transparent marble of Pentelicus to the plastic symmetry and fairness of his form; and, yet again, skilled to combat with the Bæotian in the throwing of the quoit, with the Spartan in the gauntlet fence, or with the tragedian, or the orator of his native Athenæ, in essays of more intellectual strength. Thither, too, came the Messenian, the effeminate Corinthian, the scattered sons of Greece from the far-off isles of the *Ægean*, the semi-civilized Asiatic from the continent memorable by the fall of Ilium; all in truth who loved Hellas, admired her genius, or gloried in her triumphs,—the rich and the poor, the judges, the legislators, the diskos players, the boxers, the wrestlers, the statesmen, the logicians, the sophists, the orators, the poets, whether of stone, of marble, or of music, collecting together through roads lined with hospitality, through scenery unsurpassed in grandeur and rest, from every quarter of the world whither the name or the glory of the Olympic games had gone,—came there to worship the Olympian Jove, to mix with Grecian brothers in friendly converse, and to record one other eternal epoch in Hellenic genius.

And so the games began. Poets such as Pindarsang, historians such as Herodotus and Plutarch recorded, statuaries such as Phidias and Praxiteles rendered into speaking marble, the vicissitudes of the contest, and the glory of the victor. And to him who was so supremely favored by the witnessing gods with bravery and strength of frame, or nobility of genius, as to gain that simple crown of valueless olive leaves, a national triumph was awarded. The Hellenic people led him, in an ovation befitting a conqueror, from state to state to his native city; and the citizens, hearing from without the pæans which signalled the advent of their cham-

pion, smashed down the virgin walls which would never have yielded to a ruder invasion, that the man who so immortalized their city might march in triumph over themselves. His name was enrolled in the ranks of highest civic honor; his statue graced the sacred grove of Jupiter in Elis, a monument of his triumph on the spot where he triumphed; his glory became the theme of odes more grand than rolling seas; the loveliest maidens strewed his way with smiles and flowers; and the old and the young, the learned and the illiterate of all Hellas counted thereafter from the day when Choroebus the Boeotian obtained the crown of the boxers in the Olympic games, or from the day when an untried poet, named Sophocles, was awarded the honors of victory, to the astonishment and chagrin of Euripides, the hitherto unmatched Athenian.

Such was the "World's Fair" of the Classic days. The physical and the imaginative, the strong and the beautiful, the great in man, and the sublime in nature, went hand in hand, giving to the organism of the grand the idealism of the fanciful, lighting up barbaric clay with that Promethean fire which still casts its light from age to age, widening in effect and lessening in intensity even to our day, like the light flung from a distant beacon on the eternal sea. By such means, Greece acquired for herself victories like Marathon, like Salamis, like Thermopylæ, watchwords to our day, and beyond our day to the eternal night, of all that is august in liberty and noble in man—stores of learning, eloquence and beauty, poems as exquisitely chiselled as a statue, histories as perfect as a drama, and a name which, even some two thousand years after her conquest by Rome, obtained from a shop-keeping and monarch-ridden Europe, (though accompanied with a Frankish King,) a nationality sacred alike from the Turk on the one hand, and the Scythian on the other. Small return for the Asiatic doom out of which she raised the European world, for the arts, and the philosophy, and the temples of music made monumental, and the lessons in heroic deed and intellectual victory, she bequeathed to the world which overthrew her greatness, but could not efface it!

But alas! the Hellenic ideal is no more. The prowess of manhood in the battle-field, the victories of the athlete in the arena, have

descended, the one to the squad in the guard-room, the other to the brawlers of the tavern. Tragedians are no longer rewarded with the olive and immortality, but with publishers' payment by the line and starvation in a garret. Historians no longer endeavor to give to present ages the genial pictures of the past, but estimate their writings by the yard, are paid by any who wish their grandfather alluded to, and read by none. Happy civilization! Statues no more entrance the artist, but are gambled for by merchants of hogs, and hucksters of cheeses, in an Art Union. Paintings are no longer rendered to save fair Andromedas from monsters of iniquity, but—such is the advanced state of our arts—are very seductive to boarding-school misses in an exhibition gallery. Hellas is indeed no more!

Yet if we cannot recreate the genius which animated, or restore to the modern world the splendor of the art which adorned the solemnities of the Achaian, we can at least appreciate their effects in history, and apply the paraphernalia which accompanied them to uses, in our peculiar way, possibly more valuable to ourselves. The triumphs and the sacrifices of Greece; the worship of the Israelite around the Ark of the Covenant; that grander worship of later days which inspired men with courage to die in thankfulness and prayer, rent by the fangs and jaws of wild beasts, are equally obsolete, equally unsuited and unsuitable to our more rational, more liberal, and more refined times. We no longer rear men to die for their faith, even in dens of tigers, but to tremble at the sufferings of a chicken.\* Our gods are no longer Greek gods, no longer the Idea Omnipotent raised up by the Nazarene Republican for the liberation of Israel. Beauty, wit, power of sinew, power of genius have long since ceased to enthrall the sympathies, or direct the ambition of mankind; have become as

\* The progress of Humanitarianism is singularly remarkable. We read the other day in the *New-York Tribune* a letter from some lamentable individual calling on the editor of that journal to "rouse public opinion" against the frightful practice of killing chickens on New-Year's Day by shooting them. Coleridge wrote once "A Sonnet to a Young Ass;" and the next thing we expect to hear is the formation of a National Central Convention to put down the ferocious practice, common to masons, of torturing bricks by beating their faces off.

utterly foreign to our rules and habits of life, and our desiderata of happiness mundane or glory celestial, as the simple republicanism, and the rules of even-handed justice dictated by the Saviour for the deliverance of Jerusalem, and the noiseless life of mediæval simplicity. The ages when manly vigor and intellectual excellence were prized as a national glory, are gone for ever. The ages when to be truth-telling, honest in word and deed, was to be all most worthy of the aspirations of manhood, are buried in the rubbish of the childish and ignorant past. "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you," and "Love one another," have long given way before the wiser and more civilized maxims, "Buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest," and "Make money out of everybody." The ages when the noblest specimens of our race combated before gods and men for the olive of excellence in poetry and art, when the highest genius was held to be the most exalted conqueror, lie somewhere under the ruins of the Acropolis, and the dust of the Pantheon. The Hellenic blood poured out under Miltiades for the liberty of the world, is no longer valuable, save as having manured a plain called Marathon, and as growing thereon corn, maize and rice for the ports of the Morea, and the markets of England. The glories of Minerva's sacred city, the adornments of her Acropolis, the memory of the triumphs of her courage and her genius, have all passed from this meliorated world to the school-boy's satchel; but still to men the figs of Attica bring the best prices in the London markets—

"Age shakes Athena's tower, but still the figs  
come on," \*

\* Byron says:

"Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares gray Marathon,"

But Marathon is *not* spared; the age could not afford to spare Marathon. It is excruciating to witness the delight with which that barbarian from the Isle of Tin, McCulloch, dilates on the peculiar memorabilia of Greece. This person seems to us in the attitude of tasting a fig, or currants, or corn, dilating on the peculiar excellence of each sample, and throwing out an occasional reminiscence about the best suited to his palate, to the effect that it was grown in the blood of heroes. Hear the human ghoul—(Geog. Dic., Art. Greece): "Hellas is a better corn country than the Morea." "Rice is cultivated in the plains of Marathon, Argos, &c., and other marshy tracts along the coasts." (All the man has to

The gods of the world are changed, but still we *have* gods, even the god Fig; and what were gods without worship? What were the peculiar ideals to which we look for happiness here and rewards hereafter, in the probate office and in heaven, unless we paid them adoration? Nay, might not the Commercial Jupiter blight our fairest enterprises, and cleave with thunder the best arranged railway schemes, frightening the "bulls" of 'Change to madness, and burning the very hide off the "bears," if we did not appease him with lofty ceremonies, and costly hecatombs in bale and bullion? Besides, have not we of the modern world had a city for long years sacred to the Commercial Jove, whither the

say about Marathon is, that it is one of other marshy tracts, good for rice!) And again, the classic memories attached to the hills of Greece are thus described: "The hills of Greece—are admirably adapted for the vine." "The valley of Helicon," he tells us, produces good wines, but of "little body," which are ruined for the English palate from the *fact* of their being made precisely as the gods drank them in the clouds three thousand years ago. "Cotton of good quality is grown in Messenia, Laconia, . . . but especially in the plain of Argos. . . . Tobacco in Boeotia, . . . figs in Attica (*so famous in antiquity*)." The difference between ancient genius as illustrated by Byron, and modern British animalism, is strikingly exhibited by two passages. The inspired pilgrim writes:—

"Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild,  
Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are thy fields;  
Thine olive ripe as when Minerva smiled,  
And still his honeyed wealth Hymettus yields.  
There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress builds—  
The free-born wanderer of the mountain air;  
Apollo still thy long, long summer gilds;  
Still in his beam Mendel's marbles glare.  
Art, Glory, Freedom fail, but Nature still is fair."

And yet, with this extract before him in his book, this English taster of illustrious memories, and purveyor-general to the London market, writes, not

"Thine olive ripe as when Minerva smiled,"

but, "The olive oil of Greece would be good, if well prepared;" and again, on the honey-bee of Hymettus: "Honey is a highly important product; that of Attica, and especially of Mount Hymettus, is now, as of old, the best in Europe. It is transparent, and has a delicious perfume." The man looks even upon his father's soul as a product, and pokes his nose into Mount Hymettus, to test its smell, before he will accord it any favor. His study of Homer, and his admiration of Anacreon, are limited to his sensualities, and regulated by his tongue or his smell, just as if he were in a dram-shop, or buying cheese at his grocer's. Happy civilization!

eyes of all the faithful in stock have been fervently bent; whence the successful operator has taken his grand inspiration; and whither thousands on thousands of the faithful, desiring to receive approving auspices on their holy work, and attain commercial prosperity in an Elysium of ledgers, have sent endless offerings and tributes? Are there not there, too, altars sacred to the worship of this Jove, on which are poured out, day after day, piles on piles of blessed gold, of heavenly bills of lading, of truly celestial stock, and railway debentures—metest offering for *this* Omnipotent? Nay, have we not therein a college of vates, augurs, high priests, with growing alumni and devout acolytes, "trying their 'prentice hand on 'Change;" have we not ramifications of these metallic pastors extending thence throughout the earth to its limits, converting to their worship the elect of distant nations, the zamindar of India, the mandarin of Canton, the landlord of Ireland, and the "free-trader" of the United States; enthraling whole peoples and territories, deriving thereout voluntary offerings of illimitable wealth, and bestowing in lieu thereof sanctimonious cant of the most world-wide benevolence; bales of Bibles, labelled "Word of God;" Piety by the yard, labelled "Christian Civilization;" and Holy Cottons and Evangelical Rum; affording, too, loans of life to poor old monarchies, and to deserving though unfortunate brother superstitions, whether it be the miserable old Hapsburgh who made all his money by marrying, and spent it all as easily as he acquired it; or the head of the obsolete Christian Church, who, though the last relic of a very old and decrepit superstition, still evokes from the worshippers of Jove Commercialis, that "fellow-feeling" which "makes us wondrous kind," inasmuch as he too had his great god of Cant once, and his vates, and his augurs, and his thunders, and his sacred ovatory offerings, and his hymns of glory and triumph, by which, decrepit as he is, he too once ruled the world? Have we not this priesthood, levelling even, when the Sacred College decrees it for the propagation of faith in Dry-goods, in the communion of stock, and in the salvation of credit to come, dynasties after dynasties, whether they sit at the feet of the Himalayah, on the throne of Imperial France, or on that of the Prussian Frederic; and tear-

ing out and sacrificing on the altar of "enlightened commerce," with sacred odes to "peace, and law, and order," (the awe-inspiring Parcae presiding over the destinies of 'Change,) republic after republic, whether it shows its hydra heads within the walls of Romulus, or among the mountain fires of Guatemala; whether it be where the historic genius of a dead democracy still outlives and sanctifies an effete dominion, or where still old foolish mother Terra sends up her incense burnings to the antique gods of the primæval universe? Have we not, we say, already all the material necessary, all the paraphernalia on hand, all the popular and enduring faith requisite to the worship of this Jupiter Commercialis—a city sacred to him; altars dedicated to his offerings; faith illimitable; books of prayer called ledgers; forms of invocation which every bank clerk or small presiding vates, with his pile of divine attributes shining, as if thrown by an almighty and effulgent hand, before him, will hand you through a slit in his Dodonean seat, and to which you must conform before the dread oracle will vouchsafe to the eager listener a hoarse monosyllabic answer? Nay, have we not manifold catechisms, teeming with curt maxim and long philosophy, and tracing with acute distinctness the laws by which the great divinity can be propitiated, written by the pens of inspired vates and devout augurs, for all classes, and ages, and sexes, from Franklin's first catechism for the infant miser, to Ricardo's elaborate philosophy, intelligible only to the initiated priest, when he has entered his probationary term in the Holy Metallic Order? Have we not colleges vying with those of the Capitol, or the academic groves, or the Roman Propaganda; hierarchs and orders of priests duly arranged, from his eminence Cardinal Rothschild—the truest cardinal that has ever been, for on him hinge the affairs of men—to the reverend swindler who charged us thirty cents for changing our last five-dollar bill in Wall street, the other day? Nay, have we not vestal virgins dedicated to continency while they cannot help it, to teaching, and to the preservation of the sacred fire, arranged too in order, from the high priestess Harriet Martineau, to the amiable spinsters of "never more than five-and-twenty," who religiously deposit their little annuities in the great Bank of Jupiter Commercialis, and fervently draw the inter-



est? Have we not all these, and had ever religion *more*? Is there not throughout the world a Faith, a belief paramount to reason, in this worship of the Omnipotent Banker, such as *no* religion ever possessed? Nay, give but one small coin into the hands of a starving wretch, and tell him that it is a sterling blessing vouchsafed to him by the merciful Deity who liveth enthroned in the hearts of men and shopkeepers, and does not the fervent prayer rise audibly to his lips; does he not bow low, and raise his eyes in thankfulness aloft as he utters it, "*Venite, adoremus!*" The worship of Jupiter Commercialis is an incontestable fact, widespread, heartfelt, enduring, and why therefore shall we not adore? It is folly to abstain from doing; it is cowardice to abstain from doing openly; it is almost defying the thunders of the Great Divinity himself to neglect doing openly and before the world to His praise, that which we do every hour, more or less in secret, for our own. Then, *Venite, adoremus! Venite!*

Such are the pious and virtuous sentiments which have lately animated the faithful in stock. Beauty, Liberty, and Heroism were once believed in and worshipped. Power civic and Glory national had their churches and their devotees. Justice and Love of Good, or, as the Christians said, God, had formerly their adorers too. But all these have passed and are no more. Peace be with them. *Requiescant, requiescant! Amen!* And for us of the nineteenth century, "in the first year of its second half," adoring in our hearts Dry-goods; blessed with a knowledge of the eternal truth that is in Leather and Cutlery; with our whole souls bound up in Money; firmly believing in the one and indivisible Catholic creed "Free-trade," as revealed by the inspired Malthus, and the truly pious Walker—for us, with all this, shall there be no church paraphernalia founded; shall there be no great caucuses of believers, no public and memorable exhibition of worship? Forbid it, ye Powers of Stock; ye Seraphim who preside over the Banks; ye angelic Gabriels, who carry notices of bills due! It could not be. And accordingly, fully appreciating the grandeur of the solemnities due to the Cotton Jupiter, and the Sheffield Minerva, with her shield and spear stamped "Best Cast Steel," as we read on our best knives and forks, (best, being English,) there has gone

forth from the Acropolis, or Cornhill of the sacred city, a mandate to all the corners of the earth which buy, or *ought* to buy British manufactures, and to the intermediate stations within reach of the panting Mercuries who obey the nod of the Jove Commercialis, (in the holy mythology entitled "H. B. M. R. M. Steamships,") and to all others who may hear about it, ordering the faithful in Bullion, Bale, Bill, and Britain, to assemble on a stated day of this year of our late God, ("who did not read his countryman Ricardo,") not in the sacred olive groves by the Peneus river, but on the mud banks of the Thames, there to inaugurate the first Olympiad of British "Free-trade" and Universal Humbug, and celebrate the first grand exhibition of British Supremacy and Industrious Toadyism of all nations. Not with the thunders of the Olympian Jove has this mandate gone forth, but under auspices more august and earth-shaking—moving the kings and peoples of distant empires to obedience—moving all kings and "ambassadors of foreign powers," the Sultan in Turkey, the Tzar in Russia, the Pacha in Egypt, the little Queen in Portugal, and their minions and messengers everywhere—moving even the ambassador of the United States to the adoration of Toadyism, and the President of the United States (who cannot go) to send ship-loads of offerings to the sacred altar of "Anglo-Saxon" Supremacy, and Industrious Toadyism of all nations, and of his own the first—moving all classes of men, all forms of building, all powers of cloth, and iron, and cant, the world over. Terrible, indeed, to the quiet adoring soul are the auspices under which this universal order is vouchsafed to the world—it bears the name of ALBERT! He uttered it, and truly has "the earth trembled at his nod!" Why in the sacred name of Humbug should we wonder at the foul superstition which must have influenced men, when they worshipped the cow Isis, and the bull Osiris? Why should we stand in amaze, hearing how Punic women gave their new-born babes to the burning lap of the idol Saturn, or how men flung their bodies in adoration to the earth, to be crushed beneath the wheels of the Hindoo Yaganat? Such wonder and dread amaze may befit children, but we, men of the nineteenth century, and "in the first year of the second half of it," (astonishing and truly beneficent fact!) know that in these adora-



tions, which children in their witless little souls regard with horror and as superstitious, there is something transcendently true and good. Even for the worship of Mumbo Jumbo; for the devout negro piously beating his bones and uttering his heavenly discords to stay the noise of the thunder-clap, we have a feeling of reverence and brotherly respect. Do we, and higher than we, the archetypes of modern civilization, to whom we claim a left-handed affinity, do we not worship "Fat-pig?" Have we not seen in the *London Times* magnificent sermons to the faithful in praise of "Fat-ox?" Nay, have we not seen in the *London Illustrated News*, (the illuminated *vade-mecum* or pious prayer-book of British believers, sacred to the tables of the English gin-shop and the American flumkey)—have we not seen therein, labelled "Carting in Fat-pig," and "Installing Fat-ox," engraved representations of fat Englishmen and thin foreigners standing in adoration about a movable tabernacle, or cart, wherein appeared to be some plethoric and unfortunate animal, intended first for exhibition and then for the adoring stomach? Mumbo Jumbo, Phallos, Osiris, the foulest superstition, judged by boyish brains, which ever afflicted the world, is, in our humble opinion, not inferior to this. To the Egyptian the Bull was the representative, or tangible and visible sign of a grand ideal beyond his fathoming; to the Hindoo, Juggernaut is the outward covering of a great spirit who holds the destinies of the Hindoo race in his right hand, and can liberate their country. In worshipping their idols none of these obey a sensual appetite; none of them place the limit of their reverence in the animal or the wood before them; all look up to and worship, through the idol, some ideal whose idealism they cannot realize, and whose immensity they cannot comprehend. In all these devotions there is a grand infinity, one attribute at all events of Divine Majesty. But the Englishman worships "Fat-pig" as fat pig, to eat him; behind the plethoric obesity of the brute, or above it, there is nothing—no deity outside of "Fat-pig" for him. He pokes his knuckles into the greasy attributes of his divinity, and prays with a chuckling stomach for the time of roasting and sacrifice. God or no God there may be—human beings may be lean, and may perish of want—polemics may argue about the spiritual comforts of another

world, and wild enthusiasts indulge in visions of liberty and greatness in this; but for him, the paragon man of the Anglo-Saxon family, the god "Fat-pig" is pig fat; he feels it, he sees it, and he will eat it. And so he adores it; has little medals and pictures of his deity struck off, hangs them over his bed-side, prays to them, and bids the world look on and adore too.

Such is the Englishman's religion—the religion of the head of the "great Anglo-Saxon family;" and some people hearing it for the first time are moved to incredulity or disgust. But what think you if, instead of worshipping the obese brute alone, he called on the whole world to worship it with him, and it obeyed? In the Englishman's mythology, though god "Fat-pig" stands high, yet he standeth not alone. The deity Large Cabbage-head, Big Onion, Strong Cloth, Best Cast Steel Knife, accompany him and receive equal reverence. Anything and everything which Fat-pig can be converted into, which can be begotten of Fat-pig, sit by His side enthroned. Instead of the material product, Bacon, large classes of Englishmen prefer as their special guardian deity the god "Dry-goods;" other large classes the god "Hardware;" and the worship of these has been more transcendental of late years than that afforded to "God Pig," by reason of the fact that the virtues of the latter deity had for some time ceased to "control the market"—the Englishman's test for the relative virtues of his deities being their power of giving money, bringing trade, promoting exports, and all the deities forming, as is the case with all mythologies, the individualized attributes of one great idol, the Jupiter Commercialis enthroned on Cornhill. The virtues of the gods "Dry-goods" and "Hardware" have for long years stood the highest, but of late have been found to decline, inasmuch as, though they subjugated, made naked, and cut to pieces some hundreds of millions of Hindostanese, and divers hundred millions of other nations, they were not efficient to muffle the mouths of German madmen squalling for Liberty, nor to cut the throats of certain anarchists in France, diabolically endeavoring to establish a decent and not a British socialism among themselves. Here the virtues of "Dry-goods" and "Hardware" were found utterly ineffectual, and it was considered, after grave and reverent discussion among the augurs

and vates of the Sacred College, that these all-powerful deities were offended, because sufficient worship was not given them. Accordingly, the vates having suggested the matter to the son of a German, interested in putting down all squallers in Saxe-Gotha, Coburg, and the neighborhood, that worthy issued forth his mandate as above cited. Instant, the happy instrument selected by the inspired augurs, to give forth to the miserable earth their revelation of a new Olympiad, or nineteenth century "Pass-over," became, from a mere cipher, the chosen arch-high-priest, or high-highest augur of the Jupiter Commercialis which rules the Anglo-Saxon monarchy. "In the name of the great Jupiter Cornhillensis," he said, "and of the most omnipotent deities, the god Dry-goods and the god Hardware, we order and command all nations, and by these presents all nations of the earth are ordered and commanded, to hearken and obey us, Prophet Albert. We, the great English nation, to appease the gods Dry Goods and Hardware, will set up in costly temples of glass and filligree, the choicest representations of the gods aforesaid, and we will worship them; and all ye of the earth, ye of Europe, ye of India, ye of America, ye of Cham Tartary and Trincomalee, stop your proper business, and bring your Dry-goods effigies and your Hardware representations here to our temple, and worship them too; or, if you have none, come instantly and worship ours, that the Deities may be appeased, and you may return blessed from the devotion." Such was the mandate. Instant, the hundred tongues of the pious press of England poured fourth acclamations the most voluble in praise of Augur Albert. No extremely pious trading principles had they seen in him before, nor any very exemplary political dodging, but this single act revealed to them the innate splendor of his genius, his true devotion to the "interests of British commerce," and his ardent enthusiasm for the progress of his immaculate species, shop-keeping aristocracy. The laudatory prayers for his success, which filled the columns of the pious London newspapers, were re-echoed from nation to nation, and, having been taken up by the organs of the affiliated hierarchy of 'Change, passed from sea to sea, crossed even the mighty ocean of the Her-ring Pond, and enthroned themselves in the hearts of the reverend merchants, free-trade

hierarchy, abolition devotees, and angurs of Universal Benevolence throughout even Republican America. The kings and lictors and magistrates of the elder régime bowed too before him, and uttered humanitarian hallelujahs in his praise. Emperors ordered everywhere their serfs to obey it, kings their subjects, Presidents of France the non-descript semi-citizen, semi-serf individuals under their rule, and Presidents of America—but of them anon. Ambassadors waited upon the thrice august Albert, and implored him to dictate to them the rules of the ceremonies, the forms of prayer, the names of the requisite offerings of propitiation. And one Ambassador, and he, too, the representative of a nation which has the general good character of abhorring cant and all humbug, of standing up on its own hook, and maintaining its own independence as a nation, has gone clean mad since the event. He has established a button-hole connection with the family of which the august Albert is a member by marriage; and so this poor supposititious American "Anglo-Saxon" finds himself happily related to the "rascalliest, sweetest young Prince," and by consequence deeply interested by family ties in the worship of Fat-pig, and the other divinities of Commercial religion. "We are all one and the same," he cries day after day; "we offended you once, but we are sorry for it—you were angry with us, but forgive us. Have not we Fat-pig—have we not too little representations of the god Dry-goods, and the god Hardware, and do we not both worship them in the same Anglo-Saxon words, Pig, and Fat, and Dry, and Goods, and Hard, and Ware; and are we not therefore brothers, and won't you forgive us? Oh, do!"

Accordingly this great Olympiad of the nineteenth century is to be—as why should it not? All nations have obeyed the mandate of German Albert, and will obey it. The sacred mud banks of the Thames have been allotted for the ceremonies of worship; hot-house Temples, not of Pentelic marble, but of "the cheapest English glass," are raising high their filigree crests to push the exotic idea to a precocious bloom; grounds, not of Elis, of holy Elis, but of certain Cockney parks in London brickdom, within sight, not of the grove of Jupiter, but of the iron-shuttered windows of Carlton House—unhappy parks, wherein a few weazened, vege-

tating prisoners rear their dirty, smoke-covered heads into the drawing-room windows of tawdry Duchesses and antique spinsters of quality—have been assigned as spots to become to the historian of after ages "haunted, holy ground." Augur Albert, with the assistance of divers burly masons and enthusiastic carpenters, has laid the first pebble in the foundation of the architectural humbug, to which the name of "Crystal Palace" has been accorded—prints have been drawn of him taking off his august hat—cheers have resounded—wines have been poured in endless libation—lean beggars have come on to see—and even "Fat-pig" has brought his troops of worshippers, marshalled by "Fat-pig" priest Soyer, and attendants.\* It will be a truly entrancing and delicious sight, this collected exhibition of the Toadyism of all nations! Orders of ceremonies have been fixed—prayers formed and recited—courses of feasts announced and prepared—and the following is a specimen of the Litany as published in the *London Times* of the 31st of November last, which it has been determined to recite through the august mouth of the illustrious vates, Albert, on the occasion—the responses to be given by his Faithful-in-Stock Excellency, Abbott Lawrence, Representative of the Model Republic :—

"Omnipotent Jupiter Commercialis, grant

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\* The following note is just as applicable here as anywhere else. We cut the highly dramatic and interesting morceau from a recent British paper :—

"MONSTER DINING HALL FOR THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851.—That indefatigable genius, Soyer, has foreseen a difficulty in connection with the exhibition of 1851, and with his usual energy, he has set at once about providing the proper remedy. It occurred to him, in conversation with Mr. Feeney, of the Merchants' Dining Rooms here, that, as the monster exhibition would be attended by a monster crowd, the individuals of which would naturally become monstrously hungry, it would be necessary to make some extraordinary provision for their sustenance. A monster cuisine is therefore to be established by M. Soyer in association with Mr. Feeney, and monster dining halls capable of accommodating a thousand at a time, are to be constructed and kept constantly supplied, by well-drilled regiments of waiters, with viands of every description. This is a great project, and its execution will add another wonder and another pleasure to the great exhibition. Indeed, we shall not be surprised if Soyer and Feeney's dining halls be pronounced the most extraordinary, as they will assuredly prove the most alluring, part of the exhibition.

us fixity in stocks! Divine Dry-goods, have mercy on us! Holy Hardware, protect us from all Republicanism! Bright Knife of Sheffield, keep down American competition! Pillar of Manchester Cloth, civilize China! Adorable Leather, flog all Hungarians, Chartists, Irish, and Socialists! Star of Shawl-patterns, whip the French! God of Free Trade, hood-wink everybody and give us the monopoly of the Industry of all nations! God Fat-pig, be Fat!"—Here Mr. Abbott Lawrence calls out "beans" with his pork,—Mr. Soyer protests he never heard of so vulgar and vilely Yankee a dish, and the Litany begins again. \* \* \* [And here we are obliged to choke off the first flight of our irreverent contributor.]

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Alas! (we permit our contributor to continue,) we have fallen upon a world truly miserable, and about the most miserable fact our pet nineteenth century has yet witnessed, is this very "World's Fair." The downfall of Napoleon; the parcelling out of Europe among a band of thieves; a Republic thrice existent in France, and thrice visionary; the desolation of Hungary; the famines in Ireland; the galvanization of the dead old Catholic Church, by "restoring" a poor old man to a temporary and grimly facetious existence; the advent of "the Swedish Nightingale," and the victorious march of Barnum from city to city, and from State to State of the Western World; the earth quaken by Rochester knockings; the popular superstition in the good faith and fine speeches of a British ambassador; all these are facts indicative of the most striking characteristics of our age—the reverence of wrong, the insensibility to justice, the awe of power, the worship of unvarnished humbug, and the paramount belief in falsehood, which constitute the homogeneous philosophy of which its history is a grand example. But the "World's Fair" exhibits more than any of these curiosities, and probably more than the whole collection in a lump, the conscious weakness, the reliance on expedient nothings, the lack of foresight, and the utter imbecility of brain of those who by an untoward fate are still permitted to govern the herd of humanity; and exhibits in a still stronger light, perhaps, the illimitable credulity, unrelieved by one gleam of reason, and the servile obedience, unmitigated by one symptom of

inquiring thought, of the herd who are governed. All our republicanism, all our theories of human progress, all the struggles for the independence and equality of nations which for the last fifty years have enlivened the world, have brought us at last to this,—that between Asiatic fatalism and nineteenth century philosophy, whether as professed here or in Europe, there is but slight difference indeed. "Believe all things thou art told; go whithersoever thou art bidden; obey the behests of any who please to order thee, provided their mandates are given in the due formulas of cant, from the self-constituted chairs of 'peace, and law, and order,' in the possession of the 'powers that be,' whether these powers should rightly *be* or not," are maxims common to both. A single order has gone forth from London; and all classes of men, in whatsoever nation they may have heard it, hasten to give to it loyal obedience. The Lyonnese manufacturer of silks, and the Lowell manufacturer of broadcloth; the Hindoo tailor, who, in making new breeches of the European cut, inserts the rents, and the darns, and the patches of the old garment, and the original and music-loving hatter of New-York; the artisan who has droned his life away in some German garret in the discovery of perpetual motion, and the maker of universal gas in Yankee land;—all, charmed by this British order, with eyes fixed on the monster London, hurry on, with incessant wings, into his very maw. Here indeed is a problem of world-wide scope, more curious than Paine's gas or the Rochester knockings, which, above all others, needs solving: By what asphyxiating power have the pride and individual existence and popular cohesiveness of distant nations been thus deadened, and the thoughts, and hopes, and ambitions of the most thoughtful, hopeful, and ambitious of their several peoples, been universally concentrated on "British public opinion," and a Cockney park on the mud-banks of the Anglo-Saxon Acheron? How comes this universal power to be centred in the head of a German adventurer, not remarkable for any great exploit, for genius, or other attributes fixing the admiration of men; not even remarkable for the faculty of charlatanism, by which crowds of wondering humanity have been brought together, the possession of which has immortalized a Cagliostro and a Bar-

num? How comes it that this age is expressly The Age of the Show-Box; that after innumerable centuries of probationary humanity; after the creation and the test of innumerable philosophies; after the worship and the destruction of churches beyond counting; after the trial of every possible species of government and social discipline, we have, in the almost six thousandth year of the world, according to Moses, lit upon the panacea for all our ills, fallen by gradual steps upon the philosopher's stone, attained a perfect comprehension of the *το παν* in life intellectual, æsthetic or physical, in governments, socialities, and domestic occupations; perfected the crowning desideratum of scientific discovery and artistic invention, and found it to be merely Punch and Judy, the Pandean Pipes and the Big Drum—merely the *rôle* of the mountebank, of the ground and lofty tumbler, and of the modern Ishmael, who wanders from village to village with his peep-show on his back? That one class of society, or one nation of men should reduce their extravagant ideals to this absurd conclusion, might produce contempt in sober and unhoodwinked humanity; but it is worthy of the consideration of the wisest, when it affects all nations and men alike, when it supremely influences, not only volatile Celts, but phlegmatic Dutch and Anglo-Saxons, and even the schooled and independent Republicans of the United States.

We venture to say that if a President, uncalled on by the people, and without legal authority, should issue a patent or other order to hold, in some central spot of this continent, an universal exhibition of all the productions of its several States, the several States would rebel against such presumption; the people would declaim against any attempt so centralizing; and the unlucky President would meet, however right his intentions might be, not with the productions of the universal industry, but of the universal scorn of the nation. Men would say, We have other things to mind than a raree-show; Constitutionalsists would hint thereafter that the Chief Magistrate of the Republic should be qualified for the White House by indoctrination in the practices of Barnum; manufacturers would say, If you want to buy, buy—but we are not to break up our machinery and our trade orders to gratify your capricious vanity with a show; and democrats would very justly respond,



What have we to do with this State or that? We mind our own affairs, let the rest do the same. But here an order has been issued by a foreign prince, and merely a prince by courtesy, to centralize the whole world upon London, and Presidents and people give to that foreign order implicit obedience. Hitherto, indeed, we all knew that "sets" of pretentious "respectability," and "circles" of questionable republicanism, had a languishing and silent existence in our chief cities, whose members still paid to England the same reverence as the ante-revolutionary Tories were boastful of giving to her; who still looked to her, and not to America, as their "Anglo-Saxon mother," as the land overflowing with the milk of fashion and the honey of etiquette, as the land whose social order and habits of domineering insolence on the one hand, and abject servility on the other, were alone worthy of admiration—as the land of liveried flunkeys and heraldic panels, of court dresses and bow-scraping legitimacy, as the fountain head of fashionable novels, and the Elysium wherein are riches without labor, rank without requisite virtues, working men without wealth, and lower classes without independence; but their discreet silence and paucity of numbers insured them unnoticed safety in contempt. "English literature," cheap republications of romantic novels, whose heroes and heroines are proud young scions of noble houses, or faithful and obedient servants of the same; the systematic indoctrination of a pretended and false philosophy whose head is London, god Commerce, and religion Free Trade; these and other Anglican influences have brought us to that pass, that now "in the second half of the nineteenth century; and in the first year of the same," an attempt is made to drag the American artisan across the Atlantic, that he may publicly receive proper lessons in his handicraft, whatever it may be, from the "genius of England," and learn a just respect for thrones and kingly toggery, and for the gew-gaw splendor and the peacock attributes filched by aristocrats from the labor and life of an unfortunate and ignorant people; and it has been perfectly successful. Throughout the American Press not a single voice has been raised against it. "Democrats," forgetful of their former Republican professions, and devoted only to the triumph of their principles of "Free Trade," or

British trade, have yielded to it a willing obedience,—and Whigs, whose cardinal profession is that every country should clothe itself by its own industry, and that therefore, whatever England's manufactures may be, they are nothing to us, have provided funds, and committees, and ships of war, to carry out the design. The commercial, manufactural, and political ideas of the United States, are now centralized on London. We are gravely told that the object of every American artisan should be to propitiate British public opinion—to deserve the approval, not of his own country, but of Englishmen. Prospects are held out to us of an astonishing pitch of American glory to be attained, by Genin's hats being admired by British; or Paine's gas approved by British; or Pennsylvania iron works, or New-England cotton being deservedly rewarded by British. Humanitarianism and maudlin nineteenth-century "sentiment" have also been brought largely into play. This "World's Fair" is to be a great triumph for peace and humanity—the whole world is to be quieted for ever hereafter—the Millennium is to come right off—"the Anglo-Saxon family are to be reunited"—war is to end, the English and the Austrians are to become very good boys for evermore—the progress of humanity is to be largely advanced—the whole world is to be changed henceforth; nay, the laws of the Eternal God, history, nature, fact, are to be utterly annihilated henceforth; and "friendly competition," and civilization, and the mission of the new Saviour are now to go-ahead and no mistake. And all this is to be done, this very year, by a raree show in Hyde Park, London, under the direction of Punch, Prince of Saxe Coburg-Gotha, and his American horn-blower. Surely superecant, flunkeyism, the vilest charlatanism, and the most unfathomable nonsense, never before enjoyed such a world-wide triumph!

The Emperor Napoleon was once informed that the people of his capital were preparing to revolt. He issued next morning orders for the instant gilding of the dome of the Invalides. The eyes of the entire population of Paris were immediately directed from him, upward, to a ball of wood and stone. The splendid coup d'œil of the building, after the magnificent design of the Emperor should be completed, became the one theme of conversation in all



circles, from the palace to the café. For days and weeks, interested passengers on foot and in carriages, and curious and admiring persons, from house-top and windows, kept gazing aloft at the colossal object so soon to be decorated with the tinsel of empire, viewing it from this point and that, and discussing the relative impressions it would produce on the eye in such and such a light, always ending with the exclamation, How worthy such a truly French idea is of the conqueror of Jena and the hero of Austerlitz! By-and-by, when the excitement had subsided, and the dome was not gilded, the éménte and the conspirators had been forgotten.

"The volatile French!"—"Poor senseless Celts caught by the idea of a gilded show!"—"Can any stronger proof be required that they are utterly incapable of self-government?" "Did we not always say that they were deficient in the peculiar attributes of the Anglo-Saxon, in 'solidity of character,' in 'strenuous purpose,' in 'indefatigable order,'—qualities peculiarly belonging to the Anglo-Saxon family, and which render its members, whether in America or Europe, alone capable of self-government?"

Such are the eminently satisfactory conclusions deduced by members of the "Anglo-Saxon family" from this and similar incidents in the history of the French nation. So unselfish and magnanimous a theory, redounding, as it does, to the glorification of the typical man, we will not dare to deny. Science, reason, philosophy, fact, conservatism; the "interests of society," of peace, law and order; the supremacy of cant; the continuance of all scoundrelism, necessitate its truth. Let it, therefore, in due reverence to these august powers, be acknowledged by us, An Humble Reviewer. Possibly, however, we may be enabled to find similar gilded stratagems, for the taking of other than the French people by the nose, almost as singularly applied, though not, we hope, to turn out as remarkably successful.

But two years back, the attention of the thoughtful of the world was everywhere directed to the nations struggling for democratic freedom in Europe. The principles involved in these combats, the effects to be evolved from them, were the sole subjects of men's thoughts. First, there was seen raising its head, under the bonnet of a Cardinal and the tiara of a Pope, the same republi-

canism which, from '89 to 1815, had shaken or overthrown the thrones of Europe in succession; which had wrested the land of Rienzi from the Austrians, and that of Sobieski from the Russ; which had overwhelmed England with unsaleable goods and an illimitable debt; which had annihilated the aristocracy of Prussia, and left in ashes the capital of the Tzar. Next, the same republicanism was seen flinging off the authority of the Cardinal and the mask of the Popedom, and concentrating the energies of all Italy in one struggle for unity and life; hurling out of France another monarchy, and subjugating its mushroom appendages without the aid of the guillotine; raising barricades in Berlin, Vienna, Turin, Messina, and contemplating them in Warsaw and Dublin, in London and St. Petersburg. And again was seen the organized forces of this monarch and that, marching in junction against the liberties of insurgent peoples in detail, sacking Rome, conquering the Viennese, rending asunder the heart-strings of Hungary, placing Buda-Pesth under martial law, and restoring once more, by sheer brute force, the rule, over all Europe, of monarchs lawfully expelled by the nations subjected to them. During two years and more, this drama was enacted before the eyes of a wondering world. Every incident was made the subject of universal discussion, every principle therein involved, of universal thought. A defeat of republicanism in Italy was not of importance to the Calabrian, the Roman, the Lombard, or the Piedmontese alone. The German, the Swiss, the Parisian, the Viennese, the Hungarian, the Berliner, even the Londoner, recognized in every reverse of an individual nation, a common defeat to each of themselves and to the great principle for which they all alike were warring. Nay, the reverses of Hungarians, Italians, Germans, Irishmen, the British people, the people of Schleswig-Holstein, became not only a matter of intense interest to the people of Europe, but the news by every steamboat roused the diversified, but thoroughly Republican people of this continent to the madness of despair, or the enthusiasm of joy. As Republican after Republican reached these shores an exile, he was astonished to find in the oldest Republic of the modern world an enthusiasm, a genial love, a bursting welcome, and a boundless hospi-

tality, for him and his cause, more sincere and self-sacrificing than he left behind in the younger and yet more stolid Republics of Europe. In fact and truth, monarchies and their interests; the political child's-play of aristocratic statesmen; and the peculiar push-pin as to *their* interests of kings, by which, for ages, they have contrived to keep their peoples engaged, and even hound one people on face to face against another, as fighting fanciers do their dogs, had utterly lapsed from the minds of all men; and in the universal desire to see all peoples matched against all monarchs, it was to be feared, that monarchs, in their imbecility and utter nothingness, should be altogether forgotten. Besides, such a state of affairs, such a contest for mere right against palpable wrong, for popular liberty against individual usurpation, and the wars, and the democratic alliances, and the democratic sympathies it called forth, inducing men even to die for their own or a brother land, to spend their last coin in sustaining a glorious rebellion, or overthrowing an accursed throne, to abandon families, and labor, and all their hopes of profitable employment under the ancient régime—such an anarchic mania was shockingly opposed to the interest of commerce, to the advancement of "civilization," to the propagation of "free-trade" principles, and to the interests of the moneyed and manufacturing plutocracy. When Germans were cogitating how to take Cologne, or Munich,—how to avenge Blum, or give but one other holy sword to Kossuth; how was it to be expected that they could be strenuously thinking, as they should be, about buying English cloth with "fancy articles?" When Italians in one quarter, Hungarians in another, and Poles in a third, were seeking, night, noon, and morning, some means of dragging still lower in the dust the empire of Austria, how was it to be expected that they could compete with the Americans in the London market in corn and food, distil wines for the Englishman, or buy his cutlery and his iron-work? Nay, was it not to be feared, that these continental democrats would prove utterly unproductive to the perfidious island, which had so often cajoled them, for months on months, to deliver them, in the end, naked-handed, to the vengeance of its monarchical and congenial allies? When Frenchmen, with their "peculiarly excitable character" and "volatile temperament," were writing

books, editing the most seditious newspapers, forming clubs, concocting schemes, and even going to gaol, like that atrocious editor of *Le Peuple*, or into exile, like the anarchic villains transported to Algeria, simply for the purpose of rousing the people of all Europe to establish the rights of mere useable humanity against the privileges and sacred powers of capital, what might not in a short time eventuate, even to England, where the artisan is nothing, and the man who works him everything—even to London, where the spoils gathered together from the tired right arms of the workers, everywhere, lie largely concentrated, like corrupted vitality in a world's wen, and whence are issued loans to all the poor monarchs in difficult circumstances, that they may renew the almost broken bonds of their insurgent "subjects?" In short, if men were to go on, day after day, debating right and wrong, on both sides of the Atlantic, raising insurrections and horrid wars for *their* liberty and *their* property, (God bless the mark!) what in the end was to become of the monarchies, and other idle classes, of England and Germany? If men were to continue merely men, and not produce-growing and cloth-consuming machines, what, in the name of common sense and the cash-book, was to be made *out* of them? Nothing—absolutely nothing. Trade was at a standstill—Commerce lay upon his oars—cloth did not go—knives and forks were almost valueless, and rude swords and scythe-blades of the highest worth—monarchy trembled from head to foot—stocks became affected with the dance of St. Vitus, or stood at zero cataleptic—railroad kings lost their prestige in a debtors' prison—rents would not come—brokers migrated—and the whole world seemed going mad.

Such was the frightful picture which loomed in the year '49-'50 on the anxious soul of a newspaper writer thereto unknown to fame, the son of an editor of a third rate humanitarian and general civilizing paper in London, hight the "Athenæum." To this individual came the idea of concentrating the mind of insurgent Europe, from "Liberty" and "Republicanism" and fantasies equally absurd, not on a gilded dome in Paris, (émeutes being frequent there of late on such occasions,) but on a Crystal Palace of the "cheapest English glass," to be built in an intramural part of London for

the staring admiration of universal humanity. This person had not one cent in "coin of the realm," but much stray coppers of shallow philosophy, and an illimitable stock of profound impudence. A communication was readily established between him and the Prince Albert, the German husband of the Queen of England. To the latter gentleman the voluble discoverer of the scheme made known its astounding importance in European politics, showed him how each ruler, so called, of Europe would direct the attention of his people there—how especially it would interest and surprise the Germans, and utterly entrance the volatile French—how, by an imposing display of Kidderminster carpets and household troops, of Sheffield cutlery and dragoon sabres, of Manchester cloth and Highland light infantry, of model tubal bridges and heavy cannon, the mistaken and fanatical foreigners, who had lately indulged in the wildest hatred of England, and the most unreasonable contempt for her proficiency in the arts and sciences, would be taught an exemplary lesson. The son of the "Athenæum" deeply interested the Prince farther, by discoursing to him on peace principles, on humanitarian and progress-of-his-species theories, and by displaying to him how, though the proposed scheme was merely one to glorify England and (as he thought) sell British manufactures, yet it would bear the appearance of England sacrificing herself at the altar of universal benevolence, and propelling, even at a loss to herself, the interests of Peace, Trade, and Industry of all Nations. The Prince immediately jumped at the idea of becoming patron of the gorgeous scheme—the Big Show entranced him, with its accompanying ideas, of moral effect, Crystal Palace, staring Germans, enthusiastic French, obfuscated Americans, growling police, marshalled troops, political importance and truly religious consequences—all perfectly entranced him. His literary instructor was equally pleased at the idea of becoming member of committee. Next came Her Gracious Majesty the Queen, and she, pleased beyond measure, either "by the advice of her ministers" or without it, gave to her husband and his abettors, including the discovering son of the Editor as fac-totum, a Charter empowering them to hold this great Peep Show, to be called the "World's Fair, and Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations."

And here begins the most ridiculous part of the affair. This charter, given under the "Royal sign manual" of the Queen, stated that "in consideration of the sum of twenty thousand pounds in the hands" of the parties to whom it was granted, it *was* granted. Now, we shall not say this was what is vulgarly called a lie, because it bears the signature of a woman, (our gallantry being even in this instance superior to any little knowledge of the sex we may have acquired ;) but the fact is simply this, there was not in the hands of the parties obtaining the charter, either in those of the Prince Albert, or his man of all work, or their abettors, twenty thousand pence for any such purpose. The charter was therefore granted in consideration of a falsehood, very much of course to the honor of England. But the avidity of the discoverer and the anxiety of the Prince were not to be balked by obstacles so trifling. The matter was to be pushed through; the "charter was granted"; the officious "commissioners of woods and forests," in urgent haste, meted off Hyde Park; on the imaginary idea of twenty thousand pounds, brokers and bill discounters advanced ready money, at usurious interest; masons, carpenters, glaziers, laborers assembled, architects laid off, London presses laid on, and now the "Crystal Palace," wherein is to be concentrated the bright ideas of nineteenth-century humanity, has reached the roof, although to this hour the parties interested have not been able to collect the stipulated twenty thousand pounds. But what matters it—are not there the taxes, and the obedient English people, and subservient ministers, and the Prince's name—and what more need be?\*

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\*Our "true and particular account" of this small but singular conspiracy is entirely drawn from English authorities. To do away with any doubts which may arise in the mind of the pro-Anglican reader, as well as a little further to develop the immense resources in stupidity, humbug, and untruth, brought to bear on the "Crystal Palace," we shall here in a note endeavor to condense the matter of several articles on the subject, published in the *Mechanics' Magazine*, (London, Fleet street,) in the volume from January to June, 1850, being

A FULL, TRUE, AND PARTICULAR ACCOUNT OF THE BACK-STAIRS HISTORY OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—The *Royal Gazette* (or private newspaper of the Queen of England, dedicated to publishing her will and the descriptions of thievings,) dated 4th January, 1850, contains her "commission" authorizing the

By such schemes was this unmitigated delusion forced into existence. Starting on

a falsehood for the purposes of deception, it has effected the object of its conceiv-

"Crystal Palace" and the "World's Fair." It is directed to His Royal Highness, Francis Albert Augustus Charles Emanuel, Duke of Saxony, and a deal of other things beside (which means the Queen's own particular husband, and nothing shorter,) to the Duke of Buccleugh, Earl of Rosse, and twenty-one more persons, of whom are Premier Russell and Free-trade Cobden, Banker Baring and East India Company Galloway, &c. This commission recites that a certain Society of Arts, of which the man with all the names, Prince Albert Punch Augustus Cæsar, &c., &c., is president, "have proposed to establish an Annual Industrial Exhibition in 1851, at which prizes to the value of twenty thousand pounds at least shall be awarded to the most meritorious works"—and further, that this Society "have invested" in the name of the M. of Northampton, Lord Clarendon, (of Irish notoriety,) Sir P. Boileau, J. C. Peache, the sum of twenty thousand pounds for that purpose."

To these Royal assertions the *Mechanics' Magazine* replies that it is to be expected that "a State paper ought to contain the truth." (Our experience proves that this commentary of the *Mech. Mag.* is entirely factious, and worthy only of contempt, inasmuch as we never knew or heard of an English State paper which *did* contain a particle of truth.) The *Mech. Mag.* further states, it is not true that the Society referred to in the commission "have invested the sum of £20,000 to be awarded in prizes and medals," the Society never having had any such sum to invest for any purpose; and if they had the sum, their own charter does not permit them to have the power of so investing it.

In this dilemma (the Magazine further explains) recourse was had to money brokers; and "jobbing contractors" supplied the money on the faith of being repaid *with interest and a bonus out of the Exhibition.* So that this whole "World's Fair" farce, in this view, takes the aspect of a design by jobbers and money brokers to hold a grand exhibition of the "Industry of all nations," &c., to exhibit their own industry by making money out of the witless exhibitors; and his Royal Highness with all the names, and all the great people above alluded to, stand convicted of being participators in the act. Our authority is, you see, British.

It was also stated, continues the editor of the *Mechanics' Magazine*, that the Society of Arts had named certain parties as Treasurers and Trustees of the Fund—an untruth, continues the editor, inasmuch as the votes of the Society were *never taken* on the subject—another evidence that the scheme was "got up" by irresponsible agencies.

This "got up" "Committee" consisted of five, all of whom, asserts the *Mechanics' Magazine* editor, are men of straw, interested parties, or persons utterly unknown, about whose existence even there is very strong doubt. The names are—

1. Henry Cole, (whom the editor of the Magazine referred to declares to be an *unbra*, or probably a distant relative of Old King Cole, and therefore as probably known to Victoria.)

2. Charles Wentworth Dilke, Jr., (the son of old Dilke, the proprietor of the Athenæum.)

3. George Drew. (About this person there is no doubt—he is the *solicitor to the contractors who furnished the £20,000*, to be repaid with interest, and a bonus out of the exhibition—therefore an eminent judge of art, and a very disinterested party.)

4. Francis Fuller. (The editor of the *Mechanics' Magazine* concludes he must be one of "Fuller's Worthies," as otherwise he is *ignotus*.)

5. R. Stephenson—(the eminent engineer, a highly honorable and worthy man, but too much occupied by professional business to attend. At the urgent solicitation of the Prince Francis Albert Augustus Cæsar Punch, &c., and at the last moment, he agreed to "lend his name," but, on finding the true bearing of the plot, he resigned and withdrew altogether.)

The whole Committee, asserts the editor, (excepting number 5,) are "obscure individuals," or persons in whom "the public (i.e. the British public) have no confidence." And yet the President of the United States and the American people have confidence in, and intrust their productions to men, whom the British themselves avow incapable of being trusted. "The whole affair," continues the editor, "is a conspiracy of five or six members of the Society of Arts,"—how got up, with what falsehoods, what unworthy schemes, we have seen, sufficiently to conclude what further confidence they deserve. It is known, however, that Hon. Abbott Lawrence has confidence in Fuller the worthy, in Drew the contractor's attorney, and in Dilke, Jun., all being "Anglo-Saxons," "all honorable men."

Further, with reference to foreign nations, the "commission" recites that the Society of Arts requested "Her Majesty" to give her sanction to the undertaking, so that it might "have the confidence not only of all classes of her subjects, but of the subjects of foreign countries."

Her Majesty was never so requested to do. The Society of Arts never made any such request, and as Prince Albert Augustus Punch Cæsar, &c., is President of the Society itself, the falsehood must have originated in some tender arrangement between him and his wife. So be it, royalty!

One more instance of bad faith: "The Queen," says the editor, "has been made guilty of a falsehood." The "commission" promised "twenty thousand pounds in prizes." It is now determined not to award any prizes,—First reason, because the system is objected to by the British press, as being calculated to favor foreigners;—Second reason, *because there is no money.*

Such is the present condition of this disgraceful job. The goods exhibited by foreign manufacturers will of course be liable to the debts due to the contractors. British manufacturers have refused to pay a cent, or to have any connection with the farce; and to cap the climax, Lord John Russell has refused to be responsible in the matter, and has, at a public meeting in London, (although



ers. Look over Europe and America, and where now are the ideas which, two years since, agitated the democracies of the world, and turned all men's minds to a holier and more glorious worship than that of Dry-goods and Hardware? The political aim of the entire scheme was alone considered by foreign monarchs and by imperilled aristocracies, and they have lent to it a ready and willing assistance. The last obstacles which threatened to intervene between this Raree Show and the liberty of Europe, the legitimate nullification of a tyrant's will by the people of Hesse Cassel, and the honest insurrection of the Schleswigers, have been isolated from Republican Europe, and prospectively defeated. The people of the old world, whom two or three years ago the suborned armies of their monarchs could not hold in check, now with spirits sunken, and hard features grim, are quietly directed to "look to London and industry and peace." The Emperor of Austria, having shot down, hung, driven into exile, and impoverished his whole people—so that even the citizens of Vienna are in want of current money worth anything but a nominal value, in want of clothing, food, the very necessaries of life—

by his advice alone could the Royal Commission have been granted,) declared the Prince Albert Francis Augustus Caesar Punch, &c., "the great originator of the scheme."

All these facts have been long since published in the British press, and are known to be strictly true. How Mr. Abbott Lawrence can have so far forgotten, in his "Anglo-Saxon" tom-foolery, the duties of an Ambassador, as to keep his Government in ignorance of them, or, if he have informed his Government, how it can have been so remiss as to keep the people of the United States in ignorance of them, and induce them by representations directly opposed to fact, by stripping ships of war to carry toys; ships which may, before the "exhibition" is well begun, be needed to protect our citizens in Central America, or even in our Atlantic cities, (vide Alison's Treatise on sacking New-York, &c.,) are questions eminently worthy of solution by the Senate of the United States. But to the deceived and credulous citizens of America who may be so hazardous as to trust their property to Fuller Worthing, Umbra Cole, "Dilke Jun.," Punch Prince Albert, contractors—Attorney Drew, &c., on the representation of His Grace "Anglo Saxon" Lord Lawrence, and find themselves cheated and deceived, we have but one advice to give:

"Follow that Lord,  
And see you mock him not."

We shall again have occasion to refer to other back-stairs Revelations of the "Crystal Palace."

has graciously recommended his artisans to go to the London show with their productions. So of the kings and potentates and kinglings and dukelings throughout Germany. The intolerable hoax has been seized on by every "ruler" in Europe, in danger of *not* ruling. But let us of this continent judge its effects by results before our eyes. Before this scheme had entered the head of a German Prince, before it was foisted on our press by the feeders of the London newspapers, before it was seized as a lucky wind-fall by the defeated monarchists of Europe, and dinned into the wondering ear of our Anglo-Saxon Ambassador, the entire thoughts of the American people, outside of their own domestic and national concerns, were directed to struggling republicans in the Eastern Continent. Americans then discerned that Europe needed more than dry-goods civilization, than the infliction of peace by massacre, the re-establishment of religion by outrage, the re-construction of "order" by anarchic kings. If America was, in the estimation of "our transatlantic cousins," celebrated only for that therein "there was roast goose and apple sauce for the poorest inhabitant," the American people then considered it was but fair that the people of Europe should have even so much, first, if they could get it, and the rest afterwards. In these days the good President Taylor sent an envoy to recognize Hungarian Independence; more than one Senator vied in an endeavor to destroy all friendly communication between America and tyrants; Webster the god-like, and Cass the ungrammatical magniloquent, delivered orations abounding in patriotism and republican rhapsody; and the people debated whether or no they should send money, arms, munitions, and equip fleets and expeditions to help this European country, or that, in its wearisome battle. And now, the change: societies in Wall street, of the lottery kind, to furnish free tickets to the London Fair; articles in newspapers on the "Crystal Palace," and the interest taken therein by great people and aristocrats, replacing the stories of Hungarian and German war; a President constituting a committee with one "Peter Force," or Peter Funk, or Peter Fool, (we forget which, but the terms are synonymous,) as Chairman, to engage everybody to run over to London and stare; and ships of war lying stripped of every gun in our dock-



yards to carry over the available proceeds of American delusion, that they may grace the Crystal Palace on the mud banks of the Thames—an American ambassador running from dinner table to dinner table to gulp wine and spout the great victory promised to the Anglo-Saxon race, utterly ignorant that anything else is *his* business—long lists issued from Washington designating the articles deemed by Peter Fool aforesaid, and his compeers, worthy to be sent to this grand exhibition of cant and poltroonery! *Who* are fit for self-government in this world, when gilded domes, and children's glass houses, and transparent can play such pranks with men—reduce to utter ridicule a nation which owns the grandest nationality on earth, which has won it in the battle-field, and maintained it in the battle-field?

"O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,  
And men have lost their reason!"

Of all living men commend me to the "Anglo-Saxon" to carry out with due solemnity that which he knows to be a humbug.

[Here again we are compelled to interrupt our contributor before he enters upon a new field in his argument. Within our present limits it is not possible to give him full room in his "exhibition" intended for the "World's Fair." The effects of the scheme on the English Free Trade system, the revelations it has induced from English manufacturers themselves, and the present evidence he puts forward that the "exhibition" will turn out after all an exhibition, and a thoroughly ridiculous one, bringing laughter and derision on those who have originated it, will find a place in our next number. We are sorry to add an evident truth, that our contributor belongs to the class of men known as long-winded.]

## OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

JOSEPH B. COBB.

THE many inquiries that are sent us concerning the authorship of a certain series of historical and critical articles published in the American Review during the last year, have induced us, for the information of our readers, to place before them a portrait of the author together with a personal sketch.

Colonel JOSEPH B. COBB, author of a series of critical and historical articles on the life of Thomas Jefferson that have appeared from time to time in this Journal, is the son of the late Hon. Thomas W. Cobb, of Georgia, who was a Representative and a Senator in Congress from that State, and well remembered as the mover of the celebrated resolutions of censure, of 1819, against Andrew Jackson, for alleged unauthorized conduct during his Florida campaigns. These resolutions were accompanied by a speech of scathing severity, and were seconded and sustained by Henry Clay, at that time Speaker of the House, with another speech that ranks among the highest of his public efforts.

The family, originally from Albemarle and Buckingham counties, Virginia, have long been prominent in Georgia. The first member of Congress of that name was the elder Howell Cobb, uncle of the present Speaker, who served partly during the administrations of Jefferson and Madison. He was followed, about the time of Monroe's accession, by the gentleman above named, Thomas W. Cobb, who served in the House till 1823. Defeated in consequence of his opposition to the now all-powerful Jackson, he was transferred to the United States Senate. The defeat of William H. Crawford, candidate for the Presidency, and of whom Mr. Cobb was an ardent and devoted supporter, impelled him, under the pressure also of domestic afflictions, to resign his seat in the Senate in 1828. He was succeeded, as next in name, by the Speaker of the present House of Representatives, who has served since 1842.

The subject of the present sketch having lost his father at quite an early age, was removed to the family of his guardian and

maternal uncle, Major Joseph J. Moore, who then resided at his country seat of Mount Airy, in Oglethorpe county, Georgia. He was educated principally by a venerable gentleman attached to his uncle's family, and afterwards at the celebrated Willington Academy, South Carolina, then under charge of the present Professor James P. Waddell, of Georgia University. He was transferred to this latter ancient seat of learning at the same time that his Willington preceptor became Professor there of Ancient Languages.

In October, 1837, after a very brief course of legal reading in the office of the Hon. Joseph Henry Lumpkin, present Chief Justice of Georgia, he was married to the eldest daughter of the late Judge Clayton, of Athens, quite recently a leading member of Congress from the same State; from both of these distinguished gentlemen, he received every assistance and encouragement which could be suggested by the generous friendship of the one, or the paternal fondness of the other.

In the fall of 1838 he removed to the State of Mississippi, and established himself there on a plantation in the prairies of Noxubee county. Here, in May of 1841, he made his *débüt* before the people, in the delivery of an address on the life and character of President Harrison, just then deceased. He was soon brought forward as a candidate for the Legislature, and elected the November following, with a Whig colleague, by a large majority.

The session of the Mississippi Legislature of 1842 will be long remembered by the citizens of that State, and by the entire world. It was at that session the notorious Union Bank bonds, endorsed by the State itself, were unconditionally repudiated. *Against* this measure Mr. Cobb recorded his vote.

At the same session he joined with the Hon. P. W. Tompkins and other Whig members in an attempt to defeat the passage of a series of strong democratic instruction resolutions, introduced by a member from De Soto county; argument however proved utterly futile in the presence of a determined party majority. During the summer following, declining to attend the extra session convoked by Governor Tucker, he resigned his seat and removed to his residence near Columbus. His friends of the

various Whig presses published his letter of resignation, with many and highly complimentary accompanying regrets.

In January of 1845, at the solicitation of his Whig friends and constituents, associated with a talented young relative, he undertook the charge of the editorial department of the old *Columbus Whig*. This was during the pendency of an important State election, and the right conduct of this paper was considered to be a matter of great importance. His editorship was discontinued after the November elections.

Mr. Cobb had become, formally, a member of the Bar, with no intention, however, of engaging practically in the business of the courts. In his rural residence at Longwood, near Columbus, among the magnificent oak groves and cotton-fields of Mississippi, he devoted himself to the study of history and the cultivation of general literature. His chief pleasure has been the formation of a rare and valuable library, and the exercise of a truly liberal hospitality.

During the year 1848, Mr. Cobb began his literary career by furnishing several classical and revolutionary stories for the *National Magazine* of Philadelphia. One of these, "The Maid of Melos," attracted great attention at the time, by the power of its incidents and the extreme beauty of its style. Its publication led to that of many others. In the spring of 1850, appeared "The Creole; or, the Siege of New-Orleans," a romance founded on events connected with the campaigns in and around that city during the last war with Great Britain. This novel was received by the entire press of the South-west with warm expressions of approbation. In the State of Mississippi, and in the cities of Mobile and New-Orleans, it was especially well received. Mr. Cobb is one of the few American authors whose works have sold well upon their own merits, and without the aid of a European reputation; a fact which renders criticism or commendation almost unnecessary.

Our author began his contributions to the *American Whig Review* in April of the present year, with a review of Macaulay's History of England, in which, so far from pursuing the beaten track of eulogy in which the unmanly criticism of the day so especially delights, he has taken up his author with a strong hand and discussed his merits and defects with a power and even a

magnificence of diction worthy of the subject. In this review Mr. Cobb has shown himself peculiarly a historian, and though but thirty years of age, an age at which Gibbon confesses to an unformed style and unsettled opinions, he has shown qualities that point him out as a future historian of the New World. Mr. Cobb is strictly a Republican, and an American in heart and head. With a taste and imagination equal to the splendor of courts, he discovers a sentiment superior to their follies. The value of such a writer at such a time seems to us inestimable; he is one of the few who have had courage to speak, think, and write as a representative of Republicanism, in an age when the literature of our tongue is almost entirely monarchic and servile.

The readers of the *American Review* have before them a series of articles on the life and political career of Thomas Jefferson, published in the last six numbers of the year, which would have been alone sufficient to sustain the political and historical character of the Review. That chapter of the series which develops the secret movements that arose from the mortal enmity between Burr and Jefferson is, beyond all question, one of the finest passages of American history. Were the literary and historical labors of our contributor to end here, it is our belief he has earned for

himself undying fame as a writer of political history; and in this field more than any other, we venture to say his future reputation as an author is to be achieved. We are expecting from his hand another series of historical papers that will be, if possible, superior in interest to the last named, at least to the readers of American history. It is the desire of his friends that Mr. Cobb should become a member of Congress. His election to the House, though it might redound to the honor of his constituents, would be a loss to historical literature, as it would inevitably withdraw him from a field of usefulness in which, at present, he has no superior.\*

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\* Our respect for this gentleman does not rest solely upon his literary performances, or on the promise of his future career. He was one of the few, during the prevalence of the cholera in Mississippi, who dared to remain upon his cotton fields, and fulfil, with his own hands, the duties which a good master owes to his servants. With his own hands he administered medicine to his negroes, and performed the most revolting offices for the sick. A bold and cheerful temper, and a strong constitution, were his only safeguards against the plague. Col. Cobb is not a dealer in human flesh; his servants are the inheritance of his family through several generations. To the merit of a good citizen, he adds the more difficult virtues of a humane master and governor.—*Ed. WHIG REVIEW.*

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## A WORD OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

Oh, think on life, with eager hope,  
To gain the good, the true!  
Find out thy spirit's proper scope,  
Then steel thyself, and do.

Let nothing sway thee from thy task,  
When once thy foot is braced;  
Disdain deceit's convenient mask:  
Virtue is open-faced.

And though a host against thee ride,  
Be calm, courageous, strong;  
To right, a friend unterrified;  
A sturdy foe to wrong.

Strike for the holy cause of Truth,  
For freedom, love, and light;  
Strike, with the heart and hope of youth,  
The blows of manhood's might.

## CIVIL DISCORD DUTY-FREE.

"If the base flatterers of despotic power rise up against my principles, I shall have on my side the virtuous man, the friend of the laws, the man of probity, and the true citizen."

VATTEL, *Law of Nations*, Preface.

WE have already congratulated the friends of the Union, and of Republicanism in general, on the happy coalition that is being effected between the enemies of American enterprise and industry, and those who intend the violent emancipation of the negroes. This coalition has been brought about through the combination of the same elements of reaction in England. The absolute necessity felt by English manufacturers of checking the industrial enterprise of the Americans; the new alarm raised by the sudden appearance of new forms of industry in the South; the mortal decline of production in the West Indies, caused by the superior facilities of Southern production; the wonderful ingenuity and success of American artisans, in the construction, economy, and navigation of steam vessels and merchant ships; the enormous mineral wealth of California; the rapid settlement and splendid prospects of the Pacific territories; the probability of a speedy reflux of the golden tide from London to New-York, moving the centre of exchange for the world's wealth; the newly-awakened sense of the American people to the means used by Great Britain to extend her empire, and make herself master of the industry of all nations,—all together have roused up in the breast of that company of titled merchants called the English Government, a vague feeling of alarm, ill disguised under an exterior of haughty and contemptuous commendation. The philanthropy of England, by way of reparation for the dreadful expenses and disasters which it has brought upon her colonies, has struck a league of amity with the commercial interest, and "by the hair of the dog will cure the bite;" by extending the blessing of servile insurrection from the West Indies over the Southern United States, it wishes to place them upon a level with Hayti and Jamaica, and by destroying the manufactures of the

North and West, it means to equalize those regions with potato-growing Ireland. This coalition between the blood-thirsty zealots of Exeter Hall, and the gold-thirsty capitalists, whose servants at home are the House of Commons and the Whig Ministry of England, is represented in America by an infamous secret League between the enemies of native industry and the disunionists of the North and West,—properly speaking, the friends of America and the dupes of English merchants,—*in brief*, the AMERICANS and the FLUNKEYS.

In furtherance of her one grand scheme of monopolizing the trade of the world, England, as all the world knows, employs a system of diplomacy the most powerful conceivable. A feeble State, or union of States, like the Central American, or the Columbian (S. A.) Union, adjoining it on the south, at the suggestion of a British agent, borrows a great sum from English capitalists. The day of payment arrives, and it becomes difficult to refund. A man-of-war is sent to enforce payment, or, instead of that, to demand a foothold on the territory, or a monopoly of trade, or both, the one serving the other. By this system, as well as by creating civil dissensions, and breaking up the unions of States, and overpowering and crushing them in detail—as in South America and Central America—or by the establishment of protectorates of, and alliances offensive and defensive with, sovereigns of bad faith and bad title, as universally in India, and in Central America,—English diplomacy, supported by English arms, has consolidated an immense empire, of which the entire power is concentrated upon the single purpose of enriching and strengthening the merchants of Great Britain, and their dependents, the Court, the Peerage, and the Church Establishment.

A system of "assurances," a pretended

regard for and steady violation of the law of nations, is the chief defense thrown up, behind which the sappers and miners of English diplomacy carry on their grand siege against the independence of every nation on the face of the earth; a warfare against the wealth, industry, and liberty of the entire human race. Their empire continues to expand, and within a few years has moved its boundary, like the shadow of an eclipse, over the southern extremity of North America. The power absolutely held by this tremendous organization as far exceeds that of Cæsar or Alexander, as the commerce and the military skill of modern nations exceed those of antiquity; but it is a power resting upon a rotten foundation,—namely, upon the mistaken veneration, charity, and trust of other nations—a commercial, speculative power, that has grown gradually by the observance of that grand modern rule of conquest—“*Create a want, and the means to supply it, and you are so far a master; create an obligation which cannot be cancelled, and under the pretense of enforcing it, you may subdue and enslave.*”

On either side of England stand two nations, each superior to her in absolute force and resource, inferior to her only in *extent* of power: on the right Russia, the Slavonic Despotism—on the left America, the Empire of Republics. Governed by a powerful and exclusive aristocracy, England is naturally hostile to a despotism, in which every form of sovereignty centres in the person of an autocrat,—a government without aristocratic legislation, and controlled by no interest of class, but in which the one interest and controlling motive is the glory of the empire, represented in its head.

Empires naturally and necessarily absorb the territories adjoining them. The epoch of their decline is the moment when they cease to do this. Their decline is preceded by civil wars. In the absence of a foreign policy, the American Empire, like the Russian and the British, falls into hostile parties within its own boundaries, and its Union is endangered. Let the attention of the people and the Government be turned upon territories adjoining, whose inhabitants look to it for protection against hostile and uncongenial powers: the spirit of internal discord will be stilled by the sense of nationality, and the enthusiasm of military and commercial enterprise.

It is the glory and transcendent virtue of the Constitution of the American Empire, that the States which it absorbs come eagerly and willingly into its embraces. While it defends and secures, it does not oppress. It is a system of inviolable sovereignties. The highest privilege that can be accorded to a people is the guarantee of the American Union. The secret of its power and popularity, and of the hatred it excites in the bosom of despots, is the free and absolute protection offered by its powerful Constitution to those feeble, half-formed governments which are continually springing up around it, and asking admission within its pale.

With such a power the British Empire is placed by nature in a strict antagonism. An empire whose protection is sought by no nation that reveres its own laws and institutions, that accords liberty to none, that destroys the individual sovereignty of all, that centralizes, and oppresses, and exhausts, by consolidation; that conquers and subdues to absorb; that destroys the industrial liberty, the commerce, and the pride of all; that forces all into a position of subordination; whose government is an engine of extortion: such an empire is necessarily hostile and antagonistic to an armed empire of free States, equal rights, and equal representation.

For what should the wars of an empire founded upon the liberties of States be undertaken, if not for the protection of those liberties?

The first grand war carried on by the people of America, was against the imperial system of the French King, whose efforts to extend his power over the valley of the Mississippi failed before the valor and heroic enterprise of the colonists of New-England and Virginia.

The second was against the imperial system of Great Britain, which she vainly endeavored to extend over the thirteen colonies of the Confederation.

The third was against a second effort of the same power to exercise an imperial sway upon the ocean, to the detriment of American commerce.

The *fourth*, the war in Mexico, begun in error, ended in a withdrawal of our armies from the limits of a conquered State, and in the purchase of a territory virtually and by the law of arms our own.

Every war, whether begun in justice or in



error by the people of America, has resulted in a confirmation of the rights of individual sovereignties, and the withdrawal of all arbitrary and despotic pretensions. After the peace with Mexico the war moved itself to the Capitol, and there ended in the glorious triumph of the last session, by which the freedom of Internal Legislation was secured for ever to the people of the States and Territories by the series of measures for the security of State Rights, and consequently of the Union, offered by HENRY CLAY, whose glory it is to have become the second saviour and founder of the Union. May this venerable and illustrious champion of the Rights of States, this representative of the Laws of Nations, live to see the principles he has defended, and the rights he has established, extended over the entire continent, protecting the industry and the liberty of the great American brotherhood of Republics; may he live to see the people of these United States awakened,—roused to a sense of duty and of honor, and ready to vindicate the rights of nations and the sovereign liberties of States, not only within the limits of the Union, but on those adjoining territories whose inhabitants cherish a respect for the American name, and an enthusiastic affection for Republican liberality and sincerity.

With what degree of respect and affection the American Empire is regarded in England we may understand from the following. In the *London Morning Chronicle* of February 1st, 1848. Mr. P. P. Thompson, M. P. of Eliotvale, Blackheath, England, published in a letter the sentiments of a powerful party in England, which exhibits the native rancor of English oligarchy, and the bitter counsels they take together for our ruin:—

“A partially successful war of invasion appears to have changed the habits and feelings of the predominant portion of Americans. Rome and her glories stand before them in prospect, with always this difference, that the Roman warred to civilize and combine, and the American to brutalize and destroy. There has been no such phenomenon in the antecedent history of mankind, as the rise of a conquering power, based on the avowed abrogation of human rights. This is a sweeping scheme of the descendants of our negro-drivers against three-fourths of the family of man. The slave-breeding mind has conceived the idea of conquest, to which, in its own words, the successes of Rome are to be child's play. It is clear that England must take one side, when her enemy takes the other,—that she must take the lead in the

propagation on the European continent of the principles which bind nation to nation, and leave America to do the work she has assigned herself, of sending out her population to die, as it is hoped in the end they will, under the guns of honest people. To England the policy is clear (if she is to have any policy) of promoting, by all legitimate means, the separation of the Northern from the Southern States.”

This Mr. P. P. Thompson is a worthy duplicate of his fellow, G. P. Thompson, the British emissary of Free Trade in America. If we are rightly informed, P. P. Thompson, the author of the above, is a Tory of the old school, and wealthy; while G. P. Thompson, the free-trader and abolitionist, is a radical so called, and a needy adventurer supposed to be in the pay of England. Both are, or have been, members of Parliament, and, if our information is correct, represent the two sides of British opinion, which converge and agree upon the ruin of the Union.

Encouraged by her success in the destruction of the Columbian (S. A.) and Central American Republics, enterprises intrusted to her subordinate agents, Great Britain, in the person of her man of all mischief, Lord Palmerston, comes to her next grand operation, the dissolution of the Union of the greater States, and the simultaneous annihilation of the Northern industrial and Southern negro interest. The first branch of this mighty enterprise recommends her to the affection of our Southern, and the second to that of our Northern agitators. She comes to the work prepared with a pertinacity of purpose, and a steadiness of aim worthy of the deed, and of her ancient and inextinguishable hatred, and with agents more subtle and sagacious than any ever before sent from England.

The work is cut out among them. Her Public Minister has one part,—it is his duty to accomplish the ruin of particular men and a particular party—the sole party from which any active opposition, or national hostility to England was to be expected. For what he has already accomplished in this work of ruin, a peerage doubtless awaits him at home; for surely a more accomplished agent of evil never left the Diplomatic Hell of Downing street.

The minor tools have their inferior tasks, but not less necessary. One is to encourage slave-stealing and preach free trade; another is to cajole a Disunionist Convention; another is to write, a fourth (for love) to preach a

new kind of British piety; a dozen more to go about cajoling and privately frightening editors, inducing them to publish lying reports and "assurances." Meanwhile the entire new continent is flooded with British opinion through the piratical press, to the utter extinguishment of national sentiment, and the impoverishment of those natural guardians of our rights and honor, American writers; these watch-dogs of Republicanism are as effectually muzzled by our system of literary free trade, as the French press by the decrees of the Emperor President. Everywhere, everything is British: *trade* is British; *legislation* is British; *books* are modern British; the *press* is in large part British; the *South* grows British; the *North* forgets Bunker Hill and stamp-duties, and grows British with Abolition rancor. *News* are of British aggressions, and of British intrigues; of British-made famines in Ireland, and British-made wars in India; of British bombardments in China, and of British seizures at the Isthmus; of three per cent. duties suspended by the grace of Britain, (as if to *suspend* did not imply a power to *impose*;) of citizens of the United States very humanely treated by the grace of Britain, their arms only being taken from them; (who gave Britain the right or power to "treat" citizens of the United States on the free territory of a neighbor Republic in any fashion, humane or inhumane?) *Violations of treaties*, and of the laws of nations, are all British; the *growth of empire* is British. The most conspicuous and noticeable person in America, and by some supposed the most influential, is the British Minister, working for a peerage as his reward for the destruction of the party hostile to British *violence, bad faith, free trade, mock humanity, mock liberality*,—hostile by nature and necessity to everything anti-national, anti-republican, anti-American."

Before God, are the American people grown altogether British? or is all this only a temporary eclipse of reason and affection?

Incredible as the silliness and flunkeyism is, of those who favor and sustain this state of things, weak human nature might be pardoned, were it not in this instance a self-destructor as well as a fool. Bitter, bitter calamities await a people false to themselves and false to their destiny. English members of Parliament "hope" that America will

send out her valiant sons to die under the guns of "honest people," of honest Britain—honest at Copenhagen—honest at Hong Kong—honest over all the continent of Hindostan—honest in Spain—honest in Naples—honest in Texas—in Central America—honest at Bunker's Hill and Groton Heights, at Concord and Lexington, with a vengeance!—honest everywhere, my Lord! And certainly your cannon have an honest, open look about the mouth, and an honest set of extortioners and agitators were—never. You thrive by protectorates and reciprocity, and prosper by new styles of piety and the spread of Humanitarian principles. You scatter your fire-brands in the most honest, unconscious way, and an honest and more polite diplomacy, a more lovely and open-hearted Machiavellism than yours, history knoweth not. Were the Americans a nation of *usurpers* in the modern sense, they need not go back to Rome for a study of principles and practice in the art of "brutalizing and destroying" the nations of the earth. Wretched India; degraded and miserable Ireland, once free and happy; miserable China, drugged with the eup of British abominations, reeling drunk with the poison of that apothecary—Shylock, the British opium merchant, whose pound of flesh is by-and-by, as in India and Ireland, to be exacted at the cannon's mouth—these are our *modern* examples. With poison (twenty millions' worth a year,) with fire-brands (sent to America,) with daggers and ropes, (the bayonets and halters of police in Ireland,) with gold, (bribes or flattering "assurances," *freely* offered the wide world over, to all who work for England, to vacillating editors in America, to a servile press in France and Spain, to merchants and legislators, priests, littérateurs,) with poison, halters, bayonets, bribes, and universal lies, smooth speeches, dinners and intrigues—the glorious Empire of the British Merchant has been wrought out and built up heaven-high, and overlooks and threatens—us.

The Janus-faced traitor, the tool of England here, offers "free trade" to the South, and gives secret assurances to "Abolition" in the North. Magnetized with English gold, or with assurances, or, more potent still, with the native sympathy that exists between a flunkey and a lord, the active and willing agents of our "enemy," as one of her own sons has made her,—nor are

we so backward in the common spirit of men, so devoid of "English pluck," as to deny the soft impeachment,—disseminate two sets of principles among us, mortal to the Union and to Republicanism—mortal to the "enemy" of the British lords-merchant, to the universal lords-merchant and taxers of all mankind,—taxing our very thoughts, taxing the highway of nations between the two oceans, or what is worse, haughtily suspending "temporarily" a tax which they had no right to impose, and "*only disarming*" the citizens of the United States, who, under the laws of nations, might have used those arms as a defense against the gross violence of these Isthmus pirates—working with the energy of devils for the destruction of American industry, and the separation and eventual subjugation of the States. The martial prowess of the American people, the bravest and the most powerful on earth, and whose soldiery is the most numerous and ready, notwithstanding the cowardly insinuation of a certain servile "assurer" of the people that they are not strong enough to enforce, or even to demand their rights from England,—this noble-hearted but deceived people will laugh at and despise the insinuation that the heavy giant on the other side can hurt them. But it is by intellect and cunning, more than by prowess, great conquests are achieved. It is the art of conquerors to create civil discord in the bosom of the nation they mean to destroy; to crush its operative industry; to supplant, over-ride, and silence its national literature; to condemn and weaken and muzzle its orators; to corrupt with servile opinion the education of its youth; to confuse and agitate its counsels; to distress and maim its commerce, or entice it away upon false and futile enterprises; to lull its vigilance asleep with flattering embassies; to overwhelm its foreign representatives with delusive approbation, and with other means more seductive and more powerful. These are the more approved and the more successful modes of conquest. Noidle declaration now of war, or threats of reprisal; the day of these and of the reverence of treaties is passed away, and now is the epoch of "assurances," of telegraphic dispatches, and of mutual admiration.

The name of "perfidious" is no longer prejudicial to the conductors of nations, and "great politicians," who place their subtlety in circumvention, smile at the simple decla-

rations of justice. To make a treaty that can be broken without danger is the art of our time, and upon ourselves that art has been successfully practised.

Under the late administration of a party whose name accords but ill with its principles or practice, Mr. Baucroft went to England, the protector there for the people of the United States, not only of *their* rights, but of the rights of nations. Let himself be the witness how he fulfilled his trust. Actuated, we may suppose, by a spark of that ambition which was quenched in the waters of the Columbia river,—though here we raise no question about that,—he put the direct inquiry to Lord Palmerston, whether the "British Government" designed to appropriate to itself the town of San Juan de Nicaragua, or any part of the so-called Mosquito Territory. He, Lord Palmerston, answered emphatically, "No; you know very well we have already colonies enough." "The remark was just," continues our Ambassador, writing to Mr. Clayton, August, 1849; "the masses of the British colonies are becoming too weighty for the central Government,"\* we presume, for the central Government of the British Empire. And is this the sole reason that can be discovered by an American Ambassador why England shall not seize upon the territory of her neighbors—because she is absolutely gorged with the spoil of nations—choked with conquest? And when she has got *enough*, an American Ambassador is much delighted and well assured that she will take no more! The British Government will not take possession of Central America, not because she has no right to it, not because it is robbery and piracy to do so, but because she has enough; and when she has enough, we are to go on our way rejoicing! God grant the time may come that she will have enough, but in another sense; that she may be compelled to disgorge—to give up what she has unjustly appropriated.

"When the ownership of Vancouver's Island was the subject of debate," continues our Ambassador, "the House of Commons took no interest in the question." Truly a very indifferent House of Commons, and well satisfied. The responsibility did not rest with them, but with their Minister. His

\* Message of the President respecting Tigre Island. House of Reps., Pub. Doc. No. 75, July 22, 1850.

duty it is, by fair means or by foul, to extend the limits of the empire, and the monopoly of trade; theirs to expel that Minister from office when the work is done for them. He is to be the scape-goat of the nation's crime, and they are to share the advantage.

Our simple questioner of ministers proceeds: "I could not but ask Lord Palmerston, 'In whose hands is San Juan de Nicaragua at this time?'"—that is to say, In whose hands are the Gulf of Mexico and the four Republics of Central America, and the trade between the two oceans, and the regulative power over all intercourse between the two shores of the United States, at this time? "He replied: 'For the present, in those of British Commissioners.' Is not this, then, I said, an occupation by England? His answer was, 'Yes; but this occupation was temporary.'" And so is the British Empire, and so is everything but the justice of God, the law of nations, the rights of man, and the shame of republican embassies. These seem eternal.

Mr. Bancroft proceeded to show his Lordship, notwithstanding his Lordship's "assurances," that there was no such kingdom as that of the Mosquitoes, or that if there were, England had no right to erect a protectorate there. "His Lordship declined argument." Well he might, having none to offer; his Lordship's idea of the rights of nations springing wholly from the abstract question whether "the masses of the British colonies" are, or are not, becoming relatively "too weighty for the central Government;" or whether "British statesmen perceive it." The entire philosophy of history in modern times seems to have exhausted itself upon the question whether the British Giant will ever stop growing,—a question at once amusing and instructive to American ambassadors, and valuable to under-tutors in colleges; but of no interest to the American people, saving in its practical form, *whether they intend to stop its growth?* Let philosophers argue—the people must act; they have no time for argument. The house is on fire; to moot the question whether it will be wholly consumed, were a striking irrelevancy—to coin a new diplomatic phrase. The flame of conquest is burning over the land: as a philosophical people, it may be well for us to inquire whether or no it will consume us utterly, or merely burn down our out-houses; as a practical people, our in-

stinct is to bring out the "engines" and quench the conflagration.

His Lordship, we have seen, declined argument; but instead of argument, he produced a falsehood, and said—another irrelevancy, or stumbling-block—that Costa Rica had as good a claim to San Juan as Nicaragua, and did not hesitate to show his "strong disinclination to restore that port," insisting however that his policy answered the purposes of the United States in regard to a commercial highway between the two oceans. "You and we," said he, "can have but one interest." The factotum of the British Empire is the fountain-head of "assurances;" they flow from him as from their primeval source, and modern diplomacy seems to be reduced to a system of assurances, like that of Satan in the garden of Eden. It is a fine pretext of the aggressor to *assure* his victims they can have but one interest, and it is possible the absorbing selfishness of the British Government may even flatter itself that other nations can have but one interest, and that that is,—to gorge its insatiable maw. No doubt it would be very much for the interest of the American Republics to become an English vice-royalty. Liberty is a dangerous and uncomfortable possession, and requires perpetual and fatiguing vigilance.

"The all-licensed fools," "the insolent retinue of liberty,"

"Do hourly carp and quarrel, breaking forth  
In rank and not to be endured riots.

Be it then desired

By her, that else will take the thing she begs,  
A little to disquantity your train.

*Lear.* Darkness and devils!

Saddle my horses, call my train together.

*Gon.* You strike my people, and your disordered  
rabble

Make servants of their betters.

*Lear.* Woe, that too late repents!

*Gon.* Hear me, my lord,

What need you five-and-twenty, ten, or five  
To follow in a house where twice so many

Have a command to tend you?

*Regan.* What need one?"

Why liberty, why commerce, why industry, why wealth? What need any of these? In so great a mansion, is there not room for us too? Are not we entitled to a little of this fostering care?

"The next day," writes our grand diplomat, "I asked the Minister of Costa Rica if his country claimed the port of San Juan. He said, Never; the port of San Juan al-



ways belonged to the Province or State of Nicaragua." His Lordship has a fostering care over the rights of Costa Rica; better than herself, he knows her rights; so anxious is he to enforce them, he has established a protectorate over the rights of Costa Rica, and will absolutely fight for her rights. Now, it is for the rights of a miserable breechless savage, called King of the Mosquitoes,—it is for his rights he fights, and now it is for the rights of Costa Rica, and both have *identical* rights over San Juan; and we suppose, when it comes to a contest between the rights of Costa Rica and the Mosquito King, the whole matter will go into the chancery of Lord Palmerston's conscience, and the two rights will cancel each other, and San Juan will belong to England, nay, does belong to England—"temporarily;" that is to say, as long as England continues to be in doubt whether "the masses of the British colonies are or are not too weighty for the central Government."

Without further argument upon the general principles involved in this question, let us appeal to the highest individual authority recognized by civilized nations. "When a free people," says Vattel, "or a popular State, concludes a treaty, it is the State itself that contracts." The people of England claim to be a free people; it is they therefore who contract in treaty with the people of the United States.

"If one of the allies fails in his engagements, the other may constrain him to fulfil them."

"Every thing which the public safety renders inviolable is *sacred* in society. The faith of treaties is then holy and sacred between the nations whose safety it secures."

"He who violates his treaties, violates the law of nations: doubly guilty, he does an injury to his ally; he does an injury to all nations, and wounds the whole human race."

Let us now turn to the facts: these are that the English Government have long held possession of an extensive territory lying on each side of the Gulf of Honduras, which belongs properly to one or all of five other States covering the territory between Mexico and the Isthmus of Panama. The northernmost of these, of which the part seized by England is called Balize, borders upon Mexico and forms the northern boundary of the Gulf of Honduras. The sovereignty of this territory was originally in Spain. It was a part of those Spanish territories, whose freedom has been formally and repeatedly recog-

nized by Spain and by England herself. The King of Spain had permitted England to cut logwood there, and after the separation of the Spanish colonies she gradually strengthened herself and took possession of the entire northern boundary of the Bay of Honduras. The entire territory of Balize, and late of the Island of Roatan, lying opposite in the Gulf, have been seized by England, and are held by her without pretext or the shadow of a right. The power of the Spanish monarchy, had it even been interested to contest the possession of these territories, would have been insufficient to enforce the rights of the colonies. In two numbers of this journal, February and March, 1850, we have shown under what pretenses the English Government, or if England be a free country, the English people, according to Vattel, have seized upon another extensive territory, belonging to Nicaragua, also without the shadow of a right; and the readers of the *Herald* and *Tribune* and *Sun* are well aware that, farther, the Government of Great Britain is attempting to establish a protectorate or virtual possession over Costa Rica, and that she has laid claim at various times to a considerable portion of the territory of Costa Rica. Her claims upon this latter State are also set forth in the articles alluded to, of February and March, 1850. In addition to the above, we must not forget the attempts of Great Britain to seize upon Tigre Island in the Gulf of Fonseca, on the Pacific side of Central America. Upon the 16th of October the British war-steamer Gorgon, having on board Her Britannic Majesty's Chargé d'Affaires in Guatemala, arrived in the Bay of Fonseca, and proceeded at once to take possession of the island of Tigre, in the name of the Queen. The particulars of all these proceedings and seizures are well known through the daily press. *It is sufficiently evident that the intention of the English Government extends to the possession of the entire region between the isthmus of Panama and the southern boundary of Mexico. In fact, she is virtually in possession of one half of all the region so bounded.*

Here we have a people who pretend to be the great defenders and expounders of the Laws of Nations, seizing without remorse upon a territory of vast extent, and in value the most productive and the most desirable on the face of the earth.



Now if it were a contest between the people of the United States and the people, supposed free, of England, which ought to become possessors of the most valuable portions of the North American continent, all rights and treaties set aside, were we worthy of respect for vigor and enterprise, we would contend manfully for the prize, and we would secure it, knowing as we do that this magnificent territory exceeds in value a dozen States of Texas, and that it promises to become in future a home and a source of wealth for our own citizens. But that is not all: these countries intervene between the Eastern and Western United States, and if there is to be a commerce between those States, the holder of these territories will be able to regulate, and at pleasure to suspend that commerce; but if, as some shrewdly argue, there will be no such commerce, then, until the completion of our Pacific Railroad, the commerce between Asia and Europe, it is said, will pass that way; and if we are as we pretend to be, the very boldest and the most enterprising of mercantile nations, it is our part to become masters of these regions by every honorable means,—by treaty, by purchase, by colonization, by cultivating the amity and the good-will of the Central American States, by opening every form of commercial intercourse with them, sparing nothing, forgetting nothing, to secure to ourselves so valuable a possession. So reasons the man of business, and the merchant. It is not necessary for the accomplishment of so magnificent an enterprise, that we should do as England has done; we need not exasperate the people of Central America; we need not violate treaties; we need not become pirates and extortioners. There are ways open and legitimate for the accomplishment of such ends without recourse to violence or fraud. The people of the five States of Central America, are a free and liberal people; they have sought our assistance; they have intimated through our Minister in Great Britain, as we learn from Mr. Bancroft's letters to Mr. Clayton, their desire to become a member of our empire; they have manifested a strong affection for us, more than any other people have ever done; their feelings toward Great Britain are those of hatred, aggravated by a long series of atrocities perpetrated by her agents within their limits; notwithstanding all the scandals that have been circulated in regard to them, we

know that they are a peaceable and law-loving people, and that they mingle with our own citizens congenially. We know that they have among them able and learned men—that they are in every respect a civilized people. We know that by the intrigues of British agents, their attempts to form an independent Union, and establish themselves as a power among the nations, have utterly failed; but so did the first Confederation of the thirteen colonies fail, and these Central American States are nearer to republicanism than the States of New-England were before the breaking out of the Revolutionary War.

We wish now to inquire whether it were not an act worthy of ourselves and of our high position among the great nations of the world, to take these oppressed and suffering Republics under our wing, and for their good, as well as for our own benefit and honor, to give them an opportunity of becoming what they desire to be, if not a portion of ourselves, at least a friendly and a powerful ally, who will not obstruct our commerce; who will throw open to us the natural resources of their lands; who will allow us without impediment to work their mines, equalling, it is said, those of California in richness, to cut the valuable wood of their forests, to buy from them, or to grow upon their soil, the precious products of the tropics, and to supply them in turn with the productions of our own industry. Naturally and easily, population would flow from our own into the Central American States, and in a few years they would be indistinguishably a part of us.

So much then for our interests in, and relations with the people of Central America, and the magnificent region they inhabit,—a region which there is no need of war to secure ourselves in the possession of, since, *if the faith of treaties had been observed*, the region itself would be virtually ours, and would be colonized by our people.

But the true question at issue is not whether the people of America shall become possessors, fairly and legitimately, of the commercial advantages offered them, urged upon them, by their republican friends and brothers of Central America,—that is not the question at issue, but whether the people of the United States will allow the faith of treaties to be broken upon their own continent, treaties made with themselves, with

their allies, and for the defense of their dearest interests, as well as of their honor, as the natural guardians of the Continent, and of republican institutions.

A doctrine called the doctrine of Neutrality, or of Non-interference, it is said, stands in the way between ourselves and our friends, the Republics of Central America. If we rightly understand this doctrine, it means one of two things: *either* that the people of the United States are to renounce and ignore the existence of a Law of Nations, *or* that they are to enforce the fulfilment of that law.

The two are direct contraries—meanings opposed to each other.

If the people of America have withdrawn themselves from the great community of nations, and have ignored the existence of a law of nations, they can make no treaties, nor can treaties be made with them; much less can they interfere for the defense of their neighbors oppressed and crushed by superior power, by any right, or by any law. They stand in a position of non-interference in the centre, so to speak, of *inhumanity*, recognizing no brotherhood, no friendly power, no enemy, no ally. If this is the doctrine of non-interference, we do here, confidently uttering the sentiments of every honest and manly mind, solemnly renounce and abjure it.

The second meaning of the phrase, doctrine of non-interference, need hardly be explained to any intelligent mind. "A nation," says Vattel, "is a MORAL PERSON, and the law of nations is deducible from the natural liberty of nations and their reciprocal duties." "And it is as much above the civil law in its importance, as the proceedings of nations surpass those of private persons in their consequences."\*

If there is a law, there is also a sanction, and the sanction of the law is its *enforcement*.

"Each nation," continues the same great authority, "ought to be left in the peaceable enjoyment of the liberty it has derived from nature. The natural society of nations cannot subsist, if the rights each has received from nature are not respected."—*Ib.*

Believing as we do that the war of the Revolution was undertaken by the thirteen

colonies for the defense of the particular sovereignty of each colony, we are farther constrained to believe that a Union, imperial or confederate, of these States, must have been, and must for ever continue to be, a Union for the defense and enforcement of *that* doctrine for which they fought. Whether among themselves or among other colonies upon the same continent, subject to the imperial encroachments of Great Britain,—that *Great Britain shall not interfere among the Republics of North America*, we believe to be a first conclusion from our American doctrine of non-interference.

"The glory of a nation depends entirely on its power; it is this shining advantage that procures the esteem of other nations."

But the power of a nation is the sanction of the law of nations, and they are the first and the most glorious, who give the sanction to the law of national existence.

Again, says our grand authority:—

"Nations, as obliged by nature reciprocally to cultivate human society, are bound to observe towards each other all the duties which the safety and advantage of that society requires."

But if there be a society of nations, is not the system of the American Republics peculiarly such a society; and are not the duties of the stronger towards the weaker peculiarly obvious?

We return to Vattel:—

"Whatever we owe to ourselves we likewise owe to others, as they stand in need of succor." "Every nation is, on occasion, to labor for the preservation of others, and for securing them from destruction."

"When a neighboring nation is threatened to be overrun by a powerful enemy, do not object," says this revered legislator, "that lives of men will be endangered." When Massachusetts was in danger of subjugation from Great Britain, as our allies now are, Virginia did not object that lives of men would be endangered.

But farther:—

"A nation is not to confine itself to the mere preservation of other States; it should likewise contribute to their perfection."

That is to say, according to the book which is the highest authority next to the Constitution of the United States, and whose leading principles are identical with

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\* Vattel—Preface.

that Constitution, and more perhaps than any other gave authority for its precepts, we are in duty bound not only to succor our sister Republics in their distress, by a just intervention in their behalf, giving a sanction to the true "non-intervention," but we ought to aid them in every way, for our own sake and for theirs, to establish themselves as a prosperous and independent Republic; we ought to insist manfully and fearlessly that they be not driven into a corner of their own land by a foreign power hostile to them,—and, through the violation of treaties, and in other ways, hostile to us,—but should insist upon the integrity of their territory.

"It is safest," says Vattel, "to prevent the evil when it can be done." And again:

"All nations are strictly obliged to cultivate justice with regard to each other. This right is perfect; that is, accompanied with the right of using force to make it observed. Were this not so, the just would be at the mercy of fraud and injustice. The right to obtain justice by force is the right of an offensive war."

We have a *right* to use force to prevent the destruction of our sister Republics by an aggressive power. To say that we are not *able* to do so is the argument of a coward, nor did ever any nation thrive by cowardice. *God favors the strong when they apply their strength to the execution of his laws.*

"Let us apply to the unjust what we have said above of a mischievous or maleficent nation. If there be any that makes an open profession of trampling justice under foot, of despising and vio-

lating the rights of others whenever it finds an opportunity, the interest of human society will authorize all others to humble and chastise it \* \* \* (Or) if by constant maxims, and by a continued conduct, one nation shows that it has evidently this pernicious disposition, the safety of the human race requires that it should be suppressed. To form and support an unjust pretension is to do an injury not only to him who is interested in this pretension, but to mock at justice in general, and to injury all nations."

Terrible but glorious sentiments! Within the circle of their legitimate influence, where nature, and fate, and the principles of their constitution, and the expectation and hope of all mankind have placed them; within that circle, clearly marked, let the American people accomplish *their* duty,—by what just means we care not: If by treaties, then let the treaties be fulfilled and carried out in their spirit; if by the movements of individual citizens, then let those movements be encouraged and protected as far as is consistent with the rules of public justice; but best by the fair and open way, by the enforcement of a treaty already shamefully violated to our own dishonor.\*

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\* Not that the treaty alluded to was necessary as a reason for action; for says Vattel:—

"The treaties by which we simply engage not to do any evil to an ally,—to abstain, with respect to him, from all damage, offense, and injury,—are not necessary and produce no new right; each having, from nature, a perfect right not to suffer either damage, injury, or any true offense." And within a certain natural limit we are bound by that principle.

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## FREEDOM TO HER VOTARIES.

Wherefore should the Freeman kneel,  
When his chains are broken?  
Wherefore should he nurse the steel,  
Slavery's hated token?  
Or, is it meet  
To kiss the feet  
That crush you to the clay, men;  
Or bless the foe  
You overthrow?—  
I pray not such to-day, men.

Wherefore, in the hour of need,  
Shall a people house them?  
Wherefore did our fathers bleed,  
When like wrongs did rouse them?  
Is this the sod,  
So blest by God,  
That slaves swear by its clay, men?  
Or, are we still  
The men of Will?—  
I ask you that to-day, men.

## NEGLECTED AUTHORS.

BISHOP BERKELEY.

## MAXIMS CONCERNING PATRIOTISM.

1. EVERY man, by consulting his own heart, may easily know whether he is or is not a patriot. But it is not so easy for the by-standers.

2. Being loud and vehement either against a court or for a court, is no proof of patriotism.

3. A man whose passion for money runs high bids fair for being no patriot. And he likewise whose appetite is keen for power.

4. A native than a foreigner, a married man than a bachelor, a believer than an infidel, has a better chance for being a patriot.

5. It is impossible an epicure should be a patriot.

6. It is impossible a man who cheats at cards, or cogs the dice, should be a patriot.

7. It is impossible a man who is false to his friends and neighbors should be true to the public.

8. Every knave is a thorough knave. And a thorough knave is a knave throughout.

9. A man who hath no sense of God or conscience: would you make such a one guardian to your child? If not, why guardian to the state?

10. A sot, a beast, benumbed and stupefied by excess, is good for nothing, much less to make a patriot of.

11. A fop or man of pleasure makes but a scurvy patriot.

12. A sullen churlish man, who loves nobody, will hardly love his country.

13. The love of praise and esteem may do something; but to make a true patriot there must be an inward sense of duty and conscience.

14. Honesty (like other things) grows from its proper seed, good principles early laid in the mind.

15. To be a real patriot, a man must consider his countrymen as God's creatures, and himself as accountable for his acting towards them.

16. If *pro aris et focis* be the life of pat-

riotism, he who hath no religion or no home makes a suspected patriot.

17. No man perjures himself for the sake of conscience.

18. There is an easy way of reconciling malcontents—*Sunt verba et voces quibus hunc lenire dolorem, &c.*

19. A good groom will rather stroke than strike.

20. He who saith there is no such thing as an honest man, you may be sure is himself a knave.

21. I have no opinion of your bumper patriots. Some eat, some drink, some quarrel for their country. MODERN PATRIOTISM!

22. Ibycus is a carking, griping, close-fisted fellow. It is odds that Ibycus is not a patriot.

23. We are not to think every clamorous haranguer, or every splenetic repiner against a court, is therefore a patriot.

24. A patriot is one who heartily wisheth the public prosperity, and doth not only wish, but also study and endeavor to promote it.

25. Gamesters, rakes, fops, bullies, stock-jobbers: alas! what patriots!

26. Some writers have thought it impossible that men should be brought to laugh at public spirit. Yet this hath been done in the present age.

27. The patriot aims at his private good in the public. The knave makes the public subservient to his private interest. The former considers himself as part of a whole, the latter considers himself as the whole.

28. There is and ever will be a natural strife between court and country. The one will get as much, and the other give as little, as it can. How must the patriot behave himself?

29. He gives the necessary. If he gives more, it is with a view of gaining more to his country.

30. A patriot will never barter the public money for his private gain.

31. Moral evil is never to be committed; physical evil may be incurred, either to avoid a greater evil, or to procure a good.

32. Where the heart is right, there is true patriotism.

33. In your man of business, it is easier to meet with a good head than a good heart.

34. A patriot will admit there may be honest men, and that honest men may differ.

35. He that always blames, or always praises, is no patriot.

36. Were all sweet and sneaking courtiers, or were all sour malcontents; in

either case the public would thrive but ill.

37. A patriot would hardly wish there was no contrast in the state.

38. Ferments of the worst kind succeed to perfect inaction.

39. A man rages, rails, and raves; I suspect his patriotism.

40. The fawning courtier and the surly squire often mean the same thing, each his own interest.

41. A patriot will esteem no man for being of his party.

42. The factious man is apt to mistake himself for a patriot.

### THE QUERIST:

CONTAINING SEVERAL QUERIES PROPOSED TO THE CONSIDERATION OF THE PUBLIC.

QU. 1. WHETHER there ever was, is, or will be, an industrious nation poor, or an idle rich?

2. Whether a people can be called poor, where the common sort are well fed, clothed, and lodged?

3. Whether the drift and aim of every wise state should not be, to encourage industry in its members? And, whether those who employ neither heads nor hands for the common benefit, deserve not to be expelled like drones out of a well-governed state?

4. Whether the four elements, and man's labor therein, be not the true source of wealth?

5. Whether money be not only so far useful, as it stirreth up industry, enabling men mutually to participate the fruits of each other's labor?

6. Whether any other means, equally conducing to excite and circulate the industry of mankind, may not be as useful as money?

7. Whether the real end and aim of men be not power? And whether he who could have every thing else at his wish or will, would value money?

8. Whether the public aim in every well-governed state be not, that each member, according to his just pretensions and industry, should have power?

9. Whether power be not referred to ac-

tion; and whether action doth not follow appetite or will?

10. Whether fashion doth not create appetites; and whether the prevailing will of a nation is not the fashion?

11. Whether the current of industry and commerce be not determined by this prevailing will?

12. Whether it be not owing to custom, that the fashions are agreeable?

13. Whether it may not concern the wisdom of the legislature to interpose, in the making of fashions; and not leave an affair of so great influence to the management of women and fops, tailors and vintners?

14. Whether reasonable fashions are a greater restraint on freedom than those which are unreasonable?

15. Whether a general good taste in a people would not greatly conduce to their thriving? And whether an uneducated gentry be not the greatest of national evils?

16. Whether customs and fashions do not supply the place of reason in the vulgar of all ranks? Whether, therefore, it doth not very much import that they should be wisely framed?

17. Whether the imitating those neighbors in our fashions, to whom we bear no likeness in our circumstances, be not one cause of distress to this nation?

18. Whether frugal fashions in the upper



rank, and comfortable living in the lower, be not the means to multiply inhabitants?

19. Whether the creating of wants be not the likeliest way to produce industry in a people? And whether, if our peasants were accustomed to eat beef and wear shoes, they would not be more industrious?

20. Whether other things be given, as climate, soil, &c., the wealth be not proportioned to the industry, and this to the circulation of credit, be the credit circulated or transferred by what marks or tokens soever?

21. Whether, therefore, less money, swiftly circulating, be not, in effect, equivalent to more money slowly circulating? Or, whether, if the circulation be reciprocally as the quantity of coin, the nation can be a loser?

22. Whether money is to be considered as having an intrinsic value, or as being a commodity, a standard, a measure, or a pledge, as is variously suggested by writers? And whether the true idea of money, as such, be not altogether that of a ticket or counter?

23. Whether the value or price of things be not a compounded proportion, directly as the demand, and reciprocally as the plenty?

24. Whether the terms crown, livre, pound sterling, &c., are not to be considered as exponents or denominations of such proportion? And whether gold, silver, and paper, are not tickets or counters for reckoning, recording, and transferring thereof?

25. Whether the denominations being retained, although the bullion were gone, things might not nevertheless be rated, bought and sold, industry promoted, and a circulation of commerce maintained?

26. Whether an equal raising of all sorts of gold, silver and copper coin, can have any effect in bringing money into the country? And whether altering the proportions between the several sorts can have any other effect but multiplying one kind and lessening another, without any increase of the sum total?

27. Whether arbitrary changing the denomination of coin be not a public cheat?

28. What makes a wealthy people? Whether mines of gold and silver are capable of doing this? And whether the negroes, amidst the gold sands of Africa, are not poor and destitute?

29. Whether there be any virtue in gold and silver, other than as they set people at work, or create industry?

30. Whether it be not the opinion or will of the people, exciting them to industry, that truly enricheth a nation? And whether this doth not principally depend on the means for counting, transferring, and preserving power, that is, property of all kinds?

31. Whether current bank-notes may not be deemed money? And whether they are not actually the greater part of the money of this kingdom?

32. Provided the wheels move, whether it is not the same thing, as to the effect of the machine, be this done by the force of wind, or water, or animals?

33. Whether power to command the industry of others be not real wealth? And whether money be not in truth, tickets or tokens for conveying and recording such power, and whether it be of great consequence what materials the tickets are made of?

34. Whether trade, either foreign or domestic, be in truth any more than this commerce of industry?

35. Whether to promote, transfer, and secure, this commerce, and this property in human labor, or, in other words, this power, be not the sole means of enriching a people, and how far this may be done independently of gold and silver?

36. Whether it were not wrong to suppose that land itself to be wealth? And whether the industry of the people is not first to be considered, as that which constitutes wealth, which makes even land and silver to be wealth, neither of which would have any value, but as means and motives to industry?

## MEREDITH DEMAISTRE,

## THE PET OF THE PARVENUS.

## CHAPTER I.

## THE GRIEF OF THE TIPPTOFFS.

It was the second hour after midnight, when Mr. Meredith Demaistre entered the very latest of the hundred carriages which had stopped the way before the elegant mansion of the Tipptoffs, in the most fashionable avenue of New-York. A lady in a white ball-dress appeared at the same instant at the window of the parlor. Mr. Demaistre, as if divining the possibility of such an apparition, checked the coachman for an instant, and sprang out quickly to catch a rose which her fair hand threw to him. He bows profoundly; the lady retires from the window; the coach rolls away. The lady returns, and leaning out into the warm night air, looks earnestly after the carriage and listens long to the thunder of the retiring wheels, as they sound along the hollow streets.

The gas lights have been shut off in the house, and the vast rooms would be quite darkened were it not that the glare of a street light, casts a ruddy effulgence along the painted ceilings and the towering walls, revealing imperfectly the mirrored elegance of a modern citizen's palace. The adornments of these rooms, as we are able to see them by the dim light that streams into the remoter darkness, are of the rarest and most judicious order; their designing and choice, evidently by some master of taste and fashion. Pictures of a grand and sombre character, originals of the more luxurious artists of the modern German and Belgian schools, those sole possessors in our day of the secret of color and *chiar' oscuro*, occupy the spaces of the walls, alternating with a few broad mirrors set in marble. The carpets of large and simple figures, harmoniously but soberly tinted, assist the colors of the heavy curtains, and velvet-covered furniture. The rooms are provided, but not crowded, with elegant conveniences for sitting and reclining, which, more than all other luxuries, discover the tact and sensus of the modern taste. Objects of virtu rest here

and there in convenient niches. A few small, but exquisitely finished statues on scagliola pedestals, a table in a corner, covered with engravings, doubtless of great rarity and value,—so much may be seen in the imperfect light:—what else might be discovered by the broad light of a hundred jets of gas, we leave to the vivid and minute imagination of our reader.

But the business of the novelist is with persons and their actions, and not with furniture, be it even the luxury of kings, or the more comfortable splendor of merchants.

The lady, on retreating from the window, threw herself passionately into the angle of a sofa, at the other extreme of which sat her husband, whose short figure relieved itself obscurely against the dusky velvet. In the dimness one could hardly discern it.

A something worse than ennui, a feeling of exhaustion and of total disappointment, seemed to possess them. The lady, whom the reader will hereafter please to recognize as "the fair," or "the elegant," or "the witty," or "the fascinating," or possibly, if it should so happen, (Heaven only knows,) the "unfortunate and much to be compassionated Mrs. Tipptoff,"—patted the carpet nervously, but languidly and slowly, with her little satin-clad foot. Her husband, known as "old Tipptoff," or "Dick Tipptoff," or "rich Dick Tipptoff," with a note of interrogation added,—the wealth of that very old family having been for years on the declining side of fortune,—sat gazing into vacancy, with an air between the hateful weariness that follows forced mirth and too much wine, and the distressed anxiety of a man who is following his furniture to an auction, or his counsel to the presence of a prejudiced jury.

I should have remarked, that immediately on her withdrawal from the window, a servant entered and placed a small Chinese table, supporting a bottle of brandy, a silver water pitcher, and two candles, (one of them lighted,) before Tipptoff; with the additamentum of a boot-jack, and a pair of yel-

low slippers, on the carpet. Tiptoff, the knowing reader will surmise, had been once a bachelor, old and of fixed habits. He was now a married man, not a day younger, and with very nearly the same habits.

The self-disgust of a social failure sickened the leathery visage of the old gentleman, as he poured out a glass of brandy for himself, and, rather oddly, invited his pretty wife to drink with him. The tearful vexation of disappointed vanity, and perhaps the grief of some other passion, pouted the dewy lips, and paled the swelling cheeks of his spouse. The pair gazed blankly but not angrily at each other, and then at the bottle. "Dick, my dear," sighed the lady, "I think I *will* take a little."

The old gentleman had evidently forgotten himself when he offered the brandy to his wife, and her acceptance of it discomposed him. Had it been hot brandy punch, with lemon in it, or any lady-like preparation of brandy, he would have thought nothing of it; but his ideas of feminine delicacy forbade his wife so rude and masculine a drink as the mere bachelor's brandy-and-water. The impropriety of the thing struck him on the instant. Filled even to bursting with a previous choler and disquiet, it needed but a drop more to make a foaming effervescence in his inner man. But Dick Tiptoff was a gentleman of delicate education,—would sooner kick his horse, or shave his whiskers, than speak harshly to a lady. The most he could do was to set down the glass untasted, get up against the table, overturning it with a crash, damn himself slightly, and walk directly out of the room, shutting the door sharply behind him, and leaving Mrs. T. in darkness.

The crash and uproar occasioned by the violent upsetting, and the exodus of her spouse, having subsided, the unhappy Mrs. Tiptoff burst into a sharp paroxysm of weeping. Covering her face with her hands, she rocked her fragile figure to and fro, with many sobs and deep-drawn sighs, while the big drops burst from between her squeezed and aching eyelids. The words, "cruel man," "kind Meredith," "horrid Squabbs," "nasty people," and a variety of broken expressions, indicative of a tumult of mixed emotions, burst in harsh whispers from her lips. Mrs. T. was to a certainty, profoundly agitated:—the dark side of her life had turned up to her view, with a sudden and

surprising distinctness. After a time, however, kind nature came to her solace in the shape of that gentle follower of grief, the quiet and beneficent sleep. The beautiful head of curls no longer waved to and fro, in starts of agony, and soon fell sideways and drooped on either side the white wrist that rested on the velvet arm of the sofa. A soft breathing, interrupted only by a dreamy catching of the breath, as though sorrow was not wholly mastered, even by sleep, announced that the delicate and unhappy Mrs. Tiptoff had declined into a state of oblivion, and for this hour at least escaped from vanity and care. And now, with softest music let us close the scene.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE EXULTATION OF THE SQUABBS.

At the fireside of the Squabbs, on the contrary, there was an atmosphere of exultation. Mr. Squabb, Mrs. Squabb, Miss Emeline Ginevra Squabb, and the two little Squabblings, the snobby brothers, were in a perfect gale. "Was there ever such a victory?" screamed the mother. "Never!" shrilled the daughter. "Never," growled old Squabb, yawning and falling back in his chair. "Never," laughed the two snobby Squabbling youths, simultaneously plunging their pale fat hands into the pockets of their sacks. "Never," shouted all in chorus. "Such a splendid affair," languished Miss Emeline Ginevra. "Such an expensive one," groaned Mr. S. "Such a well got-up thing, and all for us, my dear," concluded Mrs. S., nodding smilingly at her daughter.

A period of silence ensued, during which the entire family, looking from one to another, allowed their satisfaction to expand itself in knowing glances. The Squabbs were a fat family; their complexions shone with fatness. At this epoch in their history, which may be marked as the culmination of their mortal felicity, they had attained that ripeness of person which follows a long course of pleasure and easy living, before the disappointments and chagrins of fashionable life had begun to break in upon that continuity of countenance which marks the happy and the dull. The Squabbs were grown rich, and from a hopeless obscurity had risen upon an opulent wave to the frothy summit of

notoriety. A palace in a grand street, a scarlet-lined coach, and a liveried footman, had turned the Squabbs into gods. Nectar and ambrosia they drank and ate—the nectar of congratulation, and the ambrosia of servile homage from their less fortunate acquaintance.

The statue of Heracles on the mantel-piece struck the second hour after midnight, and just at the very moment when poor Mrs. Tipptoff dropped asleep in her lonely parlor, Mr. Squabb jerked out a large jewelled Tobias, and began dreamily inspecting the face. At the same instant Mrs. S. pulled out a very thin Lepine from her girdle; Miss Emeline Ginevra produced a still thinner one from hers; the two Squabbling youths each betrayed another; and the circle of fat faces, from gazing at each other, were turned complacently and yawningly upon their watches. "There is nigh upon a thousand dollars' worth of watches among us, my dear," remarked Mr. S. gravely, putting up his time-keeper; "and for me, though I say nothing, I think it a heavy investment in that kind of property."

"Was not money, papa, made for spending?" murmured Emeline Ginevra, as she slid her tiny Lepine into its nest near her heart.

"Judiciously, my daughter," added the mother. "Judiciously," nodded the father; and "Judiciously" winked the fat eyes of the over-dressed Squabblings. There was a perfect unanimity of sentiment on this point also, and another happy silence followed, during which the author will silently withdraw the reader and introduce him abruptly to a third and more imposing faction or party in this drama of society.

### CHAPTER III.

#### MRS. WASHINGTON TIBBS.

IN her boudoir, attended by her natty Swiss waiting-maid, who was divesting her portly mistress of a gorgeous satin ball-dress, sat Mrs. Tibbs, the wealthy widow of Washington Tibbs, Esq., of metropolitan notoriety. Mrs. Tibbs, sitting before her mirror, had laid aside her curls, and eke her wig, and discovered a smooth cranium of a very blue color, rising in the middle over the forehead, like the pyramidal cover of a china sugar bowl, a sugar bowl *cui*

*lumen ademptum*, that is to say, with knob broken off. Speaking with her customary decision, "Lisette," said the lady,—the maid was instantly at her elbow, and stood in the attitude of fearful attention,—“Lisette, bring me my miniature.”

The miniature was brought.

“Lisette, observe it closely.” It was closely observed. “Would you take it for a portrait of me? I was but twenty when that was taken. The artist was one of the few who never flatter. He told me that he esteemed a good conscience above money and fame.”

“Beautiful,” exclaimed Lisette—“*délieuse*, and as like Madame as I am like moi-même, mesel. I see ver leetle change in your ladyship, mon Dieu!”

“Lisette, you must not call me ladyship. Titles are not used in America. A lady is indeed a lady everywhere,” sighed Mrs. Tibbs; “but the odious prejudices of the mob! how I hate the mob! Lisette, do you have vulgar people in your country?”

“Oui, Madame, many English live in Switzerland: they dress badly, *très vulgaire*.”

“And yet, Lisette, England is a very aristocratical country.”

“Ah! oui, *très bien*! Madame—ver reech; but the English have not elegance et *liberalité égal* to some in Amerique. Amerigans ladies *très fine*, *délicates*. Amerigan gentilhommes dress more better, more fine. Ah! dere is in Broadway one air de Paris, only ver dirty, vill I say nastie?”

“Nasty is the word, Lisette. Have you pigs in Switzerland, Lisette?”

“Oui, Madame. Mon Dieu! here is grease pot enorme on votre ladyship’s brocade dress, blanche. Ah, mon Dieu, it is dreadful.” So saying, the assiduous Lisette, who, during this dialogue, had glided into the closet and brought out the garment in question, held up before the eyes of her purblind mistress a portion of the sleeve.

“Take it, Lisette, I shall have no further use for it. And now tell me something more, some anecdote of the lady you served in Switzerland, the Landgravine——what was her name?”

“The Landgravine Schnotsendauben, Madame.”

“What a name, Lisette! A great lady, you said.”

“Oui, *une grande dame*, *très belle*, an reech, ver reech.”

Mrs. Tibbs glanced at the mirror, sighed and bridled.

"Lisette, bring my night-dress. Had the lady many admirers?"

"Amants, dit Madame? Pour une Land-gravine, tees not permis. Chevalier servante de mon maitress, Signor Bug, gentilhomme Roman, vid vot you tell, ooisker, très grand moustace on hees cheek."

"His lip, Lisette; the mustacio is worn upon the lip. You have seen Mr. Demaistre's."

"Eh bien! and feel him too," said the girl quickly; but her mistress did not understand, or did not hear, for she added:

"Mr. Demaistre's mustacio is elegant. But tell me, Lisette, what is the duty of a chevalier servante? I thought the entertaining of that kind of follower a very antiquated custom."

"Antiquated, dit Madame? Non, très modern, au contraire. Il porte—he carry de fan—he carry de dog—he carry eberyding. Monsieur Bug carry Madame too, an I detect; Monsieur Bug call me kammerkat—I turn away ma maitress, an come to Amerique."

"A very improper person, Lisette, to be seen with a lady."

"Vraiment, to be seen; Monsieur Bug vas proper, néanmois—an for me I say noting, but he give insult—not like Monsieur Demaistre, who is polaité."

The lady's curiosity to learn something further touching the important relationship of a fashionable gentleman follower to a lady of rank in Europe, had well nigh overcome her discretion, when the arrival of an elegant billet-doux, directed in the handwriting of her favorite, Demaistre, gave a new turn to her thoughts. The note was as follows:—

MY DEAR MADAM,—

The arrival at your house of your niece, Miss Winter, during my tedious absence, gives me an opportunity of showing my devotion to yourself by giving her some amusement. I have a little absurd pique to gratify against that young lady, and I wish to give you both a pleasant surprise. Let me have a carte blanche to give what private orders I please, to your housekeeper, for to-morrow evening.

And believe me ever,

Your devoted and loving  
MEREDITH.

P. S. The trifle inclosed is a table-diamond, a variety you said you had not seen.

The amiable ease of the note, and the splendor of the jewelled ring which it contained, excited a powerful emotion of pleasure in the bosom of the widow, and immediately she called for her beautiful miniature writing desk, itself a gift from the same tasteful admirer, and before retiring to her couch, indited, in a bold, masculine hand, the following reply:—

MON CHER DEMAISTRE,—

I shall drive to-morrow out of town, and pass the day with the Timpkinses. My house, meanwhile, is at your service. Make any arrangements you please. I will send out a few invitations. Let the evening be literary and artistic. Miss Winter is so. We will have music and conversation. Send a list of persons whom *you* wish to have invited.

Yours very truly,

PATTY ALICE DENTZY WASHINGTON TIBBS.

P. S. The diamond is very fine. Do not ask me to wear it. It is a vanity, though an elegant one. I shall send for Hum and Strum, the two German pianists, and for Chokey and Spondee, the new poets, so much talked of. What odd names these artists have! W. T.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE BOARDING-HOUSE.

MRS. KOLLTATER, the lady of the Snob House, a well-known private hotel, or public boarding-house in Broadway, sat at dinner, at the head of her long table, looking down along her ranks of eaters, with a calculating expression. By close observation and long experience in her business, this dispenser of "all the comforts and privileges of a private family" had acquired a knack at valuing men and women by certain external signs. By the general air and manner of a stranger, she could foretell, with tolerable accuracy, not only how much he would eat, but how long he would be likely to pay for what he ate. Her favorable regards were distributed upon those who ate little and paid punctually.

On the present occasion, however, a quiet observer might have detected a remarkable departure, in Mrs. Kolltater, from her usual course of favor; for in the seedy coat and calamitous countenance of Mr. Bob Jenkins,—Jenkins the toper—Jenkins the penny-a-liner,—what was there to call out a smile on the face of an experienced landlady? Jenkins was, in fact, surprised at it himself; it



even excited in his bosom a vague feeling of alarm. Returning the unexpected smile with a grim recognition, he laid down his knife and fork, and considered in his dear heart, as Homer would say, what might be the cause; and whether bitter Fate had anything in store for him, more dreadful than what he had already suffered.

To the gentleman at his elbow, however, who had observed the landlady's demonstration, it seemed quite proper, and a thing to be expected. This was no less a character than the well and widely known Meredith Demaistre, equally noted for the elegance of his hair and the audacity of his manners.

Every assembly of men, be it an assembly only for eating, has its great man, or sovereign *pro tem*. Mr. Meredith Demaistre, already somewhat known to the reader, was the sovereign *pro tem*. of Mrs. Kolltater's dinner table. Now this autocrat of sirloins had signified to the landlady that it would gratify him to have Jenkins at his elbow, at table; where, accordingly, said Jenkins was seated; and very rightly and naturally our dinner autocrat attributed the above described dispensation to a reflection of his own importance from the person of Jenkins in the eyes of the landlady.

The diners had retired from the table, excepting Jenkins and his fashionable friend. Ordering sherry for his own glass, and brandy for his companion's, Demaistre threw himself into an attitude of intimate conversation, leaning over, and occasionally striking the table with his right hand.

"You were speaking," said his companion, pouring out a liberal draught from the decanter, "of that affair at the Tiptoffs."

"Ah!" exclaimed Demaistre, in his usual low, flute-like tone,—"a more elegant affair than that. But the devil is in those Tiptoffs; with all their advantages and pride to boot; with the best manners, and a capital art of entertainment. In fact they work for others. Observe now—a man of some sense, known in very good company, and supposed to be rich, becomes an object of maternal anxiety in the bosoms of a dozen or twenty highly respectable families—in fact, to be plain, the idol of a good set. Very good. Now *you*, Jenkins, happen to know, that I, the *rich* Meredith Demaistre, (ha! ha!) am precisely the individual indicated. It were idle to a tempt modesty with a man of your penetration; but there is one thing which I will

throw in, by way of warning:—My riches, you know, are purely in expectation. I am a near relative, the only surviving relative of the old pill-vender Bobus. Very good. I am rich, as we say, in expectation. That is to say, I intend to marry a great deal of real and personal property, now in the possession of the venerable widow Washington Tibbs. As for uncle Bobus, he will never leave me a penny. The old fellow intends endowing a hospital by way of indemnification to mankind, for having slain so many with his wicked nostrum. The idea of leaving me a fortune never occurred to him. But I grow tedious."

"Not at all," gasped Jenkins, with a look of infinite curiosity, and decanting a second glass of brandy. "Not at all; go on, in the d—l's name."

"That," replied the other quickly, "is precisely the name in which I intend to go on. Now for this affair at the Tiptoffs. You must know the widow Washington Wiggs or Tibbs is decidedly taken with my person. The widow does not dance, but she talks wonderfully, and so does your humble servant. By talking I carried the widow—took her by storm. It was at this exquisite supper-party at Tiptoff's—the most elegant thing! There was a room frescoed for the occasion; the most perfect taste in the outlay! Your humble servant planned the thing, and brought Mrs. Tiptoff into it. The widow Washington was made to think that the whole had been got up to please her. The Squabbs labored under a similar delusion in regard to themselves. Only your humble servant knew the object of this piece of folly, which cost Tiptoff and his wife some five thousand dollars, including the making up of specie into plate; there was the vastest profusion—costly wines, pictures, opera-singing, the house thrown open, filled with every luxury and everything to please. In short, a most elegant affair, and not above a hundred persons present! The most select; in short, not one married person under a hundred thousand, and full ten over half a million, supposed. Squabb thought it a good time, where capital was so well represented, to organize a bank; and I verily believe the dozen or so of red-faced plums that were present, would have called a meeting and fallen to business, had not their circle been broken in upon by a vigorous assault from

Mrs. Washington Wiggs—confound it, I mean Tibbs, who led off Squabb to stare at a piece of ancient china, which he mistook for a petrified monkey.

"I have said that both the Squabbs and the widow fancied the occasion their own. The widow, who is fat, and walks heavily, withdrew into a recess, and entertained a circle of her admirers with a lecture on phrenology and the Greek Slave. Your humble servant was called upon for a touch of the æsthetic, and taste being the order of the day, I gave the widow a definition of taste, which threw her into a perspiration of delight. 'Taste,' said I, 'my dear madam, is a thing'—'Wrong, Demaistre,' said she. (She admires my surname—it is important to have a good name, and when one may be picked out of any directory, I see no reason why a gentleman seeking his fortune should not choose the best. My old name, you know, was Sneak, Judas Sneak,—a horrible name; I changed it. It went before me like a bad reputation, and I never prospered while I had it.) But I digress. 'Wrong,' said she, 'Demaistre, wrong! Taste is a sentiment, not a thing.' 'True, madam,' said I, bowing under the correction; 'taste is, indeed, more a person than a thing.' 'Wrong again, Demaistre,' said she, still harping on my name; 'taste is not a person, neither.' 'Ah! madam,' said I, sighing, and giving her a delicate glance, 'taste is surely a person, and no less a person than Mrs. Washington Tibbs; she is taste itself.'"

"Very gross," remarked Jenkins.

"Which, the lady or the compliment?"

"That," responded Jenkins, "depends on her way of taking it."

"She took it as a cat laps milk; as a man of no credit takes a good endorsement. The widow is a lady of great humility and the most aspiring pride. Her reverence for a great or learned name is equalled only by her personal haughtiness and ambition. Now, she looks upon your humble servant as not only a man of family, rich in hope, and an aristocrat, but as a person of unlimited acquirements, and perfect discrimination. In short, the widow is a sure card. But I must marry soon, or some vile accident will mar all."

Jenkins finished a third glass of brandy and water, and a desultory chat of some minutes ensued, during which our adventurer amused himself with shuffling over a heap of

invitations which he drew from his pocket-book. As he read the names half soliloquizing, his companion kept up a running commentary, for Jenkins was a man who had seen better days, and *had been* a diner out, knew everybody's business and reputation in the city.

"Jacks?" said Demaistre, half questioning the name from a card.

"Jacks? A stock-broker," said the other, half answering, half soliloquizing. "Jacob Jacks, grandson of the old apple woman on St. P—'s. A drug dealer, very rich; has failed six times, here and elsewhere, by this light; a very low dog; his large family, all girls, inherit the scrofula and rheumatism, contracted by the old woman from cold victuals and damp seats, to say nothing of a filthier inheritance of vulgarity and pride."

"Cottle?" (another card.)

"Aye, aye, Dick Cottle, corner of Broadway and Jaundice street, *formerly*; now De Damm Place—nothing less. His house is a solid mass of absurdity, a blunder immortalized in brick. It cost him a hundred thousand, they say. A mere selfish jug, that fellow; his ears are narrow slits through which you may drop in brass coin of flattery enough, but deuce a compliment will you ever get *out* of him, until his clay envelope is cracked, and then there will be a soul found dried and shrunk, like the kernel of a bad nut. This Dick Cottle invited me to dine with him once, in a quiet way, and when all was done, there was only a turkey without sauce, cold potatoes and cheap port. A miserable dog, worth half a million, and a very bad judge of port. Avoid him."

"Partridge?" (another card.)

"That's fat Peter, I know him well. Very good eater, but fond of soup; the veriest cheat in creation. Peter is one of those happy, good-humored rascals who go smiling through the world, with the best intentions, though frequently unable to repay a loan, or meet an obligation; and yet by some secret arrangement with Providence, perpetually rolling in luxury,—wine, women, horses, dinners,—while honest dogs, like me, who *must* look sheepish when they can't pay, live unappreciated. By Heaven, I'll have a new scheme of the moral sentiments, with the part of Hamlet—I mean conscience—omitted."

"Gudginson?" (another card.)

"That's Jonas Gudginson; once a fish-

erman, then a banker ; and the banks from which he drew his profits were, first and last, sand banks. His business now is, to 'own a few houses,' for which, he affectingly says, 'he gets nothing but his board and lodging, and travelling expenses.' I never set eyes on the fishy face of that same Gudginson (his real name was originally Gudgins) without marvelling at the dispensations of Providence, which confer poverty and scorn upon wits and men of sense, and fortune and pride upon idiots. Madam G., a dressed-up fishmonger's wife, is Snobbery's goddess—extremely dressy, spends, it is said, a thousand a year in adorning her fishy person. But it won't do ; all the rose-water in Snobdom won't wash off the smell of mackerel."

"Come, come, Jenkins," said Demaistre, coloring, and speaking in a very serious tone, "you grow severe. The institutions of this country, you know, favor all men equally."

"I deny it, sir," responded Jenkins, breathing a fierce and melancholy sigh ; "they favor only the low-born and the dull."

"But what," said the other, "have you and I to say against that?"

"Pardon me, Mr. Demaistre ; I trace my origin to one of the early settlers of New-Jersey,—a man, sir, whose genealogy runs back into the days of William the Conqueror. My ancestors fought against the Henrys and Edwards, in the wars of Wales."

"And mine, for aught I know, fought against Leviathan—in the wars of whales. What folly is this? My grandfather, the veritable Jedediah Sneak, of Sneakville, Connecticut, sold rum, and molasses, and notions, to country louts ; but for all that, I am Meredith Demaistre, Esq., and shall marry a fortune. My dear Jenkins, there is a fault in your organization : you lack assurance. Assurance is better than pride. It is an easy, flexible *virtue*—shall I say—that fits itself to every situation and condition. But this old-fashioned lumber of family pride that you carry about with you, is a barren property, held by a doubtful record, that requires constant vigilance, and is subject to a heavy tax of time and idleness."

"Ah ! ha !" replied the other, with a sneer, "I perceive, that together with his aristocratical name, our friend Judas Sneak, Esq., adopted a high moral tone!"

"No ; under favor," said the other, "you mistake me. I have a strong interest in

your welfare, and meant only to give a friend a little kind advice."

"Very well, let that go," said Jenkins, sullenly. "Now for the Tiptoffs : what of them?"

"To proceed, then, you must know that this affair at Tiptoff's was got up altogether at my suggestion. The T.'s, you know, are on the down-hill side of fashion—a little *seedy*, bearing the usual fruits of too long a continuance in folly—friends dropping off, invitations neglected, &c. &c. Said I, addressing Mrs. T., 'My dear madam, for a lady as well qualified as yourself to make a figure, nay, to *lead* in society—in short, madam, words are poor to express what I mean.' I paused. 'Ah ! Demaistre,' said she, with tears in her eyes, 'Tiptoff is well meaning, but *too* timid, and, I fear, not *au fait*.' 'True,' said I hesitatingly, 'your husband is a good fellow, very ; but you are aware one should have cultivation, should have been *early* trained in society.'

"Did *you* say that?" growled Jenkins ; "you, who passed the first eighteen years of your life——"

"Hush ! let me go on. 'One should have been early trained,' says I. 'Taste is a thing given more by society and culture than by nature. Your husband has fine aristocratical elements of character ; nor can the man whom you have condescended to marry be supposed——' 'Out, villain ! you flatter,' says she, with a prettily affected indignation. 'Never, madam,' replied I. 'A fool it may be sometimes necessary to flatter ; but with people of taste and discernment nothing passes but rude sincerity.' 'Ah ! Demaistre,' sighed she, looking soft and disconsolate, 'what *shall* we do ? Advise us.' 'In the last number of the "Mirror of Manners,"' replied I, 'you may have seen an essay, an indifferent performance of mine ?' 'Yes ; a description of an entertainment at Lady Bauble's, in London. Oh ! it *was* charming ! Dear Demaistre, *you* have taste, and such a *naïve* style ! You will ruin us. Why, do you know, I no sooner read that description of yours but it came into my head to do just such a thing. But then it would be *so* expensive.'

"Expensive, madam ! That is the very glory of it. It is in fashion as in war : the more it costs, the greater the honor."

"If I could only persuade Tiptoff—a *deep* sigh.

"Leave that to me," said I cheerfully.

"Dear Demaistre!"

"Have I your full authority for it?"

"Oh!" —

Mr. Meredith Demaistre here made a peculiar gesture, with a peculiar expression of his mouth, upon observing which Jenkins smacked his lips and knocked the bottom of his glass against the mahogany. "But how," said he, "could you drag poor Tiptoff into such an extravagance?"

"There," replied Demaistre, lowering his voice, "lies the secret of the whole transaction. You are aware of poor T.'s habits."

"Drinks and plays deep?"

"Yes: plays a great deal with the Major, my friend—you know who. Well, the Major is under heavy obligations to me. I have him, so to speak, in the hollow of my hand. He has been regularly robbing Tiptoff, this last season, of some five thousand. A fool and his money are soon parted. I directed the Major to lose it back to him at his earliest convenience, as we say, but to keep it all by him, and run in debt to T. for the amount. As ordered, so did the Major; and about a week after, T. informed me, with a look of vast satisfaction, that he had won five thousand, which, considering that he had been a loser until then, he thought no less than providential. 'Providential!' said I. 'Indeed! Are you aware, my dear T., that the P.'s and the Q.'s talk of dropping your wife?'

"His countenance fell. 'Don't be alarmed, my good sir,' said I; 'she will very easily recover her position. It is only necessary to give poor Mrs. T. a little more pin money. The poor lady, you know, is very economical, in fact much more careful of *your* concerns than of her own. It was but yesterday she lamented her inability to do anything handsome. Those Squabbs, you know, my dear Tiptoff, those Squabbs have set such a frightful fashion of expense.' In short, I advised the poor fool to advise Mrs. T. to make a bold stroke, outshine the entire Squabb concern, and strike Mrs. Washington Tibbs quite dumb. I offered on the spur of the moment to manage everything. Tiptoff, poor fool, was grateful and said he would sustain Mrs. T., if it cost him all he was worth. The rest you know. Everything came off just as it had been ar-

ranged. The widow, partly knowing my plans, patronized poor Mrs. T. openly, so that all saw it, not excepting the party patronized. Squabb took Tiptoff aside and advised him, as a friend, not to go on at that rate, and offered, if he found himself in any sudden difficulty, to accommodate him with a few thousand, if he would give good security."

"And Mrs. Squabbs?" said Jenkins, interrogatively.

"Ah! ha!—there lies the fun of the thing. The Major, who you know is a consummate exaggerator, and an abandoned eulogizer, whispered Mrs. S. in her ear, that it all meant nothing but a compliment to her daughter Emeline Ginevra,—a *thing* which you may have seen rolling in a coach in Broadway."

"Aye,—very fat!"

"As fat, sir, as a firkin, and as affected as a bunch of artificial flowers. Mrs. Squabb, whose shrewdness never gets the better of her vanity, swallowed this leaden bait, and immediately invited the plumpy Major to dine. He will make love to the divine butter firkin, and the two will conclude the child's fable of happiness—'die in a pot of grease.'"

"But did Mrs. Squabb betray anything?"

"Everything. She waddled up to poor Tiptoff and complimented him with the air of a duchess; she let everybody into the secret, and even whispered her daughter, loud enough for half a dozen to hear, that on *such* an occasion it was her duty to hold up her head, and be pleasant. But the young lady needed no instigation; her vanity ran even with her mother's information, and the two came in neck and neck."

"But Mrs. Tiptoff surely took means to contradict this stupid rumor."

"She would have done so, but it happened that her husband had recently applied to the Major for some of the money, and found it not immediately to be come at; and being consequently somewhat embarrassed, he had resolved to borrow from old Squabb. The Tiptoffs, on that account, suffered the impression to remain; and poor Mrs. T. could only bite her lips in silence. She told it all to me the next morning in a fit of chagrin and weeping."

## CHAPTER V.

## THE CAFÉ.

DEMAISTRE and his companions sat talking over the table until dusk, when they were disturbed by the setting of the cups for tea. They rose and took their accustomed stroll along the quieter side of Broadway. The crowd of home-returning clerks and artisans, that shuffles nightly over the harsh pavement, had grown thin and interrupted. The thunder of the empty cart and loaded omnibus, the cries of hawkers, and the pattering and scraping of ten thousand feet, made it impossible to converse; almost to think. They moved on quietly and leisurely, regarding nothing; until Demaistre turned quickly to the right, crossed over, beckoning Jenkins to follow him—and the two were immediately buried in the darkness of an intersecting street.

Again it is light, and we discover our two friends seated in a remote corner of a large and brilliantly-lighted apartment, set throughout with small marble tables, for the convenience of pairs, or limited parties, of social bachelors, who meet here, and while away the tedious hours of evening, with coffee, or the keener pleasures of strong drink. The early hour had brought few visitors, and a feeling of privacy and quiet stole over the two, as they sat.

A heavy chandelier, hanging from the centre of the ceiling above a broad reading table, sent a clear and soft light through the room. Leaning over the table and apparently lost in the perusal of a German newspaper, you might have seen a gray-haired gentleman, in whose face traces of care and of reflection mingled painfully with the tokens of a night-worn and dissipated life.

On observing this person, Demaistre started, and then with as little noise as possible changed his position so as to throw his face in shadow, and conceal it from the stranger.

A look of inquiry passed over the face of his companion. Demaistre observed it, and presently, after having ordered coffee and cigars, he began to speak in a low voice.

"An old enemy of mine," said he, "and one of the few men in this world whom I wish to avoid."

"I begin to see," replied the other with a sneer, "that even *your* impudence is not equal to mine. I can look any man in the face and defy scrutiny."

"Because you have nothing to hide."

"Very true, thank God! but who is it?"

"Conrad, a German. We were acquainted in Paris."

"I have heard the name, but it is common. A rival, perhaps."

"Worse,—an enemy."

"Is not a rival the worst enemy?"

"For the time, the worst enemy is the man you win from at play,—that is my experience."

"When you cheat."

"Call it by hard names if you will, but every kind of game is a delusion, and your success depends half upon chance, and half upon your own secrecy and knowledge of your enemy's ignorance."

"You ruined yonder gentleman, I suppose."

"Yes. He informed against me for a common swindler,—I challenged him, and at the same time gave information to the police that he was a German radical. Louis Philippe had a great dislike of radicals, and our friend was directed to leave Paris."

"What was your travelling name at that time?"

"Cocksure,—I was English,—Charles Cocksure, Esq., of Cocksure. Conrad did not suspect me. He had a sister at Paris, a very pretty creature, and the heiress of a small property in Pennsylvania. My intention was to marry the girl, and go with her to America; but I fell into temptation, lost all my money to a female communist, was compelled to ruin Conrad, and lost his countenance with his sister. It is four years since, but if the dog sees me, he will remind me of the challenge."

"But the girl?" inquired Jenkins, with a sigh. "Did she love you?"

"I was no less than a divinity in her eyes, and the poor thing absolutely died of disappointment, as I know. She was Conrad's sole relative, and he made a pet of her. His rage was terrific. He believed, too, that I had harmed the girl, but I never had any inclination that way."

"I dare say not," said Jenkins, with a sneer; "you are a great philosopher, and have wonderful self-command. Envious man!"

"Mr. Jenkins," said Demaistre, bowing very coolly, "you have your joke."

"And you your self-command, ha! ha!"



ha! an even share. I am content with my joke, and you doubtless with the other quality,—what do you call it? self-command, ha! ha!—a great philosopher. Here's to self-command, the king of all the virtues—the very Pope of the merits: May he never want opportunities."

Demaistre bit his lip and turned pale; but like the hero Narses, defeat cowed not his spirit, and contempt rather inspired than abashed him. Dropping the subject easily, he took up a very joecular and confiding tone, rattled over a variety of pleasant topics, and pretending to have an appointment at eight, left Jenkins in a high good-humor with himself, and consequently with every one else.

The German soon looked up, and recognizing Jenkins, who had not till then seen that the enemy of Demaistre was an old acquaintance of his own, the two joined company and entered into conversation, assisting their wits with an occasional glass of brandy-and-water.

The German had before him a copy of the *London Times*—Jenkins, a *Herald*. They exchanged. The two papers, of the same date, had each an article on the military power of the respective countries.

"Your countrymen," said the German, "are the most irascible and insolent in the world, and the strongest for war, but they do not feel it. The English, on the contrary, *feel* powerful, and are essentially weak: they outface you."

"We shall one day feel and understand our power," replied Jenkins, "and England her weakness, and she will then perhaps assume a civiler tone toward us. But how is it that you Prussians, who are a military people, trained, every man of you, to arms, are not the leading power in Europe?"

"For the same reason, sir," replied Conrad, "that you Americans are not the first in the world. I call you Americans,—I should have said Republicans; for though you are a compactly organized power, you are *not* a nation, in the ancient sense. Neither is Prussia a nation; its nationality is young and weak; it could even reconcile itself, as some of your fools do, to dismemberment and subjugation. The masses of the people have not liberty enough; they have discipline and education instead."

Jenkins smiled. "Liberty," said he, "is no longer a passion with us. The old enthusi-

asm has worn itself out. With your people it has not yet come."

"Nor perhaps ever will," replied Conrad, sighing, "though I would give my life to be assured of it. But you have it in your hearts as warm as ever, though you talk less about it; and that is no doubt right. But you are looking for something new to interest you, and must have change."

"Do you mean to say that our form of government will change?"

"No, not materially; but the spirit of your early history, your 'spirit of '76,' as you call it, is an extinct form of enthusiasm. Your hot adventurers, who know little of the past, cannot feed their imaginations on the glory of their fathers; they wish to make a little fresh glory for themselves."

"And what follows?"

"Look at history and it will tell you. What followed liberty in Athens?"

"Conquest!"

"What in Rome?"

"Conquest, too."

"What is it that has made England a conquering and enterprising power?"

"Do you mean to suggest," said Jenkins, with an expression of surprise, "that Great Britain owes her vigor, these last two centuries, to an infusion of the democratic principle?"

"Why not? The more of democracy the more of war, and the more, too, of public authority and of popular activity. The most despotic empires are the most peaceful. When the will of the multitude rules, you have perpetual wars. Merchants under a strong government delight in war; witness Greece, Carthage, Egypt, England. And you too must come to it. War opens the way for commerce. We say Commerce is king,—we mean to say, interest is king. The Southerner is valiant in defense of his property,—the Englishman in defense of his commerce. The American will again make war, as he has already made it, for his freedom of industry, the liberty to work and sell. He must shut out the foreigner or he starves, and if he cannot otherwise do it, he will fight for it.

"When the American cotton grower, farmer, and cloth maker believe in a common interest, and feel that together they can stand against the world, they will make one nation, and be masters of the seas. In Prussia, the people do not know

what a great government is made for; they are children. Neither do you Americans understand the matter much better. You are still too speculative and metaphysical; the old ideas haunt you; you do not seem to know that your government is an engine of progress. The English aristocracy and the millionaires have the secret of your ignorance, and they regulate your affairs for you, very easily, through books, agents, envoys, and newspapers. One of these days you will be your own masters, and then you will throw the old pilot into the sea, and seize the ship, and the world will be yours; you will be first in commerce, first in everything. Then you will have fine arts and letters; now you have the refuse of England reprinted, for your cheap and vulgar market. Europeans have but a qualified respect for you,—it is ‘good boy’—‘smart boy,’ but afraid of his papa,—a great ‘hobby de hoy.’ Faugh! In fact I sometimes despise America in my heart, and admire England for her skill in governing such a great sly booby as Brother Jonathan, were it not that I despise Prussia more. I will tell you a thing which one of the wisest of your statesmen told to me, a few days before his death,—a man, since Franklin, of unequalled prescience and prudence, and a true Republican. I had been only a week in America, and found your politicians very much heated about the addition of a bit of territory, which they called Texas,—lately settled by a colony of your Southern cut-throats. I was astonished at the stir it made. The old man bade me listen and learn more, and my astonishment would be less. ‘We are at the turning point,’ said he; ‘the Republic of ’76 is no longer in existence; we are an Empire,—and now we shall go on conquering,—we shall have a powerful army and navy,—we shall be ambitious,—and profuse, imperial;—our legislation will be henceforth changed;—it is a new order of things. The old goes out.’”

Mr. Jenkins, who, though young, had inherited Federal gray hairs, listened with an amused attention to the remarks of the old German, but did not attempt to conceal an expression of incredulity, which rather irritated his companion.

“Young gentleman,” continued the other, “my prophecy is founded on the continuance of your Union; and that depends on *faith*. Incredulity and want of confidence

in yourselves is the vice of your people, and it may be your ruin. You fancy you know too much. Do not pride yourself on that. You yourself, Mr. Jenkins, do not know a knave from an honest man; at least if I may judge by your company,” said Conrad, very much irritated.

“Do you mean Demaistre?” said Jenkins, really offended.

“The same,” said the old radical. “I know the man and his character; and it surprised me much to see a gentleman, and an honest man, keeping such company. This Demaistre, as you call him, is an adventurer of the worst sort, of base origin, now under an assumed name, a true agent of the devil, distributing vanity and folly among silly women.”

Jenkins could not refrain from laughing at the heat of the stranger’s expression; but the other either did not or would not observe it, and continued his strictures upon our handsome hero, interspersing a variety of tedious political observations, too hot and acrid for the cultivated taste of an American Democrat.

Jenkins, concealing his knowledge of the man, remarked, that he thought foppery a harmless folly, and beneath criticism.

The German ground his teeth together as if troubled with an inward grief.

“The man,” said Jenkins, “has, perhaps, injured you in some way.”

“As for private griefs,” said Conrad, “I have no spirits to waste upon them. It is society that has injured me, and Demaistre is a pet of society. Society, sir, is rotten, it is aristocratized, corrupted, even in America. This harmless fop, as you seem to think him, with his cat-like affectations, debases and ruins your women.”

“I have heard,” said Jenkins, “that he is quite moral, a very Joseph.”

“A mistake,” said the other, “I can swear, for there are men who will corrupt the imaginations of a hundred women, while you and I, poor rogues, are honestly ruining one. Vanity is the great seducer. A cowardly fop, with the malice of a lap-dog, and the united arts of a card-player and flatterer, let loose upon a society of wealthy parvenus, like yours, will graft moral diseases upon you that neither church nor school can cure. Such an one is this silken-haired, white-faced devil, who calls himself Demaistre, but whose name ought to be

Judas,—at least he is my ideal of that worthy. He is the embodiment of European servility, and his appearance here is an evidence of a new spirit that will spoil your silly Republic."

Jenkins could not avoid laughing outright at the extraordinary excitement of the old German, about so insignificant a person as he took our hero to be; he had not then heard of the terrible affair of C. B—, the great bribe offered to the member from J—k—n, by the Russian Autocrat, to betray the whole Continent to a handful of bayonets. F—nce was certainly mixed up in that business. Could the Widow Tibbs, and the P.'s, and the Q.'s, and the S—'bbs, and C—tt—ings have known it, doubtless they would have had their coats of arms newly furnished.

The talk of the German grew wearisome to Jenkins, who, of all topics, hated a political one. To escape its continuance he drew the old gentleman into a talk upon music, which was a hobby with both. They soon left the Café, and Jenkins, by the invitation of his friend, went with him to his lodgings, though it was late.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE FOREIGN ARTIST.

AT Conrad's they found a stranger waiting for that gentleman. This was the veritable Sir Charles Humdrum, gentleman artist, from his studies at Dusseldorf. Attending upon his heels stood the veritable Tom Jotting, the "items man" of the world-wide "Sunday Morning Maniac." As a living representative of English nobility, Sir Charles seemed to be an object of intense and awful interest to Jotting, which he made no effort to hide; and between the knight and his admirer, there was a harmony of natures like that of the sexes, or, not to desecrate that generous relationship, like the affinity between a big schoolboy and his little fag. Sir Charles was a tall, fresh-looking youth, very white and red, and with a noticeably clean skin. It was evident he washed with regularity; and Jotting, who, with a view to correct information, got up an intimacy with his washerwoman, assured me that his shirts, (of fine linen,) two dozen, were changed twice a day. Jotting is happy

at these things, and I shall make bold to insert here a description of Sir Charles, written for the "Maniac":—

"His eye was large and open, with wet-looking lids, like a young heifer's; and his nose turned up at the tip, thin and very white, as though he pulled it much himself. Sir Charles, it was evident, never drank; his dietary holds him to a milk diet, for," said Jotting, rising on the theme, "he had no more of dyspepsia about him than a pig. His teeth, white, long, and even, had a harmless look, and pushed the upper lip a little forward, as though nature had mixed a trace of the herbivorous, or horse temperament, (racer, of course,) in his blood.

"On being introduced he shook hands with his glove between the little finger and the palm, and smiled sweetly like a girl of sixteen, but very cool, like old maids at morning visits the day after a funeral. The unconscious superiority of his nature enabled Sir Charles to govern with discretion a pair of the longest and straightest legs I ever saw, which were, in fact, perfectly continuous with his body from the armpits to the ankles. Their absolute length could not be accurately determined; one could only broach conjecture on that important point from the gentlemanly movement of the hips, which were high and narrow. But what we most admired," continues Jotting, "was the wonderful ease of his fingers, which resembled a bunch of peeled radishes, so easy were they, and independent of each other; so white and taper, with the high blood of Normandy imparting a flush to the cuticle. He gave us his two fingers in a 'lord and master' style, and seemed *ennuyée* with the effort. He coughed slightly, and with great ease; yawned almost imperceptibly, examined my boots an instant with his eye-glass, and turned to a friend, who stood near, as if to say, 'My dear fellow, who the juce have you here?' exactly as English lords do these things in real life."

"You may laugh if you will, sir," said Jotting, as I was looking over the description, in a wet proof of the Maniac, "but I can tell you, sir, there are points about *real* nobility beyond the comprehension of a republican, and one of these is the voice. God knows, my sister has a silvery voice, but Sir Charles's is the pure thing. Voice, Mr. Rigmarole, is a thing that indicates blood. A man must

have it from his grandmother; I do not mean to say that a man ought absolutely to have his grandmother's tone, but he must have her blood in him. A man, sir, must have the blood of his grandmother to have a good voice. A large degree of self-consciousness is equally necessary to the speaking of a good article of English. None but a full-blooded lord can sound the vowels and consonants correctly, or give that sportive, half-lazy, half-impudent drawl, which is so juiced superior. In fact, to speak good English, one must have lounged in an Oxford cloister, after playing trap at Eton with the young aristocracy. Greek accidence is a part of the secret. A neat use of slang, like the acid in punch, never *de trop*, an articulation and cadence like the higher octaves of a boudoir piano, touched by the neat finger of our little Hoffman, (who, now I think of it, bade me give you

a ticket, here it is,)—shall I add spicy haut-boyish inflexions of the voice, for the introduction of my gentleman's polished teeth-betrayers, (I mean a smile,) and jaw-depressors, (I mean dashes of aristocratic dullness,) put in as though my gentleman ought not to know anything out of the Court Journal, and cannot recollect his younger brothers' names, were he damned for it;—in fine, an easy evenness of tone and carriage, as though my lord had been in h—l and seen nothing there particularly striking.—Ah, sir, to acquire all this is an art—is high art, and requires a combination of blood and education which only Oxford and St. James's, and a life of easy spending, can give a man; fore Heaven! I am sure to know a gentleman now. I wish only to hear him say, Aw! in the dark; that little exclamation betrays it all."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## DR. WAYLAND ON COLLEGIATE REFORM.\*

NONE but those who understand a system should endeavor to remodel it. This is a truism, and we wish the truism pardoned for the sake of its character as a text.

Our college system is known to be objectionable. Our graduates are strangely deficient in those branches which the College makes its especial care, and are proverbially ignorant of those practical sciences which exert so weighty an influence on the present world. We find among them few masters of Latin and Greek, fewer still who are at all skilful in mathematics. He would be thought an indifferent French teacher whose pupils, after having been three or four years under his care, were unable to pronounce and translate a page of Molière. Yet it is common knowledge that not one graduate in three can read and translate a section of Tacitus without blundering in his quantities, if not in his rendering. *Rari nantes* are they who can solve you a quadratic equation

on the instant, not to mention the more abstruse problems of the triangle and the cone. Without stopping to enlarge upon what no one will dispute, it may safely be said that a system of education that furnishes such meagre and unsatisfactory results should be looked into and reformed, if reformation be possible; and that the scrutiny should be conducted, and the plan of reformation proposed, by one intimately conversant with the broad and intricate subject of University education.

In such a matter as Collegiate Reform, the first steps towards alteration and improvement must be taken by more competent parties than the superficial public, or the newspaper. Declamation against the conservative College is utterly useless, and is often of positive injury in strengthening the evils which it strives to eradicate. Open abuse only recoils upon itself. Of all the attacks that have been made on our college

\* Report to the Corporation of Brown University, on the Changes in the System of Collegiate Education. Read March 28, 1850. Providence: George H. Whitney.

system within the last few years, there have been none in which the spirit of reckless change and undistinguishing rancor against educational conservatism was not so powerful as to baffle its object, and insure for all propositions of reform an indifferent or a hostile reception. Such means of improvement have had their day. A reformer more temperate, better instructed, and more thoroughly clothed with authority, has appeared, whose only misfortune is that his predecessors have been so unworthy of their office and their successor.

Dr. Wayland is admirably fitted for the duty he has undertaken. We do not say this unadvisedly, nor is it a hasty conclusion from the feasibility of the plans which he advocates. He is a close and logical reasoner from his premises; and if we are sure of the truth of the latter, no one can persuade us that his conclusions are erroneous. The unsoundness of the Dr.'s Political Economy arises only from the incorrectness of his premises; the reasoning is as clear and deduct, as a strict regard for the laws of language and logic can make it.\* In the pres-

ent instance, however, we are certain as to premises. What college education is and what it does, we know. A mere reference to catalogues informs us at once of the number of our Colleges; of their text-books and of the changes made in them from time to time; of the number of students in attendance, and of their general and specific plans. On one point only are we left in the dark, nor on this point does Dr. Wayland profess his ability to inform us, namely, the amount of funds already expended by these institutions in their endeavors to establish themselves on secure foundations. We only know that one College alone, from the many that solicit our patronage, audits and publishes an annual Treasurer's Report, and that the expense of each student's education to the public amounts in dollars to four places of figures.

Our Colleges, deficient as their graduates are in the knowledge whose badge they wear, were modelled after the English Universities, exemplars not inglorious or unworthy of imitation. In what trifling deviations their founders saw fit to make, they consulted correct judgment and popular need. The course of study remained substantially the same. The number of years was fixed by standard precedent. The education which these infant and struggling Colleges of New-England gave their pupils, although far less general and diffusive than that which they now offer, was thorough and practical. In their main object, the advancement of the ministry, they were successful even beyond hope. The early theologians of New-England afford a splendid and lasting proof of the efficiency of that system by which their growing minds were nurtured. Institutions to which Edwards, and Dwight, and Emmons were wont to look with filial and affectionate reverence, have no cause to be ashamed of the mode of instruction by which these giants of theological literature were trained; they have better reason to ponder carefully the fact that their alumni are waxing feeble

\* Dr. Wayland, it is said, is a disciple of McCulloch, i. e., an advocate of the *laissez faire*, or anti-national and anti-American doctrine of trade. He appoints one term (three or four months) *only* to the study of his system of political economy, of which our urbane contributor remarks, that although logically constructed, it is weak in the *premises*; as if one should say, a very good runner, but crippled in the legs. It is said that the political system of the learned Doctor has been made a text-book at Yale and other Colleges. The first premise of the free-trade system, the right leg of the cripple, is that nations ought not to attempt more than one kind of industry;—America ought, for example, to confine herself to corn, cotton and potato culture, giving England a monopoly of all the more difficult and profitable kinds of industry. Now to carry out this "premise" (i. e., the expediency of a complete division of labor among the nations of the earth) to its logical consequences, is it not just and proper that the peculiar industry of the learned professions be divided and appropriated in the same manner? To instance: Let England have all the writers and scholars, lawyers and theologians. Let Germany have all the philosophers and metaphysicians,—Italy all the priests and clergymen,—France all the republican writers, &c., &c. Why not bring everything ready made across the water? Why work against the grain? Why kick against the pricks? What need of learning at all? Why study a course of political economy which teaches us that there is no need of political "economy,"—that *waste* and not "economy" is the true road to national wealth? Colleges in America are mere forced growths,

like manufactures, and consequently they do not flourish. In fact, political economists of the free-trade school in America ought to engage in potato planting. What manner of men are these who preach one doctrine and practise another? The learned Doctor's logical legs, i. e., his premises, are indeed not only lame, but absolutely wooden,—the true living members having been cut off by the statistical quack salvers of England.—Ed.



with each successive lustrum, and are driven to take up other weapons than those furnished them by *Alma Mater*, if they would combat successfully with a stalwart world around them.

Times changed. Progress, so long the pursuer of a definite and easily discerned path, suddenly branched out in manifold forms, and tended in manifold directions. Science quadrupled its resources. Nature, interrogated by a myriad of eager questioners, spoke so clearly and divinely that her devotees increased with every word. Alas, poor Colleges! you are full of work in educating in your simple Latin, Greek, and pure numbers! What means will you employ to satisfy the clamor rising in your very halls for initiation into the profitable mysteries of practical science, and the new and captivating philosophies which, from their European cradle, are starting up with more than Herculean vigor?

It was impossible for the Colleges, conservative though they were, to preserve their course of study intact. Had they attempted it, their diminished classes would quickly have warned them of their error. Nor would it have been practicable to increase the number of years necessary to the acquisition of a diploma. Had they altered their *system*, appointing to each student such a course as he might choose, the difficulty would have been obviated, and new branches taught without serious detriment to the old. But the ancient and wonted *system*, it was thought, could not be dropped. And so as branch after branch of study was introduced, and the tree of knowledge became expanded by reason of the multitude of its boughs, each branch and bough was clipped shorter and shorter. Dropping the figure, as the number of studies increased, each was taught less perfectly.

"It seems to have been taken for granted that our Colleges were designed exclusively for professional men; that they must teach all that professional men might wish to know; and that all this must be taught in four years. The time of study was not extended, but science after science was added to the course as fast as the pressure from without seemed to require it. The extent to which this system has been carried among us may be seen by observing the annual catalogue of any of our Colleges. In the oldest and most celebrated College of New-

England, the course of study pursued by the undergraduate embraces the following branches of learning, to wit: Latin, Greek, Mathematics, comprehending Geometry and Algebra, Plane and Spherical Trigonometry and Analytical Geometry, Ancient and Modern History, Natural History, Chemistry, Rhetoric, French, Psychology, Ethics, Physics, Logic, Botany, Political Economy, the Evidences of Religion, Constitution of the United States, Mineralogy, Geology, and German or Spanish or an equivalent, together with essays to be written in several of these departments, and instruction in Elocution.

"There are, in the whole four years, one hundred and sixty weeks of study. Suppose that the student pursues twenty of these branches of learning, this will allow eight weeks to each. Seven eighths of the first year, and one half of the second, are devoted to Latin, Greek, and Mathematics. If we subtract this amount, fifty-five weeks, from one hundred and sixty, it leaves one hundred and five weeks to be devoted to the remainder. This will give us six weeks and a fraction to each of the other studies. But this is not all. In order to introduce so many sciences into the period of four years, the student is frequently obliged to carry on five or six at the same time; some occupying him three times, others twice, and others once in a week. In this manner all continuity of thought is interrupted, and literary enthusiasm rendered almost impossible. Such has been, to a greater or less degree, the course pursued by all our Colleges. The greater the number of studies prescribed in the curriculum, the more generous is believed to be the education imparted. When a College is not able to exhibit so extensive a course of instruction, it is considered as a misfortune which nothing can palliate but its pecuniary inability to relieve it.

"And what is the result? Can the work that is marked out in the course of studies in any of our Colleges be performed in four years? Is there any proportion between the labor to be done, and the time in which it is to be accomplished? We have stated the time that is given on an average to each of some twenty sciences, in the foremost College of New-England. Can any one believe that such knowledge of either of them can be acquired in this time, as shall advance the progress of learning, or discipline

the mind of the student? The course of study, as we have remarked, in the English Universities, is extremely limited; the students enter the University from the best of grammar schools, and yet those who are candidates for honors are obliged to study industriously, and frequently intensely. If this is, therefore, a fair measure of what a student can do, what must be the result, if three or four times the amount of labor be imposed upon him?" (Report, pp. 14, 15, 16.)

To meet the wants of the public, and to furnish an education to each student that should enable him to speak with confidence upon the various scientific and philosophical topics of the day, this broad and superficial course was introduced, although so gradually that no alarm was felt at the lengthening list of studies and text-books in the College Catalogues. Parents viewed with delight the vast field of knowledge into which their sons were to be inducted, and if at any time misgivings arose as to the thoroughness with which this knowledge was to be acquired, they were quickly checked by the simple recollection of the wisdom and experience of the teachers who regulated the course. Young men, it is true, doubted their own capability to master all that their wondering eyes saw in the oft-referred-to and portentous scheme, but once entered within college walls they ceased from wonder and anxiety. Difficulties vanished. Science made easy met them at every step with alluring smiles; Philosophies became divested of their rigors; Languages suddenly disowned their mysterious requirements; and gently gliding over a smooth road, easy to the feet and lined with helping vehicles, the neophytes in due time grasped the honored laurel at their journey's end. And with most, the object of a four years' journey had been accomplished. Henceforth who dared question their acquirements, their acquaintance with the philosophies of the moderns, their familiarity with the stately classics? The diploma—was it not an universal passport? Were they not received with favor everywhere as a peculiar and distinguished class? Truly all this was a satisfying reward for so short and so easy a probation.

The public demand being now satisfied, and a guarantee given by the actions of the past that all future requirements would be promptly and fully answered, nothing was more natural than to expect continued and

growing prosperity to the Colleges. The importance of education was fully recognized, graduates were honored, tuition was cheap; what could prevent the increase of classes in individual colleges, and the increase of colleges themselves? Surely if the commodity offered was good, and within universal reach, it would find buyers. And for a time the commodity *was* taken up. Colleges *did* increase. Classes increased. Nor did the latter begin to diminish until the truth forced itself upon the community that the kind of education which had been introduced as the necessity of the age, was an impossibility, a contradiction of itself, which professed to do everything and did nothing well,—which neither made philosophers, nor scientific men, nor linguists,—which by its multifariousness and breadth distracted the mind, and robbed it of that discipline which is the prime desideratum in study; and that the time and money spent in acquiring it might be more profitably employed in other ways.

As the number of students diminished, effort was made to arrest the decrease by lowering the rate of tuition. This could not be a local measure, for if one college was enabled to afford equally good education with others at a much less cost, it is evident that it would soon be crowded at the expense of the others. As soon, therefore, as appeals were made to public benevolence in behalf of one institution, the public was universally besieged with similar demands. Denominations rallied around their own seminaries. Competition continued. Funds were provided by which young men, who, to use a current expression, were able to bring "satisfactory evidence of poverty," were educated gratuitously. Colleges have ceased to support themselves. "If it be desired to render a college prosperous, we do not so much ask in what way we can afford the best education, or confer the greatest benefit on the community, but how we can raise funds, by which our tuition may be most effectually reduced in price, or given away altogether."

That the demands made by American Colleges have been liberally met, those acquainted with the subject will readily allow, although the magnitude of the funds contributed cannot be easily ascertained. But something like an estimate may be formed from the Report of the Treasurer of Harvard

College, touching the sum appropriated to the education of undergraduates. The fund employed for this purpose amounts to \$467,162 17. The interest of this sum, with the tuition fees, supports the institution. This interest is \$28,029 72, which is the expense of education to the College, besides what is received for tuition. Dividing this sum by the average number of graduates for the last ten years, fifty-seven, the portion received by each graduate is \$491 01. The money expended in buildings, land, apparatus, &c., probably equals that at interest. Whence we are forced to the conclusion that every graduate of this institution, in addition to all that he pays for his own education, costs the public about \$1000. This sum is somewhat above that in most other colleges, still it points us clearly to the fact that every alumnus of every endowed institution is a pensioner upon the public, and that the expense to which both he and the public are subjected is not counterbalanced by the defective education he receives. The results arrived at do not pay for the processes. To substantiate this let us look at three statements, two of which Dr. Wayland establishes by the most irrefragable proof; the other is only capable of a moral demonstration.

Firstly, to prove that the number of educated men in the community has not been increased by the reduction of tuition and the enlargement of the course of study, a table of the annual average of students during the last twenty years in twelve New-England Colleges is submitted to us, compiled from sources abundantly reliable. We find that

From 1830 to 1834, the average number was.....	1560
From 1835 to 1839, " " " " .....	1803
From 1840 to 1844, " " " " .....	2063
From 1844 to 1849, " " " " .....	2000
In the year 1850, the number was.....	1884

"In the year 1849, the number was only seven greater than in 1835; and in 1850 only fifty-one greater than in 1836." (Report, p. 30.)

In view of this we cannot dissent from the inference that "from these facts it would certainly appear that the number of those who are seeking a collegiate education is actually growing less, and this moreover at a time when the subject of education has attracted the attention of our whole community to a degree altogether unprecedented in our history."

Touching the second statement, we do not propose to argue upon the question whether the standard of professional ability has been raised within the last thirty years. Upon this point widely different opinions are entertained. We can only represent the general belief, that there are less inducements to enter the professions than formerly, that they are not necessarily more ennobling than the higher branches of commerce, and that the number of powerful and eminent professional men is not noticeably on the increase.

The third statement is as true, as it is indicative of a mortifying fact. The reduction of the cost of collegiate education has been made mainly to increase the number of preachers, by affording candidates for the sacred office the utmost facilities. This end attained, and the means are proved correct. Facts show us that the means have resulted in effects directly contrary to those intended.

"We take the Seminaries of Bangor, Andover, Cambridge, Newton, New-Haven, and East Windsor, and find that the average, for periods of five years, of their aggregate number of students, is as follows:—

From 1830 to 1834, the average is.....	265
" 1835 to 1839, " " " " .....	346
" 1840 to 1844, " " " " .....	350
" 1845 to 1849, " " " " .....	290

"The whole number for the last year is 261. This is less by ten than that for the year 1833. From 1830 to 1840 the number of students increased from 253 to 373, and from 1840 to 1850 it has decreased from 373 to 261; that is, it is only eight more now than it was thirty years ago." (Report, p. 33.)

From the facts before us is it unreasonable to conclude that the education furnished at our Colleges, and the manner in which it is given, are unacceptable to the people, and are deficient in those results which alone make instruction useful? Is it a fact unworthy of notice that many of our alumni, who were certainly not idle in College, are obliged to go through with a thorough revision of classic elements upon entering professional schools, when every one who bears a diploma should be intimately conversant with the principles and structure of Greek and Latin? Must there not be a fault somewhere if the mental discipline of the professed student compares unfavorably with that of the lawyer's clerk, who has worked

his way into the office from the plough or the workshop; or with that of the young merchant whose evenings only have been spared by the relentless demands of trade? Not that this is necessarily or always the case, but that its frequent occurrence leads us to suspect that other causes than natural indolence in the student tend to bring it about. Against the influence of a constantly shifting and superficial course of study; of barren formulas whose results are never reached; of outlined philosophies, whose beauty lies only in completeness, and whose completion is never intended; of multifarious branches forced in promiscuous heaps upon the distracted mind, the ardent resolves and ambitious desires of few can hold out. In attempting to gain insight into all proposed for its examination, the reasoning power succumbs, and sinks into a deceitful and lethargic ease. The memory is overburdened, and shakes off its duties altogether. The mind, losing its wonted and healthy action, gradually becomes satisfied to take everything for granted, and to escape from the task of analyzing, through the easy road of passive belief. A few vigorous intellects conquer the difficulties of their position, and gain strength by disarming a power that has already left them the sole survivors of a melancholy contest.

The plan which Dr. Wayland proposes as a remedy for these evils is one which in its substantial features, though with slight modifications, has been gaining much favor as theory, and has achieved desirable success in practice. It is that the present system of adjusting collegiate study to a specific term of years be abandoned; that the time allotted to each course of instruction depend on the nature of the course, and not on its supposed adaptations to the wants of any particular profession; that the various courses be so arranged, that so far as it is practicable each student may study what he chooses, all he chooses, and nothing but what he chooses; that no student be admitted as a candidate for a degree, unless he has honorably sustained his examination in such studies as may be ordained by the corporation, but that no student be under any obligation to proceed to a degree unless he chooses; and that each student be entitled to a certificate of such proficiency as he may have made in every course that he has pursued.

We subjoin the courses of instruction which Dr. Wayland thinks feasible:—

1. A course of instruction in Latin, occupying two years
2. " " " in Greek, occupying two years.
3. " " " in three Modern Languages.
4. " " " in Pure Mathematics, two years.
5. " " " in Mechanics, Optics, and Astronomy, either with or without Mathematical demonstrations, one and a half years.
6. " " " in Chemistry, Physiology, and Geology, one and a half years.
7. " " " in the English Language and Rhetoric, one year.
8. " " " in Moral and Intellectual Philosophy, one year.
9. " " " in Political Economy, one term.
10. " " " in History, one term.
11. " " " in the Science of Teaching.
12. " " " on the Principles of Agriculture.
13. " " " on the Application of Chemistry to the Arts.
14. " " " on the Application of Science to the Arts.
15. " " " in the Science of Law.

This system, it will be seen, while it includes all the branches at present taught in our Colleges, and leaves ample room for the introduction of as many more as may seem desirable, permits each student to select such studies as suit his own views or those of his parents, and gives him sufficient time to acquire a thorough knowledge of every branch he undertakes. It offers no obstacles to those who are preparing themselves to enter professions, but rather favors their progress in their definite studies by releasing them from those branches which they would find of little practical use, and for which they have but little inclination. It favors such as are unwilling or unable to spend four years in a diffusive and preparatory college course, by permitting them through close study of a few distinct branches to qualify themselves for a profession. It gives opportunity to those who wish to pursue a more liberal course of education to remain in college five or six years, instead of the present number. It offers great advantages to the many young men who wish to share the general privileges of a collegiate education without a long and laborious study of the classics, and who intend to enter the more active departments of life. At present this class are compelled to depend on private, and therefore expensive study, or public lectures. Professional students, then, would not be diminished; the average number of years spent in college would remain nearly the same as at present; the number of students of all kinds would be largely increased, and the blessings of education proportionably extended. The student who used rea-



sonable diligence would gain knowledge systematically and with enthusiasm. In every step of his duty he would be attended by interest, and the alliance of interest and duty is proverbially efficient. In whatever branches he might undertake he would be stimulated by an ambition to master, and excel in, his own choice. There could no longer exist complaints against an arbitrary and unseasonable imposition of studies, since every one would be free to follow his own inclinations. Our Colleges would escape the charge of exclusiveness which is now urged against them with too much truth. That they were primarily designed for professional men is no more true, than that in confining their blessings to that class of men, they are erring grievously against a liberal and Christian policy. They make appeals to all classes of men; it is but right that they should extend their privileges to all classes, without subjecting such as would participate to an unnecessary and distasteful prescription of study. Let their diplomas, if in them there exists a magic and sacred charm, be given only to those who satisfy certain conditions; but let their advantages, which generous communities have contributed to establish, be as generously afforded to those who are willing to make a slight sacrifice to obtain them. The fear that our Colleges will become too cheap is unworthy and unenlightened. The fear that their present advantages will become less and less worthy the price demanded for them is not so irrational.

Setting aside, however, justice and expediency, is it not *necessary* that a change that shall bring about the advantages above hinted at, be introduced?

"To us, it seems that but little option is left to the Colleges in this matter. Any one who will observe the progress which, within the last thirty years, has been made by the productive classes of society, in power, wealth, and influence, must be convinced that a system of education, practically restricted to a class vastly smaller, and rapidly decreasing in influence, cannot possibly continue. Within a few years the manufacturing interest has wrung the Corn Laws from the aristocracy of Great Britain. Let any one recall the relative position of the professions, and of the mercantile and manufacturing interests, in any of our cities, twenty years since, and compare it with their

relative position now, and he cannot but be convinced that a great and a progressive change has taken place. Men who do not design to educate their sons for the professions, are capable of determining upon the kind of instruction which they need. If the Colleges will not furnish it, they are able to provide it for themselves; and they will provide it. In New-York and Massachusetts incipient measures have been taken for establishing Agricultural Colleges. The bill before the Legislature of New-York provides for instruction in all the branches taught in our Colleges, with the exception of languages. It is to be, in fact, an institution for giving all the education which we now give, agricultural science being substituted for Latin and Greek. What is proposed to be done for the farmers must soon be done either for or by the manufacturers and merchants. In this manner, each productive department will have its own school, in which its own particular branch of knowledge will be taught, besides the other ordinary studies of a liberal education. A large portion of the instruction communicated will thus be the same for all. Mathematics, Mechanics, Chemistry, Physiology, Rhetoric, Moral and Intellectual Philosophy, and Political Economy will be taught in them all. The Colleges teach precisely the same sciences, with the addition of Latin and Greek, in the place of the knowledge designed in these separate schools for a particular profession.

"If the *prestige* of Colleges should thus be destroyed, and it be found that as good an education as they furnish can be obtained in any of those other schools, the number of their students will be sensibly diminished. If by this dissemination of science among all the other classes of society, the tendency towards the professions should be still farther arrested, the Colleges will be deserted by yet larger numbers. They may become very good foundations for the support of instructors, but very few will be found to avail themselves of their instructions." (Report, pp. 59, 60.)

The economy with which large establishments may be managed, the ease with which a skilful teacher may instruct a large number, and the existing arrangements already in our Colleges, speak powerfully against the establishment of these various new schools in which the same sciences are



to be taught. The Colleges possess libraries, and apparatus, and buildings. By a modification of their present system these might be made far more productive and useful than they now are ; and the numbers who are waiting to enter schools where their wants will be cared for, or are turning away in despair of the education they need, would immediately gather about the College, augmenting its funds, and indefinitely extending its influence. The dusty volumes that now sleep an unbroken and useless slumber on the dark library shelves would be awakened into a benign life ; the apparatus now used once or twice in a year would be kept in more constant employment ; and in place of a recitation room barely able to hold twenty students, there would be ampler halls more generously filled. Teachers rewarded by interested scholars would instruct with zeal and ardor, and push their own private researches with that enthusiasm which is only created by a sense of appreciated labor. Each College would become a body of many members, and each member contribute to the health and vigor of the whole frame.

We are not of the number of those who advocate a return to the primitive studies of the college course, who would lop off the beautiful and productive sciences of the present day, the subtle philosophies of metaphysical criticism, the *Economies of Politics and Wealth* ; and would confine us to *Homer, Tacitus, and Euclid*. Those who advise this course will not be strongly opposed, for no opposition is necessary. In our present state of enlightenment, amid the universal call for generous education, a return to such a course would empty our Colleges at once.

The change that is demanded must come in the manner we have been laboring to explain, or in some similar way. That it must come, and that too in the lives of men now living, we are fully persuaded. Meanwhile the age will labor to satisfy its wants, and if it can provide institutions better fitted than the conservative College to meet its demands, it will have no hesitation in rearing them. The Colleges cannot altogether die. They are, perhaps, needed in their present state for a peculiar class, and their duration will be coeval with the existence of Clergy, Lawyers and Physicians. But these form but a small part of the community, and so long as the College restricts its especial privileges

to them, it must maintain but a feeble vitality, do but partial good, and often call for aid on the people whom it slights. A far-seeing and enlightened policy dictates speedy reformation, a reformation which the public can only induce by opinion, but whose omission they can punish by indifference to all calls for assistance.

In education as in all things else we shall never reach perfection. In whatever system we adopt, we shall find that our theoretic wheels creak, and often clog ; that results upon which we had calculated fail to appear ; and that processes that we fancied clear and simple often lose us in doubt and bewilderment. Among those whom we would instruct are the negligent and vicious, whose example paralyzes industry, whom no entreaties can persuade, and no penalties reform. A lesser part sacrifice health and general knowledge to an intense application to favorite studies. The majority, of average desires and capabilities, need constant urging to their complete duty. Here the distinction between an efficient and an inefficient course of study becomes apparent, and the proper system clearly understood. Let what is to be done be suited to the power of the individual to do. Ally inclination with duty, and let the desire to do well be paramount to the desire to do much.

In an elective course of study the teacher is necessarily more confident of attaining these desirable results than in a course where he is obliged to talk to many unwilling ears. In teaching, as in oratory, success and enthusiasm depend largely upon the attention paid by those to whom we speak, and the manner in which it is given. Pupils must be interested or they cannot be taught. The instruction they receive must be given them by a zealous and enthusiastic teacher, or it will go no farther than their ears or lips. Our present College system is not calculated to arouse this interest and enthusiasm in the student or teacher. And it is not asking too much to demand that it be remodelled, and adapted to the wants of the mind as well as the wants of the age. The capacity of the individual mind remains the same, while the field of intellectual action is widening every day. A man now cannot know all sciences, any more than a workman can drive all trades. Let us divide and apportion labor, and do perfectly what we do at all.

## THE AMERICAN AVATAR:

SAGE, POET, AND HERO.

THE People of America have shown their spirit and liberality, in vulgar matters of trade and polity, by a scrupulous attention to the advice and example of their superiors on the other side of the Atlantic; but it continues to be regretted among their friends, that in the elegancies and refinements, especially of letters, they continue blind to the advantages of some institutions. With nothing to revere but a set of traditionary parchments, and nothing to admire but the empty noises of a few orators, and the shrewd somersets of certain cunning editors,—who demonstrate by a laborious adroitness that the centre of gravity in man is nearer the stomach than the head,—the advent of a foreign wonder gives opportunity among them for the bursting forth of a torrent of long-pent enthusiasm.

On the arrival of the famous chronieler of the Two Horsemen, as well as on the first announcement of the Woolly Horse, the more thoughtful portion of the community were put in mind of the existence in the popular soul of an aching, distended faculty of wonder and worship, which seizes upon the most ridiculous and imbecile novelties to gratify itself.

The enthusiasm awakened by the arrivals above mentioned, having by this time almost subsided, and the real nature of the two *lusus nature* very generally known,\* there is leisure to think upon the popular tendency itself, of which they were the *vents*, and to devise, if possible, some permanent institution of cure.

A monarchy, with its valuable appendages, cannot be looked for among a people so poor and rude as we; though it must be confessed, a leaning that way may be ob-

served among the select few, whose untiring efforts to introduce the manners and morals of a court among people of leisure, deserve high commendation.

In the painful absence of that grand and natural outlet, the people fall victims to an occasional ecstasy of an hysterical kind, bursting out upon everything novel or presumptuous, or that has the least taint of mystery about it. The malady is not indeed without its doctors, who have their pharmacopœia to allay rising irritations, and avert the catastrophe of a *true mania*. One of these worthy practitioners, whose successes entitle him to our confidence and our fees, has even established a grand infirmary in this city, which is annually visited by myriads. Among the methods of cure suggested by his powerful genius, and the collection of dried simples in his Museum, there is perhaps no possible variety of the disease that cannot find its palliative at least, and perhaps its cure.

In view of the eminent services rendered by that Person, we would here suggest that a grand school of design be established by Government, and named after him, in which, by competent masters, instruction shall be given in the various curative processes invented by him. The cures are made principally through the eye, by presenting certain forms and appearances to the afflicted person. The objects used, or made, for this purpose are medicated with a substance found in the bottom of the cup that was held by the Woman in the Apocalypse, and upset by Martin the monk. It is said to be a peculiar *substance*, or first principle, without its peer in chemistry, and the person alluded to is supposed to be its rediscoverer in America.

At this school instruction should be given in the various preparations of the Substance; the secret of preparing it *in esse* to be retained by Government for the common good. As, out of sugar, figures of every kind are fabricated for the solace of children and

\* The horse and the chronieler on a careful examination were proved to be in all respects like others of their species, and very plain hacks at that, the single peculiarity of the *wool* and the *two horsemen* entitling them to rank among curiosities.

idlers, so out of this mysterious Substance, spiced, tempered, sweetened, and painted to all tastes and fancies, the pupil may be taught to mould an infinite variety of things. We trust our readers will not think it too gross a trespass on their confidence, if we aver, that no product of human wisdom or ingenuity is so rare, so exquisite, or so complicated, as to escape imitation in this art. An epic poem, a pill, a statue, an Act of Congress, a patriot, a mermaid, and a pilgrim speech for a British Minister, can be moulded with equal facility out of this plastic Substance.

Philosophers in dark ages talked of their elixirs, their universal solvents, their alchemical stones, their *magna arcana*, and what not else; but never, in all our readings, have we found a single proof of the existence of these. All, however, are comprehended under the one new Substance, since out of that, there is nothing so strange or incredible it cannot be devised.

Of the value of this invention to any government it is not our cue to speak at present; in fact, the crude material, adulterated with various inert matters, has been in a kind of blind use by politicians, time out of mind. Our Inventor lays claim only to the discovery of the *pure thing*.\*

That the fabrication of *forms and appearances*, out of the thing which we are describing, must be classed among *fine* or *liberal* arts, might be proven by many instances. Not to mention the vast quantities of books, pictures and ornamental work, composed now-a-days entirely, or with a large admixture of it, need we name the many distinguished orators, politicians, philosophers, editors, lawyers, doctors, musicians, and managers of theatres who rely upon it? Indeed, liberality of mind is generally thought necessary to a full understanding of its nature and properties. 'Tis needless, therefore, to waste argument upon that topic.

Its original remains as yet an utter secret with the discoverer. In the absence of certain proofs we have heard various conjectures upon its nature. Botanical investigators

contend that the pure *Substantia Barni* is the essential principle, or alcaloid of the *Humulus* or Hop; averring that it was first discovered in the bottom of a glass of English ale. This opinion they weakly support from the parasitic habits of the hop, and from the quantity of it grown in England, which they also declare is the native country and true habitat of the *Principle* itself.

Another learned savan prefers the British ivy, which, he says, by its external traits betrays the presence of the substance; it is "*creeping, dirty, and dangling*." Others name a kind of stink-weed, well known for its anti-hysterical properties, and for its constant habitat in streets, by-ways, and public squares, and wherever the earth is trodden bare by hoofs of swine.

Some of our mineralogists, on the other hand, pretend they find it in the *verd antique*, but are certainly misled by the name of that stone, *ancient greenness* being but a loose translation of the name, and signifying none of its essential properties. Others again prefer the cobalt, on Rosierusian grounds, Kobold being the demon of the mine, who obstructs useful labor, and robs industry of its reward. By some, with a deep show of science, the mysterious properties of gold are attributed to the *substantia Barni*. These speculators ridicule the old opinion that gold is a *simple* element, saying, that as it is of all things attracted by the Substance in question, that attraction must be explained by the presence of the same as one of its constituent parts. They reason clearly from their principle of *similia similibus*—in the vernacular, "Birds of a feather," &c. Their skill in the practical uses, leads us to place confidence in their chemical derivation of the new element. As usual, the physiologists cannot be silent when their brother savans are talking, and affect to derive the new principle from a certain part of the brain of man, but from what convolution they dispute.

Unscientific people insist that it is *all in their eyes*; but prejudices of the vulgar need not occupy us; nor, if organs are in question, have the *ears* an inferior claim. Indeed, very ancient authors have obscurely hinted a virtue in long ears; impressible animals of quick hearing have long ears: it is possible that in future editions of the Pharmacopeia, the auricular appendages of long-eared animals may be recommended in decoction before sitting down to the *London Times*.

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\* To the curious reader it will be gratifying to learn that a series of scientific papers on some of the more recondite applications of the Substance, is being edited under the jocular title of *Latt r-Day Pamphlets*, by one Thomas Carlyle, a Scotchman in England.

Impressed by the great importance of his discovery, we have pondered much and long by what public testimonials our Inventor may be best honored, and his name and fame transmitted to posterity. Titles and armorial bearings cannot be granted by our Government; a difficulty easily gotten over by a suitable application to the English, who have a constitutional power in such matters unlimited. Let the value of the discovery, as tested by himself in various diplomatic emergencies, be represented to her Britannic Majesty by that obsequious and obliging person, the British Minister, and a patent of nobility solicited for the inventor. A coat of arms he may adopt for himself; and we would humbly suggest, instead of the unmeaning griffin which adorns the coach-doors and tea-spoons of our republican gentry, a *Humbag rampant on a field vert*.

As a more solid testimonial, we propose that an office be established, hitherto unknown in this country, that of Poet Laureate, and that the distinguished Person so often alluded to, be made Patron of the office, with a suitable salary, to select a candidate—the merit of best celebrating the grand discovery in verse to be the test of fitness; for no man will doubt that the poet who can best celebrate a virtue or a merit in general, will be as well fitted to do the same for its particulars.

As we now enjoy the happiness of living in an age that for the encouragement of native genius excels all that have gone before it,—an age when virtue is by no means supposed to be its own reward,—we cannot but wish to see poetry restored to that dignity and profit which it enjoyed of old. And what more certain method can be found of raising it to that pristine dignity and splendor than the crowning of some worthy practitioner of the art with public honors? Nor should a more substantial testimony be neglected. Fame is said to be the food of poets, though it might be shown, with some force of reason, that the greatest conceivable quantity of fame will not outweigh at need a single ounce of bread. We are nevertheless persuaded that the airy aliment does serve upon occasions as a placebo to the appetite, cheating nature with a windy distention.

Now it is a matter of dispute among savans, whether fame itself, that airy principle

hungered after by the mist-swallowing tribe of rhymesters, is not essentially one in its nature with the newly discovered *substantia Barni*. The words *fama*, fame, and *fames*, hunger, are singularly alike in sound; and if they are also in derivation, how fitting an ode, *Ad Substantiam Barni*, might not be written by the ambitious candidate. Would it not be an ode to Fame, the blest goddess of his soul?

Cavillers will object that no poet, rising from extreme want to the sudden enjoyment of wealth, would thereafter produce rhymes; an objection merely speculative, there being no instance, as we remember, of so singular an accident. The good meat and generous wine which he would discover in his crib one fine morning would doubtless raise him to a high pitch of adoration and of gratitude, passions highly conducive to the production of an ode. Objectors, a kind of people who delight in throwing obstacles in the way of all ameliorations, adduce the danger of such a proceeding from the case of Collins the poet, who was turned into a drivelling idiot by a sudden rise of fortune. Folly, they say, lurks *in esse* in the brain of the poet, and verses are the issue thereof; and it would be a piece of gratuitous malice to take away from a poor devil of a rhymester his sole means of a mental equilibrium, by choking down his humor with a fat annuity.

By this objection we confess ourselves staggered. The mild attack of verse-madness which visits us in March, and about Christmas time, is a sensible relief to the brain; and while one editor indulges in a bout of drinking, another in a tremendous dose of free-trade statistics, another in an amour with his neighbor's wife, and another, more afflicted still, in a duel,—each according to the peculiar folly of his nature expelling the vicious humor,—we find ourselves fully relieved by a sonnet, which is a sensible cause of gratitude; of all vices, the sonnet being the least injurious to the public, who in fact never regard it.

To meet the danger above hinted, our Laureate might be bound as a contractor, in the penalty of his income, to furnish each year a certain quantity of verse, which shall be examined by his patron, to condemn all rotten verses, point out metrical gaps and flaws to be filled in, and remand the kidnapped and stolen ones, without appeal or benefit of *habeas corpus*.

Quantity is an element of the sublime and beautiful. Is not beauty proportion, and proportion a species of quantity? And is not magnitude a fundamental cause of the sublime? The fecundity of Lope de Vega is an undying topic of praise and wonder, though none read his works. Through the eye, his fame lives in perpetuity to us. We have heard the authenticity of Homer seriously impugned, on the ground that no one man could have written so many verses; an objection easily set aside, since the appearance of our great American epic, "Liberty's Triumph."

And yet future generations—perhaps the very next generation of critics—so doth the wheel turn—will start a question of the authenticity of that poem, averring that no man could have written so much; and they will pretend—arrant skeptics as they are—that it is a patch-work of school histories and old traditions, strung together by some ale-house club in the country. To save the valuable time of these, our star-police of letters, let an affidavit of its authorship be cut in epic type on the base-stone of the Washington Monument.

We would here venture to suggest, though with sentiments of the deepest respect, that there remains one method of delighting and astonishing the world, as yet untried by our great Inventor, and of which we here put in the claim of first discovery. He has shown us the largest man and the smallest, side by side—contrast incredible! We have seen the most numerous orchestra, the largest hog, and the greatest fool in the universe; the longest picture too has amazed and satisfied us; but we have not yet seen the LONGEST POEM. Let him, as the patron of our bard of bards, secure the credit of its production to our beloved country, and, with the progress of the *sleepers* of our great Pacific Railroad, verse after verse, let the *longest poem* move out in the direction of eternity.

Having his stint of so many thousand lines a year of this fame's ladder, with the liberty of a corps of verse-engineers or copyists, our contractor shall be required to deposit two fair copies of each year's work of his great Bagavatgeeta, or poem of gods and heroes, in the national library, after its reading before the assembled Houses. Would not the debates in Congress, rhymed in a flowing octo-syllabic verse, be the most valu-

able gift of each year to the year succeeding; and would not the bosoms of our ardent patriots swell to the sonorous sound of their arguments, galloped along the metres of a vigorous epic? After such a hearing, which could not occupy above six days, preceding the business of the session, would there not be an inclination to a more summary dispatch of business, and the cost thereby saved keep a dozen epic poets in a style becoming the metrical historiographers of a great republic?

As is natural with reformers, the more objections we discover and confute, the deeper we are in love with the project. The ease with which the cavils of the bigoted and the fears of the skeptical give way before us in the course of this argument, leads us happily to believe that all men will think as we do, and concede a general approval.

Public attention would be immediately turned upon the candidate for this office; for it were an offense to decency and would raise gross suspicions were it to fall upon any obscure, or other than a celebrated person. Yet it would be unbecoming, on the other hand, to take away the breath out of men's mouths by plumping the matter in their faces without due preparation. If we first agree among ourselves upon the traits, talents and properties of an ideal American Poet Laureate, whose duty it shall be to sing the glories of each year to the audiences of the next, it will then be a task of little difficulty to select the MAN: he will be chosen, as it were, by his deeds and his character.

If we have rightly conceived him, he should be endowed with infinite humility and acquiescence, a mere mirror of his age; his own personality sunk in that which he represents. The very genius of art is representation; and could anything be more offensive than to find a poor devil of a rhymester thrusting in his penury-stricken individualities amongst those of heroes and statesmen?

By this consideration we set aside what has sometimes been offered, that the poet of a war-like people should be endowed by nature with courage, the eminent property of a man. It was indeed said of Tasso, the most courageous gentleman of his time, that in writing and in fighting he surpassed all the Italians, and on one occasion put three armed men to flight with his single rapier.



By a parallel reason our republican Laureate should excel his peers in the use of the pen, the pistol, and the sword. A nose and a rear virgin to assault, is the hard condition imposed by these unthinking critics upon our Epic candidate. We trust their arguments are already quashed.

Few will contradict us if we put a strong head for drinking second among the qualifications of our Laureate. Were it merely to be a sot, a hundred would start forward at once from the literary tribe, and a choice become impossible, through mere equality of merit. To drink always and never to be drunk is rare, and we have but one poet in our eye who can ascend upon the strength of that virtue. When we consider the demands that will be made upon the drinking powers of our Laureate, by the gratitude and good nature of the numerous orators and debaters, whose labors it will be his dignified task to do into verse—the countless dinners, jollifications, and social skirmishes, as the repository of reputations, and the celebrator of the people's idols, to which he must submit, a doubt arises whether strength of head should not be first weighed in order, by how much we value the life of a citizen above our own epic fame.

The choice of a Laureate, by the practice of antiquity, and of our patrons and models the modern English, must be for life, and by the authority of some prince or royal person; to which last we can but approximate in that king of men and wonder of the age, our distinguished Inventor. No man will be removed from the station of Poet Laureate during the term of his life, although greater geniuses and better drinkers may arise in his day. Rotation in this office cannot be thought of; for if any man has become once a professed poet, he thereby seems to signify by a kind of public confession, his incapacity for any useful art; and the function of bard, in this age of utilities, is consequently more prevalent among the gentler sex—much more than of a Laureate. It is said of poets, as of another kind of artists, once a ——— always a ———, once a rhymester always a rhymester; but though a king's mistress, touching the eminence of her profession, may aspire to become the wife of a subject, the salaried laudator and bard of the nation could not with decency step into any useful employment, were it even the tending of an apple stall.

We trust our democratic friends will not desecrate the sacred office of Vates to make it a prize of demagogues, subject to a vicious majority of one, who may be, for aught they know, some rogue of a tailor, or bookseller. If the office of door-keeper could occupy two weeks of the precious assiduities of the House, would there not be serious danger the office of Laudator General, or door-keeper to the House of Fame, might excite a controversy that would consume an entire session, ending, perhaps, in the dissolution of the Union?

It is commonly believed there are but three things for which men will readily sacrifice their reputation—to wit, place, money, or a mistress; but when fame alone is in contest, it is dearer than life. Hence the requisites of our Laureate, submissiveness and a hard head. Sweet words turn away wrath, drink dissipates bad humors, and when a jolly Member finds himself eternally lamppooned, and traduced to all posterity by the mere octo-syllabification of his Bunkum fustian, our Laureate will have no choice but to drink him under.

These physical qualifications are, however, among the least of our demand. Our arch-poet should be an improvisatore, or chanter of extempore verses upon any accidental topic, were it only the bleeding of a horse, with a power of magniloquence to over-dress the most contemptible topics; for, sayeth Aristotle, "The ornate style is proper to the meaner parts of a discourse," as the silliest fops require the longest toilette. Great matters recommend themselves, but the meaner the person, the more need hath he of good letters.

A tender and sentimental cast of mind may be set down among the essentials, tinged, if possible, with the scriptural or prophetic, to give a little more popular dignity to the function; for, with political prophecies the ignorant are as easily amazed as with the mysterious predictions of a tricky card-player. The ace of trumps will turn up at the crisis, and for good reasons, as he keeps it in his sleeve; hence the expression, "to laugh in one's sleeve," which was not, as some ignorantly suppose, derived from the large and flowing sleeves of bishops.

Our laudator should also be a professed and most distant, and, as it were, trembling admirer of the female sex. A bachelor were preferable for the office, from the fact, well

ascertained, that your married men abate much of their poetic enthusiasm, either from too harsh acquaintance with realities, or from nature diverted and qualified.

In short, nothing should be omitted to insure a popular incumbency in an office not less important than the Papacy itself, if we consider it well, since nothing *damns* one more effectually than the praises of a mediocre poet; which are a kind of excommunication more dreadful to a man of sense, than the thunders of the Vatican; as one would rather die by lightning than fall a victim to bad smells. Besides, both are the key-keepers of eternity. *Vox vatis vox Dei.*

The learned Paulus Jovius has given an account of the ceremony practised on the induction of a Poet Laureate in the time of Leo Tenth. A learned and pious translator gives us the following version of his account:

"Camillo, a plain countryman of Apulia, excited by the fame of the great encouragement given to poets at court, and the high honor in which they were held, came to the city, bringing with him a strange kind of lyre in his hand, and at least some *twenty thousand of verses*. All the wits and critics of the court flocked about him, delighted to see a clown, with a ruddy, hale complexion, and in his own long hair, so top full of poetry; and at the first sight of him all agreed he was born to be Poet Laureate. He had a most hearty welcome in an island of the river Tiber," (an island in the Potomac would serve,) "where he was first made to eat and drink plentifully, and to repeat his verses to everybody. Then they adorned him with a new and elegant garland, composed of vine-leaves, laurel, and brassica, (a sort of cabbage,) so composed, says my author, emblematically, *ut tam false quam lepide ejus temulentia, brassicæ remedio cohibenda, notaretur*. He was then saluted, by common consent, with the title of *Archipoeta*, or arch-poet in the style of those days, in ours, Poet Laureate. This honor the poor man received with the most sensible demonstrations of joy, his eyes drunk with tears and gladness. Next the public acclamation was expressed in a canticle, which is transmitted to us, and may be translated—

'All hail, Arch-poet, without peer  
Vine, bay, or cabbage fit to wear,  
And worthy of the prince's ear.'

"From hence he was conducted in pomp

to the Capitol of Rome, mounted on an elephant, through the shouts of the populace, where the ceremony ended.

"At his introduction to Leo, he not only poured forth verses innumerable like a torrent, but also sung them with open mouth, (*patulo ore*;) nor was he only once introduced, or on stated days, (like our Laureate,) but made a companion to his master, and entertained as one of the instruments of his most elegant pleasures. When the prince was at table, the poet had his place at the window. When the prince had half eaten his meat, (*semesis apsoniis*,) he gave, with his own hands, the rest to the poet. When the poet drank, it was out of the prince's own flagon. Insomuch, says the historian, that through so great good eating and drinking, he contracted a most terrible gout." Sorry am I to relate what follows, continues our judicious translator, but that I cannot leave my reader's curiosity unsatisfied in the catastrophe of this extraordinary man. To use my author's words, which are remarkable, *Mortuo Leone, profligatisque poetis*, etc.:

"When Leo died and poets were no more, (for I would not understand *profligatis* literally, as if poets then were profligate,) this unhappy Laureate was forthwith reduced to return to his own country, where, oppressed with old age and want, he miserably perished in a common hospital."

From this description we are led to form an enthusiastic opinion of the pastoral simplicity of those days; but it will be clearly difficult to institute a similar ceremony, from the present cold indifference to poetic merit: an indifference in some degree creditable however to the age itself, which produces so vast an abundance of bards as to have a cheapening effect upon their productions, though it takes nothing from individual merit: for clearly, the existence of a thousand liads of equal ability does not detract from the merit of any one of them, though it may take something from our ignorant veneration of the same.

As a faint imitation of the ceremony described by Jovius, we may substitute a magnificent Progress from the birth-place or residence of our Arch-poet to the Capitol. This progress will give the artists of all kinds an opportunity of exhibiting their parts. Statuaries, painters, model artists, singers, dancers, players upon musical instruments, theatrical performers, Bunkum

speakers, free-trade lecturers, mesmerizers, homœopathists, menagerie keepers, pill-venders, advertisers, editors, *et id genus omne*, the grand company of showmen, each with their several wares, and engaged in the occupations proper to their art, escorted by a company of poets and sonneteers, a grand festival procession of the Arts, headed by our great Inventor and his Arch-poet on an elephant, would be a spectacle to rival the World's Fair, and that would be followed by as many myriads as ever sweated at the wheels of a triumphal chariot,

"In the most high and palmy state of Rome."

Emblems and devices the most extraordinary might be devised for the illustration of so magnificent a scene.

The broad banner of the Continent, emblazoned with the grand device of the nineteenth century, a lion swallowing an eagle, beginning at the head, would float becomingly over each group.

While we were indulging our imagination with the conception of this grand occasion, sleep stole gradually upon us, and the images of fancy took a hue of reality; we seemed to see the grand pageant passing by interminable.

On a car drawn by two mules, in the guise of Harpies, with paper wings and gold claws, a dozen *authors* appeared seated, each employed in copying and clipping from the advanced sheets of some new work just received from London, which they delivered to a car of pressmen following, who printed and scattered them among the crowd. After these walked a caravan of tattered wretches on foot, driven along by a wolf, and vainly endeavoring to write on the nails of their fingers, or on the fly-leaves of English books. These were followed by a rabble of printers, tailors, and bar-keepers, hooting and pelting.

A car of well-dressed painters coloring foreign engravings followed these, with a banner inscribed, "Study the Great Masters;" and after them another miserable rout of footmen with haggard countenances, sketching snatches of scenery as they passed on, pursued by a shrewish widow in a dirty cap, with a bundle of bills in one hand, and belaboring those nearest her with a piece of cold meat in the other.

After another car bearing a set of jolly actors, ran a rabble of play-writers soliciting

alms, and these followed by a tattered Hamlet of majestic port, like a grand Spanish beggar, making mouths at the crowd.

But the most magnificent and glorious spectacle of all, and most congenial to the heart of a true patriot, was a brazen triumphal car of foreign merchants, drawn by a hundred sturdy corn-growers and cotton-planters, and followed by a line of beggared artisans with their wives and children, trailing disconsolately behind, along the dusty road. Over the magnificent car the broad golden banner of the Free-traders floated on the breeze, displaying the fable of the lion and the eagle contending for a prize which the jackal steals away. The carved devices of the chariot, like those of the famous shield of Achilles, were worthy of the world's admiration, and of a Homer's descriptive skill.

The name of the chariot was Monopoly. The wheels were spoked with pleasant falsehoods and turned upon humorous deceptions. Jolly eyes winked from the naves, and grotesque grimaces grinned along the tires. The beam of the chariot was a vast sea-snake, carved in British oak, and a series of bas reliefs, representing the merry devices of the money-changers, humoring and fleecing an over-wise Yankee, raised a ceaseless smile on the faces of the crowd. The driver, a sly little man, sat holding a slack rein behind two miserable wind-galled and spavined hacks, covered with gold trappings, all dust and cobwebs, named Malthus and Ricardo. A long cord, attached to the silver hook of the tongue, and composed of a peculiar twisted gut, called Credit, a thousand times stronger than fiddle strings, gave a hold to the enthusiasts who drew the car. Behind, on a kind of platform, stood three scare-crows, made out of suits of clothes stuffed with cabbage litter, representing a Frenchman, a German, and an Englishman. Each held in its hand a reciprocity treaty and a bill of exchange. Over these amiable figures floated another broad banner with the words *Ad valorem*, in black-letter, to signify that the people do not quite understand it. Ever and anon a trumpeter, an Englishman dressed like an American, blew a brass trumpet in the car. The notes of the trumpet had a queer, wiry sound, and clouds of little wiry statistics swarmed out of his mouth and filled the air with a kind of dust, which made every body cough and sneeze, and shut their eyes.

Behind this car ran a footman with a letter of recommendation posted on his forehead, signed R. J. Walker. But the oddest peculiarity of this figure was the quantity of shirts he wore. His actual dimensions were singularly small, but, by putting on a vast thickness of shirts, he had swelled himself to a monstrous shape. The footman in the shirts was evidently much respected by the crowd of ragged literati who followed, and could hardly contain their admiration and longing. Occasionally our footman slipped off one of the shirts, and exchanged it with one of his starveling followers for a paper. This he handed up to the trumpeter who put it into his mouth, and then blew it through his brass instrument, multiplied by some wonderful magic into two thousand dabs of poisonous black mud, which fell all about, and if any of it lighted on a bit of home-made linen or broadcloth, it burned a hole through it, straight.

Immediately after the car of Free Trade came the chariot of Foreign Fashions, driven by a baby-faced fellow in white kids. This vehicle was a phaeton emblazoned all over with coats of arms, and carried the wives of the gentlemen who rode in the car of Free Trade. These ladies were gorgeously apparelled, and presented a very pretty appearance, especially when the driver turned in his seat and tickled their ankles with a neat little pen which he flourished instead of a whip. The most curious feature of this pageant was the manner in which motion was given to the vehicle itself, for, instead of horses, it was drawn by a crowd of poor seamstresses and gawky country girls, who stumbled along with their faces turned backward toward the driver.

Behind all, and surpassing all in magnificence, rode a figure on horseback, the grand marshal of the festival. On his head he wore "what *seemed* a crown," but which was in fact a steel boarding cap. The person of this horseman was entirely covered with an embroidered cloak of gold cloth, sparkling with Indian gems; and when the wind raised it, he appeared armed from top to toe, with every kind of weapon, swords,

knives and daggers half drawn, pistols half cocked, and a forest of nameless arms, all, as it were, *alive and sensible*. His person seemed covered with blood and gore, as if fresh from a hundred massacres. Along the edges of the cloak, in small diamond letters, you might read "Elsinore," "Aere," "Glencoe," "Groton Heights," "Dartmoor," "The Punjaub," "Irish Famines," "St. Helena," the "Middle Passage," and a hundred other names significant of events; and some unfinished work on another seam thus, Tigre Islan—, Costa Rica, "Rotan," M—q—to, Carthage—a, Balize, which the maker of the garment had not yet fully emblazoned in the jewelled letters.

The steed of this preux chevalier was a black stud horse of Norman breed, with a brown and wicked eye, and hoofs as small and sharp as a chamois, by which he had the singular power of poising himself upon the merest point of rock, were it in the middle of the ocean, or on a single rolling pebble, so securely, nothing but the broadside of a seventy-four could drive him off. The right flank of the animal had the brand "Downing Street."

At a gesture of the horseman's arm, the procession paused, or moved on. The air rang with the acclamations of the country people; the ladies in the car of Fashion waved their handkerchiefs, and the gentlemen in the Free-trade chariot give *three times three* for the rider and his good black steed.

Then I heard a long wailing cry, mingled with shouts of execration in the distance, and a multitude of men went by, driving carts and wagons, filled with haggard women and children, each with a banner inscribed, "Far West," "Ague," "Solitude," "Bankruptcy;" while in the distance rose, like a mirage, the phantasm of a deserted village, where the rafters of a huge ruin stood like a curse written on the red and tinkling sun. A wretched ploughman near by left his plough in the weedy furrow, and turned the faces of his meagre oxen toward the West; and, with the sadness of the spectacle, I awoke.

## ROBERT SOUTHEY.\*

THERE is a species of even-handed justice attending literary men, which generally makes all straight in the end; the old axiom of "Extremes meet" seems to govern this rule, and in proportion as an author is abused by some, he is lauded by others, not only personally but poetically. There are, of course, the usual exceptions,—some one way, as Walter Scott,—some the other, as in the case of Southey; but action and re-action is a principle of nature.

We doubt if there ever were a writer so fiercely vilified as the author of "Wat Tyler," who had so little of the pleasanter side of praise administered to him in his lifetime, notwithstanding his influence and position. There has not even been the usual re-action when the grave has consecrated his virtues, and obliterated his failings; indeed, so far as we may be allowed to judge from present appearances, he seems already shrinking into the very narrow compass of his "Life of Nelson," and the poem herepudiated, "Wat Tyler!" That posterity may reverse this decision is possible, although, taking the past as a guide, not probable. The two causes which deprived him of enthusiastic eulogizers during his life, will operate, we think, even more conclusively as the circle expands, and deposit him on the bleak shore of respectability, leaving him farther removed from human sympathy as the tide of time recedes.

The causes we allude to are, his want of high or distinctive genius, and moral geniality. In the greatest imaginations these are generally found together, as in Homer, Ariosto, Shakspeare, and Cervantes. Some cases, however, exist in which they are separated, as in Dante and Milton; but possibly in both these latter instances political and domestic sorrows, as well as the severe temper of the times, may have had a modifying, if not an altogether deviating influence upon them, which if not exercised would have left them as jovial fellows as Anacreon himself.

That Southey was altogether deficient in that logical and creative phrenzy (if we may like Willis or Emerson coin on our own account) which *our* great Anglo-Saxon poet calls "a fine phrenzy"—(we advisedly say *our*, for Shakspeare as much belongs to the American people as he does to the English, seeing that *our* ancestors claimed him as a fellow-citizen)—that Southey was deficient in this godlike faculty is evident to any who has read all or even any of his voluminous poems; that he was destitute of *bonhomie* was as equally apparent to a casual acquaintance, or an old friend.

He had no impulse. In a word, we may define him as the Genius of Routine; that was the only *genius* he possessed. In saying this let our readers clearly understand that we neither undervalue nor disparage Southey, or the regularity of which he was so striking an example; we merely define what he *really was*, just as a mathematician means no insult to a triangle when he says it is not a circle. Indeed, to borrow a geometrical term, Southey was eminently an angular mind: he did not incorporate in his own nature the knowledge he was constantly acquiring; he merely added it to what he already had. Knowledge made Southey learned, it made Shakspeare wise; it enabled the one to alter and illustrate, the other to create and beautify; it enriched the *nature* of the one, but only the recollection of the other. Knowledge made the author of Hamlet philosophical and imaginative; it rendered the writer of Thalaba prolix and fanciful; it was a telescope and a microscope to Shakspeare, a mere pair of colored spectacles to Southey. We repeat, that in selecting the greatest of poets for this parallel, we have no wish to depreciate, but simply to take the highest of each class, in order to render the contrast more striking.

Robert Southey, working out his own original nature honestly, is entitled to as much respect as William Shakspeare: for

\* The Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey, LL.D. Edited by his son, Rev. Charles Cuthbert Southey. New-York: Harper & Brothers.



this we have the incontrovertible evidence of Holy Writ, as illustrated by the parable of the talents. We shall not even condemn him for his remarkable change of opinion in religion and politics: for this also he had the precedence of a sacred example in St. Paul so far as the right of search and change is concerned; but he had no authority for his malignant persecution of those who continued to hold the same opinions as he had once entertained. Surely, this ought to have counselled charity; but it is a singular proof of human blindness, that men never hate themselves for their former heresies! Let us, therefore, set an example of charity ourselves, and suggest that it is merely the opinions they hate, after all, and not the men.

We remember Sergeant Talfourd used this *argumentum ad hominem* with great effect on a trial for rioting at Gloucester. Baron Gurney, a very able but severe judge, who presided, had been, during the French Revolution, one of the Jacobin Club in London, notorious for its anarchical principles. This was well known to Talfourd, who defended the rebels, and who was so irritated at the judge's undue leaning against the prisoners, that in the defence he begged "his lordship would reflect if in his own experience he did not remember any one who had formerly been an ardent admirer and correspondent of Robespierre and Marat; one who was also a member of a club, whose toasts were such as, 'The heart of a king grilled on the ribs of his minister;' and whether he was not now one of the most distinguished ornaments of the bench; and what would have been his fate had no time been given to him to repent, and repay the society he had outraged," &c. This had so great an effect, that in his charge the conscience-struck Gurney directed the jury to acquit them, with only a severe reprimand.

Men should bear in mind that uniformity of opinion would soon become a dead level of intellect. Indeed, what diversity of scenery is to the picturesque, variety of mind is to the intellectual world. If all men thought alike, human nature would soon become a putrefaction of bigotry—a dead sea of idiocy. Heresy seems to be the gastric juice of the human race. The first utterance of a new doctrine is considered an offense; but in time it becomes the standard of faith, and, forgetful of its own youthful struggles and

sufferings, assumes in its old age the persecutor. Thus, strangely as it may sound, the blasphemy of one age becomes the religion of the next; opinions like billows roll on, one after the other, swallowing each other, or harmoniously subsiding into the vast ocean of Truth.

We have thought it necessary to make these preliminary remarks in order that our readers may the better comprehend our view of Southey, and his aspect of society. It will however be advisable to glance hastily at his intimates and contemporaries before we fairly enter upon his own particular life and correspondence. These were undoubtedly some of the most remarkable men the world of genius has produced; we shall however confine ourselves to those most immediately acting upon his conduct and opinions.

Coleridge, Lloyd, and Lovell were those who were his first intellectual associates; after a time, Wordsworth, Lamb, and Cottle were added. All these were men of a peculiar stamp, some of the highest powers. The greatest was undoubtedly Coleridge, not only for his attainments, imagination, and enthusiasm, but also on account of the eloquence with which he advocated any system he adopted; even his inconsistency gave a poetical charm to his conduct! Ever the slave of impulse, but preserved from vice by one of the most gorgeous, and, at the same time, subtle imaginations vouchsafed to a human being, the author of *Christabel* was at once a giant and a child. While his comprehensive and logical mind detected at a glance the most plausible sophism of another, he was constantly bewildered in those of his own creation; his silken clue inevitably failed him in the labyrinth of his own planning; he was no Daniel in the den of his own lions! Coleridge was to himself throughout his life, what the Spectre was to the hero of one of Calderon's plays, the name of which we forget: he always found *himself* opposed and overthrown by *himself*. Like a silk-worm he lived in a world of his own spinning, and which was destined eventually to be his shroud. We have little hesitation in stating that we do not believe there has ever been an instance of a man of equal genius so entirely giving himself up to such flimsy delusions and sophisms as Coleridge did from his very boyhood. Lamb defined him ex-

actly when he called him "the *Inspired* Christ School Boy." He never outgrew his gigantic boyhood. Fresh from the trammels of school, he longed to plant idylls and eclogues on the banks of the Susquehanna, of which he was to be one of the piping Corydons, with some young Phyllis fond of throwing love-apples at him, and listening to his strains, and always giving the award in his favor. A variety of causes combined gave a similar tendency to the more practical mind of Southey. But a *fortunate* want of money saved them from this egregious folly; for there never were two men less fitted for emigration to a new world than they were.

Love, poverty, a vague aspiration for liberty, and a restlessness, which Southey finally conquered, were the motives which led him to entertain the Pantisocratic scheme. It is a mistake to suppose Wordsworth ever for an instant was mixed up in this Utopian dream; indeed, the bare suspicion annoyed him so much, that on the publication of Chorley's "Authors of England" in 1842, the old poet requested the writer of this article to beg Mr. Chorley would correct the mistake he had made in his life of Coleridge, where Wordsworth figures as one of the emigrant party.

The head and front of this "Empire Plan" was really Lovell; but a practical view of the whole question dissipated the chimera.

Both Lloyd and Lovell were singular beings. The former was evidently tinged with insanity even at that early period; towards his middle age it showed itself so unmistakably that he was placed in a Lunatic Asylum, where he spent most of his remaining years; he was eventually killed in endeavoring to escape from one in France, not many years ago. In addition to being a lunatic, he was also a poet, and he had the honor of helping Coleridge and Southey to fill up their first volume of poems published at Bristol by their friend Cottle. Insanity and poetry are hereditary in Lloyd's family, for his eldest son, who is a scholar, a Christian, a man of fortune, and an elegant poet, has been for some years under partial restraint. We know him well, and have heard from him the statements we have just made, and confirmed by others.

Lovell was Coleridge and Southey's brother-in-law, the *three* having married the *three* Misses Fricker. Strange enough that

insanity should also develop itself in these ladies. Edith, Mrs. Southey, died insane after lingering in that state some years, and Mrs. Coleridge has acted so strangely through all her life as to cause considerable apprehension in her friends' minds for the ultimate result.

Wordsworth's influence on Southey was small, notwithstanding the respect which he entertained for the great philosophical poet. This partly arose from their not coming together at Southey's plastic age; for like hot lava, Southey hardened very soon. This is curiously developed in the correspondence now before us; he seems at once to spring from Pantisocracy to common sense, in the commonest acceptance of the term. By-the-bye, while we think of it, we may ask the accomplished and conscientious editor why he has omitted a letter from his father to Coleridge respecting the latter's disinclination to marry Miss Sarah Fricker? It was written in reply to one from Coleridge, "in which he stated very weighty reasons why he should not marry just then, but leaving it to Southey to decide whether he thought he was bound in honor to fulfil his engagement *immediately*." Southey's answer was lengthy and decisive, and determined Coleridge at once to marry, among difficulties amply illustrated in Cottle's "Recollections," and from which we question if he ever thoroughly emerged. The Gillmans, of Highgate, have a copy of this interesting epistle. It would throw a little light upon the state of Coleridge's heart, which might perhaps clear up the darkness which now apparently hangs over his long separation from his "besonnated Sara!"

It is only due to the departed poet's memory to remember that his children, Hartley, Derwent, and Sara, were to the last most affectionately attached to their father, at the same time not forgetting their duty to their mother. This is a volume in Coleridge's favor more conclusive than any he has written himself; for no such three children, perhaps, ever came together, either for intellect, conscientiousness, or rectitude.

After this little sketching, let us introduce the hero of the present drama.

Southey thus records his own birth:—"My birthday was Friday, 12th August, 1774; the time, half-past eight in the morning, according to the family Bible. According to my astrological friend Gilbert, it was a few minutes before the half hour,

in consequence of which I am to have a pain in the bowels when I am about thirty, and Jupiter is my deadly enemy, but I may thank the stars 'for a gloomy capability of walking through desolation.' " On his arrival the nurse declared "*he was a great ugly boy.*" So even from the very first Southey had to endure unpalatable criticism.

In his fourth year he was sent to a little daily school, where he first learned to distinguish the difference between "a B and a bull's foot," and other agreeable distinctions. Here he remained two years, passing most of his time at his aunt's, Miss Tyler, who seems to have been a sincere, though occasionally unreasonable friend, till his marriage, when their rupture was final. Southey always had a high opinion of this lady's intellect, and there is no telling how much he might owe unconsciously to her pervading influence, and constant association: indirectly she gave the bias to poetry, owing to her intimacy with the family of the manager of the Bath and Bristol theatres. We refer to this part of his memoirs for a very tragic event connected with this family. Even so early as his fourth year he was in the habit of being taken to the theatre, which fact was also impressed upon his mind by a reprimand he received for confounding the theatrical with the ecclesiastical terms, and saying after church one Sunday, "that there was a very full house." The first play he saw was a comedy by Fielding, called *The Fathers*, a curious foreshadowing of the *Fathers* which in his old age occupied so much of his studies. At six years old he obtained without effort what our fair friend Lucretia Mott is now desperately struggling for—he was breeched: his recollection must have been singularly vivid, for in after years he remembered the dress, which was *nankeen trimmed with green fringe*.

He was now sent to Mr. Foot's, a dissenting minister, where he remained a year. His recollections of this school were very unpleasant. The death of the master released him from this bondage. He was then placed at Corston, a village about nine miles from Bristol: in a poem called *The Retrospect*, Southey in after years alludes to it with much pathos. After a year's domicile here he was taken away, and spent the time with his aunt, who had broken up her establishment at Bath, and settled at Bedminster.

After a short holiday, he was placed as a day boarder at a school in Bristol, kept by a Welshman, who rejoiced in the echoing name of William Williams. It was at this time that Robert made his first attempts on the muse, which, he says, gave him immense pleasure. The first book he read thoroughly was Shakspeare, and Titus Andronicus was his favorite drama. Before he was eight he had read Beaumont and Fletcher through.

It was about this time that he announced to his aunt the wonderful discovery he had made, and one which most American authors think they can do, viz., write a play! Little Robert said, "It is the easiest thing in the world, aunt, to write a play!" "Is it, my dear?" replied the lady. "Yes," rejoined our little poetling; "you have only to think what you would say if you were in that person's place, and say it for them!"

We are afraid upon this plan too many dramatists write, which will account for the egotistical monologues published nowadays.

For the gratification of those who are fond of linking names together, we may as well mention that Henderson, the great tragedian, was an intimate friend of Miss Tyler, although Southey could not remember that he had ever seen him: he however cherished a perfect recollection of the celebrated actor Edwin, who presented him with a toy.

At this time a lady gave him "Hoole's Tasso," which afforded him intense delight. Shortly afterwards his young fancy was fired by the same author's translation of Ariosto. Seeing the name of Spenser in the notes, he obtained a copy, and despite the Old English character in which it was printed, soon mastered the treasures of that most poetical of poets.

Southey truly says in one of his autobiographical chapters, "My memory strengthens as I proceed in this task of retrospection; and yet, while some circumstances—a look—a sound—a gesture, though utterly unimportant, recur to me more vividly than the transactions of yesterday, others, which I would fain call to mind, are irrevocably gone."

To a man of perfect leisure and happy circumstances, few pleasures can be comparable to thus living again in the past—sorrow taken from misfortune, and guilt from

pleasure. Moore has very happily expressed this retrospection :

"Sighing, as o'er the shadowy past,  
Like a tomb-searcher, Memory ran  
Lifting the shroud that Time had cast  
O'er buried hopes."

We now and then come upon pithy axioms, such as—(Southey is talking of his schoolmaster): "When his ill circumstances pressed upon him, he gave way perhaps more readily to impulses of anger; because anger, like drunkenness, suspends the sense of care, and an irascible emotion is felt as a relief from painful thoughts." This is however only half the case: anger is an excitement, and consequently suspends the duller sense of care, or any other equable state of mind; but Southey forgets, or perhaps never knew, that the real cause of the phenomenon is the weakness of mind, resulting from the irritation of the mosquito bites of buzzing animals, who very properly sting sleeping debtors till they wake and pay.

We have however, a few passages further on, a proof of how little a learned man is a wise-one. "He would strike with a ruler sometimes when his patience was greatly provoked by that *incurable stupidity* which of all things, perhaps, puts patience to the severest trial."

Let us tell our readers that of the three, the blockhead, the master, and the apologist, the most incorrigible fools are the schoolmaster for striking, and the Laureate for defending the blow. Mr. Southey's joke, too, about punishing a creole, is a proof of his want of humor. We will not quote the joke, having no wish "to throw a damp upon a funeral."

We have, however, a most serious charge against the author of Kehama, and one of his own convicting: we quote verbatim his very words:—

"One of them (evidently by his name of French extraction) was, however, the most thoroughly fiendish human being that I have ever known. There is an image in Kehama, drawn from my recollection of the devilish malignity which used sometimes to glow in his dark eyes, though I could not there give the likeness in its whole force, for his countenance used to darken with the blackness of his passion. Happily for the slaves on the family estate, he, though a second brother, was wealthy enough to settle in England; and an anecdote which I heard of him when he was about thirty years of age, will show that I have not

spoken of his character too strongly. When he was shooting one day, his dog committed some fault. He would have shot him for this upon the spot, if his companion had not turned his gun aside, and, as he supposed, succeeded in appeasing him; but, when the sport was over, to the horror of that companion, (who related the story to me,) he took up a large stone and knocked out the dog's brains. I have mentioned this wretch, who might otherwise have better been forgotten, for a charitable reason; because I verily believe that his wickedness was truly an original, innate, constitutional sin, and just as much a family disease as gout or scrofula. I think so, because he had a nephew who was placed as a pupil with King, the surgeon at Clifton, and in whom, at first sight, I recognized a physiognomy which I hope can be long to no other breed. His nephew answered in all respects to the relationship, and to the character which nature had written in every lineament of his face. He ran a short career of knavery, profligacy, and crimes, which led him into a prison, and there he died by his own hand."

The commonest observer must remark the tender difference with which he treats the reputation of a *living* rich man, to the dead memory of the poor dependent. Farther on we have another phase of character: our space, however, will not allow us to quote; we must therefore content ourselves by requesting our reader's attention to Southey's account of his interview with an old school-fellow, whom he designates under the initials H. O. They will find it at the close of chapter xii. We question if a more singular confession of feeling was ever before so ingenuously given to the world.

There are many *naïve* admissions in his autobiography, which, for a man of the Laureate's caution, strike us as remarkable. In some very pertinent remarks on poetry he observes: "In the earliest ages, certain it is that they who possessed that gift of speech which enabled them to clothe ready thoughts in measured or elevated language, were held to be inspired. False oracles were delivered in *verse*, and true prophecies delivered in *poetry*. \* \* \* Sleight of hand passed for magic in the dark ages, sleight of tongue for inspiration." We can well imagine how such a heretical or dangerous opinion in the writings of another would have drawn down his anathema as a "Quarterly Reviewer."

From the Welshman Southey was removed to a day school at Bristol, kept by a clergyman, who was a good classical scholar; under his direction our poet commenced "Greek and nonsense verses." This was in

his thirteenth year, and about this period he had written three heroic epistles in English rhyme: one from Diomede to Egiale; the second from Octavia to Marc Antony; the other from Alexander to his father Herod. He also made translations from Ovid, Virgil, and Horace. He relates that on his thirteenth birthday he composed a very lofty piece of oratory on the awful step from infancy to the teens, being under the erroneous impression that he was only entering that solemn period instead of having already lived a year in it.

He now set to work in good earnest to become the Homer of his native land, and planned an epic, of which *Cassibelan* was the hero. He had commenced the *Fourth Book* when he went to Westminster school; this he worked at with great vigor, but writing it in short-hand, and putting it by for some time, he at last forgot the cipher, and consequently burnt the manuscript in his vexation.

In February, 1788, Southey, who had scarcely ever stirred twenty miles from his place of birth, was taken by his aunt to London to be placed at the Westminster school. He entered that foundation on the 1st April. Unfortunately for us, the poet's autobiography ends with this school, which is much to be regretted, as if he had sketched his whole career it would have formed one of the pleasantest chats of a man about himself we have met with. It offers a singular and striking contrast with Leigh Hunt's own memoirs just published. Both are excellent of their kind, but wide as the poles asunder. Leigh Hunt dwells more upon himself and his own feelings, while Southey fills up his family picture with incidental and graphic portraits which greatly increase the interest.

The editor now takes up the pen his father laid down, and supplies the deficiency, we are bound to allow, very creditably. During Robert's stay at Westminster, he formed two of his most valuable and cherished friendships, those with Wynn and Bedford; indeed we may remark that the greater part of the correspondence before us is divided between these two gentlemen. They seem, from their letters, to have cherished a true regard and respect for each other, which cannot fail to impress all with a lofty opinion of their characters.

At this early period our great Reviewer got

into his first "scrape" with his pen. Having concocted, with some of the head scholars, a magazine, under the appropriate schoolboy title of "*The Flagellant*," (which died at the mature age of Number Nine,) the head master, D. Vincent, considered himself so grievously outraged by an article reflecting on the unsparing use of the birch at the Westminster school, that he commenced an action against the publisher for libel. The author's name was given up; it proved to be Southey's; and notwithstanding his apology the miserable pedagogue expelled him from the school.

This "untoward event" happened in the spring of 1792, and he passed the rest of that memorable year with his aunt, at her residence in College Green, Bristol. Having no settled occupation, he gave himself up to corresponding with his old playmates, and planning future schemes of literary ambition.

He was now in his nineteenth year, and during this winter his father's affairs came to a crisis, which compelled the poet to look around for some occupation. The kindness of his aunt, however, came to his rescue, and his name was put down for Christchurch College, Oxford; but Cyril Jackson, the Dean, had heard of "*the Flagellant*," and refused to admit him. He therefore turned his attention to Baliol College, of which he became a member on the 17th of January, 1793. He thus writes to his friend Bedford a few days before he took up his abode at Oxford:—

"My prepossessions are not very favorable. I expect to meet with pedantry, prejudice, and bigotry, from all of which good Lord deliver poor Robert Southey." And almost immediately after his arrival he writes: "Behold me, my friend, entered under the banners of Science or Stupidity, which you please, and like a recruit got sober, looking to the days that are passed, and feeling something like regret. Would you think it possible that the wise founders of an English University should forbid us to wear boots? What matters it whether I study in shoes or in boots? To me it is a matter of indifference, but folly so ridiculous puts me out of conceit of the whole. When the foundation is bad, the fabric must be weak! \* \* \* I must learn to break a rebellious spirit, which neither authority nor oppression could ever bow. I must learn



to work a problem instead of writing an ode, and pay respect to men remarkable for large wigs and small wisdom!"

And yet in after years Southey would have written a volume on the heresy of boots if not considered orthodox by the authorities!

There was, however, one custom to which Southey would not submit; that was, to have his hair powdered! Putting flour upon his fine black locks was an indignity he could not allow; he resisted and kicked, and the barber was overthrown. Doubtless the barber felt a moral assurance that the young rebel would come to be hanged!

His course of study seems to have been promiscuous. A friend says, "he was a perfect *helluo librorum*." That his industry was great and untiring we have the evidence of his whole life to confirm; and doubtless he here had all the freshness of appetite awaiting a new life. His correspondence shows the imitative spirit very strongly. The style is also singularly unnatural and inflated, and as removed from the clear, manly prose of his after life as it is possible to conceive. Indeed, we think we trace in Southey that same remarkable faculty which is so apparent in Dryden, namely, their constant progression in the graces of composition. As Dryden's best poems were written within a few years of his death, so we believe Southey's finest prose was equally his later productions.

At this early period, too, he shadowed out what his definition of true happiness was. "Let me have £200 a year, and the comforts of domestic life, and my ambition aspires no further."

In a letter written this year (1793) Southey shows how, even then, he had begun to busy himself in "reforms." It is an advocacy of "Protestant nunneries," as suggested by Richardson. Many years later, in his "Colloquies," he alludes to the subject again in these words: "Considering the condition of single women in the middle classes, it is not speaking too strongly to assert, that the establishment of Protestant nunneries upon a *wide plan* and liberal scale, would be the greatest benefit that could possibly be conferred upon these kingdoms."

Our young collegian spent the July of his first vacation in visiting a college friend in Herefordshire, and in August he went to his old associate Bedford's home in Surrey.

There, the day after he completed his nineteenth year, he resumed, and finished in six weeks, his poem of Joan of Arc. We say *resumed*, although he had only written about three hundred lines when he took up his task to complete it. He remained for three months at this hospitable house, which is still standing at Brixton Causeway, about four miles from London Bridge. He however diversified his Joan of Arc by firing at wasp's nests with horse pistols loaded with sand—a queer anticlimax to his heroine's struggle with the English invaders. In October he returned to Bristol, and for some reason which does not appear, did not reside during the following term at Baliol College, but passed the time with his aunt.

We clearly detect at this time that the excesses of the French Revolution were disturbing a little his faith in Democracy. In one of his letters he says: "I am sick of this world, and discontented with everybody in it. The murder of Brissot has completely harrowed up my faculties, and I begin to believe that virtue can only aspire to content in obscurity, for happiness is out of the question. I look round the world and everywhere find the same mournful spectacle—the strong tyrannizing over the weak, man and beast. The same depravity pervades the whole creation. Oppression is triumphant everywhere, and the only difference is that it acts in Turkey through the anger of a grand Seigneur, in France of a Revolutionary Tribunal, and in England, of a *Prime Minister*."

It is unnecessary to point out the want of philosophy which generates the above morbid reflections.

We remember in a conversation we had with Wordsworth, even so late as in 1845, that that fine old poet gave in his usual straight-forward manner a sufficient reason for the French excesses. It must be borne in mind that he was in Paris during the earlier part of the Revolution, and, strangely enough, lodged in the same house with Brissot and Robespierre. "How could," said he, "any sane person expect the French to act rationally after so many years of frightful misgovernment? Human nature works by actions and reactions. Louis the Fourteenth and the Fifteenth had debauched and degraded the public mind to such an extent that all moral restraint had long since become extirpated. It would be as reasonable

to expect a savage to practise a Christianity he had never been taught. Had the French nation been capable of behaving differently to what they did, there would have been no revolution, because the motive would not have existed." This is of course the philosophical explanation, and had Southey argued correctly he would have recognized in the revolutionary harvest the frightful seed from whence it sprang. It is as true of a nation as a corn-field, that whatsoever the rulers sow they shall in time reap. But Southey had not a philosophical, nor yet a comprehensive mind. We doubt if he was even a logician in its highest signification. There is as much difference between the man of a logical and the man of a syllogistical mind, as there is between eloquence and rhetoric, poetry and verse. Indeed, one is founded on art, and the other on nature. One is a spirit and the other only a form. But after all the author of "Joan of Arc" was only a school-boy republican; he had by head and not by heart. It was the vague, idle dream of poetical imitation, and not a noble, glorious principle as in the breast of a Milton or a Washington. Listen to one of these absurd "day-dreams." It is in a letter to Horace Walpole Bedford:—

"If this world did but contain ten thousand people of *both sexes visionary* as myself, how delightfully would we repeople Greece and turn out the Moslem. I would turn crusader, and make a pilgrimage to Parnassus at the head of my republicans, and there reinstate the Muses in their original splendor."

Our readers will, we think, agree with us that if this be republicanism, every young aristocrat fresh from Virgil or Livy is quite as "good a one" as the author of "Wat Tyler."

There is also at this epoch of his life a discontent which developed itself in a disposition to attack his fellow-creatures *à la* Juvenal.

In a letter to Bedford he thus writes: "Your plan of a general satire I am ready to partake when you please." Who is there that has not in the outset of a classical or literary life had similar vague intentions of reforming or smashing human nature?

Even before his acquaintance with Coleridge, our poet seems to have entertained thoughts of an emigration to the United

States; for in another letter dated Dec. 14, 1793, he writes:—

"What is to become of me at ordination? Heaven only knows! After keeping the strait path so long, the Test Act will be a stumbling-block to honesty. So chance and Providence must take care of that, and I will fortify myself against chance. The wants of man are so very few, that they must be attainable somewhere, and whether here or in America matters little. *I have long learned to look upon the world as my country.*

"Now, if you are in the mood for a reverie, fancy only me in America; imagine my ground uncultivated since the creation, and see me wielding the axe, now to cut down the tree, and now the snakes that nestled in it. Then see me grubbing up the roots, and building a nice, snug little dairy with them: three rooms in my cottage, and my only companion some poor negro whom I have bought on purpose to emancipate. After a hard day's toil, see me sleep upon rushes, and, in very bad weather, take out my casette and write to you, for you shall positively write to me in America. Do not imagine I shall leave rhyming or philosophizing; so thus your friend will realize the romance of Cowley, and even outdo the seclusion of Rousseau; till at last comes an ill-looking Indian with a tomahawk, and scalps me—a most melancholy proof that society is very bad, and that I shall have done very little to improve it! So vanity, vanity will come from my lips, and poor Southey will either be cooked for a Cherokee, or oysterized by a tiger."

How little Southey knew his own nature, even if he were sincere in the sentiment we have italicized, is evident to all who know his after life. A man may recant his *opinions*, but not his *nature*.

Of his literary industry we have a proof in a letter to Bedford of 1793: "I have accomplished a most arduous task, transcribing all my verses that appear worth the trouble, except letters, [poetical epistles, doubtless.] Of these I took one list, another of my pile of stuff and nonsense, and a third of what I have burned and lost. Upon an average, ten thousand verses are burned and lost, the same number preserved, and fifteen thousand worthless. \* \* \* I can bear a retrospect, but when I look forward to taking orders, a thousand dreadful ideas crowd at once upon my mind. \* \* \* The more I see of this strange world, the more I am convinced that society requires desperate remedies! The friends I have (and you know me to be cautious in choosing them) are many of them struggling with obstacles which never could happen were man what nature intended him. A torrent of ideas

bursts into my mind when I reflect upon this subject. In the hours of sanguine expectation these reveries are agreeable, but more frequently the visions of futurity are dark and gloomy, and the only ray that enlivens the scene beams on America."

So closed 1793. At the latter end of the following January, he returned to Baliol College, where his expenses were defrayed by his uncle, the Reverend Herbert Hill, chaplain to the British Factory at Lisbon, who looked forward with considerable anxiety to his nephew taking holy orders. To this life, though Southey made no open objection, he seemed to have cherished a private dislike quite insuperable, which his son (himself a clergyman) endeavors to apologize away, by alluding to the state of the Established Church at that period, hinting at fox-hunting, Port-wine drinking, and a few other foibles not much in the style of "Him of Galilee," leaving the silent inference to be drawn that had his father been a young man now he would not have had his old scruples.

Southey's religion at this precise point of his life, as we have heard Coleridge affirm, "*an empty vacuum full of mythology, and craving a plenum of a comfortable income, a handsome wife, and a large epic fame.*" In a short time afterwards he grew Unitarian; there was an intellectuality about it which pleased him. We may as well in this place relate a little anecdote of Coleridge, which showed how greatly his imagination entered into his "Thirty-nine Articles," even to the very last. About a fortnight before the great poet died, the writer of this had received a letter from Mr. Wordsworth, containing a message to Coleridge, who was not suspected to be so near his death as eventually proved. We merely name this to account for the apparent discrepancy of the conversation. The "old man eloquent" was in his bed-room, a chamber which commanded one of the sweetest and greenest views in England—being from the brow of Highgate Hill, and looking over Finchley towards St. Albans. As we write all seems as fresh as yesterday—the broken-down frame of the old poet—his large, gray, fiery, yet pain-stricken eye—his flabby, pale, yet heavy face—his noble brow, not bald, being covered with silvery hair—his intermittent, yet full, deep voice—the very roll of his eye, the compressed lip, the

slipped feet, the snuffed old black coat, gorged with the titillating dust down his waistcoat and cuff—all stand so palpably now before me, that the Atlantic seems a rivulet, and the sixteen years that have nearly rolled since "the noticeable man" was laid in the immortality of his grave in the old church-yard at Highgate, a mere watch of the night. But we must shake off the reverie, or we shall bury our readers in sleep.

Coleridge burst out as we were saying "Good bye," with—"Lord Brougham has been here to-day. We talked about religion. Brougham said, 'Mr. Coleridge, you were a Unitarian preacher once: define the difference between your faith as *then* and *now*. I shall remember it, and it may bring forth seed long after you dream of.' Brougham's a good man,—a kind man; his heart is right—it is his over-worked brain that has made him go wrong. Heaven help him—he is as simple as a child!"

"Well, but my dear friend," said Mrs. Gillman, who had only just recovered from a severe accident, "your definition?" Coleridge smiled: "Dear friend, cherish that cowl shell on the mantel-piece, for it has, I feel assured, converted an unbelieving Chancellor, the living Bacon of our Woolsack. I took up the shell, my dear friends, and said, 'Heaven has sent this to give me an illustration. You see how exquisitely this is worked, how wonderfully symmetrical; the tints of the coloring are miraculously artistic: on one side you have the golden flush of sunset, mingling with the purple dawn; and if you place it to your ear, imagination supplies a voice which seems to whisper an audible something, but it is only a *dead shell*—where is the living animal, for which it was created? It is only a sarcophagus. So with Unitarianism. I admire its external form, the beauty of its morality, the coloring of its logic. But where is the living spirit of Faith? Where is Christ? You have taken away the Lord, and you know not where you have laid him."

We shall not go into the theology of this simile; we merely give it for its poetry.

When Southey turned Unitarian, he became more decided in all his opinions, as we shall see.

We must, however, devote a few lines to allow the son to explain the processes through which his father passed ere he be-

came a good Quarterly Reviewer of the Tory school:—

"His opinions at this time were somewhat unsettled, although they soon took the form of Unitarianism, from which point they seem gradually to have ascended without any abrupt transition, as the troubles of life increased his devotional feelings, and the study of religious authors informed his better judgment, until they finally settled down into a strong attachment for the doctrines of the Church of England."

Southey seems to have given the Church up, that he might devote himself to *Æsculapius*, for he announces in a letter to his *fidus Achates*: "Very soon shall I commence my anatomical and chemical studies. When well grounded in those, I hope to study under Cruikshank to perfect myself in anatomy, attend the clinical lectures, and then commence—Doctor Southey!"

He accordingly attended for some time the Anatomy School, and the Lectures of the medical professors, but he soon abandoned the idea as hastily as he had adopted it, partly from being unable to overcome his disgust for a dissecting room, but chiefly because his love for literature was too strong within him.

He now turned his hopes of obtaining a living towards a situation under Government, as his friend Bedford had done, but it was hinted that his well-known violent republican sentiments, so freely and loudly and unnecessarily expressed, had closed that door for ever. This was a pretty situation for the future Poet Laureate. We may here however mention an anecdote which seems to fasten upon Poet Laureates a sort of political discontent. Some two years before Wordsworth was appointed as Southey's successor, a young English poet, a friend of the Bard of Rydal sent to him a sonnet written to Queen Victoria. The old poet in his reply acknowledged the sonnet, but rebuked him for desecrating the majesty of Apollo, by bowing to crowned heads. Victoria was a Whig.

Southey's reply to his friend is bold, for he is evidently annoyed:—"My opinions are very well known. I would have them so. Nature never meant me for a negative character. I can neither be good nor bad, happy nor miserable, by halves. A prudential silence would have sullied my integrity!"

At this precise minute he became inti-

mate with Samuel Taylor Coleridge, who was an undergraduate of Jesus College, Cambridge, where he had entered in February, 1791. He had already given the world assurance of his genius by his writings and his eccentricities, having gained the golden medal for his Greek Ode, and by his singular lecturings. In 1793, in a fit of collegiate disappointment, he enlisted in the 15th Light Dragoons, under the name of Cumberback, from which "warlike position" he was extricated by his friends on the 10th April, 1794. In the June of this year, on a visit to a college friend at Oxford, he was introduced to Southey. They each seem, like the German students of Canning's burlesque, to have sworn at that instant eternal friendship: they agreed in religion, politics, and every thing! Southey thus writes of Coleridge in the first glow of young acquaintanceship: "Allen is with us daily, and his friend from Cambridge, Coleridge, whose poems you will oblige me by subscribing to, either at Hookham's or Edwards's. He is of most uncommon merit, of the strongest genius, the clearest judgment, the best heart. My friend he already is, and must hereafter be yours!"

"Alas, for the rosy dreams of youthful hearts!"

From this meeting sprang Pantisocracy. It was agreed between Lovell, Coleridge, and Southey, to collect as many adventurous spirits as possible, buy land on the banks of the Susquehanna, and taking out wives, produce children at their leisure, to inherit their estates. Stripped of all verbiage, we really believe this is as nearly as possible the bare idea of this loudly trumpeted Utopia.

The instigators or chief conspirators of this plan to inundate the United States with poets, were Robert Lovell, who had lately married one of the Misses Fricker, George Barrett, a fellow collegian, Robert Allen, of Christ Church, Oxford, and Edmund Seward: to these were soon added Southey and Coleridge.

It broke up as rapidly as it had formed. Seward deserted to the Established Church, (an ominous beginning of the campaign,) Coleridge made a pedestrian tour in Wales, and Southey went to his aunt at Bath. That however the two latter had not altogether waked from their dream, is evident from our poet's letter dated July, 1794.

"'Tis my intention to join Coleridge in

Wales, then proceed to Edmund Seward, seriously to arrange with him the best mode of settling in America. Yesterday I took my proposals for publishing '*Joan of Arc*,' to the printer: should the publication be in any way successful, it will carry me over, and get me some few acres, a spade and a plough. My brother Thomas will gladly go with us. In this country I must sacrifice either happiness or integrity."

Like all young authors, Southey had the most sanguine expectation of "*Joan of Arc*''s" success; he talked of leaving it as a legacy to his country, of its preserving his name, &c.

In August Coleridge returned to Bristol, and, unfortunately for him, became acquainted with his future wife. The tragedy called the "*Fall of Robespierre*" was written at this time.

Again, too, Pantisocracy reared its head; Southey thus writes to his brother who was to join them:—

"The Pantisocratic scheme has given me new life, new hope, new energy; all the faculties of my mind are dilated. I am weeding out the few lurking prejudices of habit, and looking forward to happiness."

In October the scheme was communicated to his aunt, whose anger knew no bounds. It ended in her turning him from her house late at night, so that he had to walk to Bath, nine miles, in rain and darkness. So much for the affection of a narrow-minded old woman. Southey says in a letter to his brother, that it was the announcement of his intended marriage that most thoroughly annoyed her. The aunt and nephew never met again.

Two months after Lovell and Southey published a small volume of poems: this closed 1794.

The difficulty of raising funds for emigration now induced them to alter their scheme from America to Wales; but after a few dying reflections, even this was abandoned, and poor Pantisocracy died and was buried.

He now amused himself with planning a magazine to be edited by him and Coleridge; he also offered his services to a country newspaper, which however were declined. He then, in conjunction with the latter, gave a course of lectures at Bristol, which were well attended and much praised.

Mr. Cottle now offered to publish "*Joan of Arc*," to which Southey gladly consented. He had already commenced "*Madoc*," which he laid aside to correct his first-born epic.

His uncle, Mr. Herbert Hill, being about to return to Portugal, persuaded Southey to accompany him. Much as he disliked the idea of being separated from his fair Edith, to whom he had been for some time engaged, yet the idea of making the visit father to a volume of travels gilded the pill of separation. He however resolved to make the lady his, beyond the chance of any accident save death, and on the 14th November, 1795, they were married at Redcliffe Church, Bristol, separating immediately after the ceremony. A few days afterwards the virgin bridegroom was on his way to Lisbon, which he reached after a tedious passage, laying some time wind bound at Falmouth. After an absence of six months he returned, and took possession of his wife and some ready-furnished lodgings, and busied himself in preparing his "*Letters from Spain and Portugal*." During his absence his brother-in-law and brother poet, Robert Lovell, had died, and his widow soon after Southey's return went to reside with them, and remained a guest during the rest of her life.

"*Joan of Arc*" had been published during the author's residence in Lisbon, and had fallen still-born from the press. Southey says in August, 1796, "The sale of '*Joan of Arc*' in London has been very slow indeed; six weeks ago Cadell had only sold *three copies*!"

Mr. Wynn, his old school-fellow, had, immediately on Southey's marriage, with a generosity worthy of his name, settled an annuity of £160 per annum on him. This enabled him to work at labor he had the most genius for—a great advantage; it also enabled him to put some finishing touches to his writings, which otherwise the daily necessities of his household would have prevented.

In February he came to London for a few months in order to enter himself of Gray's Inn. In April he returned to Bath, where he remained working hard at a second volume of poems, finishing "*Madoc*," and writing for the "*Morning Post*," and some magazines.

In 1800 he commenced at Bristol his "*Thalaba*," undoubtedly the best of his longer poems; his health however had been for some time failing, and in April he, accompanied by his wife, set sail once more for the Tagus.

In June, 1801, they returned, restored



in health, and full of renewed plans, taking up their residence at Bristol.

Towards the close of this year he obtained, through Mr. Wynn's untiring friendship, the appointment of private secretary to Mr. Corry, Chancellor of the Exchequer for Ireland, at a salary of £400 per annum. He was however only required a short time in Dublin; on his return he was steadily settled at London as Mr. Corry's secretary. In the meantime he had published "*Thalaba*," the copyright of which he sold for £115. In January, 1802, his mother died: this was a heavy blow, as Robert Southey was a man full of domestic feelings.

Finding his office to be a sinecure, he, with an honesty which ought to be more generally followed, resigned his secretaryship, and resolved to settle in the country. After casting "his eyes" about him, he fixed upon the Lakes of Westmoreland, to which his friend Coleridge had already retired. In September, 1803, immediately after the death of his only child, a little girl of scarcely a year old, they settled at Greta Hall. He had already made the acquaintance of the Longmans, and received several commissions from them, which afterwards led to a connection, closed only by the Laureate's death. Southey had now reached his thirtieth year, and had settled down in a spot from which he never after removed, to devote his energies to a purely literary life: perhaps we have no other instance of a man so completely following up that one idea without reference to anything else, as the distinguished man whose life we are reviewing.

His industry was the most untiring of any author's of modern times. In March, 1804, he thus wrote to his friend John Rickman:—"I have more in hand than Bonaparte, or Marquis Wellesley—digesting Gothic Law; gleaming moral history from

monkish Legends; conquering India, or rather Asia, with Albuquerque; filling up the chinks of the day by hunting in Jesuit Chronicles, and compiling *Collectanea Hispanica et Gothica*. Meantime Madoc sleeps, and my lucre of-gain-compilation (specimens of English Poets) goes on at night, when I am fairly obliged to lay history aside, because it perplexes me in my dreams. 'Tis a vile thing to be pestered in sleep with all the books in the day I have been reading jostled together!"

In the May of 1804 he visited London, and met some new society. He however was not a very "clubbable fellow," as Johnson would phrase it. He was soon at his home at Keswick again, in the midst of his books, &c.

He had now made considerable headway in his *History of Brazil*, and looked forward to another sojourn in Portugal to finish it. Coleridge had been now for some time at Malta, as secretary to Sir Alexander Ball, and Southey's letters to him are full of hints, which afterwards ripened into works. Coleridge had always great theories to propound, and was a most suggestive companion and correspondent, as Southey and Wordsworth often acknowledged.

We pause at this point of the Laureate's life to call the reader's attention, not alone to the singular change in his political and religious opinions, but also in his habits of daily life. From the wild enthusiast he becomes tamed town to the orthodox disciplinarian; from the dreamer of Pantisocracy he suddenly awakes to the realities of *L.s.d.*-ism; from the Lesbian heights of Pindarics' epics, and Sapphics, he leaps into the level sea of Routine!

But we must reserve the moral we have to deduce from this singular harlequinade to our next number.

## AMERICAN AGGRESSIONS ON BRITISH FREE TRADE.

THE most singular piece of assurance we have seen of late, is an expression of the *London Times*, in general a very quiet and pretty-behaved newspaper, but which bursts out occasionally in all the native ugliness of the interest it represents.

"In California," says the *Times*, "(the) production (of gold) does not seem to flag. It is true our merchants have been disappointed, but that is because the proceeds of their sales have been swallowed up in payments, which have found their way into private pockets, or in consignments of gold dust to other parties. The British merchant has to run the gauntlet of Yankee officials, brokers and tradesmen, and has not secured his due proportion of the golden stream, which has nevertheless flowed in unquestionable abundance to all parts of the world."

It would be a valuable piece of honesty on the part of this money-writer, to let us know what that "due proportion" of American gold is, which *ought* to go to "British merchants" by right. Americans, and we suppose the people of all other nations, would like to know what part of their property must go *by right* and "*due proportion*," into the "*public pocket*" of the British capitalist. Is it, as in Ireland, two thirds of all we can produce; or as in happy America, only about one fifth or a sixth; or as in India, nine tenths; or as in merry England itself, a moderate third of the earnings of labor?

"Our merchants," says this profound gentleman, "have been disappointed; but that is because the proceeds of their sales have found their way into private pockets, or in consignments of gold dust to other parties."

That is to say, they have received too little gold dust from California, *either* because they have been fleeced by their own agents, *or* because they used it to make purchases, *or* pay debts away from home.

That so tender-hearted and honest a man as the "British merchant" should be fleeced

of his "due" share of American property, by his own travelling clerks, is a truly lamentable thing, and speaks ill for his clerks, and his discretion in employing them; but the extent of these transfers to "private pockets" must have been astounding indeed, to account for a deficiency of several million pounds sterling. There ought to be found some very rich rogues among Brummagem agents in California, with shares of British "dues" of American property on their persons, astounding in amount.

Not less painful is the other supposition, that these "dues" have gone to pay debts, or make purchases elsewhere. That American gold should be used to purchase American flour, is mainly bad for England. American produce should be paid for in British manufactures, and not in Californian gold, to please Master British Merchant. Hence the lamentations of the most decent money organ of the most decent and respectable country in the world. If England buys our gold first in California, and makes nothing by the operation, and then buys corn of us with the same gold, leaving us a small profit, it is no wonder she falls short of her "due share" of American property.

But hearken again to our polite "organ of English principles:" "The British merchant has to run the gauntlet of Yankee officials, brokers and tradesmen, and has not secured his due proportion of the golden stream." Master British Merchant, in short, thrust his portly person among a people who saw no good in him, and was trodden and elbowed out of the way, with considerable anguish to his corns, and some pains in the ribs. Other interlopers received the same hospitality.

Yankee officials very properly insisted on his paying the lawful duties on his wares, while American wares went in free. A horrid piece of injustice truly!

The goods on shore, and that odious duty paid, he wished to exchange them for gold dust, but the intervention of certain evil-disposed persons called "brokers" was found

necessary to the exchange, and a frightful *percentage* sloughed off from his "due proportion" of American gold.

The Brummagem agent, dissatisfied with this proceeding, another time undertakes the sales himself; he *will* try it, but finds to his great discomfiture that certain abominable "Yankee tradesmen" are selling cheaper in the tent next him.

Thus is our "British merchant's" "due proportion of Californian gold" reduced to a miserable *caput mortuum*, and a damp falls upon the household. "We *must* have a change," says he to his friend, the *Times*; "this American competition and protection are killing us. Get up a right feeling on the other side of the water, make the Americans give over the atrocious tariff system, or we shall by-and-by be reduced to a chop and pot of ale."

The same profound and valuable writer gives us a very confused and tedious homily on the depreciation of gold, and the rise of silver; events which have taken place simultaneously. The French Ministry, we are delighted to hear, have resolved that silver alone shall have its value ascertained and made legal, instead of gold and silver, and will propose a law to that effect.

Vast standing armies are suddenly raised all over Europe; the troops must be paid in silver; the country people everywhere hide their dollars, and silver in London and Paris has become consequently scarce, and is more needed as a medium of exchange, and will buy more gold and other things than it did. These we admit are fearfully profound and difficult matters, and require no less a head and boldness than the *Times* to utter them.

Our very judicious *Times* writer lets appear the true intention of our "English merchant" in the present article, by an attempt to show that the gold which is flowing into the market in so great abundance, will very soon become of no use whatever, and that silver, which is becoming scarcer and dearer every day, will take its place in Europe altogether. This speculation is intended for a stultification of everybody excepting our British merchant. Gold, it appears, is to be wholly disused in France and Europe, in consequence of a slight depreciation, arising from its greater abundance! and England will soon have the only legalized gold currency on that side of the Atlantic, and will maintain a steady demand for gold. He adds,

what is well calculated to mislead, that gold in England will buy as much food in proportion as it did before the Californian mines were discovered; leaving it to be inferred that gold has not depreciated in value; and hiding the fact, that a greater abundance of provisions in London since the Irish famines began, is the cause why a gold sovereign in London will buy as much of Irish eggs and meats seized for rents, as it used to.

The object of all this is shown plainly by the paragraphs of the article which we have dissected and crushed for their impertinence. Our "British merchant" thinks it convenient to have a monopoly of gold for all the world in London; that metal, not because of its legality, but because of its providential fitness for the uses of exchange, being the true regulator and representative of exchanges, and for that and other powerful reasons, the best commodity on earth of which to have a monopoly.

In following out his grand scheme of making himself the monopolist, not only of manufacture, *the means*, but of gold, *the medium*, of commercial operations, our British merchant and his agent in California got themselves elbowed and trod upon; and their disappointment and chagrin vents itself in a "*Times* article," and the suggesting of a "Free Trade League" in America, to operate as the foul cat's-paw of that in England. Mistress Monopoly sets on all England and her friends in America to open every possible channel through which the red gold that now flows up the Mississippi, and along the shores of the sea-side States, may flow over into the "public pockets" of England, the Bank, and its secret reservoirs, the private pockets of our British merchant. Here is a pretty contriver, and very neat and civil *Times* writing gentleman, with his cobwebs in the brain and clear cunning in the stomach.

England must have a monopoly of gold as the most convenient metallic medium of exchange, that commands a market when nothing else will,—that is, in fact, omnipotent in every market and at all times, and that *ought to be* monopolized by a nation that intends to be mistress of the world, and to rob all nations of the earnings of labor by well-contrived reciprocity treaties.

California, it seems, has not yielded the British merchant his "due proportion" of the needful gold.

After expressing the opinion that the use of gold is to be in future extremely limited in Europe, our judicious money-writer continues. "There is a great demand for silver in the United States," says he, "and it remains to be seen whether the United States will succeed in relieving its straitened silver currency, with the substitution of gold." And further, the convenience of the "gold eagle" will be a poor equivalent for its "depreciated value." Profound statistician, who never heard of such a thing as a new coinage, and who supposes, that because an old gold eagle is not worth the price marked on it, Americans are to have no money but what they buy of the Mexicans, and are to make no use of the golden prize of California. England, he seems to think, is the only country that will or ought to benefit by that prize. *We* are to put up with silver, a metal, suggests our valuable mistifier, very much in demand for "large industrial operations." In the operations of that chevalier d'industrie, our British monopolist, not only silver but gold seems to be tolerably in demand; and here we have a cool piece of impudence, showing us that we are to have none of our own gold, but only he and his master ought to have, and will have, *that*.

And yet we have our fears he may be right. It is a bare possibility, so dull are we of late, that a company of German and English importers, partisans and agents of English and European houses, may, with a Free Trade League, and other detestable inventions, supported by foreign contributions, steal away their gold from the people of the United States, and leave them afloat on a rotten paper currency. And the king of their paper Chaos will be Mr. R. J. Walker, the leader of the grand project for giving England a monopoly of manufactures, and what must go with it, a monopoly of gold.

That the precious metals will ever cease to be a currency for trade and exchanges in civilized communities, there is no reason to believe, though it is highly probable, from the general tendency of the age toward mutuality and concentration of labor, that bank credit will rest less upon specie than it has.

The banking system of New-York throws the credit of the banks upon the *labor* of the entire community, taxes being the sole security of the State debts, by which the State banks are secured. In an organized

community not agitated by incendiary factions, the firmest basis of credit is the united industry of all, and the united honesty of all. Labor is consequently the creator of the interest of money.

Specie having a value almost wholly fictitious, being neither food, clothes, weapon, vehicle, house, nor land, but representing the need of all, yields nothing, and creates nothing, but is continually consumed and worn away. Grain, live stock, clothes, houses, &c., yield all of them a direct benefit to the human body, but *specie*, as such, renders none. Living things, and tools, the earth and what lives upon its surface, aided by labor, increase and multiply, but *specie* as such does not, but only wastes away. Tools, though they waste away by use, with the aid of labor reproduce themselves: the water-wheel is made to manufacture an hundred other water-wheels. *Specie*, on the contrary, produces nothing of its own kind.

Gold and silver, in the form of coin, are of no use in the arts or in medicine; *specie*, therefore, as such, is not a material used in the arts, and is of no use whatever in any industrial process. It must first cease to be "specie" to be of use. Nor is *coin*, like a promissory note, a mere *witness* of a private obligation, nor, like a bank or State note, of a public one. It tells no story, it fixes no time, it is only what it appears to be. The value is attached to its *substance*; it has, if we may so speak, a personality of value ascertained and stamped upon it, without reference to time.

By the use of a figure of rhetoric, we may make what we please of it: we may call it,—

A god, a devil, a breeder of its kind, a seed of wealth, a tool of trade, or an engine, but that is poetry and not fact.

The name does not help us. "*Specie*" means *form*, shape, appearance, &c. A *coin* is a stamp or impress; *specie*, perhaps, means the same.

To know what *specie* is, let us see what it is used for.

First then, to one man or to two, or to a family, *specie* is of no use. A man in a desert cannot use *specie*, nor can a family use it, a *family* having a *community* of goods. Where there is *absolute* community of goods, there is no *specie*. Where there is *absolute* credit, (i. e. in the family,) there are no public or private promissory notes.

Specie and notes consequently indicate the existence of a *society*, i. e. a company of men united by interest, instead of affection, aiding each other by mutuality, *value for value*, under the idea of personal property. When the society breaks up, or is in danger of breaking up, *notes* lose their value, (i. e. stocks fall,) the connection of the past, present and future is broken up. A note has a certain circle of existence, and its value diminishes as it is taken farther and farther from the centre whence it came, and increases as it returns. At a certain distance it becomes worthless. The extent of this circle is measured by the power of the centre.

*Notes* do not represent coin, but *labor*,—i. e. the probability that there will be fruit of labor, i. e. *interest*. Were there no credit, no dependence upon the yield of labor, there would be no notes.

*Notes* consequently represent the *protection* given by the social organization (i. e. the organization of honor and justice) to the peaceful pursuits of industry; and the probabilities of its yield are greater as the organization is more complete and stable.

*Specie*, on the contrary, diminishes in importance, and is less in demand, as the organization of society within itself, and its *self-dependence*, is more complete. The value of gold and silver increases as public and private credit fails, and the fruits of labor become less certain.

Other things being equal, gold and silver currency is more necessary in time of war than at other times. From which it appears that *money* (either coin, or cowries, or whatever performs the part of specie) represents nothing but the *dependence of one man upon another* (without family tie, kindness, or credit) for the means of life. Every man has either labor or substance, which he cannot instantly use to maintain himself, and he consequently offers it to his neighbor; and the

representative of this relationship, as common to all mankind, and recognized by all, is currency, money, (*specie*, cowries, cash, coin.)

*Specie* represents and measures the present and immediate dependence of one man upon another, and as that dependence is less, there is less use of specie.

*Notes* represent the confidence of one man in another, and in the community, in regard to the returns of labor.\*

To operate successfully upon all the nations of the globe, a company of traders must consequently have a boundless control of the specie market, which is evident without argument; but to get that control they must force all specie-producing countries into a position of dependence upon themselves.

The chagrin of British capitalists at not receiving their "due proportion" of the grand weapon and "tool of trade," as it has been aptly styled, is therefore easy to understand. It is clearly the interest of Americans to keep it to themselves, and to do that they must not only drive off foreign intruders from their mines, but take care to produce such commodities as will give them a good share of the world's market, and cause the specie of the world to flow back to them in such abundance as to enable them to wrestle with the money giant of England, and throw him down breathless. It is late in the day for America to be forced to work for England, to get a little gold and silver. Let the people of America cultivate and protect every useful and elegant art, and the gold of California and the silver of Mexico will be at their command, and move to and fro for them, between all the markets of the globe.

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\* Metaphysically, *specie* represents the mutual dependence of men as they stand together upon the face of the whole earth, in *space*; while *notes* represent *time*, as regards the same dependence.



## GARIBALDI—PAËZ.

[Although it is not the practice of the American Review to appear either in French or High Dutch, still we venture to break through our general practice on this occasion to place before our readers one of the most just and eloquent articles it has ever been our happiness to publish. With reference to the individuals of whom the following pages treat, the city of New-York should know something of one, as it fêted him, and the name and history of the other, who refused the tawdry honors squandered on his unworthy contemporary, are dear to every Republican. The name of Garibaldi in history will combine the attributes accorded to Rienzi and Murat—the patriotism of the Roman Tribune with the chivalry of the illustrious soldier. We have but one apology to make for not presenting a translation with the article—you may translate the verbiage, but not the sincerity or the genius of the orator; and French eloquence of this style is so idiomatic, that it is absolutely impossible to combine the manly vigor and the womanly sincerity which distinguish it with any homogeneity, or with other effect than as a contrast, setting its more prominent and characteristic features equally at fault.]

UN spectacle sans contredit très curieux à la fois et très intéressant, c'est de suivre d'un oeil attentif les diverses carrières que parcourent, chez toutes les nations, les hommes lancés dans la politique.

Les uns, amans passionnés de la liberté, lui vouèrent, pendant toute leur vie, un culte pur et désintéressé, et ils eurent la satisfaction de voir leur efforts pour elle couronnés d'un succès complet. Tel fut Washington.

Les autres, d'abord républicains sincères, sacrifèrent plus tard la liberté à leur ambition. Fils de la liberté, ils assassinèrent leur mère, et ils se servirent de son cadavre, comme d'un marche-pied pour gravir les marches du trône. Tel fut Bonaparte, qui se fit Napoléon.

Quelques uns, républicains aussi dans le commencement, mais n'ayant ni assez de pureté dans le cœur pour se dévouer à la sainte cause de la liberté, ni assez de génie pour organiser une réaction à leur profit, vendirent leur bras et leur épée à des Charles Deux, et rétablirent la royauté. Tel fut Monk.

Quelques autres, toujours ardens républicains, ont été constamment fidèles à la liberté, et inébranlables dans leur foi politique; ils ont préféré mourir de faim, plutôt que de prêter leur appui et leur plume au despotisme. Tel fut Chénier.

Cet article a pour objet de mettre en parallèle deux hommes, qui, chacun de leur côté, ont été à la tête de l'armée et des affaires dans leur patrie respective. Je veux parler de GARIBALDI et de PAËZ.

Tous deux, pour des motifs différens, furent bannis de la contrée qui les vit naître.

Tous deux sont venus chercher un abri sous la bannière puissante des Etats Unis.

Le hazard, qui a réuni sur le territoire américaine ces deux grands infortunés, établit entre Garibaldi et Paëz un point de ressemblance, qui, sous plus d'un rapport, est digne d'un très grand intérêt.

Tous deux furent annoncés par la voix des journaux longtems avant leur arrivée à New-York. Le comité italien et la population de New-York prirent des mesures et firent des préparatifs pour recevoir avec pompe ces deux personnages.

La manière différente, avec laquelle les deux exilés accueillirent ces preuves de protestations publiques, a vraiment quelque chose de très caractéristique, et peut, jusqu'à un certain degré, servir de point de départ, pour porter un jugement assez net sur Garibaldi et sur Paëz.

Autre Kosciuszko, Garibaldi est un nouveau missionnaire, un nouveau martyr de la liberté. Il a été proscrit une première fois en Italie, où il a combattu pour la liberté. Il a été proscrit en France, où il a combattu pour la même cause. Il a été proscrit à Rio Grande, pour avoir concouru à la fondation d'une république. Il a été proscrit à Monte Video, où il a combattu pour la même cause. De Monte Video, il s'est transporté à Rome, dans sa chère patrie, qui, aux accents de la liberté, s'était délivrée de la cour papale, et avait proclamé le gouvernement républicain sur les bords du Tibre. Il a été proscrit pour la seconde fois en Italie, et il a demandé aux Etats Unis l'hospitalité, que lui refusait sa patrie.

Qu'il soit le bien venu !

Garibaldi regrette de n'avoir pas atteint, malgré ses efforts, le but généreux, qu'il se proposait; de n'avoir pu implanter, sur le sol de la jeune Italie, le système républicain.

La portion patriote de la nation française faisait des vœux sincères, pour qu'il s'établît un lien solide et sympathique de fraternité entre la France républicaine et la jeune Italie; elle espérait, que cette vieille papauté rétrograde, qui a fait alliance avec tous les rois contre tous les peuples, qui a uni sa croix au bâton de l'Autriche et au knout de la Russie, serait abolie à jamais, et que, sur ses ruines encore fumantes, s'élèverait un édifice politique et social nouveau, qui revêtirait des formes plus jeunes, plus conformes au style et aux besoins de l'époque. C'était là le vœu que fesaient, par patriotisme, les nouveaux citoyens de la Rome régénérée pour leur patrie; que fesaient, par sympathie, les patriotes de la France républicaine, et que devait seconder, sinon par solidarité, du moins par devoir, le gouvernement français.

Mais Louis Bonaparte, plein de gratitude pour le clergé catholique, qui l'avait porté à la présidence, jaloux d'acquitter au plutôt la dette qu'il avait contractée envers lui, et de conserver son appui pour l'avenir, n'en jugea pas ainsi. Il sacrifia l'intérêt de la république française à sa personnalité et à ses vœux ambitieuses. Il regarda, comme un titre de gloire, de prodiguer le sang des soldats français et de gaspiller les finances du trésor national, pour combattre une armée républicaine en Italie et pour y étouffer, dès sa naissance, le principe républicain, qu'il avait pour mission, comme premier magistrat, comme président de la république française, de favoriser et de soutenir en France. Grâce lui soient rendues!

Quelle belle page en effet Louis Bonaparte s'est acquise dans l'histoire de France, pour avoir rétabli le gouvernement papal dans Rome, dans la ville éternelle,—où un pape, dont je ne cite pas le nom, pour ne pas souiller ma plume, fit déterrer son prédécesseur, dont il était l'ennemi personnel, fit tenter un procès à son cadavre, lui fit couper la tête et la main, puis fit précipiter ses membres épars dans les eaux du Tibre;—où, dans le dixième siècle, le pape Grégoire VII. mit à exécution le plan le plus politique, qui ait jamais été conçu par aucun pape, celui, qui devait fournir au Saint Siège autant de sujets, qu'il y avait de prêtres dans le monde chrétien, en isolant tous ces

prêtres de leur patrie respective, et en les livrant, sans partage, au chef de l'église; en un mot, où Grégoire VII. ordonna d'une manière positive, par une bulle, le célibat des prêtres;—où le pape Innocent III. établit l'inquisition dans le onzième siècle;—ou, dans le treizième siècle, le pape Jean XXII., glorieux d'ajouter le droit de crime aux droits d'annates, de dispenses, de dîmes et d'indulgences, a permis, par une bulle, à un diacre d'assassiner, moyennant douze tournois, à un abbé, à un évêque de poignarder, moyennant une somme de trois cents livres.

Qui sait, si, plus tard, après avoir détruit le gouvernement républicain en Italie, Louis Bonaparte n'aura pas la coupable pensée d'anéantir avec le secours d'un second Monk le gouvernement républicain en France?

Un écrivain français d'un mérite supérieur, a publié récemment un ouvrage dans lequel je lis la phrase suivante: "La France a besoin d'un Washington ou d'un Monk."

Que Louis Bonaparte choisisse, s'il l'ose!

Si Louis Bonaparte devient un second Washington, (et il en est peut-être encore tems malgré les fautes qu'il a commises,) il méritera bien de la France et de la postérité.

Si, au contraire, Louis Bonaparte, traître à la liberté, traître à la patrie, se sert d'un Monk pour rétablir la monarchie à son profit, qu'il tremble! Ce forfait parricide sera son arrêt de mort. Car il se rencontrerait, dans les rangs du parti républicain profondément froissé, et justement indigné, plus d'un bras pour venger la liberté assassinée et pour punir, de la peine du talion, l'audacieux liberticide.

Mais je m'arrête. Il ne m'appartient pas d'anticiper sur les événements. L'histoire, ce juge souverain, est là qui épie déjà Louis Bonaparte. C'est elle, qui se réserve le droit de lui décerner la couronne civique, si sa conduite politique est celle d'un second Washington.

Mais c'est elle aussi, qui saura flageller, avec le fouet de l'opprobre et de la malédiction, la mémoire du jeune ambitieux, qui, sans génie, sans gloire, sans autre mérite, sans autre précédent que d'être le neveu de son oncle, aura eu la témérité parricide de porter une main sacrilège sur l'autel de la liberté, et de violer la constitution qu'il avait jurée.

Je termine ici ma digression relative à Louis Bonaparte, et je reviens avec bonheur au Kosciuszko italien.

Garibaldi, fatigué des efforts surhumains qu'il a faits pour affranchir sa patrie, se réfugie dans sa tristesse et dans ses douloureux souvenirs ; il ne voit que Rome bombardée et asservie.

En vain ses compatriotes lui manifestent le désir de lui faire une ovation publique, et lui déclarent qu'ils sont les interprètes de toute la population de New-York.

Son cœur est trop navré, pour être accessible aux accens de la joie, aux fanfares, aux ovations de la population New-Yorkaise. En réponse aux nombreuses sollicitations qui lui sont faites, voici la lettre, que Garibaldi adressa au comité italien le sept août, mil huit cent cinquante :—

MESSIEURS,—

Je regrette d'être obligé de vous annoncer que ma mauvaise santé continue et ne me permettra pas de prendre part à la démonstration que vous projetez pour le dix août prochain.

La lenteur de ma convalescence et l'incertitude du tems où je pourrai être rétabli, m'empêcheront aussi de fixer le jour où je serai capable de me réunir à vous, conformément à votre flatteuse invitation.

J'espère que vous me permettrez de vous réputer, plus vivement s'il est possible que jamais, le vœu que j'ai souvent exprimé de voir abandonner la démonstration projetée. Il n'est pas besoin d'une telle manifestation publique, pour me prouver la sympathie de mes concitoyens, du peuple américain, et de tous les vrais républicains, pour les malheurs que j'ai éprouvés et pour la cause qui en a été la source.

Bien qu'une manifestation publique de ce sentiment peut-être un motif de vive satisfaction pour moi, exilé de ma terre natale, séparé de mes enfans, pleurant le renversement de la liberté dans ma patrie par une influence étrangère.

Cependant croyez, que j'aimerais mieux pouvoir éviter cette manifestation et devenir tranquillement et humblement citoyen de cette grande république d'hommes libres, pour naviguer sous son pavillon, pour poursuivre une carrière, qui me permette de gagner ma vie, et attendre une occasion plus favorable, pour délivrer mon pays de ses oppresseurs étrangers ou domestiques. Après la cause, à laquelle je me suis dévoué, il n'est rien que je prise autant que l'approbation de ce grand peuple, et je suis convaincu que je l'obtiendrai, lors qu'il sera persuadé que j'ai honnêtement et fidèlement servi la cause de la liberté, dans laquelle il a donné lui-même un si noble exemple au monde.

GARIBALDI.

Cette lettre, comme on le voit, est empreinte d'un caractère admirable d'innocence et de modestie. Elle suffit pour juger Garibaldi à sa véritable valeur, et elle pourrait donner une sanglante leçon à Paëz, s'il avait su en profiter.

Mais Paëz ne tint pas le moindre compte de cette leçon. Le général Paëz, plus ambitieux, moins républicain que le général Garibaldi, jette le voile sur sa conduite passée, sur le siège de Maracaibo, sur les expéditions de Calabozo et de Coro ; il oublie les arrêts de la législature vénézuélienne, la prison de Cumana, les motifs pour lesquels il a quitté sa patrie.

Par dépit pour sa grandeur passée, par haine pour le président Mouagas, à la clémence duquel il doit la vie, par haine pour le gouvernement vénézuélien qu'il a combattu, par haine peut-être pour sa patrie, qu'il a laissée en proie à la guerre civile, il brave tout, il croit se venger de sa conscience politique, de l'histoire qui déjà le harcèle, et lui donne le titre odieux de Coriolan américain. Il est débordé par la soif des ovations, par les instigations des faux amis, dont il est entouré, et par l'impression que produit sur lui cette foule compacte qui se presse dans le Castle Garden, pour voir un seul homme, le général Paëz, l'ancien aide-de-camp de l'illustre Bolivar, l'ancien président de la république vénézuélienne, l'ancien généralissime de l'armée du Vénézuëla. Il se laisse complaisamment conduire en cortège à l'hôtel de Ville de New-York, où l'attend une garde d'honneur, et où le maire le reçoit officiellement au nom de la cité impériale. Il accepte, le sourire sur les lèvres, les honneurs, qui lui sont décernés, les félicitations officielles, qui lui sont adressées.

En égard aux circonstances politiques, dans lesquelles le général Paëz se trouve placé, devait-il accéder ou se soustraire à l'éclat d'une manifestation publique ? Je laisse à l'opinion publique le soin de juger ce fait. Ce que je puis dire avec la franchise d'un homme qui n'a jamais craint de dire la vérité, c'est que le général Paëz s'est mépris étrangement sur l'accueil, qu'il a reçu lors de son arrivée à New-York.

Cette réception a été primitivement provoquée, non pas précisément par la population New-Yorkaise, qui ne connaissait pas la vie politique du général Paëz, mais par les agens de la politique anglaise, qui l'entouraient alors, qui l'entouraient encore, qui lui donnent de perfides conseils, et qui, s'il n'y prend pas garde, exciteront en lui, lorsqu'il sera tems, des sentimens de jalousie et d'ambition, dans le but de le pousser encore vers les rivages du Vénézuëla, et de lui faire ar-

borer une seconde fois l'étendard de la révolte contre sa patrie.

Voilà la vérité toute entière ; c'est presque déjà de l'histoire.

Que des journalistes contemporains aient donné, dans leur articles complaisans, le nom d'erreur à la marche politique, qui a été suivie, depuis ces dernières années, par le général Paëz, dans le Vénézuéla, qu'ils aient essayés de l'excuser, en disant : "Le général Paëz a pris les prétentions des oligarques pour la voix de la nation entière elle-même ; il s'est mépris sur la popularité et sur le patriotisme de ce parti, qui vise plutôt à ressaisir le pouvoir qu'à consolider le bonheur du pays ; malgré son erreur, le général Paëz peut porter le front haut, et Monagas a su presque joindre, en la personne de Paëz, l'auréole du martyr à la couronne du guerrier." Sans doute ces journalistes ont fait acte d'un extrême bienveillance, mais le général Paëz ne doit pas se croire justifié, par ce fait, devant le tribunal auguste de la postérité. L'histoire impartiale ne se paye pas de pareille monnaie ; elle se sert d'autres termes ; elle ne se enveloppe pas dans les replis de tant de ménagemens.

Sous un gouvernement républicain, les hommes d'état n'ont qu'une route à suivre pour défendre la république ; c'est la route du patriotisme et de la liberté. Quiconque s'en écarte, quiconque, par jalousie ou par ambition, prend les armes pour renverser le président de la république librement élu par le peuple, pour détruire la forme de gouvernement établi, pour jeter le pays dans les dangers, dans les hazards, dans les fureurs d'une guerre civile, est nommé par l'histoire Coriolan, Catalina, Monk, traître, conspirateur ; voilà les noms que lui donne l'histoire.

Garibaldi, permettez à un vrai républicain de vous offrir le témoignage pur et sincère de mon admiration enthousiaste pour vos vertus civiques, et de jeter avec vous quelques cendres sur la tombe de la liberté italienne.

Mais ne vous découragez pas ; ne désespérez pas de l'affranchissement de votre chère patrie. Tôt ou tard la liberté italienne renaitra de ses cendres. Tôt ou tard, bientôt peut-être, l'heure de sa résurrection sonnera.

Ce sera alors le moment d'agir. Soldat intrépide d'avant-garde, soyez toujours sur le qui vive, prêt à voler au secours de la liberté, aussitôt qu'elle réclamera votre assis-

tance. C'est là votre mission providentielle ; dussiez vous être encore une fois martyr !

Garibaldi, combien j'envie votre sort malgré vos malheurs, malgré vos désappointemens !

L'histoire reconnaissante vous tiendra bon compte de vos énormes sacrifices, de votre admirable désintéressement. C'est une tendre mère qui vous traitera comme son enfant de prédilection. Vos bonnes œuvres auront leur récompense dans la mémoire des hommes. Jouissez avec bonheur de votre renommée sans tache.

Adieu, Garibaldi, adieu ! je vous bénis.

Quant à vous, Paëz, permettez moi aussi de vous adresser des reproches et des conseils.

Vous avez fait dernièrement hommage de votre épée à la ville de New-York. Mais avez-vous bien réfléchi à toute la portée de cette démarche ? Non ; je ne suis pas disposé à le croire ; car, sans cela, vous ne l'auriez jamais tentée. Malheureux, qu'avez vous fait ? Quel mauvais génie vous a poussé dans cet écueil ?

Donner votre épée en présent à la ville de New-York, c'était lui dire à haute voix : "New-York, fille de Washington, prends cette épée, que porta le général Paëz. Cette épée est aussi pure que celle des Washington, des Kosciuszko, des Bolivar, des Garibaldi. C'est elle, qui, aux accents sacrés de la liberté, chassa les espagnols du territoire vénézuélien. C'est cette épée, qui a combattu contre mes concitoyens dans la guerre civile, que j'ai allumée dans ma patrie, sous le prétexte apparent de secourir la liberté en péril, mais, en réalité, bien plutôt pour satisfaire mon ambition personnelle. Déposez la dans les archives de votre ville à côté de l'épée de Washington ; qu'elle soit, pour les citoyens des Etats Unis, comme un drapeau consacré à la liberté ; semblable au panache de Henri Quatre, qu'elle soit toujours présente devant vous, et qu'elle vous guide toujours dans le sentier de l'honneur et de la victoire."

Voilà ce que vous avez dit, en propres termes, à la ville de New-York. Jugez d'après cela. Voyez quelles sont les conséquences de votre démarche.

Croyez moi, Paëz ; écoutez les conseils d'un homme, qui vous veut du bien, et qui vous regarde comme une victime de la politique anglaise : Renoncez à la vie politique, du moins pour le moment. Autre Cincinnati

tus, reprenez la charrue, non pas pour labourer le sol vénénéuelien, puisque vous vous êtes fermé à jamais les portes de la mère patrie, mais pour soumettre à la culture le sol vierge de Texas. Soyez planteur américain.

Plus tard—qui le sait, qui peut lire de si loin dans le livre du destin?—plus tard, si jamais un Monk osait s'armer d'un poignard parricide, et formait le projet odieux de le plonger dans la sein de la patrie qui vous vit

naître, ce serait alors pour vous une glorieuse occasion de vivre d'une vie nouvelle. Le cri de la liberté en danger dans votre patrie vous ferait un devoir de voler à son secours. Vous redemanderiez à la ville de New-York l'épée que vous lui avez confiée, vous la réhabiliteriez alors, vous la régénéreriez en lui donnant une trempe nouvelle dans le feu sacré de la liberté.

## "MORE OF IT;"

BEING ANOTHER CHAPTER ON "LONDON ASSURANCE" AND NEWSPAPER DECEPTION.

IN WHICH IS FAITHFULLY RECORDED HOW OUR FORMER HERO, THE EDITOR OF THE TRIBUNE, BOLTED OUT OF ONE DIFFICULTY INTO ANOTHER; ALSO SHOWING HOW, BEING VERY MUCH ENWROTHED ABOUT HIS FRIEND, SIR HENRY LYTON BULWER'S HARD TREATMENT, HE INDISCREETLY EXHIBITED HIS NATURAL OPINIONS ABOUT THE ATROCIOUS RASCALITY AND COWARDICE OF ALL IRISHMEN; AND OF THE CONSEQUENCES OF THE SAME, WITH OTHER SINGULAR DEVELOPMENTS IN THE SCIENCE OF EDITORIAL FALSEHOOD, AND THE ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF TRIBUNIAL BILLINGSGATE, AS ILLUSTRATED BY OUR HERO.

"And is it to you, you graceless varlet, I owe all this? I'll teach you to abuse your mother—I will!"

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

(I.) OUR HERO ACKNOWLEDGETH THE CORN.

"On the 4th of December, having heard of the outrages committed on an American steamboat by British officials at Greytown, or San Juan de Nicaragua, we spoke of those outrages in the terms they deserved. \* \* \* But the next day we received information which left no doubt on our mind that our former inference, natural and justifiable as it was, did not accord with the fact—that in fact the outrages at San Juan were not authorized nor justified by any instructions from the British Government since the Clayton Treaty was ratified, but that, on the contrary, repeated dispatches from Lord Palmerston had been transmitted to San Juan, (which must have arrived there very soon after the perpetration of the outrages complained of,) ordering the British officials thereabouts to refrain from any interference with or assertion of authority over American vessels in those waters or American citizens on their shores. This information entirely changed the aspects of the case." \* \* \*

AND REPEATETH HIS DELINQUENCY.

"All the facts since transpired have strengthened our conviction that this is the real truth—that Great Britain does not mean to assert pretensions of sovereignty over 'San Juan' or 'Greytown,' or any part of Central America, by reason of her alleged Protectorate of 'Mosquito.'" \* \* \*

HE REPLIETH TO THE REVIEW.

"All these statesmen [meaning of the present and two previous administrations] understand their

country's interest quite as well, watch for encroachments upon them as vigilantly, and are quite as tenacious of American honor as their critic in the Review, [meaning ourselves,] whose entire diatribe smacks of a hereditary proclivity to annihilate the British Empire by flowers of rhetoric, and demolish English domination by liberal allowances of Billingsgate and bullyingraging."

HE DISCOURSETH OF THE CHARACTER OF IRISHMEN.

"We venture to say that any shrewd Briton who should read this Review diatribe would say at once and unhesitatingly—That never was written by a descendant of the gray-coats who fought us so manfully at Bunker Hill and flogged us so fairly at Bennington and Saratoga. Men who *do* such deeds are never so ready to *threaten* them. But this must have originated with some scion of a race accustomed to revenge itself for ages of abject subjection by voluble and grandiloquent threats of the vengeance and discomfiture it might, could, would or should visit upon us on some future occasion.' And he would apparently be not far wrong." \* \* \*

HE DEFENDETH BRITISH AGGRESSION ON THIS CONTINENT, AND SHOWETH THAT THE BALANCE OF AMERICAN POWER PROPOSED TO BE ESTABLISHED BY GREAT BRITAIN BY THE SEIZURE OF CENTRAL AMERICA IS ACCORDING TO THE "LAW OF NATIONS."

"To put forward an assumption of guardianship over the whole Continent, and an inherent right to resent and resist any future acquisition thereon by a European power, while discussing events in Central America, is to beg and com-



plicate a question which the Clayton Treaty has happily stripped of all embarrassments. It is to court the opposition of all Europe to our policy, when we might as easily command its countenance and support." \* \* \* \*

#### AND DISCOURSETH OF AN EMPTY STOMACH.

"To say to Europe, 'We will seize and acquire wherever and so fast as we can; but if *you* grasp another acre on this Continent, we'll flog you,' what is this but to put forth great, swelling words, such as all the world recognizes as coming off an empty stomach?"

HE SHOWETH THAT AMERICA, NORTH AND SOUTH, BELONGS TO GREAT BRITAIN, AND THAT WE SHOULD BE VERY THANKFUL TO GET LEAVE TO LIVE ON SO MUCH OF IT.

"What gives us such special and exclusive rights on this Continent, whereof Great Britain owns a larger area than we do, or at least than we did till lately? Remember that Brazil is nearer to Europe than to us, and that we have claimed and exercised the right of colonizing a portion of the Old World, no one objecting."

#### AND DESCRIBETH "GAS."

"The whole assumption that we will flog any European nation which extends her sway on this Continent, when no treaty with this country is violated thereby, is simply gas," &c., &c.—*New-York Tribune*, Jan. 9th, 1851.

(2.) *The New-York Tribune* shaweth herein that its assertions of two days previous were entirely unwarranted, and are really false.

#### OUR HERO MEETETH AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

"We had an interesting call on Thursday from an old subscriber, Mr. Doane, of Berrien county, Michigan, who left home on the 17th of January last for California, was among the earliest of the great emigration across the Plains to that country, arriving in June, and leaving late in October, to return by the Nicaragua route." \* \*

#### AND TELLETH OF HIS TRAVELS.

"He came down to Realejo in a sail vessel; was detained there two days; was five days coming thence to Grenada on Lake Nicaragua; was there detained two days longer; was two more in traversing the Lake (by schooner) to the San Juan; then detained again; and came down the river (in a *bungo*, or long narrow boat) in two days more. He was sixteen days in all from the time he landed at Realejo till he was ready to take ship at San Juan de Nicaragua on the Gulf.

HE SHOWETH WHAT WAS DONE WITH HIS OLD SUBSCRIBER, AND CONSOLES HIM FOR BEING DEPRIVED OF HIS ARMS—AND BEING TRANSPORTED OUT OF GREYTOWN, LEST HE SHOULD EAT TOO MUCH.

"Our citizens, landing in the night and thoroughly drenched with rain, were at once deprived of all their arms by the British police in 'Greytown,' as they call San Juan de Nicaragua: but they were otherwise treated very kindly, and finally conveyed to Chagres by the British brig

Inflexible, which was *professedly* blockading the coast. But for this lift, they might have remained at San Juan for weeks. *But they were likely to create a famine there, and had already raised the price of provisions, and the British were glad to help them away.*"—*Same paper*, two days after, January 11th, 1851.

(3.) OUR HERO FURTHER DISPLAYETH THE DESIGNS OF THE BRITISH AGAINST CENTRAL AMERICA, AND TREATS OF THE CAUSES OF THE WAR, AND OF THE DIREFUL VENGEANCE THREATENED BY THE TERRIBLE MR. CHATFIELD, "A SHREWD BRITON."

"The brig Masardis, Captain Hampton, which arrived at this port on Saturday from Belize, Honduras, confirms the previous accounts we have received of hostilities between the States of Guatemala and San Salvador. Several skirmishes have taken place between the troops of the two States. The difficulty has been brought about by the blockade of the port of San Salvador by the British squadron on the Pacific coast. Against this blockade Vasconcelos, the President of the State, strongly protests in a proclamation issued on the 24th of October, considering it as a pretext to get possession of the country. The troops of Honduras and San Salvador had invaded Chiquinula, in the State of Guatemala. On the 16th of November the President of the latter State addressed a circular to the representatives of foreign powers communicating the fact. Mr. Chatfield, in reply, states that Great Britain will not look with indifference on the proceeding, but will hold the States responsible for any damage to British interests."—*Same paper*, three days after that again, January 14th, 1851.

(4.) THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE SHOWETH IT WAS IN POSSESSION OF A LETTER WHICH IT SUPPRESSED.

"We have received from Mr. C. H. Halsey, of Long Island, a more detailed account than we gave in our last of the treatment of American citizens at the port of San Juan, by the British authorities at that place."—*Same paper*, January 13th, 1851.

(5.) *Extract from the letter of Mr. Halsey, an American citizen, as published by him in the Sun newspaper of the 20th January, showing that the Editor of the Tribune had been in possession of positive and reliable information to the contrary of that which he had previously published, which truthful statement he deceived his readers, by suppressing.*

#### HOW THE PLEDGES OF THE TRIBUNE ARE FULFILLED.

"To the Editor of the Tribune:

"\* \* \* \* We left San Juan in the English steamer Trent, on or about December 15th; which is as late, within a very few days, as any advices from that place received here. I can assure you that no such orders from Lord Palmerston, as you speak of, have been sent to San Juan. As for the English not exercising any authority over Americans in San Juan, it is *absolutely false*. Every American citizen is watched and guarded in the most rigid manner by a band of negro police from Jamaica. The first moment an American touches his foot to the shore, he is required to walk up to the Police office and deliver up ALL HIS

ARMS, guns, pocket-pistols, knives, or whatever they may be. \* \* \*

"In coming over from Realejo, the party of which I was one reached San Juan in the middle of the night. We were in all, twenty. We came down the San Juan river in an open boat, and when we reached the town our native oarsmen anchored off the Custom House, and said we must remain there till morning, as the English allowed nobody to land in the night. Our party were determined not to submit to any such humbugging as that, and so we seized the boat ourselves, and went ashore. Just as the boat struck, up came a negro patrol, and ordered us off. We drew our revolvers, determined to brave a fight. On this, up came an English officer—sergeant—and on our expostulating upon the unnecessary rigor in wanting us to go back and stay in our boat all night, he finally consented that we might stay ashore, if we would go up to his station, and deliver up our arms, *which was done.* \* \* \*

"Over one hundred Americans from San Juan came in the Crescent City, and two or three hundred in the Georgia. They will all tell you that they received similar treatment. They will all tell you, that up to their leaving San Juan, three weeks ago, the English *did, and were exercising their authority over American citizens.* They will tell you also that the *place is in possession of the English,* and that if they have taken off the duties and made the port "free," they still command it, and subject American citizens to the control of negroes, and other indignities.

"CHAS. H. HALSEY, Sag Harbor, L. I."

(6.) OUR HERO, WITH MR. HALSEY'S LETTER IN HIS POSSESSION, SUPPRESSING IT, AND YET COMMENTING ON IT, RENEWETH HIS PROMISES FOR SIR H. L. BULWER.

"Great Britain will therefore relinquish her pretensions to San Juan, or Greytown, as she has clearly contracted to do."

AND SHOWETH THE POWER OF ENGLAND, AND HER PLAIN RIGHTS IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

"Before agreeing to that treaty, she could have held the month of the San Juan against the world, and called it 'Greytown' as long as she pleased."

HE SPEAKETH LIGHTLY OF THE TAX.

"She has already taken off American vessels the trifling duty imposed by her authority on vessels visiting that port; she has rebuked the insolence of her officials who annoyed and bullied the captains and crews of our little steamboats hitherto sent down to try the navigation of the San Juan; and she will have to withdraw her authorities from the port altogether, according to the plain letter of the treaty."

AND HE RENEWETH HIS DELINQUENCY.

"Meantime, we do not learn that any serious annoyance, any wanton insult, was suffered by our citizens who lately came down the San Juan to the port; on the contrary, they were helped on their way, and fared very much better than they would have done had there been no British within a hundred miles of that point. Still, they will be obliged

to shut up shop there, and it will not require any pot house swaggering, any penny-a-line bluster, to effect this result."—*Same paper, January 13th, 1851, acknowledging the receipt of Mr. Halsey's letter.*

(7.) THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE FATHERS A LITTLE ANNUAL.

"THE WHIG ALMANAC.—At last, and much too late, we have our little Annual ready for those who desire it. \* \* \* Unusual care and labor have been employed this year to make the Almanac full and reliable in its Returns, and though it is of course not absolutely faultless, we are very sure that no manual at all comparable with this, for completeness and correctness, has hitherto been issued.

"The Members of Congress, present and prospective; with a sketch of the doings of last Session; \* \* \* Central America; \* \* \* &c., &c., such are the subjects treated with the utmost power of condensation in the closely printed pages of the Whig Almanac."—*Same paper, January 7th.*

(8.) One of the first things the little Annual said after it was born, and which it was taught to say by its father, showing that he knew the true state of affairs in Nicaragua, that what the *American Review* said on the subject was strictly true, and, by consequence, what he said to throw discredit on the statements of the *Review* was as strictly false.

OUR HERO'S LITTLE ANNUAL ON BRITISH ABSURDITIES.

"In 1529, Captain Diego Machuca explored Lake Nicaragua, and went down the river San Juan (one of the rapids of which still bears his name) to the ocean, at the point where now stands the town of San Juan de Nicaragua. Machuca proposed to found a colony here, and it is believed did make the attempt, but was interrupted by Robles, then commandant at Nombre de Dios, who also meditated the same enterprise. These facts are mentioned here as showing the absurdity of the claim to that port recently put forward by the British Government."—*Whig Almanac, p. 49, art. "Central America."*

HOW ENGLAND FURTHER INTERFERED IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

"After the expulsion of the Mexican troops, and the defeat of the aristocrats, the delegates of the several provinces or States met in General Congress, and adopted a Constitution of Union, under the name of the 'Republic of Central America.' This Constitution endured until 1838, when, in consequence of dissensions in and between the States, *industriously fomented by British agents,* it was dissolved, and the five States again severally assumed their sovereign character."—*The "little Annual," ibid.*

THE FURTHER BAD FAITH OF ENGLAND.

"Previous to 1763, Great Britain made some pretensions upon the Mosquito Shore,—not, however, as protector of any Indian tribes, but in absolute sovereignty. These were sweepingly disposed of by the treaties of 1763, 1783, and 1786, between Great Britain and Spain, in which the former agrees not only to evacuate the Mosquito

Shore, but to withdraw her protection from her own subjects who should be so 'daring as to presume' to remain there, or 'to obstruct the entire evacuation agreed upon by His Britannic Majesty.'—*The Tribune's Vade-mecum, ibid.*

OUR HERO'S OWN HISTORY OF MOSQUITO, AS GIVEN BY HIS LITTLE ANNUAL.

"Subsequently, a treaty was negotiated by Mr. Clayton, Secretary of State of the United States, and Sir Henry Bulwer, Minister of Great Britain, providing for extending the protection of both countries over any route of communication which may be opened across the continent, and also for the abandonment of British territorial pretensions, and the withdrawal of British establishments, on the coast of Central America.

"The British pretensions consist in an alleged protectorate over a mixed brood of Indians and Negroes, who have maintained a miserable existence on that part of the Atlantic coast of Nicaragua bearing the geographical designation of the 'Mosquito Shore,' and who, it is claimed by the British Government, are entitled to be considered as a sovereign people. They have, however, no written languages, no religion, no laws—not a single feature to elevate them above the lowest order of savages. Under the pretense above indicated, the agents of Great Britain have undertaken to fix the limits of the supposititious Mosquito Kingdom, as including the entire coast from Cape Honduras to the boundary of New-Granada, a line of more than 800 miles, and extending inward indefinitely. This preposterous claim, of course, takes in the mouth of the river San Juan and the port of San Juan de Nicaragua, the only possible Atlantic terminus of the proposed canal. This port, which, as we have seen, was occupied by the Spaniards as early as 1529, and which was subsequently, by royal decree, made a port of entry, and fortified by the Spanish Government, and afterward captured from the Royal forces by the Republican army of Nicaragua, peaceably occupied by the people of that State, and, as a part of Nicaragua, blockaded by the English in 1844—this port was wrested from the Nicaraguans in January, 1848, by a British force under the command of Captain G. C. Loch, of H. B. Majesty's ship 'Alarm,' and has since been occupied by English authorities, under the pretense of belonging to the so-called Mosquito Kingdom. It has not been surrendered to Nicaragua, nor has it been formally ascertained that British assumptions have been in any degree relaxed in consequence of our treaty with England above referred to; but we are reliably assured that they have been, and that the British occupation will soon be abandoned."

*The difference between the same man, as political editor, and as father of a little Annual.*

THE IMPORTANCE OF NICARAGUA TO THE UNITED STATES, AS PUBLISHED IN THE TRIBUNE.

"The State of Nicaragua—that is, the inhabited territory so named—lies almost wholly westward of the Lake Nicaragua, between it and the Pacific Ocean, though it stretches some miles north of the Lake. The river San Juan drains the Lake, running south-eastwardly into the Gulf of Mexico,

about 150 miles. North of the river and east of the mountains which approach the Lake is the 'Mosquito Coast,' so called, which Great Britain has long ruled in the name of a succession of savage Chiefs, or pretended Chiefs, whom she has christened Kings of Mosquito. But neither by the Nicaraguans nor the Mosquitoes and their British masters has the valley of the San Juan been peopled at any time within the memory of man. It is a dense forest or mass of luxuriant tropical vegetation, filled with wild beasts, but rarely penetrated by man, save in navigating the river. A small village (San Carlos) marks the point of its departure from the Lake; another collection of huts (San Juan de Nicaragua, the British 'Greytown,') is found at its mouth on the Gulf of Mexico, and there may be half a dozen huts, inhabited by negroes and demi-savages, at two or three intermediate points where the 'piragua' or 'bungo' navigation is interrupted by rapids; all the rest is wilderness."—*New-York Tribune, Jan. 13th, 1851.*

THE LITTLE ANNUAL ON THE SAME.

"Indeed, it is very evident that Central America must be to California and Oregon what the West Indies have hitherto been to our confederacy. Sugar, cotton, coffee, cocoa, rice, indigo, tobacco, maize—in short, all the staples and fruits of the tropics—are produced in Nicaragua in the greatest abundance and perfection. There are a large number of cattle-estates in the country; and hides, with indigo, coffee, and Brazil-wood, form the principal articles of export."—*Whig Almanac, Greeley and McElrath, New-York, 1851.*

We need not continue—*Ohe! Jam satis!*

In again stooping to notice the irregularities of the *New-York Tribune*, after its publication of the first of the above extracts, (Ex. 1,) we must descend still lower from our dignity than we had previously anticipated it was possible, by the "proclivity," whether hereditary or not, of its editor's character, to be compelled at any time to descend in replying to him. It is not necessary for us here again, in this connection, to renew the subject of British aggression in Nicaragua, and to expose still further than the above extracts do, the sinuosities, the groundless statements, the reckless inconsistencies, printed day after day by the editor of the *Tribune*. To the newspaper publisher, who alone of all the American press has presumed to defend the rights of Great Britain, or any other European power, to seize territory after territory on this continent, and who has presumed to maintain that these United States have no right to interfere; to the unscrupulous apologist and defender of Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer; to the reckless falsifier in one publication of state-

ments to which he has contemporaneously pledged himself in another; to the exhibitor of *quasi* assurances which he had not, and the suppressor of positive evidence contradicting them which he had, it is not in our power to offer any suggestion or advice which could serve him in the peculiar line of business he has selected. The country whose hard-won rights he ignores; the people he has attempted, under a mask of moral puritanism, to deceive; the foreign Government whose usurpations he upholds; the servants of Barclay street to whom he is so thoroughly devoted, and the other charlatans and mountebanks whose blowing-horn he is ambitious to be considered, will take care of him. To them, with the sincerest good wishes we are capable of giving for their behoof, we leave him and his services in this regard.

But the laws of debate, the laws which from time immemorial have regulated the decorum of argument, both in the schools of Aristotle and Zeno, and the columns of the modern newspaper; the Republican Constitution and equality of the American people; the injustice of stigmatizing any portion of them as citizens of foreign birth; the reckless treason of carrying a war of races into this continent, of splitting up every State into foreign and native factions, as multitudinous as the cuts of their beard, or the diverse colors of their hair, are principles on the present occasion more worthy of being sustained by us. Who the writer of any article in this Review may be, is a matter which concerns the editor and the writer only. If the facts put forward are not facts, if the arguments advanced are unsustained or sophistical, let the falsehood or the fallacy be exposed; and we undertake that neither will the editor of this Review shrink from his responsibility by throwing it on his contributor, nor will the contributor, whoever he may be, (and dozens of gentlemen are in the habit of enriching our pages with their thoughts,) evade the duty of sustaining the position to which he has committed himself and us. We are satisfied with this rule, and as we bestow much more consideration and forethought on the papers we select for the public, than necessarily is the wont of publications more frequently issued, and less expensively conducted, we will be the last of the American press to transgress it in the case of others, or permit it to be trans-

gressed in our own. It is sufficient for our readers to know that the articles we publish are the articles of the American Review. Let them be judged in that light—defended or refuted in that light. While, therefore, the newspaper *prolétaire*, or daily-talking class, must be quite content to receive them as our articles, and ours alone; while we are always pleased at their good-will, interested in their candid discussions, and extremely indifferent to their ill-considered abuse, it may be interesting to our readers to see how some of this very daily-talking class of publications evade an argument fairly directed against them.

We had, more than once, occasion to refer to the manifest inconsistencies with regard to the Central American question, of a certain portion of the newspaper press. After witnessing such exhibitions for several months, we considered we would be doing the cause of American right and good faith a very evident service, by exposing it in a single instance. Accordingly, taking up the *New-York Tribune* as the nearest to our hand, and as being nominally Whig, we collated some extracts from it, published on successive days, and appended to them an article which has effected all we sought for. The *Tribune* replied by acknowledging its inconsistencies and repeating them—by further burying itself in the most reckless assurances for which it had not one particle of foundation—by evading the arguments we advanced, and then, through sheer anger at our calm and clear exhibition of its own misdeeds, by endeavoring to screen itself from public indignation, by personally attacking some imaginary individual whom it, in its witless fancy, supposed to be the writer of the article in question, as a "scion of a race;" and by further attacking the supposed race and nation of the imaginary writer as one in the opinion of some "shrewd Briton" (the "shrewd Briton" being the editor of the *Tribune*) "accustomed to revenge itself for ages of abject subjection by voluble and grandiloquent threats," &c.—as a race "of a hereditary proclivity to annihilate the British empire by flowers of rhetoric, and demolish English domination by liberal allowances of Billingsgate and bullyragging." The "shrewd Briton" is further made to say that our article "never was written by a descendant of the gray-coats who fought us (the *Tribune's* kept Britisher) so man-



fully at Bunker Hill, and flogged us so fairly at Bennington and Saratoga." How the "shrewd Briton" found so much out we cannot imagine; we would say it was by the aid of the Rochester knocking girls, but that it is strictly true we believe; but surely the noisy young women referred to would be more at fault if they said, with reference to the *Tribune's* reply, "that it was written by a descendant of the gray-coats" aforesaid. The "gray-coats" were good republicans; did not traduce men simply because they may have been born under a different meridian; the "gray-coats" being Americans, and consequently very much traduced and abused by "shrewd Britons," did not care much for what the shrewd Britons said about themselves, and still less what falsehoods they advanced against other peoples, whom it was equally their interest and desire to traduce; but above all, the gray-coats were men, and it is to be hoped they begot men, and not beings in gray coats so cowardly as to evade a direct and fair argument by a sneaking attack upon a nation, dozens of whose children lie buried side by side with them on Bunker Hill, and in Lexington and Concord; one of whose sons was one of their noblest and most chivalrous generals—nor beings so lost to decorum as to add to the meanness of the unworthy attack, an "allowance of Billingsgate and bullyragging," perfectly unenvolvable by the largest terragant of abandoned character domiciled in the negro quarter. A heritage of gray coats on such a being, even though the editor of the *Tribune* might possess the same, would be but the more positive evidence that he was justly entitled to the honors of the bar sinister. If such a being had one such coat, he should deposit it carefully, on occasions like the present, among the archives of his family secrets; for it is an old French adage, and a good one, that "people should not wash their dirty linen before the world."

If it were necessary to heap superabundant ridicule on the use of such language by the editor of the *Tribune*, we would have but to refer to the harmonious patronymic in which he rejoices, and to a rumor we have heard, that it and he are not removed by many degrees of consanguinity from the soil and the people he calumniates in epithets so vituperative and unmeasured. But, anxious as we are to ab-

stain from the peculiar line of "argument" the *Tribune* has itself adopted, we will not lift the veil from its genealogy, and prove it guilty of moral matricide. Thank Heaven, in this country, at all events, it matters nothing whence any individual may have descended, and we will abstain even in this instance from contravening this sound Republican principle to exhibit the unfilial ingratitude of an opponent so reckless, so egotistical, so violent and so unjustifiable in attack. But the editor of the *Tribune* is at all events the erstwhile member of Congress from one of the most Irish districts of New-York; the bepraiser on all occasions which may bring to himself electioneering success, partisan favor or monetary profit, of that portion of our population which owes its mediate or immediate origin to Irish soil. We have already in matters of more moment exhibited, in a very limited degree, the manifold examples of extravagant inconsistency, of reckless prevarication and contradiction, of the prodigal waste of any political reputation the *Tribune* may have at any time acquired, on the single question of British aggression in Nicaragua. Can its editor have imagined that this more recent unmeasured and "shrewdly British" attack on the Irish race resident on this soil, his new attempt to raise against them the shibboleths of a forgotten and ridiculous faction, is calculated to show to our readers or his own that we were wrong in our representation of his conduct and his character? On the contrary, does not the article to which we have referred prove incontestably, even on its own pages, that his journal is not only thoroughly inconsistent either from recklessness or want of memory, but thoroughly faithless and thoroughly insincere in its warmest professions? We had given the editor of the *Tribune* some credit for an unscrupulous worldly wisdom; but our error in doing so will ere long be proved to his satisfaction and our own, by men of the very race he has so recklessly calumniated.

However, to place this recent exhibition by the editor of the *Tribune* in a light merely personal to him, is but to hide the greater questions which have been thrust upon our attention. It is none of our business to defend the character of the Irish nation from the most unwarranted attack, or to apologize for their existence here. If any inhabitant



of this country of Irish descent or birth thinks himself called on, before he can meet Americans, or even "Anglo-Saxons," on an equality, to defend his ancestors or his brethren from such misrepresentations as the British nation, government, or organs, may have at any time for some five or six hundreds of years thrown upon them, even though such representations may have been taken up and refulminated by a "liberal" and "moral" editor of New-York—the man so thiinking had better go home. This Republic is, thank God, no place for him. From the time when British governments, British writers, and British speakers represented the citizens of this country as the sons of thieves and murderers, and as the spawn of every rascaldom and vagrancy, to the later days when the same reliable authorities designated us as a nation of swindlers and pick-pockets, we have been taught by the British themselves that, in their relations to other peoples at all events, they are by nature liars, and by policy liars.

But were it even not so, the Irishman would be unworthy of citizenship, who, to justify his liberty of speech or action on this soil, stooped to defend by argument, from British calumny, his country or his countrymen. In this country they who have to appeal to ancestors, are only those devoid of personal character or strength. It matters nothing who a man's ancestor may have been, what may have been the faults of his origin, or the misfortunes of his progenitors, provided he be himself a man, worthy of the good opinion of his fellow-citizens, and loyal to their laws. None but an aristocrat dares, on this soil, to insult a man for his birth, and to an aristocrat of such contemptible character and vulgar deportment, an argument is not the answer which should be given. Nevertheless, an Irishman is the last man of foreign birth on this soil, at whose door an insult on the score of nativity can lie. A man so lucky as to be born in the free oak openings of Michigan, within reach of a common school, of an egotistical character, and a limited education, may consider himself warranted in treating with contumely a people which, no matter what great men it may have begotten, has been in the main cooped up for centuries in a narrow island, and therein subjected to the cerebral pressure of a foreign anarchy, a

native oligarchy, and two organized superstitions like those of the Roman and the English "religions;" but the less prejudiced and larger-minded man of the world will take the egotist himself, so drunken with his worldly luck as to hazard the vulgar reproach, and having subjected him in fancy to the same tyranny and tyrannies, ask the interested audience, What a sorry fool must this fellow's self become, when he is so vain and utterly insensate as to charge as a crime the sustentation of human life and genius for ages under a system he has not strength of frame or of mind sufficient to endure for an hour? An American who would give up without a blow the isthmus of Central America to the rapacity of England, must no doubt regard it as extremely ridiculous and absurd in Irishmen, after having kept up a fruitless war, interrupted only by peaceful fumines, from the twelfth to the nineteenth century, against England and Englishmen,—must think it, indeed, very absurd in such men to hope, even at the present day, of ever regaining their own country; but Americans of more Republican sympathies, and less ignoble soul, will rejoice that our country numbers among its immigrant populations millions of a fecund race, so immovable in their hatred of oppression and their antagonism to wrong. An editor who, if a British fleet were lying at anchor in the Hudson, would surrender New-York rather than incur the pecuniary and sanguineous loss of a valiant defense, may affect to despise a race who, even when beaten, are not wise enough to give up; but the Republican, wherever he may be born, will place the philosophic editor who would give up all rather than fight, and the ignorant peasant who would fight even after losing all, side by side, and acknowledge that the one merits the doom of ignorance and pauperism, to which the other has been brutally and undeservedly subjected. To such a race no insult can be given by such a man. That which he attributes to them as a crime, becomes, when compared with his meanness and his want of decent manhood, a pride; and that of which he boasts—the chance of birth, the vulgar attribute of position, and a full, not an empty stomach—proves, when compared with their lot, how utterly unworthy he is of the attributes which have befallen him, and which he has so idiotically abused.

But independently of any considerations with reference to the land of their nativity, the Irish by birth or descent of this country are from their position in this country, and from their services to her, the last of our immigrant population against whom could be directed with justice, or even without manifest indecency, language of the character we have extracted from the *Tribune*. The exploits of Irishmen in Ireland, the probabilities they may attempt hereafter, we leave entirely to those catch-penny newspapers which live upon the earnings of the immigrant by repainting, recasting, and reduplicating the obsolete traditions of his far-off home. It may suit the proprietors of these and other prints to propagate an Irishism on this continent, but that is the very opposite of our intention. Even the American, desiring to know something of the history of the Irish, need not expect any from us. Let him consult the first of modern historians, Augustus Thierry the Frenchman, and even the pages of the English Hollinshed, Davies, Hume, and Musgrave, that is, if the said American knows how to glean one grain of truth from a mass of falsehood. Even the student, curious in history, may follow their footsteps through the wars of Europe and Asia from the age of Louis XIV. to that of Napoleon; from the field of Lannes to the defense of Cremona, and the sieges of Belgrade and Poudicherry—may take up their history in Spain and Russia as the legion of Napoleon; in the Netherlands as the avant-garde in one century of Le Grand Monarque, and the next as the flower of that army which conquered Europe on the field of Waterloo; and may thence derive a very excellent lesson on the consequences to humanity of permitting a brave and hardy nation to be first conquered, and then conscribed into the armies of the conqueror. But with these matters we have no present concern. Our business is to speak of Irishmen in this Republic; and here at all events, to tell the simple truth, it must be acknowledged that the fulminations of the *Tribune*, and men of his kidney, are utterly inapplicable. Here, at all events, the Irish have stood the brunt of danger, and have faithfully discharged the requirements of citizenship. If they do possess a high position and an extensive power on this continent, they have earned it well, and used it becomingly. Here, at all events, no American can say that they have

been used to avenge themselves or defend themselves by Billingsgate or bullyragging. On the contrary, wherever a stand-up fight for American liberty or American right against England or any other power was to be had, since the first dawn of the Republic's existence, there, and in our ranks, were Irishmen to be found. On the battle-fields of Massachusetts, as we have said, in those very identical gray coats and in homespun, have these islanders fought and died for the liberty their children and America attained; and base indeed is the man who would seek to deprive them of that glory which is his own. The Puritan State itself has not scrupled to erect monuments and dedicate slabs to record how well Irishmen fought, and how manfully they died for American liberty. Without distinction of creed or party, whenever American liberties were attacked or even threatened, they have been found on the right side and in the right place. From the Irish gray-coats who followed Warren to immortality, to the farmers of Vermont and Maine, of Irish descent, who were found in the ranks of Starke, a "scion of the race"—from the Irish population which turned out with their priests at their head to throw up the works around Philadelphia, to that General who in 1812 guarded the abandoned city of New-Orleans, the Irish of America have done their work like men. The fields of Mexico are too fresh in our memory to need recapitulation. But within sight of the City Hall of New-York, before St. Paul's Church, stand two memorable monuments—they are those of the brother of Emmett and of the hero of Quebec—that Montgomery, whose disinterested chivalry ennobles him, in the liturgy of American martyrs, as second only to Washington, and these both were Irishmen. The presidential chair was once at all events filled and honored by a man who only escaped being an Irishman to enable him to become chief magistrate of this Republic. Irishmen native-born and by descent have been over and over again members of American Cabinets and Secretaries of State—one "scion of the race" lately dead, and whom in his grave all honor, Calhoun. They are and have ever been found among State and Congressional representatives and senators, on the benches of judges, and among the most honored of our professions; and the only instance of "Billingsgate and bullyragging" which can

be attributed to them is that speech of Patrick Henry, which will live while the Union lives, and which he would utter again to-day had he the misfortune to exist and witness the United States pandering to the outrages of his enemies on their sovereignty and that of an allied Republic. Would to Heaven we had a little more of that "Billingsgate;" it is plentifully lack just now. In the records of inventive genius, to which, even more than to military exploits or forensic eloquence, we owe the astonishing progress of the United States, not a few Irish names are also to be found; and that of O'Reilly stands second to Morse alone. But the Irish of America are not to be judged by the pre-eminence of individual mind, or by the honors or emoluments which may have justly fallen to the share of individuals of their countrymen. The Irish race as a mass in this country are deserving of the highest respect and honor by every true American, and the citizenship they have acquired they have earned well. We have seen them aiding in the presidential chair, in leading the armies, fighting the battles, and constructing the Constitution and the laws of the Republic. But alone of all the races which have migrated to this continent within this century or the last, they have never failed to expend their industry on the severest labor, and the most thankless offices known to the State. The German immigrant becomes a farmer if he be wealthy, otherwise a huxter or a pedlar, or a slop-worker. The Englishman seeks out polite and easy employment, wherein he can live without much personal exertion on the labor of others. But the Irishman graduates for citizenship by long years of service in building up our railroads and viaducts, tunnelling mountains, carrying rivers from hill to city, draining the foulest place of habitation, and performing the most arduous and menial duties essential to the greatness of that Republican empire of which he desires to be a portion, and necessary to the very life of its inhabitants. In the higher grades of industry, among builders, architects, engineers, among merchants, manufacturers, you will find Irishmen too, and in our great cities, among the most influential for personal probity, clear intellect, enterprise, and humanity, are to be met hundreds of "scions of that race" vituperated by the *Tribune*. American literature too owes not a little to Irishmen, for if the

genius of the dead Goldsmith has formed the most eloquent and exquisite of our authors, Irving, who of our generation has not listened in rapture to the genial eloquence and original fancy of Henry Giles? Far off too in the western lands, reclaiming new States for the seed-time of civilization, the Irish farmer is to be found everywhere vying with the nomadic New-Englander in the subjugation of the forest. Can, then, any impertinent and supercilious effrontery exceed that of the Editor of the *Tribune*, when he ventured, even in anger, to direct against an American race, which has produced such men as we have hinted at, and done such deeds for their adopted country as we have barely noticed, a diatribe so unscrupulous, so false, and so offensive to every Republican? Were the Irish in Ireland even the lowest mortals, the most despicable specimens of humanity known to history or men, surely their acts in this country should protect them from malicious falsehood, and entitle them to the warmest friendship and sincerest esteem.

There is one more reason why the Irishman should stand highest of all foreigners on this soil. For, arriving in this country under greater disadvantages than any other immigrant, he alone of them all, from the very moment he touches this soil, embodies himself heart and soul with the Republic, yields to it a full and generous loyalty, and strips himself of every sympathy and allegiance which could intervene between him and his duties as a citizen. Contrast him with the "shrewd Briton," who makes this country a field for personal emolument, who can see nothing in our Republic but themes for jibes and ignorant derision, who lives and dies upon the soil which gives him food and shelter, a monarchist, envious of its success, abhorring its greatness, and at war in soul with its institutions and its laws, and answer, which is the most worthy of respect?

We have dealt temperately and tersely with this subject. But the conduct of the *Tribune* strikes even deeper at the social basis of the Union and of every State of it, than it does against an individual race. If there be one essential paramount to all others in the vitality of the United States, it is the amalgamation of all races on this continent into one American whole. It may not be treason by law, but it is in soul, treason the most deadly, to endeavor to foment a social

or servile war either between classes or races in this Republic. The Editor of the *Tribune* has already expended much energy to that end in his abolition gambols. From such a man only could an attempt originate to split up the compact society of every city and State, into "races" at war with each other and the land which protects them. With such a man only could the scheme find favor of pitting on this soil the Pole against the German, the Hungarian against the Austrian, the Italian against the French, the Irishman against "the shrewd Briton;" of carrying into the bosom of this society the vituperative epithets used by the conquering races against the conquered of Europe of stigmatizing race after race with the slang of falsehood used by its more fortunate antagonists, and reproducing, North, South, East and West, a war of races to which any insurrection of negroes against white men would be mere child's play, and a few of the effects of which we have not very long since seen in the Nativist "riots" of Philadelphia, Boston and New-York.

Such is the position the editor of the *Tribune* has now assumed. To notice him in future

may perhaps be to descend even still lower from our dignity than we have heretofore done. But if for the nonce he may assume the bearing of a gentleman, speak in language not positively indecent, and remove the stigmas he has already drawn upon his paper, we may honor him again with our attention. Meantime he must be content to bear not only the reputation of the ready upholder of every public delinquency and private charlatanism, from the assurances of Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer to the Rochester knockings, and of an individual who seeks by negro-disunionism, to drive the South into separation that it may protect its State and inalienable rights, but further as a public incendiary among white men, a schemer so unscrupulous as to plot a war of races even in the North—in short, a NATIVIST of the worst type, and that, too, without a particle of sincere affection for the Republic of whose fallen citizens he is a melancholy example, but actuated solely by the sympathies, opinions, and desires of his adviser, "the shrewd Briton," whose identity, as at present we have no communion with the other world, we cannot pretend to determine in this.

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## MISCELLANY.

## CENTRAL AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

"NICARAGUA" IN THE SENATE.—A motion has been unanimously passed by the Senate, on the motion of General Shields, calling on the Executive for information relative to British outrages in Central America.

On New Year's Day, 1851, the American steamer *Director*, with the U. S. flag at the fore, having overcome the rapids of the river San Juan, and the still more insuperable obstacles of British interference, shot out into the waters of the great Lake of Nicaragua—the first vessel larger than a bungo or piragua which ever floated on the inland sea of Central America. This intelligence reached this city on the 21st January, by the *Prometheus* steamer, from Chagres and "Greytown." Fully six weeks ago, at all events, certain prints, of memorable assurance, stated that orders had been sent to the British agents in Central America, to discontinue certain outrages on American citizens travelling by the Nicaraguan route from the Pacific to the Atlantic States of this Union. Of course, the mere discontinuance of these outrages would amount to nothing in the true issue. But the arrival of the *Prometheus* proves incontestably, that the statements of the papers above referred to are false; for, within twenty-one days before the arrival of the *Prometheus*, her mails show that the same system of outrage had been, without the slightest interruption, as complacently and determinedly as ever pursued by the British. We ask our readers to compare dates, and judge for themselves. So vile a system of systematically misinforming the public has never before been known in the United States. It has been practised by British cabinets, and their hired newspapers, from the days of the elder Pitt to those of Lord Russell, but by whom imported here, unless by "Sir Henry," the Future must determine. One thing we know at all events, we enjoy its practice. In this connection, however, it may be well to do justice to the good, and even to the contrite sinner. From the *New-York Tribune*, of the 13th January, we extract the following, with reference to the treaty violated by every negro policeman smuggled by British agents into the territory of the State of Nicaragua. In connection with some other extracts of an opposite tendency on the same subject, which we have heretofore taken from the *Tribune*, the following affords a remarkable example of the science spoken of in our last number, viz., the science of taking the opposite sides of a question in turn, without being committed to either, and (while in indifferently good temper) without offending anybody. The Editor of the *Tribune* is one of its ablest practitioners. No matter what may eventuate on this matter—no matter what result may follow—no matter which side, his country's or the British, may be

declared right, he can say, "Didn't I say it would!" So of the Rochester knockings—"Do the dead converse with the living in this world?"—Paine's gas, Bulwer's character, &c. &c. &c. Let us, therefore, record, that in one instance, at all events, the Editor of the *Tribune* has taken measures to dodge to the right side of the Clayton and Bulwer Treaty. He lately wrote as follows:—"The first and most material section of that Treaty reads as follows: 'ARTICLE I.—The Governments of the United States and Great Britain hereby declare, that neither the one nor the other will ever obtain or maintain for itself any exclusive control over the said ship canal; agreeing that neither will ever erect or maintain any fortifications commanding the same or in the vicinity thereof, or occupy, or fortify, or colonize, or assume or exercise any dominion over Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito coast, or any part of Central America; nor will either make use of any protection which either affords or may afford, or any alliance which either has or may have to or with any State or people, for the purpose of erecting or maintaining any such fortifications, or of occupying, fortifying, or colonizing Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito coast, or any part of Central America, or of assuming or exercising dominion over the same; nor will the United States or Great Britain take advantage of any intimacy, or use any alliance, connection or influence, that either may possess with any State or Government through whose territory the said canal may pass, for the purpose of acquiring or holding, directly or indirectly, for the citizens or subjects of the one, any rights or advantages in regard to commerce or navigation through the said canal which shall not be offered on the same terms to the citizens or subjects of the other.' This article, we maintain, is conclusive as to the main point in question. No matter whether San Juan de Nicaragua belongs to Mosquito, Nicaragua, or any other power, neither Great Britain nor the United States can occupy, fortify, assume or exercise any jurisdiction over it, whether in her own right or as the protector and ally of some other power." Let us be just to the evil-doer. The above is from the *New-York Tribune* of the 13th January, 1851. There is balm in Gilead still, and much hope for all sinners.

THE POLITE MR. BULL!—Certain stories and rumors full of nauseous sentimentality have been current in the newspapers of late relative to the very great politeness of Mr. John Bull, Mr. Irascible Chatfield, and British policemen Sambo and Quashie, towards some unfortunate American citizens passing from the State of California to the States of New-York, Louisiana, &c., through the "British territory of San Juan de Nicaragua." We would hardly think it worth while noticing such shallow



deceptions in the columns of our Miscellany, were they not intended to cover the base duplicities of Sir H. L. Bulwer and his abettors, and to produce the idea among unsophisticated old women of both sexes (of whom, God wot, we have overmuch) that the British usurpation in Central America is a fact really beneficent to all humanity, and especially abounding with comfort, "protection," happiness, and divers prospective blessings to American citizens. Nothing, it appears, can, in the judgment of these newspapers, exceed the politeness with which British Sergeant Quashee deprives American citizens of their arms and locks them up for the night—the urbanity of British Lieutenant Sambo in rummaging the trunks and baggage of American citizens while actually passing from one portion of the North American continent to another, and from one State of this Union to another, is so entrancingly delicious, his ogle is so bewitching, and his guffaw and chit-chat to "Massa" so exceedingly harmonious and agreeable that our "daily organs of opinion" are of opinion an American should be delighted to subject his traps to the supervision, curiosity, and manipulation of his polite highness Lieutenant Sambo! Nay, when he comes to rifle your pockets, to poke his sweetly-flavored paw into the inner crypts of your waistcoat, the interstices of your shirt, and even to examine therewith your person, that no single pistol, pop-gun, small dagger or corker-pin may remain in your possession to the peril of his existence and that of British dominion in Greytown,

"His lips so like a muffin  
And his walk am so genteel;  
His eyes so like fried oysters  
On a streak of Indian meal,"

that in the opinion of the recording newspapers the pain, the plunder, the indignity and the outrage you endure are more than counterbalanced by the extravagantly pleasing deportment of the colored gentleman. These newspaper editors never examine the question of right—the question what *right* have British to be there at all, robbing you with their black policemen under Sergeant Quashee, seems to be utterly lost in the much larger question, "How *politely* they do it?" Politeness seems in American nineteenth-century ideas to be equal to charity, if not superior to it, in "covering a multitude of sins;" and of all politeness negro politeness! These newspaper editors would no doubt regard the knocking down of a man in the highway, and the robbery of his person by a white man as an astounding crime of the most abominable character, and to be punished after an exemplary fashion. But if the thief be a "gentleman" of the swell mob, even a nigger gentleman of the swell mob, our editor would no doubt beg the gentleman's pardon for troubling him unnecessarily, hand him his watch and pocket-book, make him a low bow, and express his deep and lasting indebtedness for the polite deportment and pleasing attention of the urbane gentleman who had "relieved him." Surely Mr. Frederick Douglass should be a very proud man—negroism has attained a triumph under the humane institutions of Great Britain altogether unhopd for. We can realize a northern negro

demagogue coolly persuading recusant white men who refuse to give up their watches by exhibiting examples of Greytown practice, and the happiness there experienced by whites under the hands of "colored officers." Nay, we think a triumphal oration by a negro eloquent, would be highly appropriate and justifiable in our modern world, showing that the negro race is after all the paragon race of humanity, and that the coming man, the second Messiah, is after all neither a Jew nor an Anglo-Saxon; nay, not even Mr. Quarrelsome Chatfield, but Lieutenant Sambo, or Sergeant Quashee! May not such a Demosthenic negro prove to the conviction of all reasonable men, that Sergeant Quashee *has* attained the "perfectibility of human government," that of committing outrage without giving offence, and plundering a man without exciting any feelings in his bosom but those of thankfulness and worship? May he not say in his melodious gibberish. The British formerly as now attempted to outrage you, white Americans, on this continent, but you got vexed, fought, and beat the British; but the British having employed us as police, we rob you day after day, take even your arms from you, and leave you as tame and harmless as castrated specimens of the feline species, and you are thankful, and you are happy, and you go your way rejoicing? What with nigger politeness there is surely no more need of wars—the millennium of "peace" under all circumstances has come, and British Sergeant Quashee *is*, we maintain it, the coming man.

One humanitarian journal in particular, the *New-York Tribune*, seems to gloat with singular satisfaction over the fact that white Americans have now to submit, as well as they can, to negro manipulation in "Greytown," and adds that if "Greytown" were not in the usurped possession of the British, it would be all the same—white Americans would still be subjected to negro or other outrage. Now Sergeant Quashee knows that "am not de fact," but simply the very opposite of a fact, or in polite diction a very great falsehood. Sergeant Quashee will inform the editor of the *Tribune* that he was expressly imported from Jamaica to be a Greytown policeman, and still further to insult American citizens passing through the dominions of his master, and excite negro agitation in the United States. Sergeant Quashee will still further inform the editor of the *Tribune* that his native country, Jamaica, is entirely ruled by blacks under British auspices—that it is the wish and intention of the English Government to weed the white race entirely out of Jamaica and rule it by black agencies, black officers, armies and police, under an English governor or viceroy, not with the hope of getting anything out of that fertile island, but with the design of preventing it from falling into the hands of any white inhabitants who would; and that he, Sergeant Quashee, has been expressly transferred to Greytown to establish therein a similar state under the very same auspices. Further, the Sergeant will fully inform the *Tribune* that if he were not there, if the territory of Nicaragua which he "occupies" were in the possession of Nicaragua, no outrage whatever would be offered to American

citizens, but that the greatest friendship and respect would exist and be shown towards them—and Sergeant Quashee might assign many facts in proof.

But the most recent instance of politeness afforded by Mr. Bull, and the urbane Sergeant Quashee, is recorded at full length in the *New-York Herald* of 24th January. That our readers may understand this last dodge of Mr. Bulwer's, we beg to explain, that the territory about the port of San Juan is uncultivated and for the most part barren—its present possessors being in hostility to the natives of Nicaragua, permitting them only to approach on submitting to the grossest outrages, are compelled to depend for food on a very limited native supply, with such imports in British bottoms as they can obtain; the tax on American ships and cargoes, and the negro police inspection, having prevented, almost altogether, American ships laden with produce from entering that port. Hence the "remission of the tax," to get more food, and the other fact that food is so scarce with Mr. Chatfield and his negro police, that should any extraordinary advent of Americans to "Greytown" take place, the latter, after a few days, would have to eat the present black and white possessors, or all must starve. The fear of being masticated by gentlemen from the gold region bound homeward, who in the matters of cooking and gastronomy are said not to be over particular, may have probably been one reason why Mr. Chatfield and his sable satellites established the "law," forbidding the entrance of such vagrants unless unarmed. But it has led to another singular instance of British urbanity. Not content with depriving American citizens of their arms, the British have further "handsomely"—yes, *handsomely*—volunteered to transport all Americans out of "Greytown," to Chagres, to Brazil even, nay to Cape Horn, or the Devil, anywhere, where they cannot eat Mr. Chatfield's dinner or that of his negro police. But here is the extract from the *Herald*:—

"HANDSOME CONDUCT OF ENGLISHMEN AT SAN JUAN DE NICARAGUA.—Three hundred and seventy-seven American passengers, from San Juan, were taken to Chagres on the twentieth of December last, by Her Britannic Majesty's steamer *Inflexible*, commanded by Captain Dyke. These passengers have passed resolutions, in which they tender their thanks to Captain Dyke, to Her Majesty's Consul, Mr. Green, and to Post-Captain Foote, for their kindness, and for the generous manner in which they were taken to Chagres, on their way to the United States. Provisions were short at San Juan, and, till the *Inflexible* rendered this assistance, great suffering seemed inevitable. They were all very handsomely treated on board the *Inflexible*, and the conduct of the officers generally excited the respect and admiration of our countrymen. This act was certainly a very remarkable one; and is the more praiseworthy as many of the passengers were prostrated by severe sickness."

Really these American gentlemen should be very proud of themselves and devoutly thankful—the philanthropic hospitality and exquisite politeness of sending your visitors away, lest they should eat your dinner, exceeds the charity and self-sacrifice of any but an Englishman; "and is the more

praiseworthy as many of the passengers were prostrated by severe sickness." Such is the gospel of the new Samaritan,—Do not give up your dinner, pour no oil into the wounds of the afflicted; send them off—away with them, to Chagres, to the devil, but, Quashee, see you do it *politely*. In future we should, in accordance with the above precedent of politeness, send out our cards of invitation as follows: "Mr. and Mrs. Bull's compliments to Mr. ——— and family, and request they will do Mr. and Mrs. B. the favor of taking themselves off, as there is not enough in the house for Mr. and Mrs. B.'s own dinner;" and notes of acceptance should be returned as follows: "Mr. So-and-so, a very humble American, begs to return his thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Bull for not getting leave to share their dinner." Well, we are a great people—"politeness is cheap."

It is almost as great folly to dwell on such proceedings as it is viciously deceptive to record them after the manner of the *Tribune* and the *Herald*. But let us put to all concerned one or two questions—1st. If the British had nothing to do with "Greytown," if they were transported out of that, with their police and tax, would not food flow into the port of San Juan from Nicaragua, and from the United States, sufficient to fill to repletion all the Americans who could congregate there in a century? And secondly, if a British official and an American meet together on American soil, and the British official says, "My good fellow, there is not food enough for us both here, but there is my boat and you can go and look for it elsewhere"—should the American bow thankfully and go—or answer, "My very bad fellow, I won't go, for this is my soil and not yours, and if that be your boat, go; for if you don't"—but we forget, this is the age of "peace!"

P. S.—Since writing the above the following has appeared in the *New-York Sun*. The notion of charging a man \$15 for *not* giving him his dinner, appears to us only less funny than the more ridiculous notion of paying it:—

"Credit has been claimed for the English Consul at San Juan, because he sent a steamer to convey a number of returning Californians from San Juan to Chagres. We were previously informed that the Consul anticipated trouble from the large party, who at first refused to deliver up their arms to the English police, and therefore wisely took the readiest means to rid himself of his fears by shipping them to Chagres. We now learn from the *Panama Star*, that each individual was charged *fifteen dollars* for his passage, which, for the 480 persons hurried off from San Juan, amounts to the nice sum of \$7,200! This is the liberality boasted of. The distance from San Juan is about 160 miles."

THE LATEST NEWS FROM EUROPE is without interest, save that the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Austria have agreed, in obedience to the convincing reasons of the Tzar, to invade Schleswig-Holstein, for the purpose of restoring peace by butchering the citizens of the Duchies, and annihilating their oldest political rights.—

"God save the king, or kings;  
For if he don't, I doubt if men will longer."

Mr. MILES, author of *Mohammed*, recently delivered a lecture in this city called, "On the Crisis and the Struggle." Not knowing what Crisis or what Struggle, (both families being large,) we had recourse to the *New-York Tribune*, which gave us the following luminous and singularly generous explanation:—

"Mr. M. referred to the genius exiled by the disturbances in Europe. Thousands of feverish idealists are out of employment, and an asylum for them is quite as incumbent on society as poor-houses upon Legislatures. They are a body to be dreaded. Denied their legitimate avocations, and averse to uncongenial pursuits, they emerge from the Crisis (if they survive it) desperate demagogues, or worse, and take revenge on the world by destroying themselves and others. Shorn of their hair, and apparently helpless, we cannot tell how soon the locks of hair may sprout in their prison, and when called to assist at the feast, they may uproot the columns of the edifice, and bring down ruin upon the guests. Perhaps the only home they ever had, or ever will have, was in the Monasteries of the Middle Ages."

Generosity, Mr. Miles, should induce you to ask whether such language is dignified or becoming before you used it. To say the least of it, such of these men as come to our shores should not therefore be treated as madmen. We never knew before it was a sign of madness in the distressed to take refuge under the American flag. Truth, also, has something to do with the matter;

and turning over the pages of American history you should inquire whether or not, Mr. Miles, "genius exiled by disturbances in Europe" has ever "emerged" in this country "in desperate demagogism, or worse, taking revenge on the world by destroying themselves and others;" or whether, on the whole, from Lee, and Montgomery, and Kosciusko, down to the last emigrant laborer set to work on our railroads, they have not turned out very excellent and discreet citizens, fighting battles, tunnelling mountains, building viaducts, that "fevered idealists" might more freely and easily approach a great city, and abuse them. Besides, it would be time enough to offer them "asylums" when they ask them. But as to "shaving their hair," and jailing them up in "modern monasteries of the middle ages, or model prisons," we would not recommend Mr. Miles to try the experiment lest he should discover, as the Mayor of Bradford remarked to Queen Elizabeth with reference to the recent attempt of the King of Spain's armada, that he too "had the wrong sow by the lug."

THE NEW POSTAGE BILL.—A bill has passed the House establishing a uniform rate of postage of three cents, on all pre-paid letters, with other improvements.

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

*The Country Year Book: or, The Field, the Forest, and the Fireside.* By WILLIAM HOWITT. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

Mr. Howitt knows how to make a book, and this is certainly one of the most readable. It is in fact delightful reading for the winter fireside, or the summer hill side. There are some interspersed reflections of no small moment, one of which we will give as a fair specimen of the book, calling the reader's attention to its bearing upon one of our favorite politico-economical topics. And that we may do no injustice to the author's patriotic feelings for his "dear old England," we must make it rather long, so as to embrace his statement of the ameliorating influences at work, only leaving it to the reader's reflection to consider whether individual exertion can ever be sufficient to counteract the effects of a vicious system, the evils of which appear so widely extended and deeply seated:—

"What a country this used to be for jollity and heart's ease! What a change there must have been! We see the ruins of old castles and old abbeys standing, and we think them beautiful. And we read of old fasts and festivals, and days on which the people of England came out into the sun, and the heart of gladness and kindly good fellowship was as one great dancing heart throughout the throng. We recall those doings, and think them beautiful. Are they not picturesque ruins, too, like the castles and abbeys? Is not one

thing gone just as much as the other? What we would recall is a thing that belonged to the days of these castles and abbeys, and not to ours. It is a thing that belonged to our ancestors, and not to us. If we could recall it, it would be like calling back the ghost of one of our ancestors. Not the jolly ancestor himself, in all his bodily presence, his soul-and-body union, the daylight man in his earthly solidity, but his ghost—a phantom! a thing to startle and confound us. It is not the kind of mirth that our forefathers had that we would bring back again. We might as well bring back their suits of armor, their old windy rooms, their jack boots, and farthingales. No! it is a mirth and holiday pleasure of our own, that we must have. It is an enjoyment of our own—not an echo and a spectre of theirs—that we want. And why should we not find it? Our ancestors found what suited them in this country—why can we not find what suits us? And yet England was not a tenth part so wealthy or powerful then as now.

'Has wealth done this? Then wealth's a foe to me.'  
BLOOMFIELD.

"Restore holidays, says my worthy friend. True, but first we must restore that which made the holiday spirit of old—ease, sufficiency, and content.

"Where are these things gone? What has become of this ease, this sufficiency, this content?

They are not among the nobility—they complain of the times. They are not among the farmers—they complain of heavy burdens and low prices. They are not among the laborers—they complain of low wages. They are not in the shop, the mill, or the factory; every place and class has its bubbly-jock. It is an odd circumstance, and worth soundly inquiring into, that just as a nation grew rich it grew melancholy; that the mass of people who had accumulated those riches grew poor, lost their joyousness, their time and taste for recreation, and became the common drudges of the dull treadmill of poverty and labor. This was not always so. As we have seen, our ancestors had their high days and holidays; never was there a merrier race. England was merry England then. The people of the continent are a merry people now—merry with a fifth part of our wealth.

"Should this be so? Should the greatest, the most industrious people on the face of the earth; the people who have wrought the greatest miracles of energy and ingenuity that this world has seen, be the only people who do not enjoy the fruit of their achievements, and rejoice in the good things they have created? Yet let any one say what is his first impression on landing in England after some sojourn abroad? That every one is pondering on some tremendous event. There is a stern, eager expression on every face; a hurrying on as to some intense object; a print of care on feature and on limb, on the individual and the mass, which are most startling to the mind which has been so lately filled with the gay imagery of happy peasantry and citizens of the working class, amidst their holiday music and their social dances.

"In 1842 I was reading the English newspapers in the public news-room at Heidelberg, in Germany. What was the great topic of the day? The horrors just brought to light by the Parliamentary inquiry into the state of the people, and especially of women and children in the coal-mines, and factories, and workshops of England. I was actually sick. I walked out into the air. It was bright noon—the bright, clear, joyous noon of the south of Germany; and at this moment, out burst from the public schools of the working classes, hundreds of little boys and girls, released to their twelve o'clock dinners, and all healthy, happy, merry, and shouting, as if they had five times too much pleasure in them for their need.

"But what a contrast! Proud England—rich England—mighty and free England, grinding its children to death in mines and mills, in subterranean darkness and nakedness; and poor, despotic Germany guarding its children till their twelfth year, and giving them all an education! And this had gone on for years; the child-murder of the mill and the mine had gone on, and men had gradually accustomed themselves to it, till they did not see its enormity. Liberals and philanthropists applauded it, and called it free trade. Gracious Heaven! free trade in the sinews and lives of tender children of eight years old! Little children pitched against the Juggernaut of steam; and those who denounced this immolation to the trading Mammon, were sneered at for the cant of humanity by the most hideous of all cants, the

cant of cruelty! Free trade, forsooth, in the lives and happiness of children! 'Twas a vile abuse of terms. Trade is trade only when it deals in legitimate articles; beyond that it is far too free—it is then free outrage.

"But the British humanity stepped in and rescued the victims of our trading cupidity. In country as well as in town the great and influential are awaking to the fact that the working man must be better remunerated. We need not, therefore, go further into the explanation of the repulsive mystery of the greatest people on earth piling upon their heads by their unexampled energies only toil never ending, and recompense never beginning. That is now well enough understood. It is because labor has been defrauded of its due.

"The public has now discovered what the amiable poet Bloomfield discovered long ago. He found

'The aspect still of ancient joy put on,  
The aspect only, with the substance gone.'

And he cried:

'Let labor have its due! my cot shall be  
From chilling want, and guilty murmurs free.  
Let labor have its due! then peace is mine,  
And never, never shall my heart repine.'

"That is the true secret of restoring to England its fine old character of merry England. Let labor have its due, and joy will spring up thick as the flowers of the field. We shall again see the rural dance and hear the sound of rural music. Make the heart glad and the song will burst forth from the mouths of young men and maidens. Let labor have its due; let a good supply of bread and beef, and tea and coffee, find its way into the poor man's pantry, as the just reward of his exertions, and there will be merry times again in England. Ay, never was there such a merry England as there will be then. Never had England in her holiday times a tenth part of the people, the knowledge, the power, the capacity of enjoyment, that they have now. And these times shall come. They are not far off. Great changes have taken place and are taking place. The public mind of England has satisfied itself that a better state of things is necessary—that the people who have made England, be they of what class they will, must enjoy England. The people have now read and thought, and above all, they have suffered, and out of that suffering they have derived a deep wisdom; they have learnt to know their own rights and the rights of others. They will now combine not to attack but to assert; not to tread on the privileges of others, but to claim their own. They will combine to dig new channels for the current of public wealth, to make a due portion of it to flow into the track of labor; and not only so, but to make labor itself flow into the true channel. They will spread themselves over the field of labor, as the general good requires it.

"Already the crowd who have trodden on each other's heels have discovered that steam and science, commerce and literature, have made three fourths of the globe but an expanded England. In England or Ireland, in America or Australia, wherever the British tongue is spoken, and British



blood flows in the people's veins, there they are still of the great English family—can enjoy English thoughts, feelings, and privileges, and can elevate and combine the true interests of the English race. Therefore emigration is leading its quarter of a million now annually into the more distant fields of the British empire, an empire extended beyond the nominal shadow of the British Crown. In new homes, but all made such by Anglo-Saxon enterprise, amid new mountains, and on the green banks of new and majestic rivers, these annual detachments of the great army of civilization are sitting down to create at once domestic plenty for themselves, and fresh sources of industry and wealth for the brave old mother country.

"As our population thus diffuses itself on all sides into the fields and forests of God's plenty, and at the active centre better principles of social economy are recognized, as they are every day becoming recognized—then for holidays.

"But when the people do find leisure and hearts for holidays, they will be such holidays as the world never yet saw. We are no longer the same people as our ancestors were. They were great children, and could leap and laugh, and play with hobby-horses; but we have read and thought, and the poorest artisan has now more refined taste and intellectual wealth than a king had of old. In the words of one of them:

'Ay, they are thinking—at the frame and loom,  
At bench, and forge, and in the bowelled mine.'

"Then, our holidays must be holidays of a higher stamp. There must be music, and dance, and sport, for youth and glad hearts; but there must be more—there must be a mixture of the intellectual in our pleasures. We must have books, and talk of matters of mind, and sights of works of art as well as of the works of nature, to give to our holidays a charm which, though it will be fit for a philosopher, shall thrill through the soul of the working man like the first rapturous outburst of his marriage bells. We must have a preparation for the holidays that are coming. We must have those public walks and gardens that are talked of for our large towns. We must have that £10,000 that is lying in the treasury, voted by Parliament years ago for that very purpose called for by public-spirited men of our towns, and thus employed. We must have in each of these gardens a public building—the people's house of recreation. They shall find a dancing-hall, a coffee-room, a reading-room, and a conversation-room. The people in every large town of Germany have such a house—their *Harmonie*—where they come together to enjoy themselves, and do enjoy themselves in a manner that a prince or a princess might be proud to share in.

"And then, for the enjoyment of all these delightful pleasures, in which not only physical health and excitement, but intellectual tastes unite, for which the people are daily preparing themselves, what a world has science opened! Think of the steam-boat and steam-train, ready to bear away their thousands to the very scenes where they would wish to be. To carry the peo-

ple of the cities, especially of enormous London afar into the country; to the open heath—the fresh forest—to the sea-side—to old halls and gardens where the mysterious spirit of beauty has been waiting their arrival for a thousand years. To carry the country people, on the contrary, to the towns—to the sight of the cheerful, happy crowds, rich shops, noble buildings, and galleries of painting and statuary; to zoological gardens and scientific spectacles, full, to them, of the enchantment of wonder.

"Do we talk of impossible things? The cheap trains already make such things within the reach of every man, woman and child, that can get but a single day, and a few shillings to spend on it, in the year. On one day last summer, seven thousand people visited, by means of an excursion train, the splendid house and grounds of the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth, in the Peak of Derbyshire; and every day there, and at the old hall of Haddon, and at numbers of noble halls all over the country throughout the summer, the coming and going of the people is like the visiting of a fair.

"Better times are coming, when these things shall be still more within the reach of every one of our fellow-countrymen; for they are not only awaking to a knowledge and a taste for these things, but they are laying up fruits for their own purposes. The alarm that some time ago was felt on the subject of popular education, lest knowledge should spoil good servants, and destroy the spirit of industry in the laboring masses, has received an amazing answer. While the people were ignorant they continued in destitution. What they gained they spent in a drunkenness that has now nothing like it in existence. But while they have been acquiring knowledge they have also acquired a great capital, and have actually laid up in savings banks upwards of £30,000,000 of money!

"This is a social phenomenon such as all the ages of the world before have not produced. That is the effect of the industrial and economical stimulus of knowledge on the people. That has come, and the holiday times will come. And still further, the spirit of improvement has been met by a fitting spirit in high quarters. Our excellent Queen has thrown open Windsor, the most royal of all royal palaces in the world, to the free and unpaid entry of all her loving subjects. The royal example, as we have seen, has been emulated by the nobility, who have thrown open their parks, their gardens, and their fine old picture galleries, like their royal mistresses, to the feet and the eyes of those who have so long fought, worked and suffered for the maintenance of the stately glory of those things.

"These are great forebodings of the future holidays of a great and educated people; and this lovely isle of ours, with its rivers and mountains, its sweet fields and villages, its cities and ancestral halls, its palaces and its monumental churches, shall open up the world of its delights to a people worthy of beholding them, and by that very communicativeness of its beauty shall sink deeper and deeper into the heart of their love."



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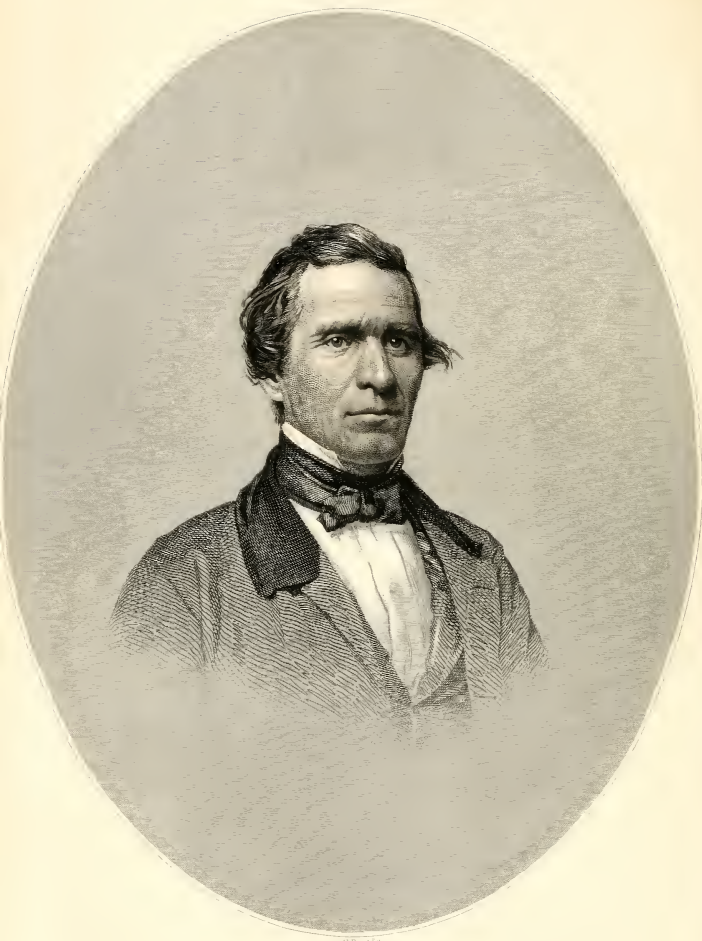
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*H. H. Dimmick*

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A REVIEW OF THE LIFE AND TIMES

OF

WILLIAM H. CRAWFORD.\*

PART ONE.

AMONG the public men of the past generation who may be styled *representative* characters, few stand higher on the list than WILLIAM HARRIS CRAWFORD. His name and political character have been indelibly impressed on the history of the country, and long succeeding generations will look to him as an eminent republican exemplar. His fame, therefore, will be permanent; but the remains of his public career, owing to his peculiar temperament and habits of life, are singularly intangible, and belong entirely, as naturalists would say, to the fossil species. There was nothing in his private or public character to invite the gossipry of history—that surest method of emblazoning one's reputation. He did not belong to that class of politicians whom crowds follow and admire, of whom every penny writer has something to say, and whose journeys form one continuous and glaring pageant. He never acted for the multitude. If he had ambition to be great, it was of that elevated order that looked less to ephemeral popularity than

to great and durable results. When the ends for which he strove had been accomplished, he did not pause, like most other leading statesmen, to preserve the means of such accomplishment. History, therefore, is barren of his deeds, and perpetuates his name only. It is true that, now and then, as we wade through ponderous tomes of the national archives, we stumble on some majestic record of his genius that shines forth from the dreary waste with surpassing splendor; or that, like some towering column among ancient and unidentified ruins, unbroken by age and erect amidst the crumbled masses around, tells of a giant race that have passed before.

The sketch before us, understood to be from the pen of his accomplished son-in-law, Mr. George M. Dudley, of Sumpter county, Georgia, was not designed, as its limits evince, to be full or satisfactory. We must say, however, that the deficiency appears to have proceeded more from injudicious and unauthorized *prunings* by some witless paraphrast, than from any original omission

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\* Sketch of the Life of William H. Crawford. National Portrait Gallery. Philadelphia. 1839.  
VOL. VII. NO. III. NEW SERIES.



in the article itself. The arrangement does not quite indicate the tasteful handiwork and nice discrimination which we happen to know to be characteristics of the author. We have been informed, in fact, that the sketch was unwisely mutilated, and so sheared and nipped as to entirely pervert its chief purposes and intended historical effect. At all events, however, the world is indebted to Mr. Dudley for the only authentic biography of his illustrious relative. We have, therefore, chosen to make his sketch the text of the following article; with no view, let us say, to criticism, for, under the circumstances, that would be neither allowable nor tasteful,—though it is possible that we may take the liberty of dissenting, in an instance or two, from what we candidly think to be, perhaps, some of its too ready conclusions. We design, however, not so much to confine our objects to mere succinct biographical detail, as to briefly review the prominent features in the life of an individual reckoned among the greatest of his day, and of times which form an important epoch in the political history of the Republic. We address ourself to such task not without considerable embarrassment and distrust. The difficulties already intimated are very discouraging. Mr. Crawford left no materials on which to build any connected account of his life. His contemporaries are ready to expatiate largely concerning his greatness, but they can point to but few recorded monuments of his fame. Although twenty years have not elapsed since the period of his decease—although numbers even of the rising generation have seen and spoken with him—yet is he already shelved as the Hortensius of his time—who, while glimmeringly acknowledged as a greater than Cicero, and whose *name* will be familiar through countless ages to come, has left “not a wreck” of his genius, and lives only in tradition and in the eulogies of his rival. This is not the only difficulty. The history of the period in which Mr. Crawford figured as a statesman, apart from its mere general features, has never been compiled; and it is not only undefined, but is quite obscured from ordinary research. It embraces much collateral interest that must be patiently gleaned from scanty and scattered remnants, and which we are obliged to introduce very detachedly in the course of this review. It extends through a period which witnessed a total dissolution and absorption of one of the ancient political

parties, the re-construction of the other, and the establishment of a third of which he himself must be reckoned the principal founder, but which had not obtained its present identity and compactness when disease hurried him prematurely from the theatre of political life. It also embraces some points personal to himself, and to other distinguished public characters, which render their evisceration and discussion quite a delicate undertaking, but which, nevertheless, ought not to be passed over unnoticed—especially by the candid and privileged reviewer. Thus much we have deemed it necessary to promise, as well to explain the meagreness of what might be otherwise regarded a prolific subject, as to advertise the reader of the more immediate purposes of this article.

Crawford was born, as we are told, in Nelson county, Virginia, in February, 1772. While yet quite a youth his parents removed to Georgia,—first to near Augusta, and afterwards to Columbia county. Here he was sent to school, and learned the ordinary English branches of education. He had scarcely attained the sixteenth year of his age when his father died, leaving the family in very reduced circumstances. Young Crawford immediately turned his yet scanty learning to active account, and supported his mother and family by teaching school, until he was twenty-two years old. At this time he began to feel a desire to obtain a classical education, and was not at all deterred, even at his comparatively advanced age, from seeking its gratification. There was, in the same county as his own little school, an academy of high repute, under the superintendence of a teacher who afterwards became famous as the instructor of the leading statesmen of the South. Even then, his obscure literary realm contained subjects who, in after years, adorned the national councils, and filled the country with their fame. That retired academy was, in fact, the nursery of Georgia's most distinguished sons, in politics, literature, and religion. The rector was the Rev. Dr. Moses Waddell, who, at a subsequent period, became widely known as the founder of Wilington Academy, in Abbeville District, South Carolina,—celebrated as the matriculating font of John Caldwell Calhoun, as also of many others whose names are eminently renowned in the land.

In 1794 young Crawford entered Carmel Academy as a student. He soon obtained

the confidence and favor of Dr. Waddell, and was promoted to the situation of usher, receiving, as his compensation, one third of the tuition money. We have heard it told of him, that while at this academy, in the double capacity of tutor and pupil, it was determined by himself, and some few of the elder school-boys, to enliven their annual public examination by representing a play. They selected Addison's Cato; and in forming the cast of characters, that of the Roman Senator was, of course, assigned to the worthy usher. Crawford was a man of extraordinary height and large limbs, and was always ungraceful and awkward, besides being constitutionally unfitted, every way, to act any character but his own. He however cheerfully consented to play Cato. It was matter of great sport, even during rehearsal, as his young companions beheld the huge, ungainly usher, with giant strides and Stentorian voice, go through with the representation of the stern, precise old Roman. But on the night of the grand exhibition, an incident, eminently characteristic of the counterfeit Cato, occurred, which effectually broke up the dénouement of the tragedy. Crawford had conducted the senate scene with tolerable success, though rather boisterously for so solemn an occasion, and had even managed to struggle through with the apostrophe to the soul; but when the dying scene behind the curtain came to be acted, Cato's groan of agony was bellowed out with such hearty good earnest as totally to scare away the tragic muse, and set prompter, players, and audience in a general, unrestrained fit of laughter. This was, we believe, the future statesman's first and last theatrical attempt.

In the fall of 1796, leaving his situation in the Carmel Academy, he bent his way to the then young city of Augusta, and became principal in one of the largest schools. It was here that floating dreams of professional eminence first passed through his mind; suggesting, at the same time, more enlarged plans of accumulation. He accordingly set himself to studying the law, and pursued his task with an assiduousness and diligence that knew no abatement, and that augured a speedy and successful accomplishment. He was admitted to the practice in 1798; and the year following, with a view to seek a suitable theatre of pursuit, he removed into the county of Oglethorpe, and opened an

office in the little village of Lexington, its county seat. "Such were his perseverance, industry, and talents," says Mr. Dudley, "that he soon attracted the notice of that distinguished statesman and profound jurist, Peter Early, then at the head of his profession in the Up Country, and to whom he became ardently and sincerely attached. His great professional zeal, that always made his client's cause his own, his unremitted attention to business, his punctuality and promptness in its dispatch, his undisguised frankness and official sincerity—disdaining the little artifices and over-reaching craft of the profession—combined with a dignity which, springing from self-respect alone, was entirely unmingled with affectation; his honesty and irreproachable moral character, accompanied with manners the most plain, simple and accessible, secured for him a public and private reputation seldom equalled, and never surpassed in any country." This graphic account, tallying with the whole character of the distinguished subject, is not at all exaggeration, but is testified to by the speedy advancement of Crawford,—who, indeed, after Mr. Early's entrance into Congress during 1802, might fairly be said to stand at the head of the bar of the Western Circuit.

These arduous professional duties and this severe mental discipline were not without early and abundant fruits. The greatness and overshadowing lustre of his expanding mind began soon to diffuse an influence elsewhere than in the court-room. The dull precincts of the bar, cramped jury boxes, stale law arguments, and the harsh routine of office business, abundant though it was, were insufficient to afford that scope which might satisfy the intellectual energies of such a person. The excitement of the political arena tempted him to the trial for larger honors; and in the fall of 1803 he was called by the people of his county to represent them in the Legislature of Georgia. In this station a new field of ambition was suddenly opened to the grasping intellect of Crawford; and plunging as he did forthwith into the absorbing vortex of politics, we lose sight of him as a professional man for many long and eventful years—years of triumph and of trial, of pride and of affliction.

At this period began also a new and most memorable epoch in the political history of Georgia, which, dating from Crawford's

entrance into the Legislature, controlled her destiny for well nigh thirty years, and continues its influence, though in a greatly modified degree, to the present time. Indeed, it is a striking and most remarkable fact that the grapple of great minds, stimulated by malignant and inveterate rivalry, never fails, even in the mild contests of civil life, comparatively speaking, to imprint lasting and influential traces on the age which witnesses the struggle. This is eminently the case in political circles, from which, for the first time, are to be drawn the bitter elements of party. And so it was, as we have already intimated, in the present instance. At one of the sessions of the Legislature, during the time of Crawford's service in that body, it so happened that a member introduced a series of resolutions which looked to the impeachment of a leading judicial incumbent of one of the Georgia circuits. The individual thus assaulted had been long a prized friend and confidential associate of Crawford. He had been also an active and industrious opponent of another personage who was then becoming rapidly conspicuous in the political world, and whose prominent position had already enlisted the sympathy of such as were placing themselves in opposition to our distinguished subject. This was General John Clarke. Clarke, finding on the present occasion an opportunity to vent his intolerance and vindictiveness, supported the resolutions with ardor and unabating zeal. On the other hand, Crawford opposed them with the energy of fast friendship, and with a violence that betokened at once the depth of personal feeling, and the indignant contempt in which he held those who were urging their adoption. As might have been expected, this fierce collision of master minds soon diverted attention and interest from the true issue, and all eyes fastened eagerly on the hostile champions. Parties and factions were formed, and the limits of social intercourse were jealously confined to those of factional sympathy. The soirées of the fashionable world were governed by like envenomed rules. Innkeepers, and publicans of all descriptions, imbibing the excitement, eschewed indiscriminate gatherings, and advertised their cheer as being intended only for those who espoused the cause, respectively, of Clarke or of Crawford. The contagion spread through all castes and classes of society; it, in fact, found way even to the bosom of

hitherto harmonious and exclusive religious fraternities. Nor was it a strife alone of words. Forensic weapons were soon laid aside, and the rival champions, urged on by implacable and impulsive factionists, resorted to weapons of a deadlier character. A challenge to mortal combat passed, and was accepted. The terms were soon arranged, the parties met, and a fight with pistols, at the usual distance, ensued. Crawford, though brave and fearless to a degree scarcely compatible with his polished amiability and amenity of disposition, was naturally awkward, nervous, and every way unqualified for a genuine duellist. Clarke was, on the contrary, a practised fighter, and highly skilled in the use of weapons, while, at the same time, of equally unquestionable courage. The result might have been anticipated. Heedless of all precautionary monitions and instructions from his friends who accompanied him to the field as seconds, Crawford took his position at the peg with the same carelessness as he was wont to swagger to his seat at the bar of a county court, exposing his left arm in a manner to catch the ball of even the rawest duellist. Consequently, when fires were exchanged, Clarke was found to be entirely untouched, while his unerring ball had taken effect in the wrist of his antagonist, horribly crushing the bones, and producing the most exquisite pain.

This shot, of course, terminated the fight; and Crawford was removed from the field to linger for months in expiatory anguish. But so far from appeasing factional differences, the fight only served to add fuel to the flame. The news of the duel, and of its unpleasant result, spread rapidly through all portions of the State, stirring up new and fiercer elements of strife, and confirming and strengthening all previous animosities. Hill and vale, mountain and plain, echoed to the war-whoop of arousing factions, and rang with the angry notes of a gathering that might have startled "Clan-Alpine's warriors." Men waited not to hear or to argue the causes and grounds which divided their respective champions, but each side mustered to the banner of its favorite, and formed in line for a long, bitter, and distracting conflict. The names of the rivals were assumed as the watchwords of the two parties, and for many years afterwards every election, from that of beat constable or militia captain to that of

Congressman or Governor, was decided, not with regard to principle or qualification, but by a trial of strength between the friends of Crawford and the friends of Clarke. Even after Crawford had been transferred from the councils of the State to those of the Nation, the flame of dissension was kept alive with vestal-like fidelity and tenacity; for there arose up in his place a successor who, from the first, asserted a full right to the fiery inheritance by his high-handedness and party bigotry, and whose name, when uttered even at this day, stirs up within the bosom of the old Georgian a wild association of ancient party jealousies and of long-gone personal predilections. Indeed, the election struggles of the Clarkites and the Troupites have been too recently absorbed by those of Whig and Democrat, to have passed from the recollection of even the youngest of the present generation of voters.

This ferocious contest, even after one side had changed its original battle-cry, lasted continuously and with ever-increasing malignancy for twenty years. At the great State elections of 1825, victory, no longer uncertain and wavering, perched finally on the standard of the Troup party. A pitched battle, decisive in its results as that of Pharsalia, had been fought by mutual consent. Every log had been rolled—every stone had been turned. Obscure, unfrequented county corners had been diligently scoured to swell the voting hordes. The sinks of cities had been ransacked. Cross-road and village drunkards, who had slept for months in ditches or in gutters, and whose sober moments had been as few and far between as angel visits, were assiduously excavated and hauled to the polls. The prison doors were flung open to pining and hapless debtors, who, but for this fierce war of parties, might have languished away the prime of their lives within the gloomy walls of a dungeon. Old men who had been bed-ridden for years, and who had long since shaken adieux with the ballot-box, were industriously hunted up, and conveyed by faithful and tender hands to the nearest precinct. Patients shivering with ague or burning with fever, struggled with pain long enough to cast their votes; and it is within the recollection of many now living, that drooping paralytics, unable to move from the carts or dearborns which had borne them from their couches, were served with the box at the court-house steps, by zealous and accommo-

dating officers. Nothing, in fact, had been left undone which might contribute to bring the struggle to a decisive and unquestioned issue. Accordingly, when the day arrived, each party, marshalled by its favorite chieftain, was ready for action; and amidst drinking, cavillings, partisan harangues, quarrels, and ring fights, the polls were opened. Every minute of time was wranglingly contended for in favor of lagging voters—every suspicion was made the pretext for a challenge. But the scrolls soon showed on which side the tides of victory were rolling. The contest resulted in a complete triumph of the Crawford or Troup party, while the Clarkites, chagrined and crest-fallen, acknowledged for the first time that they had been fairly overcome.

When the issue of this memorable election had been fully ascertained, and disseminated through the State, all Georgia became a scene of rejoicing and revelry. Magnanimity was forgotten in the maddening mirth of triumph at the defeat of a long despised foe. The ordinary greetings of civil life were ungenerously exchanged for taunts or exultant blusterings when in the presence of a vanquished adversary. Little children ran about singing and shouting from the very contagion of gladness. Women threw aside the needle and the shuttle to prepare for the dance and the feast. The men gave up business for merry making; and many who had been long famed for their severe morality and ghostly manner of life, were surprised in the joyous *mêlée*, and were seen reeling about and carousing with their less austere neighbors. The day was enlivened by hilarious and gratulatory gatherings, and the night made beautiful and merry by gorgeous illuminations and garish festivities.

Such is, briefly and imperfectly, the origin and partial history of those local factional issues which so long distracted the State of Georgia, during the stirring times of Crawford's political life. During the period of their baneful ascendancy, society was awfully afflicted. Friendships were often rudely severed, families divided, and whole neighborhoods broken up and made hostile by the deplorable influences of this partisan rancor. In fact, the Presidential election of 1840 was the first contest since 1806 which possessed sufficient strength, as regarded other issues, to overcome this ancient embodiment of party warfare; and it



is remarkable that, even at this day, the Democratic and Whig parties of Georgia are composed, in the main, of these old factions—the Clarkites being mostly of the former, and the Troupites of the latter party.

At the session of 1807 the Legislature of Georgia had elected Crawford a Senator of the United States, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Abraham Baldwin, a signer of the Declaration of Independence and of the Federal Constitution. This flattering mark of distinguished merit, thus early conferred on one so recently an humble and unassuming pedagogue, evidences, in a striking manner, the brilliant dawn of those splendid talents which, while yet in the meridian of life, soon lifted him to the highest honors of public office, and gave him in the political world an influence that has survived his death. When it is stated, however, that these superior mental endowments were aided by a rare boldness and independence of character and of opinion, it will not be difficult to account for this rapid preferment.

The political sentiments of Crawford were decidedly liberal, and, in some respects, differed widely from those which have been promulgated and advocated as the peculiar tenets of the Jefferson school. He marked out his own course, and pursued his own conclusions, little regardful of those party trammels which have generally obtained a controlling influence with prominent national politicians. Accordingly, at an early period after his entrance into the Senate of the United States, he joined issue with William B. Giles, of Virginia, the veteran debater of that august body, and the acknowledged spokesman of the Jefferson Administration. The contest was on the Embargo question; Giles earnestly advocating its policy, while Crawford opposed it as a measure fraught with mischief and distress, and a useless and unwise preliminary to a war already virtually begun, and which was clearly inevitable. Crawford had very little tolerance for concessions and dilatory action, in a cause which he conceived to have been closed to amicable adjustment. He was no half-way man. He never paused to compromise, when he could see his way to a favorable result by risking a less indirect procedure. In fact, Crawford was in favor of declaring war from the moment that the British Gov-

ernment refused to make proper amends and satisfaction for the unwarrantable attack of the Leopard on the Chesapeake, off the harbor of Norfolk; and, in after years, did not scruple to charge Madison with ambiguity on the point of war or peace in his celebrated message of 1812, characterizing it as akin to the sinuous and obscure declarations of a Delphic oracle.

The Embargo was the darling scheme, along with the Non-intercourse Act of 1809, of the Jefferson and Madison Administrations. Crawford was thus thrown into an attitude of partial opposition to the Democratic leaders of that day, although far indeed removed from any fraternizing sympathy with the then unprincipled and rancorous remnant of the old Federal party. From these differences, slight as they were, sprang the germs of that conservative, national party which, soon gathering compactness under the lead of Madison, of Clay, and of the younger Adams, has opposed, ever since, a steady and unyielding barrier, amidst varying fortunes, to the unbridled radicalism of Democracy, as also to the baneful extremes of Federalism. The declaration of war, it may be observed, was not favored by Jefferson. With him the milder and, as he thought, scarcely less effectual remedy of spirited retaliatory measures, as concerned the British orders in Council and the French decrees, was the preferred line of conduct. Madison, long his warm adherent and premier cabinet officer, had his doubts and his difficulties. The multiplied aggressions of the British Government had, indeed, stirred up within the American nation fierce and ominous fires of resentment. Still they perceived that the business men of the country deprecated hostilities. New-England had gone quite to the point of rebellion on account of the Embargo and restrictive measures. She was now loud in her denunciations of war. The commercial cities of the North were scarcely less reconciled to the commencement of hostilities that would certainly depress and cripple them. The cotton-planters and the tobacco-growers dreaded the ruinous depreciation in the then high price of their staple productions, which was sure to result from a declaration of war. The Federalists, rejoiced to take hold of aught that might offer to prop their sinking fortunes, or to worry their exultant opponents, harangued bitterly against



the rupture of peaceful relations with England, and bullishly defied those who advocated the last resort. The Democrats hesitated; and although Madison afterwards broke through these procrastinating counsels, and staked his administration on the issue of the war, yet there was a time when his delay had called forth no light reprehension from those of his political friends who coincided with Crawford. His decision lost him some friends and gained him legions of malignant enemies; but, at the same time, it operated to change wholly the original complexion of the Jeffersonian Democracy, and gave vitality and impulse to a third party, which had suddenly emerged from the chaotic political elements, under the bold lead of William Harris Crawford. But in 1811 the transition had been powerfully aided by the position which had been taken by Crawford and his Republican friends with regard to the question of rechartering the Bank of the United States; and the final concurrence of Madison in this policy was the closing scene of the ancient organization of parties, and marked still more fully the differences of the liberal and the radical wings of the original Democratic party.

At this point opens a brilliant and most important period in Crawford's political career. His reputation up to this time, although gradually spreading, had been mainly confined within the limits of his own State. The slight differences which had separated him from the immediate body of Mr. Jefferson's party, as concerned the policy of the Embargo, and which had given rise to the encounter between himself and Giles, had not drawn out the full powers of his mind, or unfolded to the eye of the nation those vast intellectual treasures and inward resources, which afterwards outshone and eclipsed all competition, and marked him as one of the leading statesmen of his day. His fame now expanded and spread, and Georgia surrendered her favorite son to the nation.

From 1790 to 1840 the various questions connected with the constitutionality and expediency of the United States Bank engaged more deeply the public mind than any others belonging to the history of the country. Indeed, the interest thus excited began under the previously existing government, and originated with the project of chartering the Bank of North America. The cry of the then opposition soon became

sufficiently effective to induce the stockholders to surrender their Congressional privileges, and to accept a charter less objectionable and less precarious from the State of Pennsylvania. But when in 1791, immediately after the adoption of the present Constitution, the project of a National Bank was revived under the auspices of Alexander Hamilton, a steady and furious opposition arose, which, only checked for the moment by the overawing influence of Washington, soon swelled into a large and jealous party, and has succeeded in bequeathing its rancor and vindictiveness to every succeeding generation from that time to the present. Previously to this the organization of parties had been based on the approval and disapproval of the Federal Constitution. But the agitation of the Bank question, and its charter by Congress, gave a complexion to political divisions which begat a new era in the history of parties. On this subject it was that Hamilton and Jefferson first crossed weapons; and on this the tocsin first sounded the hostile notes of that factious warfare which led to such acrimonious encounters and differences betwixt their respective adherents. No two men could have been brought together more entirely opposed in opinion, or in habits of thought, or in modes of action, than Hamilton and Jefferson. Their disagreement grew into an implacable hostility, which defied the mediation of Washington himself, and, as might have been expected, hurried each to rash and unwary extremities in the formation and maintenance of their political opinions. Hamilton was an extreme Federalist; Jefferson was an extreme Democrat. Hamilton leaned to and advocated a strong and centralizing government, wholly disalised with all genuine republican notions. Jefferson was a rabid and uncompromising radical, and promulgated doctrines and principles at once abhorrent and dangerous to the permanence and safety of any form of government. The first favored English politics; the last was an ardent friend to French politics. They differed on every and all subjects, and always quarrelled. It was not to be expected, therefore, that they would agree on the question of establishing a National Bank. Washington, when the bill was sent to him for signature and approval, with a decent respect to the sharp conflicts of opinion among his friends, de-

manded an opinion from each of his four ministers. Three of them, at his request, reduced their ideas to writing. Knox, who was a poor hand with the pen, gave his in conversation, and they were found to coincide with those of Hamilton. The Attorney General, Randolph, sided with Jefferson in an unqualified opposition to the scheme. How far the personal animosities and differences of the two Secretaries may have affected this great public interest, may never be known. At all events, Washington decided according to the views of Hamilton, and signed the charter. He carried along with him a sufficiency of the Republican influence to rescue the scheme from the odium of an extreme Federal measure; and thus the question had rested from 1791 to 1811.

At this session, to the confusion and dismay of the ultra Democracy, the friends of the Bank again entered the arena, and applied for a renewal of its charter, under the advice and lead of Crawford. Crawford had not taken his position inconsiderately or unwarily. He was, in his sentiments, a firm Republican and supporter, in the main, of the Jefferson and Madison Administrations. But his mind was of too comprehensive and active a cast to be fettered by narrow party ties, when reason and experience pointed to a useful result. In tracing the history of banking institutions, he was doubtless forcibly struck with the fact that they had found admission and patronage among the principal and most enlightened commercial nations; that they had successively obtained in Italy, Germany, Holland, England, and France, as well as in the United States; and that, after a candid estimate of their tendency and an experience of centuries, there existed not a doubt about their utility in the countries where they had been so long established and so fairly tried. Wherever they had been created and properly sustained, industry and trade had been indebted to them for thrift and important aid, and Government repeatedly under the greatest obligations to them in dangerous or distressing emergencies. In reviewing the history of the Bank of the United States, he found that the greatest amount of good had followed its establishment, and that for twenty years every department of industry, as well as of government, had received timely aid and advantages from its beneficent operations. These facts weighed heavily with

one of his eminently practical constitution, whose mind, directed always to great and expanded measures, was wholly incapable of being dwarfed to the pitiful dimensions of insane factious opposition; and was impervious alike to the threats or the allurements of sectarian predilections. He decided promptly on his course of action, and determined to advocate the renewal of the expired charter openly and zealously. With him were ranged Albert Gallatin, Secretary of the Treasury, Pope, the Senator from Kentucky, and some few more distinguished Democrats, or Republicans. But against him there appeared a formidable host of talents and influence, and the entire prejudices of the Jeffersonian sect. The principal of these opponents were Smith of Maryland, and Henry Clay, the Senatorial colleague of Mr. Pope. William B. Giles sided with the opposition, but made a speech so rambling and tortuous as to leave his opinions on the main question well nigh undefined, and which his then coadjutor, Clay, wittily characterized as having "discussed *both* sides of the question with great ability, and as having demonstrated to the satisfaction of all who heard him, both that it was constitutional and unconstitutional, highly proper and improper to prolong the charter of the Bank."

Crawford was Chairman of the Committee to whom the application of the stockholders, praying Congress to renew the charter of the Bank, had been referred. He applied himself to the duties of his station with an ardor that showed his disregard of party associations where the public good was concerned, and with a zeal and fidelity that eminently evinced the depth and sincerity of his convictions. He fortified his cause and himself with every necessary extrinsic aid; took the elaborated opinion of the Secretary of the Treasury; and consulted extensively with deputations from the commercial and industrial interests of the great sections of the Confederacy. But the mastery of extrinsic facts did not alone serve to fit him for the ensuing struggle. The benefits arising from the establishment and continuance of the Bank were unquestionable. The necessity and expediency of renewing the charter could not be successfully controverted. The battle had to be fought on the ramparts of the *Constitution*, and of this Crawford was fully aware. He had calculated

that the opposition would direct their main efforts against the *constitutionality* of the measure, and thus drive the petitioners out of Congress without allowing them to bring in their array of popular evidence and convincing facts. But he had prepared to meet them at the very threshold, and armed himself with a panoply of reason and argument, which, supported by unquestioned authority, effectually dislodged his adversaries from their defiant position, and threw them at once on the defensive. He courted, and evidently desired them to attack; but, failing in this, he was nevertheless fully prepared to assume the offensive.

On the 5th of February the report of the Committee had been made to the Senate, and a majority concurred in the motion to accompany the same with a bill to extend the expired charter of the Bank. The bill was subjected to some amendments, and its consideration postponed for one week. On the morning of the 12th, Mr. Anderson, of Tennessee, moved to strike out the first section, but declined giving any reasons in support of his motion, on the ground that the question had been doubtless already decided, in the mind of every Senator, as of every man in the nation. This course at once unfolded the policy of the opposition. Crawford easily perceived that, confident of numerical strength, they had decided either to provoke assault, or else quietly to demolish the bill section by section. He replied to Anderson by observing that such a method of dispatching business was novel and astonishing; that a bill had been presented to the Senate to continue the operation of an institution of twenty years' standing, whose good effects were universally admitted, and whose influence on the public prosperity was not to be denied; and yet, in place of giving any reason against the continuance, the Senate was told that public sentiment had decided the question. He appealed to the mover if this was a fair and magnanimous mode of procedure? How was it possible, he asked, for the friends of the bill to meet objections never made? When a question of such magnitude was to be decided, he contended that it was proper to offer some reasons why the bill should be rejected. It was answered by General Smith, that there was nothing novel in the course suggested by the Senator from Tennessee; that it was parliamentary to make such motion; and that

it always became the introducer of a bill to give some reasons to induce the Senate to give the same its support. Anderson concurred, and again repeated his former motion.

Crawford promptly rejoined. He intimated that his remarks had been misconceived; that he made no complaint against the motion; but that it was not usual in any deliberative body that a chairman should be called on to state the reasons which induced a Committee to report any provision to a bill, when a motion was made which went to put an end to any discussion of the detail. "Gentlemen," he said, "were about to defeat the bill, and it was fair that they should assign their reasons. How could he foresee their objections? Or if, perchance, he should foresee and answer them, would not gentlemen say that such were not the reasons which influenced their votes? It was like pursuing a *will-o'-the-wisp*—you can never arrive at the true object of pursuit."

He was again answered by Gen. Smith, that it was always the duty of a Committee to inform the Senate of the reasons which induced them to report a bill; that it was expected by himself and others that the chairman would favor them with an argument to induce their support of the bill, and that *then* he might consider of his duty in making answer.

This last rejoinder fully exposed the plan of action which had been agreed on by the opponents of the bill. It was clear that they did not intend to take the initiative in discussion, and Crawford persisted in his endeavor to provoke assault no longer. He asked for no postponement, he craved no further time for preparation, but proceeded forthwith, and to the surprise of the opposition, to deliver his views in a speech which, for vigor and originality of thought, cogency of argument, and power of intellectual research, has never been surpassed in any parliamentary body, and which fixed his claims to greatness. He begins by boldly laying down the premise that the Federal Constitution had been so much construed as if it were *perfect*, that many of its best features were about to be rendered imbecile, and that prejudice was thus tending to actually destroy the object of affection; that when this was carried so far as to endanger the public welfare, it was necessary that its *imperfections* should be disclosed to public view; which disclosure, while

it might cause the adoration to cease, would not, therefore, necessarily place the Constitution beyond the reach of ardent attachment. He follows up this startling declaration with a severe analysis of the Constitution, to prove its force; showing that the very numerous *incidentalisms* which appertain to its express grants of power, clearly demonstrate the *fallibility* of the instrument, with all its just claims to our respect and deep veneration. After going through thus with the entire list of the specified powers of Congress, adroitly using each to illustrate his premise, he finally seizes on the fourth article of the Constitution to prove "the absurdity," as well of the idea of its perfection, as of the construction that the enumeration of certain powers excludes all other powers not enumerated. His method of reasoning this point is so novel, so interesting, and so resistlessly convictive, that we shall venture to transcribe the portion which embraces this head of his speech.

"This article," he says, "appears to be of a miscellaneous character, and very similar to the codicil of a will. The first article provides for the organization of Congress; defines its powers; prescribes limitations on the powers previously granted; and sets metes and bounds to the authority of the State Governments. The second article provides for the organization of the Executive Department, and defines its power and duty. The third article defines the tenure by which the persons in whom the judicial power may be vested shall hold their offices, and prescribes the extent of their power and jurisdiction. These three articles provide for the three great departments of government, called into existence by the Constitution; but some other provisions *just then* occur, which ought to have been included in one or the other of the three *preceding* articles, and these provisions are incorporated and compose the *fourth* article. The first section of it declares, that 'full faith and credit shall be given, in each State, to the public acts, records, and judicial proceedings of every other State; and the Congress may, by *general* laws, prescribe the manner in which such acts, records, and proceedings shall be proved, and the effect thereof.' In the second section it declares that a person charged, in any State, with treason, felony, or other crime, who shall flee from justice, and be found in another State, 'shall, on demand of the executive authority of the State from which he fled, be delivered up, to be removed to the State having jurisdiction of the crime.' A similar provision is contained in the same section, relative to fugitives who are bound to labor, by the laws of any State. In the first case which has been selected, express authority has been given to Congress to prescribe the manner in which the records, &c., should be proved, and also the effect thereof; but, in the other two, no authority has

been given to Congress; and yet the bare inspection of the three cases will prove that the interference of Congress is less necessary in the first than in the two remaining cases. A record must always be proved by itself, because it is the highest evidence of which the case admits. The effect of a record ought to depend upon the laws of the State of which it is a record, and therefore the power to prescribe the effect of a record was wholly unnecessary, and has been so held by Congress—no law having been passed to prescribe the effect of a record. In the second case there seems to be some apparent reason for passing a law to ascertain the officer upon whom the demand is to be made; what evidence of the identity of the person demanded, and of the guilt of the party charged, must be produced, before the obligation to deliver shall be complete. The same apparent reason exists for the passage of a law relative to fugitives from labor. According, however, to the rule of construction contended for, Congress cannot pass any law to carry the Constitution into effect in the two last cases selected, because express power has been given in the first, and is withheld in the two last. But Congress has nevertheless passed laws to carry those provisions into effect, and this exercise of power has never been complained of by the people or the States."

The speech then proceeds with an able argument to prove that there must necessarily exist, in the Constitution, powers derivable from *implication*. He contends that it is only by *implication* that Congress exercises the power to establish a Supreme Court, because the *express* grant is limited, as concerns the action of Congress, only to the creation of "inferior tribunals." Thus, he argues, is derived the sole power to accept or purchase places for the erection of forts, magazines, dockyards, and arsenals; as also the power to build lighthouses, and to legislate for the support of the same. These all being clearly *implied* powers, and having never excited complaint when exercised by Congress, he maintains that the same ancient and thoroughly settled rule of construction will leave Congress with the power to create a Bank, derivable from the clause which gives the power "to lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts, and excises." He argues:—

"A law to erect lighthouses is no more a law to regulate commerce, than a law creating a Bank is a law to collect taxes, duties, and imposts. But the erection of lighthouses tends to facilitate and promote the security and prosperity of commerce, and, in an equal degree, the erection of a Bank tends to facilitate and insure the collection, safe-keeping, and transmission of revenue. If, by this rule of construction, which is applied to lighthouses, but denied to the Bank, Congress can, as incidental



to the power to regulate commerce, erect light-houses, it will be easy to show that the same right may be exercised as incidental to the power of laying and collecting duties and imposts. Duties cannot be collected, unless vessels importing dutiable merchandise arrive in port; whatever, therefore, tends to secure their safe arrival may be exercised under that general power: the erection of light-houses does facilitate the safe arrival of vessels in port; and Congress can, therefore, exercise this right as incidental to the power to lay imposts and duties."

Pursuing this course of syllogism and logical deduction, he goes on to argue that the creation of a Bank is necessary and proper, as the *very best means* to collect, safely keep, and disburse the public revenue; not because the National Government is actually dependent on a Bank, but that it is materially aided by a Bank, and that it must, therefore, be a constitutional agent indirectly or impliedly contemplated as necessary. Adverting to the idea that the States have reserved to themselves the exclusive right of erecting Banks, he boldly promulgates the doctrine that, so far from such power having been reserved, the States are actually prohibited by the Constitution from exercising this power. He says:—

"In the tenth section of the first article of the Constitution, it is declared, among other things, that no State shall coin money, emit bills of credit, or make anything but gold and silver a tender in payment of debts. What, Sir, is a bill of credit? Will it be contended that a bank bill is not a bill of credit? They are emphatically bills of credit. But it may be said that the States do not, by the creation of banks, with authority to emit bills of credit, infringe upon the Constitution, because they do not emit the bills themselves. If they have not the power to emit bills of credit, *à fortiori*, they cannot delegate to others a power which they themselves cannot exercise. But, Sir, according to the maxims of law and sound reason, what they do by another, they do themselves."

Leaving the field of solid constitutional argument, the speaker next proceeds to discuss his proposition with reference to its alleged party connections, and, incidentally, as regards the competency of a State Government to resist the establishment, within its limits, of a branch of the United States Bank. At the time that the constructive rules obtained which authorize the erection of a Bank as the fiscal agent of the Government, he contends that party, in its present sense, was unknown; that the Constitution itself was just framed, and not beyond the influence of unquestioned first impressions;

and that the Bank had then been sanctioned by the best authorities, and in the best days of the Republic. After contrasting those purer times with the rancorous scenes in which he was then mixing; denouncing the intolerance and vindictiveness of the then "Democratic presses;" and protesting against the illegal interference of certain "great States" with the regular operations of Congress, he gives vent to the following splendid philippic:—

"The Democratic presses have, for more than twelve months past, teemed with the most scurrilous abuse against every member of Congress who has dared to utter a syllable in favor of the renewal of the Bank charter. The member who dares to give his opinion in favor of the renewal of the charter, is instantly charged with being bribed by the agents of the Bank—with being corrupt—with having trampled upon the rights and liberties of the people—with having sold the sovereignty of the United States to foreign capitalists—with being guilty of perjury by having violated the Constitution. Yes, Sir, these are the circumstances under which we are called to reject the bill. When we compare the circumstances under which we are now acting, with those which existed at the time when the law was passed to incorporate the Bank, we may well distrust our own judgment. I had always thought, Sir, that a corporation was an artificial body, existing only in contemplation of law; but if we can believe the rantings of our Democratic editors, in these great States, and the denunciations of our public declaimers, it exists under the form of every foul and hateful beast, and bird, and creeping thing. It is a *Hydra*; it is a *Cerberus*; it is a *Gorgon*; it is a *Vulture*; it is a *Viper*. Yes, Sir, in their imaginations, it not only assumes every hideous and frightful form, but it possesses ever poisonous, deleterious, and destructive quality. Shall we, Sir, suffer our imaginations to be alarmed, and our judgments to be influenced by such miserable stuff? Shall we tamely act under the lash of this tyranny of the press? No man complains of the discussion in the newspapers of any subject which comes before the Legislature of the Union; but I most solemnly protest against the course which has been pursued by these editors in relation to this question. Instead of reasoning to prove the unconstitutionality of the law, they charge members of Congress with being bribed or corrupted; and *this* is what they call the liberty of the press. To tyranny, under whatever form it may be exercised, I declare open and interminable war. To me it is perfectly indifferent whether the tyrant is an irresponsible editor, or a despotic monarch."

But Crawford was not content even thus to rest his case on the solid basis of primitive republican authority. Assuming that the Democratic or regular Jeffersonian party were opposed, on principle, to the establishment of a Bank, he proves that their public acts give the lie to their opinions, inasmuch



as this same party indirectly sanctioned the Bank by establishing a branch in Louisiana in 1804, and, in 1807, by passing laws to punish offenses of counterfeiting, or otherwise improperly interfering with the Bank monopoly; and this, too, with such unanimity, that the bill glided through both Houses without a call of the yeas and nays on its final passage, or any of its intermediate stages. And it is under this head of the speech that, speaking of the right of States to oppose the erection of branch Banks within their borders, we find the following emphatic and unqualified declaration of opinion on a point which, so far as the name and authority of our distinguished subject may be regarded, must startle and disconcert the wild secessionists and ultra States' rights men of the present critical times:—

"Permit me, Sir, to make one or two observations upon this competency of the State Governments to resist the authority or the execution of a law of Congress. What kind of resistance can they make, *which is constitutional*? I know of but one kind—and that is by elections. The People, and the States, have the right to change the members of the National Legislature, and in that way, and in that alone, can they effect a change of the measures of this Government. It is true, there is another kind of resistance which can be made, *but it is unknown to the Constitution*. This resistance depends upon physical force; it is an appeal to the sword; and *by the sword* must that appeal be decided, and not by the provisions of the Constitution."

After a concise and lucid exposition of banking principles as illustrated and developed in connection with the history of many of the States, and the special benefits to be derived from a National Bank, the distinguished speaker, towards the end of his argument, notices the objection raised by many to a Bank, because a portion of the stock may be owned by foreign capitalists. Formidable as this objection may at first seem, he seizes and wields it as an affirmative argument, proving that what has been so generally deemed a disastrous policy, is really an advantage to the country. He argues that if, by investing their principal means in an American institution, dependent entirely on the will of the American Government, and existing by the sufferance of the American people, foreigners acquire any influence over such institution, it is their *interest* to exert the same in our favor. A country in which the capital of foreigners is

employed, and whose Government can, at any moment, lay its hands on the same, must of necessity possess more influence with these foreigners than they possibly can over us or to our injury; besides the important fact that, in case of apprehended war between their nation and ours, self-interest would impel them to exert a beneficial influence in favor of that which holds their money.

The conclusion of this finished argument is worthy of its principal features and main body, and is eminently characteristic of its author:—

"Sir, we have the experience of twenty years for our guide. During that lapse of years your finances have been, through the agency of this Bank, skilfully and successfully managed. During this period, the improvement of the country and the prosperity of the nation have been rapidly progressing. Why, then, should we, at this perilous and momentous crisis, abandon a well-tried system—faulty, perhaps, in the detail, but sound in its fundamental principles? Does the pride of opinion revolt at the idea of acquiescing in the system of your political opponents? Come! and with me sacrifice your pride and political resentments at the shrine of political good. Let them be made a propitiatory sacrifice for the promotion of the public welfare, the savor of which will ascend to heaven, and be there recorded as a lasting, an everlasting evidence of your devotion to the happiness of your country."

This speech, and the one which followed a few days afterwards from the same source, proved to be unanswerable in every respect. Crawford had forestalled and neutralized the whole plan of argument in opposition, both within and without the pale of the Constitution. He had gone over the whole ground, and surveyed it in its every point, before he engaged in the conflict of debate. Consequently, the speeches of his opponents which followed the delivery of his own, are mostly discursive and declamatory, rarely ever argumentative. They did not bring forth a solitary new objection, although, as we have already intimated, the speakers were among the most talented men of the country. Their efforts seemed to be mainly directed with a view to defeat the bill by conjuring up against it long dormant party prejudices, and to enlist all the rabid animosities of political warfare. And so irrefutably had Crawford planted his positions, that even Henry Clay, with his spicy variety and raciness, was forced to the unworthy resort of meet-

ing argument with the usual demagogical appeal to the lower and baser prejudices of the mind. But, at the same time, it is not unlikely that the boldness and independence displayed by Crawford on this occasion, served first to attract and wean him from the ultra Democracy of the true Jeffersonian school, and to direct his ardent and high-toned ambition to the attainment of great political purposes and ends, which rose above the circumscribed and impracticable views of the radical sect in whose opinions he had been raised.

The discussion, however, was not altogether of a peaceful and quiet character. Most of the opposition speakers, aware of Crawford's extreme sensitiveness and irascibility of temper, were careful to avoid all exceptionable allusions to the differences of opinion which separated him, on this question, from the main body of his political friends, and to eschew all course of remark which might induce unpleasant personal application. But Whitesides, a Senator from Tennessee, was not so prudent and forbearing, and declared, in the course of a very indifferent speech, that members of the Democratic party who were now found making common cause with the friends of the Bank, must be regarded as political apostates. This remark stung Crawford to the quick, and aroused at once that deep sense of resentment which possesses all spirited persons who are conscious of honest motives. In reply, he denounced the use of such language, in connection with a member or members of the Senate, as indecorous and unbecoming; declaring that no one should, without the walls of the chamber, apply such to him with impunity. Whitesides attempted to exculpate himself by an explanation; but explanation had then been offered too late to restore friendly feeling. He did not deny having used the expression, and Crawford persisted in denouncing it as an assertion made without the proof to sustain it, and which was plainly contradicted by the record. This closed all doors to an amicable adjustment, and, so far as appears, Whitesides made a merit of submission to the denunciation.

It is known that the bill, reported by the Committee, failed to pass at the session of 1811. Crawford, therefore, did not succeed in accomplishing his main object, although he paved the way for a resuscitation, at a

future session of Congress, of the expired charter; and the stand he had taken lent a support to the Bank which sustained its political fortunes through many years of trials and struggles. But the debate, in view of the previous party relations of those who participated in it, gave rise to political events of the most important and permanent character. The whole project of the National Bank was conceded to Federal paternity. This fact at once arrayed against it the entire forces of the Democratic or Jeffersonian party, and among these was James Madison, then President, though known to be less attenuated in his opinions than the illustrious leader and founder of that hide-bound sect. Crawford had entered the Senate, a member of the same party, but, as we have seen, crossed swords with its prominent champion, on a vital issue, at the very first session. The gap thus made was never fairly closed; and although Crawford was reckoned an anti-Federalist during his entire public career, it is yet a remarkable fact that he never acted with the Democratic party on any of the important issues at stake. When, therefore, in 1811, he was put forward as the leader of the Bank party, it became evident that a confusion of parties, already foreshadowed in 1808, must speedily ensue. The main body of the Federal party gladly followed his lead. The prominent liberal Democrats took their stations by his side. At the session of 1816, the Bank charter, thus aided by this timely co-operation of dissentient factions, was passed. In this manner a third party began slowly to emerge from the confusion; for the largest portion of the Federalists, although co-operating with their opponents on the Bank question, had marched off under the anti-war banner, sheared, however, of its brightest ornaments, and of its most patriotic and liberal members. While, then, the new party did not absorb this rancorous phalanx, their ranks were soon swelled by important accessions from the Democratic fold. Chief among these was President Madison, who, after signing the Bank charter, became its hearty and powerful advocate, and, of course, approached Crawford with every demonstration of confidence and political sympathy. Clay soon followed, and publicly announced, as he has repeatedly done since, his entire change of opinion on the Bank question; while, on the floor of the House of Representatives, Cal-

houn himself was recognized as the prime mover and leader of those who favored the re-establishment of the Bank.

These events gave birth to the Whig party; which, soon gathering compactness and strength, has exercised great influence in the political world from that day to the present. Men may since have changed, and run the gauntlet of political tergiversations; but the party is essentially the same, and at its head may still be recognized many who were principal actors in its original formation.

It is painful to pause, at this interesting period of Crawford's political history, to record the unwelcome fact that his opinion, as concerned the constitutional power of Congress to charter a Bank, underwent in his latter life an entire change. His great speech in support of the Bank had not been successfully answered at the time of its delivery. It gave birth to an influence that shortly afterwards created the elements of a new party organization, converted to its opinions many of the most distinguished of the Bank opponents, and brought about a train of legislation that established the Bank as one of the cardinal means of carrying into effect the granted powers of Congress. This legislation remained unaltered, and almost undisturbed, for nearly twenty years after the charter of 1816, during which time the Bank had faithfully and correctly transacted all the fiscal business of the Government; and at last its political fortune had only gone down before the selfish animosities of jealous politicians, and the indomitable will of an equally implacable and intolerant party chieftain. During all this long period, Crawford was alive, in retirement at his rural seat of Woodlawn. His Bank speeches, if they had not made for him all the political consequence he ever enjoyed, had at least first introduced him to the nation, and laid the foundation of his greatness. The fruits of his bold exertions and labors were manifested on all sides, and in every quarter of the Union, by an unparalleled progress of general prosperity. He had made the Bank a favorite with the nation, and, in the outset of his brilliant career, had staked his fortunes on its single issue. Long years rolled away, and his fame became identified with this first object of his public devotion. But time, which had developed the full scope of his policy, verified his expectations and

predictions, and crowned his efforts with unsurpassed success, had touched him with a heavy and blighting hand. Disease had made rapid encroachments, and dealt him a blow from which he never recovered. Artful and unprincipled men, seeking his confidence under the guise of friendship, had abused his weaknesses, and inveigled him in unpleasant personal controversies, which subjected him to the merciless assaults of ancient political enemies whose rancor he had been led to provoke, and which grew to be too serious, too bitter, and too intricate in their final connections, not to dislodge an equanimity, which, never very settled, had now been so severely ruffled by disease. It so happened, too, that Clay and Calhoun, with whom he was then so fiercely engaged, and originally his opponents on the Bank question, had become of late the peculiar friends and guardians of the Bank interests. It is not, therefore, surprising that, under such circumstances, he should have been dispossessed of his calm judgment and discretion—especially when it is further considered that the varying tide of politics had thrown him alongside of those who were moving their whole official and personal influence to the destruction of the United States Bank.

It was at such a time, and in the midst of such exciting events, that the world heard first of Crawford's change of opinion on this question. It occurred just before the close of his life, and after he had been in close retirement for more than seven years, during which time the whole complexion of parties and of politics had undergone a change, leaving no outward discernible marks of the eventful era in which he had figured. His immediate circle of intimate and confidential friends were all opposed to a Bank. A distinguished member of Congress from Georgia, his early friend and political follower, was leading opposition to the Bank in the House of Representatives, and against him, in favor of the Bank, was arrayed the entire South Carolina influence, headed by McDuffie, who had just publicly assailed Crawford's veracity on a delicate and important point. Thus was presented to him the unwelcome spectacle of enemies sheltering themselves from overthrow behind the solid ramparts of his own previous opinions, while his friends were being daily confused and driven off by the exhibition of this proof armor which himself had forged.

It would be attributing to him more than human endowments, to suppose that these facts did not materially influence the apparent change of opinion to which we have adverted.

About this time, as our information unfolds, Crawford, in his capacity of Circuit Judge, went over to the county of Elbert for the purpose of holding the semi-annual term of its Court. He staid there over night, as had long been his custom, with an ancient and confidential friend, himself an active and zealous politician. Conversation turned on the proceedings of Congress, as regarded the Bank, and, incidentally, concerning his own former political relations with that institution. During its progress, the host adverted to a copy of the debates, in his possession, on the formation of the Federal Constitution, and its adoption by the States. The book was placed in Crawford's possession; and then it was that recently engendered prejudice found, as it was thought, a genial and strong covert behind which to plant and sustain the change of opinion so much desired by friends, incautiously excited, and perhaps so long meditated by the veteran statesman himself. These debates show, among other things, that the framers of the Constitution failed to pass a resolve giving to Congress the express power of chartering corporations. The importunities of friends, powerfully aided by the very natural bias of personal resentments, induced him to seize on this as the pretext for a change; and as conviction is not difficult where inclination leads the way, the change was easily accomplished and was soon announced. This account of so strange a revulsion of opinion, once, in the zenith of intellect and of life, deeply entertained and cherished, is fully confirmed both by his own pithy letter to the editor of the *Savannah Republican*, and by the admission of Mr. Dudley in the sketch to which we have elsewhere briefly adverted. It is an account well worthy of nice and scrupulous examination; and we should scarcely deem our task to be fairly fulfilled did we not address an effort to that effect. The justice of history requires, especially at the hand of impartial and candid reviewers, to be fully vindicated in connection with one whose opinions will inevitably exercise great influence with the future generations of the Republic, as they have eminently done with those of his own times.

It is true that the Convention of 1787 failed to engraft within the *express* powers of the Federal Constitution the power of chartering corporations. But it is equally true that a proposition to invest Congress with the *direct* power of erecting forts, arsenals, and dock-yards, also failed.\* And yet Congress has always exercised, and must continue to exercise both powers. The principle of implication reaches and covers both cases, and we contend that Crawford's own argument, to prove the existence of implied powers, is irrefutable. The context and tone of the Constitution tend clearly to show that only general and cardinal powers were intended to be expressly granted; for to have burthened a written form of government with the distinct recitation of every grant necessary to put in operation the whole machinery of legislation, would have been to swell the present admirable limits of the Constitution into crude, indigestible, and impracticable dimensions, would have sheared it of that remarkable simplicity and comprehensiveness which render it so accessible and practical, and would have entailed upon the country a tome of Institutes or Pandects as intricate as those of Justinian, instead of establishing a constitution as the *fountain* from which to draw all proper laws. The grant "to regulate commerce" is an elementary and cardinal grant of power, and needs to be amplified by all proper species of legislation tending to promote the ends of commerce, in order that it may be rendered tangible and operative. So also with the power "to establish post-offices." A post-office would not be desirable without the supervision of a postmaster; and this officer, by the will of Congress acting under the implied power drawn from this clause, is appointed by the Executive or his cabinet. These two instances are sufficient to show the *nature and character* of the Constitution, and fully establish Crawford's own former position, "that the enumeration of certain powers does not exclude all other powers not enumerated."

How then could the bare fact, that the Federal Convention of 1787 had rejected a proposition to invest Congress with the *express* power of chartering corporations, while the same Convention had rejected similar

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\* Viz.: in the rejection of Pinkney's draft. The power was afterwards made an *incidental* one.



propositions as applied to other enumerated grants, and while his own argument on the point, more than twenty years previously, still remained without answer,—how could this naked fact operate to produce a change of opinion so sudden and wonderful in Crawford's mind, as regarded the constitutionality of the Bank? A change on this point involves a change of all his former ideas concerning the character and context of the Federal Constitution; and the fact that the Convention had rejected the proposition to insert, *directly*, the power to erect forts, arsenals, and dock-yards, similarly construed with the fact which induced his change of opinion on the Bank question, would have compelled him to deny all such powers to Congress. The labors and the reflections of his whole political career, directed, as they were, with an energy and talent that never stopped short of complete satisfaction, would thus have been forced to succumb to the unsettled impressions of an intellect, shorn by disease of its meridian strength and lustre, and naturally impaired, to some extent, by long retirement, and premature old age. Our admiration for Crawford's character and talents, our sincere respect for that greatness which filled the world with his fame, would forbid us rashly to yield the ability of the splendid argument which distinguished his Senatorial career, to the less studied and undigested opinions of his latter years.

There are, moreover, very strong reasons for supposing that this fact, alleged in after years as the cause of his change of opinion on the constitutionality of the Bank, could not have weighed very heavily with him at the period of 1811. He may not have then examined its history as minutely as he did afterwards; but the fact that such proposition had been rejected in the Convention, was evidently before him. It was alluded to in the debates which first occurred in connection with the charter of the Bank in 1791. It was incidentally brought up in answer to his own speech of 1811. His investigations must have brought the fact to his eye in the elaborate opinions officially submitted by Edmund Randolph and Jefferson, when required to do so as cabinet officers by President Washington; not to name that of Hamilton, who argues the point at considerable length. The contents of these papers were known well to the politicians of the Revolutionary era. Besides, Crawford

was in the habit of frequent intercourse with members of the Convention who voted on the very question mooted, and from whom he must have learned the history of the proceeding. We yet find no allusion to the matter in either of his speeches; and the fair conclusion is that the fact then weighed very lightly in his estimation. And why should it not? How could it be regarded in a serious view? Ought not the Constitution to be decided on by the import of its own expressions? Crawford was too astute a politician not to be aware of the evil consequences which might result, if an obscure and scantily reported history, as to certain matters which occurred in the Convention, shall govern the construction of the Constitution. The instrument, like all other written forms, is entitled to a fairer and less attenuated measure. All must admit that there are incidental powers belonging to the Constitution. If the conclusion shall, therefore, be, that because some incidental powers are expressed, (as those for erecting forts, dock-yards, &c.,) no others can be admitted, it would not only be contrary to the common forms of construction, but would reduce the present Congress to the feebleness of the old one, which could exercise no powers not expressly *granted*.

Crawford, even in his latter days, could not have questioned the power of Congress to grant a charter of incorporation to the municipal body of Washington City. And yet no such power is expressly conferred by the Constitution. If, because the Convention rejected a proposition to insert the express power to charter any incorporations, the Bank is unconstitutional, the same rule must hold good as concerns any other description of incorporation. A corporation is the same, whether applied to a bank or to a municipality; and if the absence of express power constitutes a restriction, the rule must be universally applied to all subjects of legislation coming under that head. Such a mode of reasoning would capsize the legislation of every State in the Union, as well as of the National Government. It must be remembered that the express power to charter banks or incorporations is not given in any State Constitution, any more than it is given in the Federal Constitution.

But the validity of such a reason, as the basis of a radical change of opinion, may be impeached on other and stronger grounds.



The mere rejection of a proposition to insert an express power to grant charters of incorporation, is not, *à fortiori*, the evidence of opinion, on the part of the framers, hostile to the proper exercise of such power. In arranging a form of government adapted to the growing and varying wants of a country which bid fair, even then, to become a populous and an enterprising empire, it is scarcely allowable to suppose that a Convention would have assumed the responsibility of fixing as an immutable feature of the Constitution a special fiscal agent which, for better or for worse, was to be the perpetual depository of the government funds. This would have been absurd. The Bank, in the process of time and amidst the vicissitudes of trade and commerce, might have been found less convenient as a disbursing agent than some other project. The means by which national exigencies are to be provided for, national inconveniences obviated, national prosperity advanced, are of such infinite variety, extent, and complicity, that there must of necessity be great latitude of discretion in the selection and application of those means. The wisest course under such circumstances was, as the Convention fortunately decided on, to engraft a *general* clause based on *necessity* and *propriety*, leaving it to the judgment of the legislators of each succeeding age to select the means of procedure. Besides, the debates and proceedings of the Convention on the subject of adopting the proposition in question, clearly show that its rejection was carried on numerous grounds, none of which refer to a decided opinion as to its incompatibility with the general powers belonging to the Constitution. Some friends of the Bank of North America, as it existed under charter of the old Government, voted against the insertion of an express power to erect incorporations. The Constitution had been, after much contention and struggling, nearly per-

fect. The elements of opposition had sprung up at every step in its progress to formation. Each express power had been jealously argued. It was only after mutual concessions that opposing factions had coalesced on its main features. It was known that fierce and powerful opposition awaited the question of its adoption before the people of the States. Every thing, therefore, which might tend to feed this opposition was strictly excluded; and it is probable that, after agreeing upon the few express grants of cardinal power, the clause giving to Congress the *general* power to pass all laws necessary and proper to carry into effect the express powers, united more differences of sentiment in its support, and at the same time was intended to convey more extended import, than any clause of like size ever united or conveyed before.

Now it is well known that, throughout his entire political career, Crawford had been distinguished by bold expansion of thought and liberality of opinions. He had been in advance of his friends and of his political party on all the great practical questions at issue. He had planned his action on these views, and never varied from their pursuit. The views we have here set forth are deducible from his own speeches and reports to Congress; and it is hardly to be presumed that his sagacious mind had, in its zenith, failed to take in and act upon their full scope. We cannot, therefore, consent that the foundations of his fame and greatness shall be thus undermined by arraying the prejudices of his latter years, as of superior authority to and against the splendid achievements of his meridian life. Leaving, then, these facts and reasonings to be appreciated as may best chance, we shall now proceed with the regular course of narrative.

J. B. C.

LONGWOOD, Miss.

## A LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF THE WHIG REVIEW,

ON THE

## DISADVANTAGES OF BEING BORN IN ONE'S OWN COUNTRY.

CHARLES LAMB once presented to the world a capital and conclusive paper on the inconveniences of being hanged; and, prompted by my own experiences, I shall be able to establish, I am pretty sure, that one might as well be hanged as——

This is broaching the matter too bluntly: I must approach the grand *Quod Erat Demonstrandum* with a little preparation. It will not do to state, in so many words, that it would have been more comfortable for me to have been born a Caribbean, with the privilege of wielding a club in my own defense; or a Choctaw, with the inalienable natural right of cleaving my enemy's skull with a tomahawk; or a Hindoo, with idols of my own to worship, and not imposed on me by other nations, although they might be of wood; or, in a word, any body else, or any where else, than a free Republican citizen of this vast confederacy. I propose to begin at the beginning, and to show, in my own simple history, the utter absurdity of being born an American; that in the creation of an American Nature intends a huge joke; or, to sum up all in brief, that it may be fairly doubted, if not entirely demonstrated, whether, properly speaking, there is any such place as America. I am willing to admit that the title "America" does appear in various geographies, gazetteers, and other publications of a like kind; also, that there is a certain considerable superficial space marked off in many, perhaps in all of the maps or atlases in common use, which passes, also, under that designation: but whether there is any distinctive country, with its own proper customs, habits and self-relying usages, answering to that name, or any such characteristic creature, representing such customs, habits and usages, called American, will appear or not, when we have advanced a little further in the subject.

I was first led to entertain doubts in this

way. It was the custom of my father—peace to his memory!—to have me accompany him to the shop of the barber, where he submitted every other day to his quarterly shaving. In these visits, it happened, not rarely, when the shop was well attended with customers, that I, a lad perhaps some five or six years of age, was prompted to mount a chair, and recite or improvise a brief oration on some current subject arising at the moment; and my success was often so considerable that I received an honorary gratuity of a sixpenny piece—which altogether inspired me with the feeling that native talent was held in high esteem among my countrymen. This opinion I cherished and held fast to till my tenth year, when my mind was disturbed by the unusual commotion in the same shop at the announcement of the death of the British Premier, George Canning, and the appearance, shortly thereafter, in an honorary gilt frame, of a colored head of the said Canning, assigned to the most conspicuous position on the wall. This shock was followed up with a pair of boots, purchased for my juvenile wearing, which I heard named Wellingtons, and which, vended as they were freely in my native city here of New-York, I learned were so named in honor of a distinguished general who had spent his life in fighting the battles of the English Government.

As I grew in years evidences thickened upon me. To say nothing of Liverpool coal, Kidderminster carpets, and such indoor importations, I found the same shadow crossing my path in the public streets, laid out by the same native corporation. I struck out to the east, and found myself rambling in Albion Place; I wandered to the west, and landed in Abingdon Square; I pushed for the north, and came square upon the snag of London Terrace. I used to rub my eyes and wonder whether I was in the New

World or the Old; and was afflicted with the uncomfortable sensation of the man who went to sleep in the mountains, and waking up after a twenty years' nap, opened his eyes under a Republican government, although his slumbers had begun under a royal rule. Mine was merely reversed: I fancied I had slept backward to the good old times of George the Third, and was surprised to miss the statue of that excellent king from its old post of authority in the centre of the Bowling Green next to the Battery.

When I had grown up to be old enough to take an interest in books, I found the same happy delusion still maintained. I put out my hand, as I suppose boys do in other countries, to seize upon some ballad, history or legend connected with the fortunes of my own people; and I found twenty busy gentlemen zealously filling it with English publications. Whatever my humor might be, to laugh or weep, for a glimpse of high life or low, for verse or prose, there was always one of these industrious gentlemen at my side, urging on my attention a book by some writer a great way off, which had no more to do with my own proper feelings or the sentiments of my country than if they had been Persian or Patagonian—only they were in the English language, always English. I said to myself, as I began to consider these matters, I'll take to the newspapers; surely these, as belonging to the country, published in the country, and by men like myself, must make me ample amends for being practised upon in the bound books: I will read the newspapers. Never was boy, thirsting after patriotic reading, more completely duped. One after the other, here were police reports, with slang phrases that certainly never originated in any of the courts or prisons of the New World; elaborate accounts of prize fights and cricket matches, and what not of that sort; and withal, such an outpouring of small-beer scandal and little nasty vituperation of my decent fellow-citizens, that the shadow fell upon my spirit again, and I was more than ever clear upon the point, that whoever had the naming of this quarter of the globe in the maps and gazetteers had clearly committed an egregious mistake in calling it America: he should have named it Little Britain.

In spite of these discouraging convictions,

I saw that the people about me were given to laughter, and, in a way of their own, had something of a relish for merriment. I have it at last, I said to myself: they let these heavy dogs of Englishmen name their streets and edit their newspapers; but when they come to any thing elegant, sportive and cheerful, they take the matter into their own hands. I'll go to the Museum and see what the Americans, my fellow-countrymen, are about there. Will you believe it?—as I live, the first object I encountered in the hall was the cast-off state-coach of her Majesty Queen Victoria, so blocking up the way that I made no attempt to advance farther; but, turning on my heel, I determined to indemnify myself at one of the theatres. I struck for the nearest, and, as if in conspiracy with the state-coach, the first notes I caught from the orchestra were "God save the Queen," played with great energy by the musicians, and vigorously applauded by a portion of the audience. I tried another house immediately, where I was entertained during my short stay by an old gentleman in a wig, (unlike any other old gentleman I had ever seen in my life,) who was denouncing some body or other, not then visible, as having conducted himself in a manner altogether unworthy an "honest son of Britain!" There was still another left to me—a popular resort—where flaming bills, staring me in the face every time I passed, had promised abundant "novelty suited to the times." I have you at last, methought; you cannot escape me now; this is the theatre for my money. What was my astonishment, on entering and possessing myself of one of the small bills of the evening, to discover that they had taken one of those new books I had come away from home to avoid, and made a play of it: it was really too much partridge by a long shot. There was not a mouthful of fresh air, it would seem, to be had for love or money: the moment I opened my mouth, wherever it might be, at home or abroad, for health or pleasure, these busy dietarians were ready with their everlasting partridge, to gorge me to the throat.

Where was the use of repining? Time heals all wounds of the youthful spirit. I grew to man's estate. Now (said I, chuckling to myself at the thought) I will set this matter right. These men mean well: they would give just what you desire, but,

poor fellows, they haven't it to give. That (I continued to myself) is easily settled: I'll write a play and present it to them: I will take an American subject, (allowing, for the nonce, that there is such a place as America;) I will represent a man of character, a hero, a patriot. I will place him in circumstances deeply interesting to the country, and to which the republican feeling of the country shall respond with a cheer. No sooner thought than done. The play was written: an American historical play. With some little art a hearing was procured from one of these gentlemen—a stage-manager, as they call him. I stuffed him, that all the pipes and organs of his system might be in tune, with a good dinner; which he did not disdain, although I may mention that the greens were raised in Westchester, and the ducks shot on the Sound. I announced the title and subject, and proceeded to read: during this business he seemed to be greatly moved. At the conclusion of the MS. I found my manager in a much less comfortable humor than at the table. In a word, with ill-concealed disdain, he pronounced the play a failure, and wondered that any body would spend his time on subjects so unworthy the English Drama, as little provincial squabbles like those of American History. He was right: American History is not a suitable subject for the English Drama. With doubts still thickening in my mind whether this was America, I paid the reckoning, thrust my play in my pocket, and hurried home, anxious to consult some authentic chronicle to make sure whether there had been such an event as the Revolutionary War. Such an event was certainly there set down, at considerable length, and one George Washington was mentioned as having taken part in it. The printed book I read from was called the History of the United States; but from all I could see, hear, and learn, daily, about me, the United States so referred to was decidedly non-existent, at least so far as I had yet pushed my researches.

But I did not, even now, altogether despair. I said again, Perhaps I am limiting myself to too humble a range of observation; why should I confine myself to the city of New-York, Empire City though it be, and capital of this great Western Continent? I

will change the scene; I will go a journey; I will strike for Bunker Hill: if I find that, all is safe. Boston is not at the end of the earth, nor is one a lifetime in getting there. I found Bunker Hill: I could not easily miss it, for there was a great pile of stones, a couple of hundred feet high, which a blind man could not have missed if he had been travelling that way. You are mistaken, young man, (I again addressed myself, as I contemplated the granite pyramid;) there has been a Revolutionary War: the American colonies fought it, and after a severe struggle, great waste of blood, treasure, and counsel of wise men, they severed themselves from the Mother Country, and they were free! The little grievances which have irked you, such as names of streets, play-houses, and such trifles, are scarcely worthy of consideration: politically you are free. You have your own political institutions, with which no stranger can intermeddle: what more could you ask?

I was hugging myself in this comfortable conviction, pacing proudly in the shadow of Faneuil Hall, that venerable cradle of our boasted Independence, when a boy placed in my hand an "extra" sheet, from which I learned that a steamer had just arrived from England, and had that moment landed on the very wharf of Boston where the tea was dumped, an emissary, apparently authorized by the Mother Country, for he was a member of the British Parliament, who had come to resume in due form the old political authority of the Mother Country, and to direct us *ex cathedra* in the regulation of those very political concerns of which we fancied we had acquired the exclusive control by fighting through that old Revolutionary War. You see, my dear Mr. Editor, it was all a mistake: the whole thing is a cunningly devised fable; there was no such contest as the Revolutionary War; there was no such man as George Washington, (facetiously represented as the father of his country;) and there is no such country as America. The sooner we reconcile ourselves to the facts the more comfortable we shall all be. Christopher Columbus, in the order of Providence, was a grand mistake; at least such is the settled and unshakable opinion of your obedient servant,

BELLEROPHON BROWN.

## USES AND ABUSES OF LYNCH LAW.

### NO. III.

BLAKE found the Mississippi conspirators firm in their bad purpose, and willing to second him; but those of the adjoining States were terror-stricken and demurred, so that he was forced to confine his operations to the former.

Every preparation was made, and the whole affair actually conducted to within eight days of the proposed crisis, when an exposure took place. A lady residing in Livingston county, who had been induced to watch her slaves very closely, from a singular alteration in their demeanor, overheard a conversation between two of them on the night of the 26th June, which filled her with terror and apprehension. She immediately informed her son, and one of the parties, a girl, was summoned into the house, informed of what had been already heard, and finally induced to confess.

The information was laid before the "Committee of Safety" of the county, early the next morning, and they proceeded to investigate the subject in the most active manner. The knowledge of the conspiracy was traced back to four slaves, who were the ringleaders among the negroes, two of them preachers; and their guilt being fully established, they were hung.

Up to this moment no agency of a white man had been discovered; but on the next day further information was furnished the Committee, and then through this second channel they at last reached the fountain-head of the mischief.

Our space prevents us from describing the scenes that followed, but we will glance at the proceedings in Livingston.

With every certainty of the correct and forcible administration of the law, there would have been now no time for its formal delays; but knowing as the citizens did that they stood as it were upon a volcano ready to explode, that the law was utterly impotent in the premises, and that no man could be depended upon save him who went heart and hand with them in crushing the conspiracy in its bud, but one course was open. The Committee did all that

could have been expected from them. As fair a trial as it was possible for them to give, was allowed the accused. The Governor of the State was consulted, and issued a proclamation approving of their proceedings.

The most important conspirators that were living in Livingston were Ruel Blake, Cotton, Saunders, Donovan, and Dean. A man named Lee Smith was found guilty of some knowledge of the plot, but allowed to depart upon the condition that he would leave the State. He fell into the hands of the infuriated citizens of Hinds county, and was slain. Two Earls were also arrested, and made confessions. One hung himself in his cell, and the other was sent to Vicksburg, and we believe escaped.

The guilt of these men was proved by the most clear and indubitable evidence; by their confessions upon the gallows, and by their implicating one another.

We give below the confession of Dr. Cotton:—

"I acknowledge my guilt. I was one of the principal ones, with Boyd and Ruel Blake, in getting up this conspiracy. I am a member of the Murrell clan, and belong to what we call the Grand Council. I have counselled with them on an island in the Mississippi, and once near Columbus, this spring. Our object in undertaking this clan was not to liberate the negroes, but to get plunder. It has been in contemplation several years, but fell through on Murrell's conviction and imprisonment. We sought to revive it on the plan laid down in Stewart's pamphlet. From the exposure of our plans in that publication, we feared the citizens would be on their guard on the night of the 25th December, so we thought we would take by surprise on the night of the 4th July, and it would have been to-night (and may be yet) but for the detection of our plans. There are about one hundred and fifty of our clan in this State. Boyd is the leader, and the Earls, who swore for us on the 1st, were his main men. Saunders was in the plot. Blake's boy, Peter, was justly punished, for he was very active in corrupting his fellow negroes. There are arms and ammunition deposited in Hinds county, near Raymond.

(Signed)  
"July 4th, 1835."

JOSHUA COTTON.

The gang of villains whose projects were thus frustrated was very far from being



annihilated. They had learned too well the benefits to be derived from a mutual system of assistance and co-operation by a combination of persons in the different walks of life,—from a proper apportionment of labor, in the true spirit of Adam Smith's doctrine of economy,—to again recommence the career of iniquity, unaided and unabatted.

They had learned that by proper management, by the application of brute force, of threats, of example in some situations, and the juggling of courts, witnesses, and juries in others, that any confederate was comparatively safe from every danger of being overtaken by retributive justice, save by the dreaded and fatal Lynch Law.

The members of the band generally changed their posts; those who were planters and merchants, finding themselves objects of suspicion, sold out, often to others of the clan, whose characters were as yet unknown to their new neighbors, and moved to some adjoining State.

The Grand Council was probably done away with, and having now no acknowledged leader, they divided themselves into numerous small parties, each with their chosen chief and manager, and unconnected with the others in any momentous project, but still known to each other, and furnishing shelter and assistance to any villain or villains who might require it.

Many of them emigrated to Texas, and it is of this section that we would speak, being intimately acquainted with their movements from personal observation.

One of the first who met with his deserts was an old man by the name of Yokum, who had been the terror of the part of Louisiana where he formerly resided, we believe upon Plaquemine Brulé, or in that vicinity. It has often been told us by old settlers from that portion of the State, that not one of Yokum's family, or of the gang whom he kept around him, had met with a natural death.

This patriarch in crime selected "Pine Island Prairie," in the lower part of Eastern Texas, a place where he would be but little troubled with inquisitive neighbors; and where, from its location upon the road leading from Belew's Ferry upon the Sabine through Liberty, and crossing the San Jacinto at the Attascaseta ford to Houston, he would be sure to *entertain*, that is, "keep" or "receive," almost every traveller that chose that route.

Knowing the advantages of a good character at home, he soon, by his liberality, apparent good-humor, and obliging disposition, succeeded in ingratiating himself with the few settlers who were, with backwoods courtesy, called neighbors,—any one within fifteen miles being entitled to the benefit of the term.

The first thing that attracted general suspicion and inquiry, was the appearance of his stud. Planters and stock-raisers in Texas keep many horses, but they are universally of the small breed of Louisiana Creole ponies, or those of the Spanish kind. The larger breed of horses from the Northern or Western States are designated as "American horses," and are seldom met with, unless perchance a physician, lawyer, or wealthy planter may keep one as his especial saddle-horse. Travellers, however, almost invariably are mounted upon them.

No Texan can conceal his stock of cattle or his stud, as every acre of prairie and timber is thoroughly hunted over once and often twice a year, by large parties of stock-raisers, who join together and ride over the whole country within twenty and thirty miles of their residences, and very frequently much farther, gathering every four-footed beast into the nearest pen, and selecting out their own for the purpose of branding them. Ignorant except of their own peculiar business, their knowledge of everything pertaining to cattle, their recollection of, and skill in managing them, is wonderful. It is not surprising, then, that the large and increasing stock of fine American horses, which were found grazing in the prairie near Yokum's, excited their suspicion. Inquiries for missing travellers, and the non-appearance of some who were known to have stopped upon the road at houses east of Yokum's, but who did not make their appearance again, furnished additional cause. At length, by a very singular train of events, things came to a crisis.

A man named Carey, an industrious, hard-working person, settled upon a prairie near Cedar Bayou, in company with a Mr. Page. They owned a small tract, and cultivated a small farm jointly.

Near them—in fact, the fences of their plantations joined—lived a Mr. Britton, a blustering, quarrelsome Down-easter, who, in consideration of his Goliath-like proportions, determined upon ruling the prairie.

Britton, Page, and Carey occupied the same "league" of land, and ere long the former was embroiled with the two latter in a violent dispute, commencing with a difficulty in the division of the property, and aggravated by that fruitful subject, a quarrel about their dogs.

Page kept sheep, but no dogs; and Britton dogs, but no sheep. Britton's favorite dog killed Page's sheep, and Page or Carey killed Britton's dog. Here, now, was a germ for a serious difficulty, and in itself a very pretty quarrel as it stood. Soon after, Britton met Carey upon the prairie, and horse-whipped him. Threats and reprimands followed, but nothing serious resulted from them for nearly a year.

At last, something again excited Britton's ire, and he sent word to Carey that he was braiding a lash for his especial benefit—a lash that would cut him to the bone.

Carey's business that afternoon caused him to visit a neighbor, a new settler, who was living, *pro tem.*, in a small log pen, or house. Here he found his antagonist, sitting in the door, and leaning his head back against the door-post; and also two or three other persons, who had called upon the new comer.

Carey entered, placed a rifle which he was carrying upon the bed, and, after remaining some half an hour, during which time nothing had passed between him and his enemy, rose to retire. His gun lay with its muzzle toward the door, and Carey stepped round the bed, as if to raise the gun by the breech. As soon as he put his hands upon the piece, it was discharged, and a ball passed through Britton's brain. He fell dead instantly, without groan or word. We are in error, however, in stating that he *fell* dead; for so quickly did death supervene the rifle's report, that he remained sitting bolt upright, and the spectators did not know until Carey had left the room, that anything more serious than an accidental discharge of the rifle had taken place.

The perpetrator of this homicide (whether accidental or intentional none but his Maker and himself can tell) immediately fled from the county, and took refuge with old Yokum, probably judging that his late deed would be a fitting letter of introduction.

Yokum received him with open arms, promised to protect and defend him, and, if necessary, to secure his retreat from the county in safety.

This, however, was very far from his real design, and he kept Carey housed for a long time, a prey to agonizing fears, which were not allayed by the tales he was told of the threats which the county had made of taking him by force, and lynching him.

Thus working upon his fears, Yokum prevented his prisoner (for such he really was) from carrying out the intention which he had expressed soon after his arrival, of delivering himself up for trial, as soon as the momentary excitement of the people had died away; and ultimately persuaded him of the absolute necessity that existed for him to dispose of his property in Texas as best he might, and then to fly from the country. Yokum offered to purchase the "improvements," which were valuable, and to facilitate his exodus and that of Page's family; and placing full faith in his honesty of purpose, Carey gave him a letter to his friend, directing him to make a deed of sale of the plantation, &c., to Yokum.

Yokum immediately rode over to the scene of the late disturbance, and finding Page ready to comply with his partner's wishes, left with him several of his fine American horses, with which the family were to escape, and which was to be the first payment, with a sum of money which he promised them toward the purchase of the estate.

During Carey's residence in this backwoods Alsatia, he had formed an acquaintance with one of the clan, who seemed to have taken a fancy to him, and to whom he probably was indebted for his life. While Yokum was absent, this person opened Carey's eyes as to the whole plot, which was now drawing to its close. The whole property was to be transferred to Yokum by Carey's agent, Page, for a nominal consideration, and Yokum promised to hold it until he could sell it to advantage, and then to send the money to Carey, or to pay it over to his agent. In the meanwhile, the horses were given, or lent, and a small sum of money.

This, however, was all pretense, and Yokum's true design was to obtain a legal title to the plantation, and then to dispose of Carey in such a manner that there would be no danger of his turning up again. There was another necessity for this course: Carey had learnt too many and too dangerous secrets for Yokum to trust him out of his sight. Carey escaped, and fled to the

house of one of the most influential men in Liberty county, to whom he confided all his knowledge of Yokum and his doings, and also stated his intention of delivering himself up immediately for trial.

The people were called together, and determined to take the law in their own hands, to punish the guilty, and to drive the entire clan out of the county.

Upon their arrival at Yokum's house, they found that he had escaped, and setting themselves to work to make such investigation as they could, they soon satisfied themselves of his undoubted crime.

A negro informed them where the bones of a traveller could be found, viz., in an old well; and those of another were said to have been discovered bleaching upon the prairie. Yokum's family were ordered to leave the house, the furniture was removed, and then the premises were set on fire. The family, and all of the hangers-on, had a certain number of days allowed them to move their effects and leave the county, being threatened with death if they ever returned. This last measure was one of necessity, as the safety of all those concerned in their removal depended upon it.

A party meanwhile set forth upon Yokum's trail, and succeeded in finding him at a house near Spring Creek, in the present county of Montgomery, and then known as Spring Creek county. The culprit was secured and carried some miles on the homeward route, when his captors dismounted, informing him that his time had come, and, giving him one short half-hour to repent the villainies of a long lifetime, shot him through the heart.

The family of Yokum, and all connected with them, left the county and emigrated further west, denouncing the Lynching party and swearing that they would be revenged upon every one who had a hand in the affair. There is no doubt but that some of these threats would have been fulfilled, had not the citizens of Liberty county proved that they were terribly in earnest in their determination to take instant and fatal measures with any one of the clan who should dare to again cross the county line.

The least objectionable of all of Yokum's tribe, his son Christopher,—perhaps the only one against whom some heinous crime could not have been established,—had married but a short time before the general breaking up

of the gang. His wife refused to accompany or to follow him, but promised to live with him if he would return; and after waiting a year he determined to do so. Whether this was a mere ruse to obtain a foothold again, and to provide a house of refuge for others to carry out their threatened revenge, we know not, but it proved a fatal affair for him. As soon as the sheriff heard of his presence he immediately put him in the jail at Beaumont, in order to save his life, and if possible assist him to escape. But all precautions were useless. The people rose immediately upon learning of Yokum's arrival, and taking him out of jail hung him upon the first tree. Thus was entirely destroyed the branch of the Murrell gang in Liberty county, and the prompt action of determined men prevented it from becoming an abiding-place for thieves and a den of murderers.

Concerning the after fate of Murrell, and his conquerer, Stewart, many contradictory reports are in circulation. We have seen a statement that the former, broken down in health and spirits by his long confinement, died of consumption soon after his release, and that the latter was at the present time a wealthy farmer in the interior of Pennsylvania. With regard to Stewart we *know* this to be erroneous, and have good reason to believe that Murrell did not die from the disease or in the manner related.

After Murrell's imprisonment, and the *éclaircissement* which followed, furnishing proof indisputable of the correctness of Stewart's statements, his enemies, the yet undiscovered members of the clan, in a thousand ways sought to poison the public ear. They denounced him as a member of the clan, induced by hope of reward, by cowardice, or a spirit of revenge, to betray the plot. When a man has hundreds of secret enemies thrusting their stealthy but fatal daggers into his character, with but few friends who can but ward off the more open blows, his chance for obtaining even-handed justice from any community is small, and so it proved with our hero. For a time his popularity was great, and the Legislature of Mississippi voted him ten thousand dollars to pay his expenses to and in Europe, under the impression that his life was in great danger in any part of this country. Stewart declined the money and refused to leave, but determining to test his popularity and

the strength of his enemies, he ran for Congress and was defeated. Justly disgusted and indignant at the ingratitude of those for whom he had sacrificed so much, he left the State and country, and settled upon Peach creek, within a few miles of the Colorado river, in Western Texas.

Even here he deemed his life in constant danger, and from this time he did not dare to venture out from his cabin after dark, to have a light in his room, or to sleep in the same chamber as his wife. His hair and beard were neglected, and he sought to disguise his appearance, but all these precautions would have been of but little avail had not a secret but potent fetter been applied to restrain the hands of his revengeful enemies. It was said, and openly, by those of whose knowledge there could be but little doubt, that Murrell had commanded his friends to let Stewart alone, to reserve him for his own vengeance. Immediately after his release he left for Texas, but had scarcely crossed the frontier when he was attacked by a fever which speedily terminated his infamous career. Stewart survived him a short time, dying a natural death.

Murrell was no common man. Possessed of an indomitable energy, great quickness of perception, an unshaken nerve, a power to influence and control all with whom he came in contact, it is probable that under different circumstances, and unexposed to those temptations which early led him astray, he might have been an honor and a blessing to his country in the council or in the field.

We add a sketch of his phrenological developments, as given by Professor O. S. Fowler, in the State Prison at Nashville, December, 1835:—

"John A. Murrell has a very strong constitution; is well formed, tall, active, muscular, very fond of motion, and works and moves with more ease than most men.

"His phrenological organization indicates a marked character. His head is high and long, and his brain of full size, which, with a predominance of mental and motive temperaments, gives clearness, activity, and strength of mind. One of the leading points in his character is *energy*, arising from large *Combative*ness and *Destructive*ness. He is uncommonly forcible and executive, and is prepared to go through thick and thin to accomplish his purposes. He never stops at trifles, and has any amount of courage and presence of mind in times of danger. He is fond of excitement, and not at all daunted by opposition.

"His *Acquisitiveness* is fully developed, giving rather a strong desire for property; yet it is not a ruling passion. *Secretiveness* is quite large, enabling him to exercise a high degree of tact and management, and also giving him perfect command over his countenance, and ability to conceal his real feelings, and act in disguise if necessary. *Cautiousness* is only moderate; hence, he is bold, daring and hasty. *Approbativeness* only average, with large and active *Self-esteem*, making him manly, dignified and authoritative, and more than polite, affable and familiar. He is disposed and qualified to take the lead, instinctively commands respect, and easily secures and influences others, and, at the same time, acts regardless of their opinions. He is prepared to take any amount of responsibility upon himself, if necessary, to carry out his plans. He would make a superior general in time of action.

"His *Firmness* is very large and active, giving great strength of will, determination, and perseverance. This is another most distinctive feature of his character, and to it he is indebted, in a great degree, for his success and influence.

"His sense of justice is not so small naturally as might be supposed; yet it is not large. If he had been educated under different circumstances, this faculty might have been as active and influential as in the majority of men. His *Hope* is quite prominent, and, joined with *Combative*ness, *Destructive*ness, *Self-esteem*, and *Firmness*, gives him an uncommon degree of enterprise, and disposes him to large plans and to anticipate great results. He has fair *Marvellousness*, rather large *Veneration*, and full *Benevolence*; hence, under religious influences he would be capable of sustaining a religious character, which would, comparatively speaking, do credit to the profession.

"As to his social feelings, some of them, namely, *Amativeness*, *Philoprogenitiveness*, are well developed, but *Adhesiveness* is not large. He is a friend so long as it is his interest, but no longer. His *Concentrativeness* is large, giving him great power of application, and continuity of thought. He has considerable *ingenuity*, scope of mind, and sense of the witty, and, under favorable circumstances, would show them in character to quite an extent.

"Intellectually, he has great powers of observation. He is forcible and clear as a reasoner, and quite safe in planning; he is seldom at a loss for ways and means to accomplish his purposes. His most successful manner of reasoning is by analogy and comparison. He is neat and systematic, has a good mechanical eye, superior practical judgment, and good general memory. He is decidedly a matter-of-fact man, and uncommonly quick and accurate in his judgment of the character and motives of others.

"His *Language*, *Individuality*, *Eventuality*, and *Comparison*, enable him to entertain company agreeably, relate many anecdotes, and show off to the best advantage.

"His notorious rascality does not depend so much upon a bad phrenological organization as upon the wrong direction of his mind when young, as history will probably show. He has natural ability, if it had been rightly called out and directed,

for a superior scholar, scientific man, a lawyer, or a statesman."

The application of Lynch Law in large cities, in densely populated counties, or in any place where law and order rule, is to be deprecated as the greatest of misfortunes. Where such rude justice is not only excusable, but peremptorily necessary, it yields, after a short space, to the more slowly-moving and deliberate decision of the law of the land. But when peace and order have been once fairly established, to permit of their overturn for a moment is to establish a precedent for riot and murder—to open the door for anarchy and incalculable mischief.

The hanging of the gamblers at Vicksburg, an affair which made quite as much noise in the world as the burning at the stake of so many martyrs would have done, is by no means a case in point, and has been very unjustly, although almost universally, censured.

It occurred during the Murrell excitement, when it was known that the gamblers as a body belonged to, or were cognizant of, the conspiracy. At this time every boat that plied upon the Western rivers was infested by gamblers, every village and town overrun with them. Reckless men, without hope or fear, they herded together, setting all law both divine and human at defiance, and shielding their companions from the consequences of any act, however heinous. Their only argument was the bowie-knife, their only rejoinder the pistol-bullet.

The movement against them was not confined to Vicksburg, but with scarcely an exception, they were driven from all the minor cities of the Southwest. At this time the people became aware of the imminent danger which they incurred, and the gamblers, in the very spirit of the old adage, "*Quem Deus vult perdere*," &c., conducted themselves with increased audacity. They mustered in such force at Montgomery, Ala., as to set at naught all municipal authorities and regulations. A hotel which they frequented was unlicensed, and the keeper, prompted by his customers, refused to pay fine or tax; and when an attempt was made to enforce some of the more forcible arguments—the stocks and stones—of the law, the officers were met with closed doors, and the appearance of a very ugly assortment of fire-arms at the windows.

The crisis was at last attained, and the citizens, assembling in numbers, declared that they would rid their city of the scum which had infested it, at any cost. Arming themselves, they proceeded to invest the enemy's head-quarters, which they found prepared to sustain a siege,—the doors barricaded, and the windows filled with desperadoes, rifles in hand, who dared them to advance, and swore with horrid oaths, that the first man or men who should attempt to force the door, or even approach, should be perforated with bullets.

We have now to record an act of cool and determined, almost unexampled, bravery upon the part of Edward Dargin, at this moment a Judge of the Supreme Court. Seeing that his party hesitated, he seized an axe and deliberately advanced to the door. The gamblers covered him with their rifles, but entirely disregarding the danger, he ordered the citizens to advance, fire the house, and massacre every man within it, if the besieged dared to fire upon him.

The cool bravery of the man cowed the ruffians, and Dargin dashed in the door with his axe, apparently regardless of the muzzles of eleven rifles directed against him. The gamblers submitted and left Montgomery, where, had it not been for this act of heroism, a more bloody tragedy than that of Vicksburg would have been enacted.

In Tuscaloosa the gamblers were driven out at the point of the bayonet, or to speak more correctly, at the muzzle of the rifle. The other towns imitated the example, especially those upon the Mississippi and Red River. For a time the *chevaliers d'industrie* scarcely dared to show themselves upon the boats, and when they did, were forced to conduct themselves with great circumspection, for upon the least disturbance the boat was rounded to at the next wood-yard, and the culprit discharged. In any aggravated case some of the uninhabited islands of the Mississippi were colonized by a set of modern Robinson Crusoes, whose chance of escape was rather slim.

At Vicksburg and Natchez, they had reigned supreme. They obtained complete and undisputed possession of a certain portion of the latter place, known as Natchez-under-the-Hill. This was of necessity the landing, and where all the warehouses for cotton and heavy merchandise were located, surrounded by dancing, drinking, and gambling houses.



No man's life was safe in the streets one moment after dark, and passengers of the steamboats lying there, who returned to their boats after sundown, ran through the lower town as if the avenger of blood were behind them. The gamblers were expelled in a body, and shortly afterwards the lower town was destroyed by fire, doubtless an act of revenge on their part.

Vicksburg boasted of no "under-the-hill," and so the gamblers, unable to colonize as in the case of Natchez, determined to take the town itself, or at least to hold all the peaceable citizens in subjection, and all authority at defiance. So for a time they did, but *their* harvest time came at last. In a quarrel one of the party shot a Dr. Bradley, and when an attempt was made to arrest them, they barricaded the doors as their friends had done in Montgomery. Had they submitted quietly at first, their fate would not have been more severe than that of the latter; but when the armed citizens approached the house, they were fired upon and several wounded, if not killed.

It needed but this; their cup of iniquity was full. Five of them were seized and hung; and had the entire gang in the Southwest met with the same fate in the same manner, their destruction would have been an incalculable blessing to the country.

The man who, really knowing the condition of this section at this time, and yet could stigmatize this action of the citizens of Vicksburg as a "barbarous murder,"—which hundreds of prints, at home and abroad, have done,—would be a fit candidate for the Non-Resistant Society, or Douglas, Smith, Kelly & Co.'s Liberty party of saints of the lower house.

Among the many "abuses of Lynch Law" which have occurred, we shall cite two, which we select for the reason that we are personally cognizant of the one, and are intimately acquainted with the facts of the other. Moreover, the circumstances of the latter bear a striking resemblance to those attending an exhibition of popular vengeance in the quiet and law-abiding city of Edinburgh, during the regency of Queen Caroline. If any other reasons were necessary, we might further state, that these two events have been held up to the world, with their attending circumstances, atrociously misrepresented by that precious collection of "Glauber" salt of the earth, Garrison's generation of knaves

and fools. And we also believe, that the days upon which these unhappy deeds occurred are marked as red-letter days upon the truthful (?) pages of the Anti-Slavery Almanac.

The small city of Grand Gulf, in Mississippi, was, on a certain Saturday night in May, 1848, a scene of the greatest alarm and excitement. A most brutal murder, and, as it was supposed at the time, a double murder, had been committed by a notorious negro, named Dick. He was a man of great muscular power, activity, and resolution, and but for his uncontrollable temper and savage disposition, would have been of great value to any master. A gentleman named Taylor originally owned him, and although a person of great strength and courage, found much difficulty in keeping the refractory slave in subjection. At times he would run away, and remain for days in the bush, and no one save his master cared to seek him. Mr. Taylor informed us that upon one occasion, when he came upon Dick unperceived by him, the fellow had a long knife in his hand, with which he was butchering, in imagination, all of those who had incurred his displeasure; and his recollection of causes of offense must have been very accurate, and the list of offenders a long one, to judge of the number of those over whose ideal slaughter he was gloating.

It is said, that when the idea of committing murder once fairly enters a man's brain, it never again abandons possession, but haunts him like a demon, urging him on, and, like the air-drawn dagger of the Thane of Cawdor, "marshalling him in the way that he is going." And so it proved with Dick.

A man named Greene, who owned a small "force," was engaged in the brick-making business, and, envying Taylor the possession of so valuable a man as Dick, endeavored to purchase him. For a long time Taylor refused, telling Greene honestly that Dick was a very troublesome negro, one that could be kept in order only by an owner that he feared, and that he (Greene) had neither the physical ability nor the resolution to conquer him.

At length, wearied with Greene's pertinacity, Taylor set a price upon his man, so exorbitant indeed that he had no idea of its being paid; but Greene quickly closed the bargain, purchasing, at the same time, a

tyrannical master and his own death-warrant.

As soon as Dick was released from Taylor's control, he gave free vent to his natural disposition, and in a very short time inspired his master, his overseer, and in fact every one upon the plantation, with such fear, that he became virtually the master of the place. His owner did not dare to punish him, nor did he think it at all safe to hint of selling him; and things went from bad to worse, until finally a tragedy was enacted, sufficiently bloody to gratify even the morbid tastes of the readers of Rey-

nold's raw-head and bloody-bones school of novels.

Greene, returning to the house very early upon the above-mentioned Saturday, and feeling quite unwell, ordered Dick's wife, a house servant, to make him a cup of tea. He then threw himself upon the bed, and had nearly fallen asleep, when a loud noise in the kitchen, shrieks, and cries of murder, aroused him. A negro-boy rushed into the room, and begged him to come into the kitchen and prevent Dick from murdering his wife.

P. P.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

## MEREDITH DEMAISTRE,

### THE PET OF THE PARVENUS.

#### CHAPTER VI.

(Continued)

##### THE FOREIGN ARTIST.

THE party at Conrad's consisted of four persons. Jotting, the least significant man, as usual, had the best of it, contriving by every imaginable device to direct Sir Charles's attention upon Sir Charles, and Sir Charles's travels, to the utter annihilation of Jenkins and the German.

Sir Charles adored the beautiful. The essence of the beautiful is repose, equilibrium of parts. Sir Charles lived a life of intellectual repose, of the equilibrium of parts. Jotting drew forth a small portfolio, which he handed, with an air of triumph, to Conrad. It was a portfolio of Sir Charles's sketches. He protested he had stolen it from Sir Charles's table. Sir Charles protested faintly; his features preserved their equilibrium. Conrad laid the portfolio on the table unopened, and continued the conversation, endeavoring to elicit something from his visitor on the prospects of Republicanism in Europe. His visitor was from Munich, the seat of the fine arts in Southern Germany, and he despised Republics. They discompose.

Moved by a scornful curiosity, Jenkins went to the table and opened the portfolio.

All the figures were classic and in repose. A Virgin, asleep—a Cupid, asleep—a German man-at-arms on horseback, of the thirteenth century; both man and horse apparently asleep. It was clear Sir Charles had studied Winckelmann. An irrepressible desire to yawn seized upon the party. There seemed to be nothing in it, until Conrad, grown desperate, opened a discussion upon art.

"You have no art in America," observed Sir Charles.

"No," said Jenkins, "we have Art Unions."

Sir Charles replied that he considered an Art Union, under good patronage, a valuable aid to poor artists.

Conrad denied it. The pictures sold in the Art Unions are scattered abroad and lost, both to the artist and the public. A painter, said he, sells his reputation when he sells a good picture by lottery. An artist lives upon the past; what he *may* do is judged by what he *has* done. If his works are distributed over a continent, his fame perishes as fast as he creates it. The lottery system, Conrad thought, would end in the destruction of the art of painting, and the painters would be turned into engravers and draughtsmen.

Sir Charles and Jotting yawned simulta-

neously. The conversation had become too general. A pause.

"Pray, Mr. Conrad," asked Jotting, with an effort, "what do you propose to do for the artists?"

"Nothing," replied Conrad, "unless it be occasionally to buy a good picture and condemn a bad one. That is all. I do not propose to erect a hospital for bad taste and stupidity. I buy what I like, and neglect what I do not like. If every man would do the same, we should have good artists, and they would live as other men do, with tolerable comfort, in the enjoyment of their occupation. The life of a good artist is happy even when he is not rich. That of a bad one is miserable, were he a millionaire."

Sir Charles pulled out his watch.

"You, Sir Charles, must know," he continued, doggedly, "that for all the profit it would ever bring you, art is a humbug."

"Aw! yes!" replied our amateur, lifting his eyebrows, as if to say, "An impudent dog!"

"Well, then," said Conrad, "it is the love, the passion, the ardor of fame, that guides your pencil, in making these little what d'ye call 'ems, these sketches," said he, nodding at the portfolio.

"Aw! no, by no means; quite past any thing so boyish."

"The devil you are! I ask pardon," said Conrad, with a peculiar mixture of sarcasm and politeness. "True it is, ambition and ardor, and all that, are d——d boyish and silly. Pray, Sir Charles, by what motive should a gentleman and a man of sense be actuated when he makes pictures?"

"Motive—hem—I cannot tell. A grace, an amusement, perhaps. Were you ever in England?"

"No."

"I saw a gentleman at the hotel who has evidently been in England. His name, if I remember it, was Demaistre."

"Foppish," said Conrad, with a sneer.

"Aw!—dresses. It will do. I allude to a peculiarity of manner."

"Very insolent, I think."

"If I may venture to differ," said Sir Charles, with a bow—

"Certainly," replied Conrad, politely; "we all venture a little that way—it is a republican fashion."

"Mr. Demaistre strikes me favorably. The manners of a man who has seen the

world. The most complete gentleman, I think, in your city."

"By what mark, Sir Charles, do you judge he has been in England?"

"The manner of the man. A peculiarity—I cannot tell."

"A cool indifference, with great suavity," said Conrad.

"Aw! yes—an indifference, as if one should rely much upon one's position."

"Assumption?" asked Conrad, mildly.

"Assumption? Eh! no. The advantage, not the assumption of it. Demaistre is of a good family."

Jenkins laughed. The Englishman moved himself uneasily in his chair. He was discomposed. Jotting suffered intense agony, and for a moment lost confidence in his lion. He expressed it by twitching his chair instinctively away and leaning over toward Conrad.

"Of English extraction, I am told," continued Sir Charles.

Another smile from Jenkins increased the Englishman's uneasiness, and elicited from Jotting an expression of alarm.

"Demaistre," said Jenkins, "is a pure Yankee, and has never been in England."

Sir Charles absolutely started, and discovered a remarkable perturbation of spirits. Jenkins and Conrad became interested to know the cause of his discomposure. Politeness forbade inquiry, but Sir Charles soon gave them an opportunity. With a sudden and complete transformation of manner, with the look and phraseology of a stock-broker, he began to make inquiries of Jenkins as to our hero's pecuniary resources, and the degree of confidence that might be placed in him, and receiving very vague and unsatisfactory answers, he pulled out his watch, declaring it was late, and took his leave, followed by the alarmed and crest-fallen Jotting.

Jenkins fell back in his chair and laughed long and heartily. "I have discovered," said he, "the foundation of an Englishman's composure; it rests on the stability of consols and U. S. 5s. The depth and profundity of it is equal to the breadth of the cash foundation. At a hundred thousand one may begin to cultivate composure; at a million one may see nothing in it; at that point the equilibrium may be quite undisturbed. It was once a fashion of English gentlemen to be spendthrifts and have debts;

and then they were a rakish, jolly, good-humored race of cavaliers; their fathers were court favorites, and they were the bloods. Now, England has become a huge shop—a kind of magazine of cutlery and gingham: London is the till, Liverpool the packing-room, Manchester the manufactory, the House of Commons is a board of directors, the Court is a silk show, and the royal ministry a wholesale office. The younger partners of the concern, the gentry and aristocracy, are composed, and cultivate an equilibrium of parts which they catch by sympathy and imitation from their fathers' salesmen and auctioneers, a class of men whose business drives all expression out of their faces. Any skilful stock-broker in Wall street will illustrate the manner for you, in the face with which he shaves a note. He is high art and composure itself."

"There is more truth in what you say," said Conrad, "than you may imagine. The age of chivalry has been succeeded by the age of cotton, and the affairs of all nations turn upon a debit and credit account between Milord Anglais and Bowie the planter. Courts, church establishments, royal ministries, all turn upon that, and live by that. But whom have we here? Politics avaunt—a lady at this hour!"

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE CLANDESTINE VISIT.

JENKINS took up his hat, and made a sudden exit, notwithstanding Conrad's efforts to detain him. A lady entered in deep mourning, with a green veil over her face. Conrad was left alone. Being emphatically a nervous man, his trepidation was excessive. The veiled visitor found a seat for herself as near as possible to the door. Conrad in his efforts to snuff the candles put them out, and overthrew several pieces of furniture in his endeavors to find matches. The candles were at length relighted; he wiped the perspiration from his brow and sat down upon a lounge. The veiled visitor began:

"Mr. Conrad's reputation for honor and generosity has led me to apply to him for assistance in my distress. I am a poor widow with several children, in danger of immediate starvation. I have money owing to me by a gentleman who uses every pretext to defer the payment. If Mr. Conrad

will assist me with his advice and influence, and the temporary loan of a few dollars, I shall be eternally bound to him."

Conrad rose gradually from his seat as the lady continued, and helped out the conclusion with:

"A set thing, madam—'Yours in misery. The forlorn Angelina.' Whew! I cannot help you. You should have chosen another hour for your visit. It is 12 o'clock, midnight; you come alone, in disguise. You are not a starving widow; you have a scheme. Shall I light you to the street door? I have nothing to do with ladies in green veils, after midnight, madam."

"Are the miseries of the unfortunate nothing to you, sir?"

"It is a trap, a trap; you are no widow, but a hussy, madam," said the German, taking snuff nervously. "Your hours are bad; it is bad for the health, madam, to walk so late. You can go."

"Will Mr. Conrad forgive an old friend," said the lady, rising and throwing back her veil, "for deceiving him?"

"Mrs. Tiptoff!" exclaimed the German, with unfeigned astonishment; "what in the name of folly can have brought you here?"

"My carriage is at the door," said the lady, "and you are supposed to be a homoeopathic physician—you understand. The real doctor has his office under your room—it was lucky."

"Really, madam, if in *any* way I can aid you," said the other, approaching and taking her hand.

"You can, materially," said the lady, with a fascinating smile.

Conrad led her to the sofa—she glanced uneasily at the door. He locked it, and returning, sat down by her side, and took her pretty little hands in his with an air of unfeigned affection, dashed, however, with sarcastic humor, as if to say, "The situation we are in is not of my creating, my pretty lady, and if anything happens it is no fault of mine."

The lady allowed him to keep possession of her hands, while she made the following development:

"Our friendship began a year ago," said she, blushing.

"A year ago, madam, at Baltimore, I had the honor"—

"Of becoming the friend," said she, "of a

foolish woman, unworthy of so honorable and so generous a confidence."

"My poor lady," he replied, "you abuse yourself!"

"I know, Conrad, you pity and despise me! You will do more; you will renounce my friendship utterly when I tell you how unworthily I have acted! (*Tears.*) My poor husband!"

"Surely, madam," exclaimed Conrad, in a thick voice, "you have not"——

"Oh!—no, I have only"——

"Only what?" said the German, his face relaxing again into its usual sarcastic expression.

The lady made a slight effort to withdraw her hands. Conrad retained them. The situation was peculiarly exciting and delicate. Conrad perceived its full merits, and retained the advantage. She continued:

"I was giddy and ambitious. You were grave and prudent. Our friendship was the most disinterested, the most prudent!"

"True, my dear Mrs. Tiptoff, it was a prudent and disinterested friendship. You would not have it now become imprudent and selfish."

An expression, slight, very slight, of disappointment passed over the features of the lady. Conrad perceived the same emotion in her hands, which he held tenderly, but not lovingly, in his own.

"Our engagement, madam, was, I think, very properly broken off by your father. He was right in saying that our dispositions would not harmonize. You were fond of show and of society; I was half a hermit, and am so still. I am older and you are younger than we seem. I can advise you and be a friend to you," said the German,— "what is your trouble?"

"A fool, a fool, Conrad! a fool is my trouble. My husband is a dear old fool!" said the fair unfortunate, gently withdrawing her hands, and covering her face with them.

Conrad was silent. His silence was habitually sarcastic. The lady could not sustain it. She looked at him through her fingers, which were pressed over her eyes, adorned, whether more beautifully with sparkling diamonds or pearly tears, we leave the taste of our readers to determine.

"Truly, madam," said the sympathetic Conrad, "it is a frightful thing for a pretty woman to have a fool for a husband. But

it is past counsel; we must make the best of it, madam," said he, with an air of deep respect. "If my poor advice can be of any use, if I can aid you in curing Mr. Tiptoff of that terrible disease with which he is afflicted, command me; but I fear it is a calamity past cure. I have heard of wise men made fools by pretty women, but never of the converse. One cannot love, you know, and be wise."

"I do not know that you can change his nature," replied the fair visitant, sobbing violently, "though you know and can do so much."

"True, madam, I know a good deal, and can do some difficult things—with modesty I speak; but the thing to be done in your case must be done by yourself."

"By me!" said the lady, with unaffected surprise. "Can I change my husband's nature?"

Conrad eluded the question.

"The institution of marriage, my dear Mrs. Tiptoff," said he, "is a peculiar one."

"Very," replied the lady with a sob.

"The most peculiar imaginable," said Conrad, delighted with an opportunity of venting a generality.

"I *know* it," said the lady, recovering herself.

"Your husband, you say, is a fool."

"I do."

"The term, madam, is too general. Give me an example of his folly, and perhaps the remedy will suggest itself."

"He gambles!" (*A sob.*)

"A very bad fault."

"He drinks!"

"Worse yet."

"He is a gallant!"

"At his age, madam, a desperate fault. Has he any other peculiarities?"

"Yes, one, the worst of all; he cannot afford anything." (*A flood of tears.*)

"The vice you mentioned last, my dear madam, is one of the basest and meanest doubtless of the whole catalogue. A husband who cannot afford anything is certainly a brute."

"I thought you would say so," said the lady with deep emotion, "and I came here to ask your advice about it. What shall I do? You know how necessary it is to me to have money."

"And yet you will admit poor Dick is a kind-hearted fellow."



"I don't think it very kind in him to deny me the necessities of life," said the lady pettishly.

"Your expenses are, I believe, about ten thousand a year?"

"I don't know,—something like that."

"And poor Dick's income is at least six thousand. The fellow must be a brute; an abominable husband that."

"Then why does he not do as other men do, make it larger?" said the lady, arguing sharply. "There is old Squabb, with a head like a pudding, has made a yearly income of twenty thousand out of nothing. There was Tibbs left his widow a million; he began with a dollar. My husband's fortune, when we married six months ago, was larger than it is now."

"It was certainly a wicked thing in Dick to lessen his estate, when it was necessary to your happiness that it should be made larger. He gambles, you say?"

"Yes; in less than a year he has lost nearly five thousand."

"Thirty thousand more sunk in the purchase of an establishment for Mrs. Tiptoff; five thousand more in splendid entertainments; five thousand more in every kind of luxury and amusement for *poor* Mrs. Tiptoff. Indeed, at that rate methinks this brute of a husband is in danger of losing not only his entire fortune, but the respect and affection of his wife."

The lady was silent awhile, and then said:

"But he is a gallant."

"That is a serious fault. Have you reason to doubt his fidelity, or is this gallantry a foolish bachelor's habit?"

"I could forgive him all," said the lady, "if he would only give up that vile brandy and water after dinner."

"Truly, madam," said Conrad, "I would have him take a little brandy with his water, as in these times cold water after dinner is esteemed unhealthy, and it is dangerous to make sudden changes in one's habits."

"That odious gambling!" said the lady, faintly.

"As for that, it is a mere love of play. Indulge it; play with him yourself; keep him at home."

A long silence ensued, which it seemed impossible to break. Conrad at length spoke:

"If your husband is a natural fool there

is no hope for him; but if he is only what you describe him, a good-natured, careless fellow, the victim of bachelor habits and extravagance, his folly is of a curable sort, and quite in your own power to amend."

"Mr. Conrad," said the lady, "forgive me if I say, that is not all."

As she spoke a sound of footsteps and of boisterous laughter in the entry alarmed them both. The lady dropped her veil and drew her cloak about her, and with the instinct of fear ran into the adjoining bed-room, shut the door, and locked it. There was no other exit. At the same instant a roisterous knock at the door, and the voices of Jenkins and Dick Tiptoff, calling for admission, gave a turn to the feelings of both Conrad and the lady which it is needless to describe.

Conrad hesitated a moment. He remembered the carriage at the door. His new visitors were drunk, or nearly so. There was no alternative but to let them in.

"Begad, Conrad, I have you now!" said Tiptoff, staggering into the room. "Where's the girl? Begad, I will see the little widow in the green veil. You're a rogue, but a sly old proser. A little widow in black with a green veil. Eh! Jenkins—carriage at the door. Eh! ah! what an abominable sly old dog. By-the-by, now I think of it, that carriage and grays look very like mine."

"Tush, tush," said Jenkins, pushing him down upon the sofa; "like yours! indeed, do you think your grays are the only pair in New-York? What a vanity!"

"I could not keep him away," whispered Jenkins. "I was joking about the woman, and your gravity, and he insisted on coming up. He swore he would fight the way through a crowd to catch philosopher Conrad with a woman in his room at midnight."

"Take him away at your peril, sir," said the German, angrily, "and to-morrow send me an apology for this vulgar intrusion."

Conrad's reply was in a whisper, but the quick suspicion of the drunken man was aroused.

"Intrusion, sir, intrusion! it was a joke; damme if it wasn't. Apology, sir! I apologize now, and will fight you to-morrow. Damme, it is queer. That was my carriage; I know the grays among a thousand. I will go down and see."

Conrad rushed to the door, locked it and put the key in his pocket. Tiptoff staggered across the room and fell headlong against

the door of the bed-room. A faint scream was heard and a fall within.

Conrad took Jenkins by the shoulder and forced him out of hearing of the other. A hurried explanation ensued. Jenkins threw off his coat, and leaning out of the window, suffered Conrad to pour a pitcher of ice-water, which luckily stood at hand, over his head. He was sobered in an instant, and hastened down to the street. The coachman had stepped into a neighboring dram-shop. Without an instant's hesitation Jenkins mounted the box and drove off to a neighboring hack-stand, where he left the carriage in charge of a driver, and drove back in a hack which he bade wait for him at the door.

The interval of ten minutes was passed by Conrad in repeated struggles with the drunken man, who raved about his grays, and roared at the top of his voice for the police, swearing he was robbed and murdered and betrayed. Shrieks, sobs and cries issued from the bed-room, serving only to infuriate Tiptoff, who swore it was a rape, and that he would rescue the woman from all the philosophers in Christendom. The scene ended with Jenkins's speedy return. Tiptoff was taken up bodily by his two friends and carried off by Jenkins in haste to a hotel, where they two spent the rest of the night in drinking, and heaping curses on the philosopher, of whom Tiptoff remarked, in a lucid interval, that he considered him a brick, but hypocritical.

Jenkins had taken the precaution to inform Conrad where the carriage of the lady had been left.

Conrad went in search of the coachman, and found him in that happy condition between drunkenness and stupidity, which enabled him to find his carriage and bring it to the door without any serious accident, and at the same time without inquiry as to the reasons of its absence.

When Conrad entered the bed-room, after having locked the door of his room, he found the unfortunate Mrs. Tiptoff stretched upon the floor and perfectly insensible. He carried her in his arms to the sofa, and waited for some time in expectation of her recovery. Finding her continue insensible, he awakened the doctor in the room below. Dr. Vacuum, the German Homœopathist, did not express any surprise at the condition or situation of his patient, whom he recognized.

Dr. Vacuum's discretion was rewarded by Conrad with a handsome fee. They together took the lady to her carriage; the doctor saw her home; and the next day it was reported, on the representations of the doctor and coachman, that the unfortunate and interesting Mrs. Tiptoff had been carried home insensible from the room of a German magician or clairvoyant, who had shown her some disagreeable passages of her future life.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE SUPPER AT DELMONICO'S.

"THE life of a man of letters in New-York is one of peculiar severity. The simple exercise of the pen, under the guidance of talent or of genius, or both, commands only the precarious wages of an artisan whose occupation is in little request and in small repute. Whether it be the fault of authors themselves, or of the public, or of those middlemen the publishers and book agents, or the great abundance of foreign publications in our tongue, I know not. The spirit of imitation possesses us, and we cannot thrive in competition with our models. The imitations of Dickens and Macaulay fall dead in a market which furnishes Dickens and Macaulay cheap to all readers. If to be an American author is to be an imitator of one's ablest contemporaries, to be an American author is to be poor. In vain we lecture against originality as an unholy thing; in vain we impregnate our brains with the genius of Shakspeare, of Scott, and of Fielding—no man reads us; we have neither friends nor enemies."

The tone of deep despair with which Jenkins delivered this half-soliloquy, carried his sentiments clean over that fatal verge which parts the silly from the sublime. The company of laughing listeners before whom he delivered himself, consisted of our Hero the Elegant, Tom Jotting, Mr. Crabb, a publisher, and Mr. George Destin, the well-known editor of a now celebrated weekly. It was a supper at Delmonico's; Demaistre entertained his friends of the press. The company was doubtless as humorous an assemblage as ever came together on such an occasion. Every requisite of good fellowship was there. Jotting the butt and scandal-monger, with store of fopperies, and

a silvery, affected tongue; Crabb, with his rough, keen, appreciative intellect; Jenkins, tender and morose in a breath, with dashes of humor and observation; Destin, a man at all points, and a classic; and to crown all, that profound master of the world, the handsome Demaistre, whose beauty of person, set off and heightened by the most absolute taste in dress and composure of manner, took nothing from the freedom of his conversation.

What know ye of conversation, ye male spinsters, ye prosy haunters of the Respectable Club, with your twittering, simpering, *seedy* "remarks," your stale jokes, and shallow "observations?" Here was life, nature itself, in all shapes, and of all intensities. No envious prigs, with understandings fanatically decayed; no "snarling bastards" of literature, carping at words and cutting sentences on Blair and Alison; no puny Zoi-luses, sounding the lungs and smelling at the breath of genius in hope to find them decayed; no "botchers of old threadbare stuff, a hundred and a hundred times clouted up and pieced together"—wretched bunglers who can do nothing but grimace their betters. Here was talent, shining, keen, and full of pith and purpose.

The bottle went modestly about, paying large tribute only to the glass of Jenkins, of whom it may be said, that though never drunk, he stood always upon the verge of it, like genius on the brink of madness.

Humble observer as I am, without fancy to invent, or talent to describe, coarse copyist of reality, dare I, kind reader, introduce you to such a circle? The poor siftings of memory, gathered from the narrative of my friend Jenkins, will seem to you thin substitutes.

"The lamentations of discontented authors," replied Crabb, after indulging a laugh at Jenkins, "remind me of old maids carping at the girls."

"Your comparison, Crabb, will not hold water," said Destin. "I compare Jenkins with a young beauty outshone by some foreign chit, covered with spangles and millinery."

"It is even so," groaned Jenkins; "one fights in vain against these foreign fopperies."

"Trade," said Crabb, "knows no tastes. It can only buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market. Mr. Jenkins here,

though we are friends, is eternally abusing the publishers."

"By insisting they shall buy his manuscript?" asked Demaistre.

"No, sir, worse than that; he wishes us to read them, never reflecting that publishers don't read the books they issue. A publisher who pleases his own taste is a bankrupt. As for me, gentlemen, I read Tom Paine, and publish Doddridge. Would you have the apothecary taste the physic he sells? A new author is a new commodity; to buy of him is to buy in a lottery. Among native authors we draw more blanks than prizes. With foreign books it is different. What has sold well in France or in England, we judge, will sell equally well in America. Demaistre, boy, pass the sherry. Here's to Native Genius: May it never languish."

Jotting here made rapid notes with a pencil.

"A spy!" cried Destin, throwing his wine over Jotting's paper; "we shall all go into the 'Maniac.' Crabb's treason must not be published."

"Sir," said Jotting, angrily, "you have spoiled my paper and my clothes."

"Gad! Destin," said Jenkins, "you have spoiled the whole man."

"Not so," interposed Demaistre; "Jotting wet is better than Jotting dry."

"Gentlemen," said the butt, "you may run me as you please——"

"But we shall never win," rejoined Jenkins.

"I say," said Jotting, infuriated, "you may run me as you please; wet or dry, I am equal to the occasion."

"Even were it the curling of a whisker," said Jenkins.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," shouted the choleric little scribbler, "I will show you ——"

"A deal of fun," replied Jenkins.

Jotting rose from the table, buttoned up his coat, and would have gone out. Demaistre caught him at the door.

"Mr. Jotting," said he, "Mr. Jenkins will certainly apologize."

"Certainly," said Jenkins, "I am ready to apologize."

"And I, Mr. Jenkins," said Destin, "will do the same."

"They will both apologize," added Demaistre.

In the soul of Tom Jotting an apology had something glorious and manly about it, and was any day worth the bearing an affront.

"My apology," said Jenkins, standing up, "or rather, with your leave, Mr. Destin, *our* apology to our much injured friend——"

"No, no, sir," said Jotting, testily, "not much injured, only much insulted."

"Our apology," said Jenkins, correcting himself, "to our 'much insulted' friend——"

"I beg, Mr. Jenkins," said Jotting, "you will let us have it plain. You bedevil the thing."

"Our apology," continued Jenkins, "shall be a toast and a sentiment. The toast is: The Weekly Press. The sentiment is: The Maniac, a paper of which our friend here is one of the truest representatives."

The toast being drunk with decorum, Jotting set down his glass, and with an expression of much deference said:

"My dear Mr. Jenkins, the respect you have manifested for my calling, the sentiment you offer, the 'Maniac,' a paper, I may say, in whose prosperity I have a profound and startling interest——" Here Mr. Jotting hesitated.

"Say no more," cried Demaistre. "With your leave, gentlemen, I will offer a toast." The bottle went about, and Demaistre gave:

"The authors and editors," bowing to Destin. "Destin," said the bookseller, with a grin, "you must reply to that. I am always ready to say a good word for my friends, but when they are present they can speak for themselves."

Destin rose and replied very gravely:

"The gentleman on my right has thrown upon me the responsibility of a reply to the toast. For the authors I dare not presume to speak; let the immortals do that—when they come. For the editors I am not deputed; their choice would be more popular and doubtless more able: for the cause only, will modesty or duty permit my speech in this critical presence. My audience is a representative one: the book merchant, the author, the second controller of that mighty engine the 'Maniac press,' and the critic and man of taste," bowing to Demaistre, "compose a representative body, before which the most adroit and accomplished orator might stand abashed and silenced. It is mere despair that gives me tongue; I throw myself upon your mercy; I avail myself of

your virtues. From the man of assurance and strategy, the hero of the drawing-room and the dictator of taste, may I not learn courage to speak when I have nothing to say? From the essayist and humorist may I not gather some grace to defend a cause which, were it a good one, should be its own defender? From the book merchant may I not take wit to advertise a profession that exists by self-praise, and of which the left hand cordially shakes the right? From the associate conductor and gatherer of *facts*, (of which a mighty genius has remarked they are divine,) ought not a sentiment of reverence and awe to impend over me, and temper my speech with the quality of sublimity—with respect?" Destin paused and fixed his keen gray eyes gravely upon Jotting, who blushed and trembled as if caught in a theft. "I appeal to the chair," said Destin, in a tone of injured modesty, "against the proceedings of the gentleman opposite."

"I will not put it in," said Jotting, eagerly.

"Then why, sir, commit it to memory?" inquired Destin, in a tone of great anger.

The expression of surprise and inquiry on the faces of the other three, changed into one of suppressed mirth and affected indignation.

"The interests of the Maniac," said Crabb, "are very strangely uppermost in Mr. Jotting's thoughts."

"But it is a breach of decorum," replied Demaistre, "to bring any interests whatever into this occasion; and though the words of our friend are forcibly impressed upon the minds of all of us, a deliberate attempt to coin them into *items* is not only out of order but an offense. Mr. Jenkins, you are deputed by the chair to administer a reprimand."

"Do you hear, Tom?" said Jenkins, with a grave twinkle of the eyes. "I am bid to reprimand you."

"Well, Tim, fire away," said Jotting, with a grin; "whatever you say about me will recoil upon yourself."

"Gentlemen," said Demaistre, "you trifled. The occasion is serious; the presence dignified, the theme solemn. Mr. Jotting, you must rise."

With a countenance full of humor and severity, Jenkins began:

"Mr. Jotting, you are a man——"

"Who," interrupted Crabb, blowing on the 'who.'



"I am not 'a man who,' sir," said Jotting, unable to repress his sudden vexation.

"A man *which*, will do as well," rejoined Crabb.

"Silence!" cried Demaistre.

Jenkins continued:

"You are a man of honor, and will understand the delicacy of my position. Bidden by a superior authority to reprimand you for a misdemeanor, I am restrained by my own feelings from inflicting a wound upon yours."

"Allow me to suggest, Mr. President, that the reprimand is sufficient," said Crabb.

"How do you show that?" said Demaistre.

"Sit down," said the book-seller to Jotting, who had risen up he knew not why; "sit down, sir, and I will tell a little story. You know we of the trade, middle-men between the authors and the public, are but the carriers of science and virtue, expresses between brain and brain; and with what we carry we are as little conversant as the mail driver with the letters in his bag. Our wisdom, such as we get, comes to us by observation. We see men in the light of interest chiefly; but dry as we are, we too have our pleasure in it, as the Devil said to Faustus, when we bring an author to the public, or what is much more common, the public to an author. We are Fame's brokers, the pimps of reputation, the go-betweens for Tom Ticklebrain and Miss Betickled. An author came into my shop, a tall, seedy-looking devil, half-author, half-blackguard, and throwing a package upon the counter, said he would call for it again in a week, and went out, looking very fierce. Accordingly, a week after, he returned, and finding his package lying just where he had left it—"Mister," said he, 'have you read this?' 'Read what?' said I. 'This manuscript,' says my blackguard, with a stare. 'I did not know it was a manuscript,' said I. 'Well, it is,' said he, 'and I will leave it here a week longer;' after saying which he went out fiercer than before. In a week he returned. The package lay there as before. 'Mister,' said he, gathering his brows and frowning on me like a storm, 'have you read this?' 'By no means, sir,' said I, looking very polite; 'I trust I am not so ignorant of good manners. If it has been opened, some of the boys have done it. I will have the matter looked into.' 'Mister,' said this

tall, lantern-jawed savage, 'I am not to be trifled with. This is a manuscript, a History, sir, of the Mexican War. I was a captain in the Volunteers. The history is the only authentic one in existence.' 'Thank ye,' said I; 'I am obliged by the information.' 'I go,' said he, drawing himself full six feet two, 'but I return.' 'Very good,' said I; 'hope nothing 'll happen to you disagreeable.' You know my cheerful way of talking.

"Another week passed. Mr. Lantern Jaws came as before—found his package as before. But this time the fellow looked famine-struck; I never in my life saw any thing so savage or so gaunt. In a fierce, hollow voice he asked me if I had read his manuscript. I said, 'No; I never read any thing.' With a volley of oaths worse than I ever heard, he asked me 'whether I meant to insult him.' 'Insult you, Mister!' said I, keeping my pleasant manner, and feeling sorry for the poor devil, he looked so hungry; 'it was far from my thoughts.' 'Did I not leave this manuscript here to be read?' said he, hoarsely. 'Very possibly,' said I, quite cheerful; 'but you did not say so, and if you did, who was to read it?' 'Don't you read here?' said he, looking wildly about at the book-shelves. 'No, we sell books.' 'And who, then, (another volley of curses,) does read?' 'The public,' said I; 'the public read, or pretend to; it wouldn't be decent to say the contrary.' 'Do the public read this, or this, or this?' said Lantern Jaws, touching Dr. Gag's, Dr. Glib's and Dr. Gorgon's systems of Divinity, very handsome books, and saleable. 'I suppose they do, sir,' said I; 'they *buy* 'em.' 'I'll see what they are,' said my savage. So he took off his battered Genin, showing a shock of wiry black hair, and a head like General Jackson's, and taking a seat by the stove—"Mr. Bookseller," said he, 'by your leave I'll sit and read here awhile. I'm an author, and like the fowls in a freshet, I've nowhere to perch.' 'Make yourself at home,' said I; so down he sat and began reading. He read all that day till night; finished Gorgon, and the next two days he read Glib and Gag. One of your wizened, white-faced ministers would have taken six weeks to read what this bony ruffian drove through in three sittings. Once in about an hour he would take mouldy bread and cheese out of his pocket, and eat it. I saw the handles



of two bowie-knives, and a pair of revolvers sticking out here and there all over him. He read with his eyes flashing and his hair on end, like a lunatic. At the end of the third day—'Mister,' says he, 'is that all?' 'All for what?' 'To write on Divinity, something that will sell?' said he. 'God bless you! Mister,' said I. 'Well,' said he, drawing on the word, 'I hope he may, but if he don't, I can't help it.' I am not an atheist, gentlemen, though I do read Tom Paine, and helped celebrate his birth-day; but this awful lantern-jawed animal made me pray a little inwardly, there was such a God-scorning pride in his snarl. 'Do you intend,' said I, 'to write a book on Divinity?' 'I do,' said he, 'and I intend to found a system. I am a philosopher. I shall restore the old religion of king David.' 'God save you, sir,' said I again, 'that's the modern religion.' 'It's a lie,' said my savage, quietly. 'When king David hated a man, he fought him and cut him down. That's my religion.' 'It will not do, sir,' said I; 'such a system would never sell.' 'Are you sure of that?' said he. I hesitated. 'It would be a good thing in the country I came from,' said he; 'the people there haven't any religion.' A thought struck me: possibly it might be a novelty, and have a good sale in the western market. 'If you will write something,' said I, 'I will break a rule and read it myself.' He asked for pen, ink, and paper, and said if I would come to his den, as he called it, next evening, he would show me something powerful.

"At the appointed hour I went in search of my savage, and found him in a garret in a back street, sitting on a trunk, and writing on a bit of board which he held before him on his knees, instead of desk. There was no furniture in the place, and no fire. A roll of blankets in a box of shavings was all the bed he had, and yet he received me like a lord, made me sit down upon the trunk, and offered me a quid of tobacco, which he said was all the refreshment he had to offer. I was astonished at the politeness of the man, and his poverty touched me. 'Sir,' said I, 'if you have any thing written, go with me to my house; it is dinner time, and when we have dined, we can talk matters over comfortably.' Without showing the least surprise or satisfaction, my savage, without saying a word, took some papers out of the trunk, put them in the pocket

of his seedy black coat, took up his battered Genin from the floor, and bowed with a grave business-like air, as if he were a Secretary of State taking a foreign minister to dine snug with him on the South Carolina business. I am a widower, you know, without children, and can take *any thing* home. So cannot a Secretary.

"After devouring an immense quantity of beef and chicken, and finishing two bottles of my best Hock, which he did not know the name of, my savage grew communicative and happy. He talked, Lord bless you, like a philosopher. I never heard a man talk better, or use better language, though now and then a few South-western phrases would drop from him, and then he would apologize. He said he had the Old Testament by heart, and admired king David and Moses, though he held Solomon in little estimation. 'Solomon,' said he, 'was the Lord Bacon of the Jews, and a man of a mediocre conscience. His wisdom was the wisdom of experience. First he was a naturalist, and then a very great rake; he had a large head and a small heart; and as is commonly the fact with such men, his wisdom has the air of discontent and is remorseful; while David's is full of hope, and courage, and passion.' David, he said, was a desperado, and a protectionist. Next to his honor, which was the image of God in him, he loved his country. David hated the Egyptians, and the pagans that lived about the edges of Judea. He fought them and cut them up. He made Judea a great State.

"I cannot tell you, gentlemen, one half, no, not one tenth the odd things my savage said to me. He talked, not like a book, but like a statesman, who knew the world outside and inside, and the pith of it. He knew politics and religion, and he had so little fear in him he could believe any thing. I asked him what he thought of the miracles. He said he thought nothing either way; he did not trouble his head about them. When he read the Old Testament he paid no heed to any thing but the actions of the men described there. Some he thought were beyond him and came from God, others from the devil, others signified nothing either way. I used to think much of Tom Paine till I heard my savage talk. Paine was a boy to him, a mere simpleton. Paine was afraid of being thought superstitious; this man was afraid of nothing.

About many things he was as ignorant as a child, and as simple in his beliefs. He did not believe in martyrdom. It was better to fight and kill the wicked than to let the good be killed. Great men, he said, must be fighting men, and not martyrs. Goodness without valor was a pretty thing, but inferior to valor alone. He told me stories about himself. He had fought duels, killed several men, thought it all right and necessary, and quoted the Old Testament; and when I quoted the New against him, he said if both were inspired, as it was agreed they were, he might take his choice; that it took many to make a world, and that David was as good a model in the West at this day as he was in his own time in Judea; that different times and states of society required different virtues, and though his might be those of a barbarian, God gave all.

"This man wrote as he talked. I bought his manuscript, which he spent the next month in producing, and then on a sudden he left the city. I have not since heard from him."

Demaistre and his friends listened very attentively to the bookseller's description of the philosophical desperado. Destin was profoundly interested. Jenkins, on the contrary, drank sneeringly and in silence. "For desperadoes," said he, "I have but little relish, and philosophers bother me. Let us gossip." Jotting was quite bewildered, and made several very thin remarks. Demaistre looked polished and gentle. "These rude virtues," said he, "strike one with admiration at first, but we soon weary of them. Art triumphs over strength. Intellect rules the world. Mr. Destin, try a little of this Greek wine; the bouquet is magnificent."

## CHAPTER IX.

### INTERLOCUTORY.

Good reader, I am about to sketch thy picture. Thou hast never been correctly delineated; the artists, false rogues that they are, have given a stiff, classic, or sentimental air to thy limbs, drawn thee in the unnatural attitudes of a jointed doll of wood, which they call a "lay figure," set up in their mechanical oil-paint shops, which they affectedly call "studios." Egad! much study is done there, by the cat and a tame owl, on the catching of mice. And they

have so far befooled thee with a pretended likeness of thyself, thou esteemest thyself one of the silliest fellows in the world; but it is false, they lie on their vile canvasses, the scumblers dogs! Thou art not the intolerable wax-nosed simpleton their pictures make thee: on the contrary, thou art a bold, stout, lean, valiant, stomachy fellow, scorning a lie as if it were poison, and hating a trimmer, or a hypocrite, as if he were a villainous imp of Satan. Thou hast a strong liking for honest, clear-hearted men, and brave fellows, and a corresponding detestation of flunkies, and soft-hearted framers of excuses. Thou art a whole-souled fellow, and as haughty as Lucifer; and if a good thing comes to thee, thou makest no inquiry of its origin: whether it be base-born or lawfully got, home-spun or made abroad, a patent of the devil, or a gift of Gabriel, it is all one to thee. Thou hast one infallible test of the good that is in every thing: does it speak to the manhood and jolly scorn that is in thy noble heart? thou askest no further. Look what a picture of thee I have made! Here, away with this detestable, hypocritical canvas, made by that base emaculate dog, Megrim. Throw it out, tear it up, burn it; whatever you do with it, never set your eyes upon its mealy face again. Fie! my friend; they would persuade thee out of thy opinions, would they, the villains! Thou art no critic, art thou; thou knowest nothing? Oh, no; thou hast no legs, hast thou? and must limp vilely upon their crutches, I fancy. Here, take this little tickler; it is a cat, and the tails thereof are nine,—and their names are, *courage, wit, will, pride, scorn, jollity, foresight, facts, force*: have at 'em, drive, lash, lay it on with a will; see how they caper and run, the meagre, mealy-visaged, convicted rogues! Never mind you; the squalling is good for ringing in the ears and deafness. And now let us sit down and drink,—beer, ale, wine, brandy, whiskey, what you will, strong or weak,—we'll have our glass, and let the others preach; they their sermon, we our glass, well divided. If we did not drink, they would not preach, so we are necessary to them, but they are not necessary to us: good again; here, fill away. Waiter, a tankard of ale for Mr. Bull, he repents; here's to him; see, the tears trickle from his eyes. Alas! my brother, I weep, I faint with sorrow; leave off your bad ways, you fat

scoundrel, or I will beat you within an inch of your life! No, no, he repents—or is it only too much beer? To you, Pat, you blethering villain! Yes. Here, waiter, son of O'Brien, king of Cork, whiskey and water for the son of your mither: he drinks; it has no effect; again, again, again, and the drinking doth not slack. Oho! I have you there, Pauthrick; you'll not get us drunk quite yet, my lad! no, no, no, time enough for that, my boy. To you, Sandy, my philosophic guardian of the saxpence; to you, canny Scot, servant of kings, servant of self,—how is it thou makest so good a republican? Honest reader, this is Sandy the stern republican,—drink to him. There is humor in his eye: beware his jest, beware his bargain; treat him well, or take thyself away.

Ab ha! Mein Herr! quit thy native humility; think thyself a man, else the good God will not let thee be a republican. I cannot drink Rhine wine, it is a cold drink. Monsieur, my service to you; we drink to you in champagne of Cincinnati, the best and bravest wine in the world. Thou art a brilliant fellow, Monsieur, but is there not a corner in thy heart reserved for kings? No? Then let us drink again in wine of France. Here is confusion to despots, honor to the braves. Have you any men left in France; were they *all* guillotined? No! Then let us be united, Citoyen, and we two will stand together, and beat the world.

A brave company of jolly fellows, are we not, hey, brother Bull? Let me introduce to you all, gentlemen, my friend the Reader, the honestest, bravest, hard-featured dog. You see that little instrument he carries: it is a shooting tool; a rifle, gentlemen, a very dangerous weapon for boys; never let your children use it,

brother Bull; they commonly hit their fathers, without much practice. Here, my friend, call for what you like. Monongahela for the stranger; he takes it pure! Bacchus defend me! I acknowledge the weakness; I cannot drink fire; here's to ye in ale. Have you come all the way from the backwood to find men in New-York? Look, hunt, advertise, inquire; call here, call there;—faugh! you are a fool; that is a whiskerando, a barber's doll. Let it alone; we will go out early in the morning and look for one; meanwhile, here are a few tolerable substitutes, good fellows all; and one of them you see, the fat boy with the tankard, a scoundrel cousin of mine, very companionable; an excellent solid rogue and the best target. He weeps; d'ye see the big tears upon his manly cheeks? The woes of all humanity oppress him; he is grieved for his portionless younger brothers and poor relations. He means to give them each a little bit of land to till; he will give us all a bit of land, and make us all happy;—and yet, in your ear, the fat rogue is broke with mortgages. Here he sits all day, drinking, while the rats are eating holes in the sides of his ships. No voice of that, it is a great secret.

*(Bull sings:)*

Now let us sing,  
God save the king,  
Or queen, (if yet there be one.)

*(Pat sings:)*

And the next boy  
That gives us joy,  
Let's pray it be a *he* one.

For you must know, my masters, there is a dirth of virility, and the women and fops are getting the upper hand. And so good-night, and dream of your sweethearts.

## THE EAGLE AND THE ANCIENT ELEPHANT.

BY REYNARD THE FOX.

[Whether any political significance ought to attach to the following anonymous production is a point which the editor submits entirely to the superior penetration of the reader. We ourselves do fancy we see something in it, notwithstanding the decision of our elbow critic, Mr. Simple, who is ready to make out it is a mere prose poem, with no more significance than one of Æsop's Fables.—ED.]

In the forests of Bāmangwātoo, the great Elephant, Sadi, had led the herd an hundred years. At night he withdrew to the summit of a mountain, bursting his way through the forest, and in his sullen rage tearing off great branches from the oaks, and trampling the young trees to death. The steep rocks echoed his moans. The roaring waterfall could not drown his voice. Dire was the tumult in the soul of the mighty Sadi.

"True it is," said he groaning, "what the inspired Giraffe, Erson, said, looking fiercely through his liquid eyes, 'Sadi has not done the work of Sadi.' When the Quaggas rush headlong over the desert, if the leader of the mighty herd stops to bite a leaf, the following thousands rush over him and trample him to death. The heart of Sadi is old. He communes with the past. The glory of his youth is the food of his soul. Ancient rivers, mighty torrents, heaven-high rocks, and ye stars of the deep heavens, ye are congenial to the soul of Sadi. Your glory comes to you. God gives it; ye ask not for it; but for living creatures there is no glory but in *action*; the flame of victory bursts from the ardor of conflict.

"The Lions come upon us, they lurk amid thickets, they cry not; their voice is hushed. They wait for night and the tempest. Out on the desert I hear the sound of their gathering. The ear of Sadi is quickened with grief. The Leopard came to me and said, 'Sadi, thou art the King of the West. The She Lion, the Queen of the East, sends thee greeting, and desires thy love.' My soul was moved within me by the false words of the Leopard, and I said to him, 'Stay in the West and hunt in the great forests of Bāmangwātoo;' and he found out the secret thickets, and the dens of the subtle Foxes, and the Foxes obeyed him, and he

moved all the beasts of Bāmangwātoo to let the Lions come in and feed: to feed upon grass, and the fruits of the soil; but they feed not upon these. Their food is the flesh of tender beasts, friends of my friends, friends of the mighty Elephants, the lordly Elephants, the defenders of the West. Wo is me! The heart of Sadi is dead: he communes with the past. The glory of his youth is the food of his soul!"

The cataract sounded afar, the wind roared in the forest. The Black Eagle, the unconquered king of air, heard the sorrows of the noble Sadi; and his victorious soul grieved for the sadness of his friend. "Sadi," he cried, "where is thy brother, the Gray Elephant of the West, thy great companion?" And Sadi answered and said, "Are not his tusks broken, is he not worn with age?" Then said the Eagle, "The fire of glory is in his soul; but thou, Sadi, hast thou betrayed the beasts of Bāmangwātoo? I see the Leopard ranging in the forests; and the Jackals run to and fro, the Jackals of the Lion Queen."

Then said Sadi to the Eagle, "Bird of God, bird of victory, child of the lightning, I am betrayed. Age and weakness have betrayed me; the false Leopard is a liar: I will slay him, I will crush him with my tusks."

Then said the Eagle, "Greatest of Elephants, have a care of thy fame. They say the Leopard was thy knave and emissary. Thou hast talked with him in secret. The Foxes of Bāmangwātoo have listened, and heard what the Leopard said to thee in secret, and thou didst not crush him."

"He said I was greater than the Gray Elephant," replied the mighty Sadi.

"Fool!" screamed the fierce Eagle, the bird of God, the child of the lightning, "he only is great who loves Bāmangwātoo, and hates her enemies."

The mighty Sadi was amazed, and trembled, for never before had the Eagle spoken fiercely to him.

And the form of the Eagle was changed. His wings expanded like a morning cloud. He was the genius of freedom and of victory. His eyes were lightnings, his voice thunder. The beasts of Bámangwátoo heard the rush of his wings and the thunder of his voice,

and their spirits were roused, for they knew that the Black Eagle was the bird of God; and they assembled together and killed the Jackals and drove out the Leopard; and the mighty Sadi was left alone. Alas for the mighty Sadi! he no longer leads the beasts to victory; his soul communes with the past; the glory of his youth is the food of his soul.

## THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW ON FREEDOM OF TRADE.

FROM THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW OF FEBRUARY, 1851, WITH REPLY.

### FREE TRADE.\*

START not, reader dear! The bill of fare is no doubt formidable; and of a verity thou mayest well entertain some gastric misgivings. But we are yet in holiday times, good friend, and there is digestion in the winter breezes, coming down upon us booming from far lake and forest. So be of good cheer; take an easy chair, or a hard one, if none other be at hand, and, cocking your toes, and nose if so minded, "draw near the ingle," determined to go it with right good-will, and we assure thee, if thou be not a man of the "*dura ilia*" stamp, or a woman after the heart of Lucinda Stone, thou shalt find nothing in the above, or our reficiamento thereof, to breed thee mental spasms, impart a twitch of statistical night-mare, or raise one blue-devil or blue-stocking before thy distempered vision. In sooth, good friend, 'tis not our intention to make a book. "*Some books*," thou knowest, "*are lies frae end to end*," as that ungodly Vates, the highland chiel, hath in malice sung; and some—but it is submitted that the "o'ergrown bulk" of many a goodly volume has resulted from "taking the sow by the wrong ear" at starting, and waddling, splashing and stumbling through the remainder, endeavoring to convert it into the right one; the application of which philosophy is, in this instance, left to thine own sagacity. Having, as we trust we have, by this time established ourselves in thy intimate confidence, we beg thee to be assured, that of Mr. Carey's facts and figures we shall be as sparing as possible, leaving some millions thereof untouched or unshaved for thy palate's tempting. So, too, of the American Review. We shall not seek to solve the problem, "*Who feed the English?*" inasmuch as we are determined they shall not be fed by us Americans, unless for a substantial "quid pro quo."

With the red hot bolts both have flung at the heads of that "iniquitous" people, this child does not purpose to meddle, albeit he is impressed with the conviction that they are brimful of mischief and destructiveness, and very undeservedly hurled at that mildest, most inoffensive, and most forbearing type of Christianity and thrift, "*Johann Boal*." Whether he abstains from handling such hot and hissing combustibles through simple respect for his fingers, or that he believes the peculiar chivalry which would, without further aim or cause, stake its life of life for injured innocence or outraged virtue, is gone clean out of the world, he does not choose to explain. With respect to Ireland, that she hath been used as a pack-horse, a poor dumb drudge, a long and callous-eared donkey, goaded, scourged, blasted and tortured by steel, and whip-cord, and flame, he is willing, for the argument's sake, to admit. Nay, to the end of redeeming her from that unworthy comparison—alas! too meet for her condition—he will not gainsay that, although she sitteth wailing by the way-side, betrayed, ravaged and desolate, with ashes on her head and agony in her heart; and although she is crowned with a crown of thorns only, yet is she a rightful queen, and of royal beauty ineffaceable. Whether true or not, he has not the heart to deny that her grace and loveliness have been to her a fatal dower, serving only to lure her despoiler. And if, shaking off her dream of death, she turn her to the rising sun, and invoking freedom fresh from the breath of God, spring at her defiler, then would he proudly deck her brow with garlands of everlasting radiance. But, meantime, he has his own views in her regard. The stain upon her name of damnation's deepest dye can only be removed by her own hand. He fancies that until it is removed, 'tis vain to tell her sorrows—how her rich luxuriance hath been

\* The Past, the Present, and the Future. Harmony of Interests. By Henry C. Carey. British Policy Here and There. American Review, November and December. Horace Greeley, *passim*.



plundered, and her fecundity made the *nurse* of death. The real difficulty in solving the problem of her destiny is, that her courage and the conscience of England have been both *negative* quantities. One never will change, the other may; then, and not till then, will her day begin to date.

These are, in part, his reasons for thus in the outset dismissing these topics, on which two of the writers, whose views he proposes to test, are so nobly eloquent. The question he purposes to discuss cannot be illustrated by the sufferings and wrongs of Ireland; nor can it subserve her prospects or her hopes. If other interests were out of view, and that it remained to be considered how her injuries could be avenged, then possibly the plunder committed upon her would be entitled to weight in the commercial polity of the United States. But, even then, it would be little worthy of a great nation to baffle her rival through the medium of a little custom-house thimble-riggery. If we, in good earnest, desire her downfall; if her day of retribution be at last come; if she is to feel reacting, on her own heart, the broadcast felony she has scattered over land and main; and if it be ours to speed the bolt of justice, let us, in God's name, go right straight about it, as we would to bore the blue mountains, or marry the oceans.

Having premised thus much, we proceed to the consideration of the works above quoted, in the order in which they are given.

Mr. Carey's elementary book is exceedingly agreeable. It is evidently written with a purpose intensely in earnest. By many it is deemed original, by some profound, by some instructive, by some abstruse, and by some absurd. With this man it is "authority," with that a paradox or a burlesque. One thinks it infallible—facts, figures, deductions and conclusions—the other heterodox and heretical all. Here, either general commendation or condemnation is needless; it is needless even to refer to more than a few of its leading propositions and arguments. For instance, its first chapter is an original picture of primeval rusticity—whether it be according to nature or not, is immaterial. But, supposing it a fancy sketch, it is not void of attractions. There stands the naked man confronting the old Titanic forest, accustomed to bow to no influence but the spirit of the tempest. How he fells it, tree by tree; how he stitches his garment of fig leaves, sows his first seed grain, and builds him a rude wigwam, and how he fares therein, is an interesting inquiry to all. To break a spell so agreeable would be rude and ill-natured. But how it so chanced that the lucky settler, when selecting the mountain slope for its freer air and lighter soil, should find ready to his hand iron, and copper, and zinc ores, and how he was blessed with means and sagacity to smelt, and mould, and temper them to use, is a question intended to affect the one now in discussion; and while we freely admit that it is well calculated to set village wonder all a-gape, may we humbly hint that in the mind of a rigid philosopher it would possibly provoke a sneer? It serves the same purpose, and stands on the same basis, as the prophecy sung by Virgil for Anchises some thousand years after the old seer had gone to his everlasting rest. The trapper's protectionist instincts are so immediately developed, and the agencies, resources, and essential elements necessary for a prosperous forest manufacturing interest are so available to his hand, that one wonders a beaver or a griffin is not found to present him with a veritable, ready-made "spinning jenny." Nevertheless, the connection between the brass hatchet and the present inquiry (the very one Mr. Carey had in view) is not so clear. Nor is it explained in the text whether this original feller of pine would or would not prefer, or would or would not be benefited, if a keen polished steel axe had come to him, no matter if from the moon, so he got it for the produce of one day's labor, instead of ten he must have lost tinkering at, and hundreds he must have lost tinkering with, the blunt instrument. We have our suspicions on that head, and if we thought them needed, we would print them. For the rest, Ricardo's philosophy of rent supplies Mr. Carey with an opportunity for much eloquent and indignant commentary. The discussion turns on the question whether the first cultivators do not naturally select the "best soils," and proceed downwards as these are exhausted, which Mr. Carey denies with vehement enthusiasm. They naturally, he asserts, begin with the worst, like children at a feast, and leave the choice morsels for the last. Hence is deduced this consoling philosophy, that the supply afforded by the earth will always be in proportion to the demand of its inhabitants; and that as rent increases, so will the prosperity of those who pay it, the cash of the landlord and that of the tenant making a harmonious jingle together. This is gratifying to more than the mere philanthropist, the only drawback being, that stiff-necked and stiff-willed tenants in general can, with extreme difficulty, be made to believe that the more they pay out the more they have left. To every appeal in proof they would be inclined to answer by a useless fumble in their empty pockets. If Mr. Carey takes three from six, and tells them that three remain, they will comprehend and assent; but if he takes four from six and assures them that four remain, in the absence of practical proof they must only refer the thing to some occult science, and go their way, lamenting their ignorance of such lucrative philosophy. "Dub, you know what be animal magnetism?" said a Yankee Moor to his sable brother, fresh from the South. "No; for what should I noo? Massa noos." "Well," replied the philosopher, "Ise larn you; hab you a half dolla?" The coin being produced, he placed it between his digit and palm, and interrogated the proselyte: "Dub, you see that there half dolla?" "Yea, ha, ha, hi." "Am you sure you see him?" "Yea, ha, ha, hi, hi." "Am you quite sure you see him?" "Yea, ha, ha, hi, hi; ha, ha, hi, hi." "Well, you will neber see him again, and that be animal magnetism." The tenant who pays his half dollar to the landlord for the purpose of experiencing our friend's philosophy, would find himself equally wise and equally empty-handed. But the rent discussion does one thing: it shows how much can be made of the *lana caprina* logic, and how a man can become violently earnest in proving the difference between tweedledum and tweedledee. If Ricardo's meaning be that men will naturally select the soils which yield most, as it evi-

dently is, then Mr. Carey simply re-asserts the same thing exactly; for he admits it is because it will yield most to such labor as he can apply, the rude cultivator selects the light, dry land of the hills. It is, under the circumstances, the "best soil;" and thus antagonistic results are drawn from precisely the same axiom expressed in different words. Mr. Carey's experience is of a wilderness, and as far as locality goes, he is right; but if he extended his inquiry to other countries, he would find, that where the land is cleared and cultivated, and men are free to choose, the rich valleys are first seized on. Let him take England at the time of the Norman invasion, or Ireland at the period of the Cromwellian one, and he will find the track of the freebooters every where along the teeming vales, and their castles rising in the lap of fertility. The present writer has often looked from Irish green hill-sides on scenes of luxuriance and abundance unrivalled. He has dwelt with gladness on the western prairies, seemingly illimitable in extent, and inexhaustible in fecundity, and on the blithe and prosperous homesteads of Pennsylvania; but while acknowledging the grandeur and sublimity of lea, and wood, and lake, and gushing river, in his glorious home, he must be permitted to say, that from ruined abbey walls and the ivy towers of long fallen fortresses in Ireland, he has beheld scenes bright as morning rays, and fruitful as omnipotent mercy, spread out before him, which no time, no expenditure, and no labor can produce the equal of in this country. And these are the scenes that tempted her robber invaders. These are the scenes which became their booty; and upon that theatre has been tested the problem, which to Mr. Carey seems inexplicable. Ricardo's theory has been there realized—there, on the richest soils in the world. Rent has eaten up the whole produce of the land, the most fruitful land, mark you, Mr. Carey, ever yet brought into activity. Rent has been increasing, and the produce decreasing, year by year; and as men spread themselves out on bog and moor and mountain, to raise clammy potatoes, the rent on the good soil has become higher and higher. Rent, more recently, has devoured the produce, and at the same time the sweat and marrow of the tenants. At last their vitals only remained, and it took them. Rent, more insatiable than a vampire, has fed on human flesh and blood. However irrelevant to the topic in issue, this sanguinary fact suggests one ominous warning to America. From many an Acedama it shrieks, *No rent! no rent!* Yes, "no rent!" for of all the curses that ever befell humanity, socially considered, rent—the institution of landlordism—is the direst. No matter what the form of government under which it exists, in its very nature it contains the germs of slavery. When one man *owns* the land and another pays him rent therefor—pays him, in fact, for the privilege of toiling thereon, the privilege of raising the produce, and transmitting it to the owner, for his sole use, sinking his flesh and blood in the soil, that it may become richer, with the chance of being turned to beg on the high road in the end; that man is a slave, and the vices of slavery stamp their impress on his heart. This is so, however much wealth may increase. This is so, no matter on how large a scale the "richer soils" are cultivated.

To some extent we have digressed. We are not canvassing the question of landlordism; and Mr. Carey does not, in words, commend the relation it expresses between man and man. He does, however, call rent national wealth; he justifies it as the consequence of capital spent in improvements; and he tells the tenant, that by increasing the landlord's wealth he increases his own; and, on the whole, rent is so mixed up in the theory as to justify this brief commentary.

How far Mr. Carey's philosophy controverts the principle of FREE TRADE, it is not very easy to find, though the purpose lurks through his entire argument. Nevertheless, he sometimes unconsciously affirms it instead. Not a few of his inferences would make it even ancillary to that highest aim of social economy and Christian philanthropy—bringing the "*good soils*" into cultivation. Here, for example, is one—page 115:—

"A change has come over the system, and England is now making a market at home for labor and capital. She is at present fairly engaged in building up the great food-producing machine, and preparing to supply the necessities of life up to a level with the demands for consumption."

The change above indicated is the repeal of the corn laws, which Mr. Carey elsewhere condemns as arbitrary impediments in the way of "Freedom of Trade." These laws furnish the strongest instance of protection, and that which is most pregnant with instruction and warning. Though for a long period the object of gigantic intellectual assault, before which they at last fell, their most vehement assailant never predicted the result, which Mr. Carey says has actually occurred, namely, the advancement of agriculture itself, which he announces in our quotation; and he thus further emphatically testifies to the necessary consequences of this advance:—

"She (England) is substituting the permanent for the temporary, and with each step of her progress in this direction, capital and labor are becoming more valuable."

The only protectionist recommendation discoverable in the work, is the perpetual advocacy of centralization. Mr. Carey's highest stage of progress is in mixed communities, in having the consumer side by side with the producer, so as that, as he expresses it, the machinery of exchange would become as inexpensive as possible. As this position is more forcibly urged and more practically illustrated by Mr. Greeley, we shall defer examining it until we come to review his opinions and arguments.

That cultivation begins on the poorer soils and proceeds to the richer ones, is not the leading idea—it is the one idea of the book. It is repeated in one form or other at least a thousand times. There is not a single proposition used, of which it is not the minor or middle term. Upon it every thing depends, and, in turn, it depends upon every thing. It is at the same time cause and effect, effect and cause. Where there is wealth, men cultivate the "richer soils." Where men cultivate the "richer soils," there is wealth. In peace, men cultivate the "richer soils." Where men cultivate the "richer

soils," there is peace. Morality, integrity, all the cardinal virtues, are concomitants of the cultivation of "rich soils," and such cultivation is sure to be accompanied by the virtues. So in like manner of the vices and the cultivation of the "poor soils." Take one example:—

"The lonely cultivator of the almost desert land is forced to depend on the thin soils of the earth for his support, and is in constant fear for his life and the safety of his little property. In every stranger he sees one as poor as himself; one to whom his little stock of wealth, trivial as it is, would be a treasure. Or if perchance the stranger comes from distant and civilized lands, from among a people who cultivate the rich soils of the earth, the lonely man sees in the nails and beads of his visitor what 'would make him rich indeed,' and avarice seizes on his soul. His labor, severe as it is, scarcely yields him food, and he has no means wherewith to buy it. He murders his visitor, and seizes on his goods. Here we have combined, fear, rapacity, cruelty, and such are uniformly the characteristics of men who are forced to rely on the poorest soils of the earth."

This is a gloomy picture; of which not the least startling figure is the poor foredoomed stranger. Let him doff his rich gear and ask shelter as a beggar, he is murdered because he is poor; let him display his wares, even a horse nail or a wooden comb, and he is massacred, because he is rich. Herein is to be found the clue to the first murder. No doubt, Cain shed his brother's blood, not because he was thereunto tempted by Satan in the guise of jealousy or pride, or because he had been corrupted by his mother's sin, but because he was forced to cultivate the "poorer soils." 'Tis somewhat of a marvel, that even now a new set of predestinarians, starting at this point, and making this discovery their gospel, have not grown into sturdy existence. No doubt they would have followers. The creed would be saving and attractive, conferring blessings innumerable in time, as well as eternity. But, how far it is flattering to the pilgrim fathers, on whom the writer elsewhere bestowed an enthusiastic eulogy, we leave to Mr. Bulwer or Mr. Webster to determine.

Dismissing Mr. Carey's elements of economy, and descending to his practical knowledge, our feeling is one of unmixed astonishment. While the picture is imaginary, he has a shade appropriate to every theory. He buttresses his parsnips with soft words, notwithstanding the apophthegm. He manures by a phrase and enriches by a dexterous turn of his pen. But when he comes to handle a spade or a reaping hook, he is at once confounded. Hear what he says of an acre of potatoes and an acre of wheat—page 299:—

"An acre of potatoes will outweigh an acre of wheat a dozen times, and its refuse will fertilize an acre of poor soil; but from the produce of an acre of wheat sent abroad to be exchanged, nothing goes back on the land."

The coo'ness of this assumption is amusing. It may pass muster, notwithstanding, with the philosophers. But there are few rustics whom it would not tickle exceedingly. Because the potatoes weigh a dozen times more than the wheat, therefore the former is a preferable crop. But this is not so bad as the assertion, that the refuse of an acre of potatoes will manure another acre. It is, of course, after such fashion, that he would perpetually fertilize the earth, so as to keep its produce up to the level of the demand of its inhabitants. There is not a man, however, who has tilled a rood of land, that does not know, that the refuse of ten acres of potatoes would not manure a square perch. No vegetable is so substanceless as the potato-stalk—it is, in fact, almost as perishable as the argument that is based on it. Thus far with respect to the refuse of the acre of potatoes. Then as to that of wheat, he says it is nil. But it so happens, nevertheless, that the straw on an acre of wheat would yield more manure than fifty acres of potato-stalks.

Before passing to Mr. Carey's other book, we are tempted to give an illustration of his grand theory in his own words:—

"A and B have each a horse and cart, and a farm, from which they can have 300 bushels of wheat, or its equivalent. An offer is made to give them each that quantity: but the distance is so far, that the hauling will occupy precisely the same time that the raising would do. A accepts, and B does not. A spends his time on the road, and B stays at home. When it rains, A stops at the way-side tavern, B spends the same day at home repairing his house. When A's horse feeds and rests, his master has nothing to do; B grubs up an old root, or repairs a fence. A's horse deposits his manure in the road, that of B goes on his farm. A's horse hauls every day, and the service performed, nothing remains. B opens a marl pit and puts on his land manure for two or three years. At the end of the year A's horse and cart are worn out, while B's are almost as good as new. The farm of A has deteriorated, while that of B is greatly improved. Both have done the same number of days' work, and both have received the same compensation, yet A is poorer, and B richer than at first. Every diminution in the quantity required of the machinery of exchange tends to increase the quantity of labor, both of body and mind, that may be applied directly to production, and such labor is rewarded with an increased return, and an increase in the powers of the machine itself. Such has been the case in all past times; and such will it ever continue to be."

The naked proposition at the base of this comparison is incorrect. That proposition and the supervening facts are contradictory. Some of these facts are false statements, and all the intervening deductions are false logic. The comparison, to be a fair one, should rest on an immutable basis. This would require that the 300 bushels should be a fixed and absolute maximum, in the production of which alone all B's labor is to be absorbed. If he can apply some to meliorating his farm or his house, then he gets more in fact than A, and the fallacy in stating the question is apparent. Again, if the return be not determined and definite, we might calculate a tolerable column of casualties against B, such as the worm, the wet, the drought, the blight, while A's bushels remained sound and whole, and every grain available. If again A and B get the same thing exactly, then one cannot be richer; and if, on the other hand, one be richer, they cannot get the same remuneration; one must get a higher and a better one. But the supervening facts not only contradict the terms of the proposition, they contradict each other, and each contradicts itself. Suppose we take these two:

The hauling will occupy precisely the same time and labor that the raising would do. B manures three acres, and he raises besides; yet A's horse and cart are worn out, while B's are almost new. The first and second branch of this sentence contradict each other. If it be true that the "hauling" and raising occupy precisely the same time, then it is untrue that there is time for manuring three acres. The second is self-contradictory.

How A's horse became a year older, while B's remained as young as before, is a phenomenon that Mr. Carey does not deign to explain; or how the cart which is most worked continues new, while that which does least is worn out, supposing them equally new, strong and durable at the beginning of the year. He leaves us hopelessly in the dark on the subject, and utterly incapable of comprehending it, save on the principle that, in political economy at least, the less is greater than the greater; while even that will scarcely aid us, in regard to the age of B's horse, which must be referred to some process similar to, and more successful than, that tried by the daughters of Jason when they boiled their father's old bones. The exact meaning or bearing, we should say, perhaps the depth of the conclusion is, we must needs confess, beyond our powers of comprehension. But if the offer of Mr. Carey were made, subject to every disadvantage and casualty, for our parts, we commend the choice of A. If not, the deductions are false in fact as well as logic. Land does not improve by growing corn; it seriously deteriorates, a fact which may be learned without the lights of philosophy or chemistry. It must be restored by manures. Some of these are enriching, some of a stimulating character only. The latter in the end will make rich land poor, instead of poor land rich. Even the former have their limits, both as to quantity and power, and there is a point of fertility, beyond which the earth cannot be pressed, so that, twenty to one, B's farm must have been deteriorated by being worked, A's improved by lying fallow. This would surely be the case, were Mr. Carey at hand to help B with his bundle of potato-stalks.

It will be seen that we have, in our last quotation, inserted the word labor. Mr. Carey must have intended it, or he intended to deceive. We prefer believing the former. Without it, the question would be unfair and unintelligible, and would bespeak a design on his part, which we would be sorry to impute to him, of relying on a contemptible "*arrière pensée*." But supposing A poorer, and B richer, where is the connection between that fact, and the general conclusion which follows, upon the truth of which, standing alone, every fact stated in the comparison must depend? To us it is precisely as intelligible, and we suspect it must have been used with about the same view, as Professor Fichte's celebrated data. The professor having duly stroked his moustache, as it becometh all bearded thinkers to do, and having meditatively paced the floor, in sight of a small class of admiring disciples, thus began: "Gentlemen, *think the wall*." After due time was allowed for this rather flinty performance, the man of learning asked the pupils whether they had in fact thought the wall: to which, in proof of their capability, the disciples gave an affirmative response. "Now," he resumed, "*think the thing that thought the wall*;" wherewith we take our leave of Mr. Carey's Elements, confessing our incapacity to comprehend either the data of the professor, or the conclusion of the economist.

Most of our readers are, we presume, aware that an association has recently been formed in this city called the "Free Trade League," having for its object the abolition of all custom houses, and the establishment of a system of direct taxation for the purpose of raising the supplies needed for the support of government. Among its most prominent and active members are the gentlemen connected with our contemporary, the *Democratic Review*, whose articles may now, we presume, be considered as the authorized expression of the views of the League in regard to all politico-economical matters, and as being therefore entitled to particular respect. Under this impression it is that we have transferred to our pages the above, constituting the whole of the first chapter of a review of Mr. Carey's works, intended and expected, as we believe, to annihilate both himself and the doctrine of which he is the earnest advocate, to wit: *that the true and only road*

*to perfect freedom of trade lies through perfect protection*, and that every attempt to seek it in any other direction must result in failure and ruin. In thus laying it before our readers we have a two-fold object.

First. We wish them to see for themselves the arguments of our opponents in favor of maintaining the British system which looks to monopolizing the machinery required for the production of cloth and iron for the world, and which preaches *free trade* as a means of maintaining this *monopoly*. To carry out this British system, advocated by our contemporary, it is essential that England should be made "the workshop of the world," and that she should be enabled to compel the farmers and planters of the world to bring to her all their raw products, that she may take what she needs *at prices to be fixed by herself*, and also to compel them to look to her for all their supplies of cloth and iron, *at prices to be fixed by herself*, thus reducing them to the condition of humble



dependents upon a small number of wealthy cotton spinners and iron masters. Such is the object of the *British system of free trade*, whose principal advocates are to be found in the editor of, and contributors to, the *Democratic Review*, and it can scarcely fail to interest our readers to know, and to understand, if they can, how the cause of *American Democracy* is to be aided by placing the whole body of our agriculturists in the power of the *moneyed aristocracy of Britain*.

Second. We desire, if possible, to induce our opponents to do the same by us, in laying before their readers our arguments on the opposite side of the question, that they also may have the opportunity to judge for themselves. In preferring, as we now do, this request to our contemporary, we must at the same time express our doubts of having it complied with, it being the uniform practice of the advocates of the British free trade, or monopoly system, to shut out every thing like free discussion of this important question. Nevertheless, we still have hopes that our contemporary may on this occasion pursue a different course, for the advantages we offer him are great. In the first place, we now lay his views before many thousands of Whigs, steadfast advocates of protection, that he may convert them if he can; and if he thinks his arguments calculated to open the eyes of our benighted readers, he must rejoice at the occurrence of such an opportunity to try their effect. In return for thus enabling him to lay his powerful arguments before our readers, all that we ask of him is that he will lay our weak ones before his own, for the purpose of strengthening their faith in the present revenue system, or in the future "free-trade" system, under which we must abandon the making of cloth and iron, and a thousand other commodities, yielding to Britain the entire and exclusive command of the trade of the world. Such an opportunity for converting the protectionists and strengthening the convictions of the free-traders, should not, and we trust it will not, be lightly rejected. We shall hope, therefore, to see this article transferred to the pages of our contemporary, and in return we pledge ourselves for laying before our readers his comments upon it. We seek the truth and desire to aid our readers in their search for it, and therefore do we give both sides of the question. Let our oppo-

nents prove their confidence in the truth of their doctrines by following our example.

Before proceeding to a detailed examination of this article, we desire to call the attention of our readers to its general tone, and to the claims, as scientific men, put forth by the members of the League, of whose views our contemporary is the organ. The subject chiefly referred to in this chapter is one of the deepest interest to all mankind, being no less than the question whether there do or do not exist divine laws, in virtue of which population tends to increase more rapidly than food, rendering necessary the constant recurrence of wars, pestilences, and famines, for the purpose of restraining numbers within the limits of the means of subsistence. Such a subject would, we might suppose, be treated with a gravity proportioned to its importance, particularly by the representatives of a school that claims for itself all the scientific knowledge, and quotes so fluently Bastiat, Mill, Say, Ricardo, and Malthus, in opposition to the "exploded fallacies" of protection to American labor. Far otherwise, however, is it. Instead of gravely discussing this great question, it is here, as is seen, treated with a degree of levity scarcely, as we conceive, to be excused in a journal with any claims to character, were the subject of discussion of little more importance than would be one in reference to the comparative merits of a couple of rival rope-dancers. In illustration of the views of our contemporary in regard to the cause of value in land, and the law of the distribution of its products, we are treated with a dialogue between a couple of negroes; while the question of the advantage to the land and its owner from the existence of the power to restore to the former the manure resulting from the consumption of its crops, is settled by a bunch of potato stalks! Such is modern British politico-economical science, as transferred to the columns of our contemporary, the *Democratic Review*, which claims for itself and its friends the possession of exclusive scientific knowledge! They constitute, in their own estimation, "all the talents" party of America.

The course here adopted appears to us to be precisely that of the skilful advocate who knows that his cause will not bear examination, and that the less that is said of it the better it will be for his client. He therefore



passes from subject to subject rapidly, touching as lightly as possible upon the merits of his own case, dodging every difficult question, dwelling upon the trivial errors or omissions of his opponents, and endeavoring wherever possible to raise a laugh at their expense, hoping to deceive the court and the jury into a verdict in opposition to both law and justice, at which their cooler judgments would be shocked. With a case that he feels to be strong, how different is his course of action! He then passes from point to point, dwelling on each in proportion to its importance, making his ground sure as he advances, certain to obtain from the cool and deliberate judgment of both the bench and the jury the verdict that he seeks, and he leaves the court feeling that he has done his duty both to his client and to the cause of justice. Such, however, is not the course of the advocates of the British monopoly which seeks to maintain and extend itself under the mask of freedom of trade. To pin them down to the examination of either facts or theories appears impossible. If the former do not suit their views, the answer is found in the brief words "political arithmetic." If the latter be not agreeable, they cry "free trade," and nothing more. The word itself is deemed a sufficient reply to the benighted people who cannot agree with them as to the road by which freedom of trade is to be sought. Now, we too are free-traders. We look with longing eyes for the time when perfect freedom of trade may be rendered possible, and therefore it is that we desire to see a full and free discussion of the question as to which is the true and profitable mode of reaching it. The experience of the nation has, as we think, proved that it can be done only through perfect protection. Mr. Carey has now fortified the believers in protection by showing that theory is also on their side, and the admission of the truth of his doctrine of the occupation of land and of the distribution of its proceeds, would be so fatal to the British monopoly system, called free-trade, that the advocates of the latter find it necessary to sneer it down, if possible, but at all events to avoid discussion of its merits. Our contemporary therefore tells us that it is by some deemed to be "original," while by others it is regarded as "profound, instructive, abstruse, or absurd," and closes by assuring us that for his part he is unable to "compre-

hend either the data of the professor or the conclusions of the economist;" and yet he undertakes to instruct the world in regard to the greatest of all questions, that of the divine laws which regulate the growth of food and population. For his inability to comprehend it several reasons might be given, but a single one will probably suffice for our readers, and that is, that *he appears never to have read the book*, a fact of which we hope to satisfy them, and that conclusively, before they shall have finished the perusal of this article.

The British politico-economical system may be stated in a very few words. Men are supposed to commence the work of cultivation upon the richest soils, those capable of yielding the largest returns to labor. As population increases it becomes necessary to have recourse to inferior soils; and the consequence of "the constantly increasing sterility of the soil" required to be cultivated is that the difficulty of obtaining subsistence increases with the increase of numbers, producing a necessity for dispersion over the world in quest of the original rich soils. The more they separate from each other the larger, it is held, is likely to be the return to labor employed in agriculture, and the more necessary is it that they should employ themselves in the work of cultivation alone, sending to England their raw products that she may maintain her monopoly of machinery for their conversion; and every attempt at interference with this monopoly is denounced as being in opposition to the true principles of trade. It is thought best that one nation should raise corn and cotton and transport them thousands of miles, that the two may be combined in the form of cloth, and that another should raise sugar and a third refine it; expending in the work of transportation, annually repeated, treble the labor required for raising the corn, the cotton, or the sugar, instead of at once bringing the consumer of food to the side of the producer of food and cotton, as urged by Adam Smith, the great founder of the politico-economical school which teaches the advantage of making a market on the land for the products of the land.

It will now readily be seen that the whole British monopoly theory, known by the name of Free Trade, hangs upon the question whether men do or do not, in the early period of every society, commence the work of

cultivation on the richest soils. *If they do*, then is it profitable that men should disperse themselves over the world in quest of those soils, applying thereon, when found, their whole labor, and leaving Britain the full enjoyment of the monopoly of machinery which it has been the object of her whole system of legislation to establish. *If they do not*—if, on the contrary, the early settlers commence invariably on the less fertile soils, leaving the rich bottom lands, and the beds of marl and lime, to their successors—and if it is only with the growth of population and of wealth, that these richer soils can be brought into activity—then is dispersion to be avoided, and then is concentration for the cultivation of those rich soils to be sought. Dispersion must tend to diminish the productiveness of labor. With each step in its progress, men become less able to combine their exertions for the common good, and their land becomes less productive, because of the increased necessity for sending abroad its raw products, wasting labor in transportation, and returning to the soil none of the manure. The powers of the soil constitute the farmer's capital. *In exhausting these powers, he is wasting his capital*, and therefore it is that all those nations which are compelled to export their raw products are seen to become impoverished, as witness Ireland, Portugal, and India, and as further witness all the lands of the Southern States.

When, on the contrary, the artisan is enabled to take his place by the side of the ploughman, eating his food on, or near, the land upon which it had been produced, the latter is enabled to return to his land the manure, and he not only ceases to waste his capital, but he increases it, because the same process which saves manure, saves also the labor of transportation, and he has more labor to give to his land; and therefore it is that land becomes valuable, and its owner becomes rich, wherever a market is made on land for its products. The two systems look in different directions—the one to the centralization in the hands of the British moneyed aristocracy, of power over the farmers and planters of the world, and to the exhaustion of their land and of themselves; the other to the establishment of power over their own actions among those farmers and planters, and to the enrichment of their land and of themselves. Which of the two is theo-

retically right, the British monopoly system, or that American one which looks to the establishment of perfect freedom of trade on the ruins of this monopoly, is to be determined by the settlement of the question, whether men do or do not commence the work of cultivation on the richest soils; whether the doctrine of Mr. Ricardo or that of Mr. Carey is the true one.

Our readers will now, we think, understand the cause of the indisposition of our Democratic reviewers to examine this question, and of their obvious determination to sneer down, if possible, the novel theory of our countryman. The latter once admitted, the system of the British monopoly school must pass away, for it must then be also admitted that with the increase of population resulting from bringing the loom and the anvil into connection with the plough and harrow, men are enabled to cultivate richer soils, to apply their labor more continuously to the work of cultivation, to maintain and to increase the powers of their land, and to give increased value to both their land and their labor; and that in case of the existence of any disturbing cause tending to prevent the artisan and the agriculturist from thus combining their exertions, their duty to themselves requires the adoption of such measures of resistance as shall appear likely most speedily and most effectually to remove the cause of disturbance. This has been done in Germany, and in this and other countries, by the adoption of measures of protection against the British monopoly, with a view to the ultimate establishment of perfect freedom of trade. The theory on which British free-trade rests, falls with the fall of the British doctrine of rent, and hence it is that our Democratic reviewers view with such hostility any attempt to lessen the authority of Mr. Ricardo. They desire to sustain him and the monopoly together, for divided they must fall.

The reviewer informs us that "if Ricardo's meaning be that men will naturally select the soils which yield most, as it evidently is, then Mr. Carey simply re-asserts the same thing exactly;" and he is of opinion that the difference between them is just the difference between "tweedledum and tweedle-dee." Passing by the beauty of this most happy illustration, which is so precisely in keeping with the rest of the article, we would beg to inquire if he ever read Ricardo? We

presume not, for otherwise he could make no such assertion. Ricardo is often quoted, but rarely read, and few of those who use his name have taken the trouble to endeavor to follow him in the infinite complications and inconsistencies to which he was led in the attempt to establish a system, now admitted to be unsound and untenable by many who were once his devoted followers. Mr. Ricardo meant what he said, that men took first those soils that were by nature the most fertile, for if he had meant otherwise, how could he have stated that the productiveness of the soil decreased with the extension of cultivation over newer soils, and that with that extension there was a perpetually increasing difficulty of obtaining food—that its price, as compared with labor, perpetually increased—and that the reward of labor, in food, was perpetually diminishing? Had his meaning been such as our contemporary has chosen to attribute to him, what could his successor Mr. McCulloch have meant when he spoke of the “perpetually increasing sterility of the soil in cultivation?” We would earnestly request our Democratic reviewer to study Ricardo, before he has occasion again to quote him.

A natural consequence of such “decreasing fertility” was supposed to be, that the owners of lands in cultivation were enabled to demand and to obtain as rent, a *constantly increasing proportion* of the *constantly diminishing quantity* yielded by the land in return to the labor employed upon it. In the infancy of cultivation, rich lands were supposed to be abundant and open for universal occupation, and no rent was then paid. With the next step in the growth of population, it became necessary to occupy No. 2, and then the owner of No. 1 could demand, as rent, the difference between the products of the one and the other. With the occupation of No. 3, the two first could pay rent, and so on successively, the proportion of the land-owner *increasing* with every *diminution* in the productiveness of the labor applied to agriculture, until at length the farmer would absorb the whole produce. Under such circumstances it is not extraordinary that a recent eminent writer should say, in speaking of this system of Mr. Ricardo, that “our own social system seems to harbor within itself the germs of ruin. Either we must destroy rent, i. e., that

which causes rent, or rent will destroy us.”\*

It is obvious that with this increase in the proportion of the land owner, and this diminution in actual quantity going to the laborer, the latter must become daily poorer, and more and more a slave to the caprices of his landlord. Equally obvious is it, that according to Mr. Carey's theory, directly the reverse would be the case, and that as the rich soils came gradually into cultivation, labor would become more productive, the power of accumulation would increase, and capital would be more required to seek for labor, enabling the laborer to retain for himself a constantly increasing proportion of a constantly increasing quantity, and consequently to exercise a constantly increasing control over his own actions. The one system teaches thus, that there exist divine laws in virtue of which men must necessarily become enslaved as population grows, and that is the British monopoly one. The other teaches that there exist laws in virtue of which men must necessarily become more and more free as wealth and population grow, and that is the system of Mr. Carey. Now, the laws of God tend to the establishment and extension of Democracy, or they do not. This was an important and highly interesting question to be examined by a *Democratic* journalist, but how is it examined? How has this reviewer treated of a great law of the distribution of the proceeds of labor between the capitalist and the laborer, first announced by Mr. Carey, and now admitted to be true by some of the most eminent members of the reviewer's own\* politico-economical school in Europe? We pray the reader to look, for an answer to this question, to the article itself, where he will find it dismissed with a sneer in relation to the “useless fumble” in the empty pocket of the rent-payer; and yet the author of this article undertakes to lecture the world upon both democracy and political economy! Why it is so dismissed, may easily be explained. To sustain the British monopoly system, the theory of Mr. Ricardo, that there exists a law of God in virtue of which men must become gradually more and more enslaved, must be sustained by our *Democratic* contemporary. From such Democrats, the poor

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\* De Quincey, Logic of Political Economy

laborers of this country might well pray Heaven to deliver them.

It is somewhat unfortunate that our reviewer should not have made himself acquainted with the meaning of the word "Rent," as it would have saved him much useless, and, if it were not for the necessity of copying one of his own epithets, we might almost be tempted to say "absurd," declamation. The interest upon the value of property constitutes its rent, as is known by almost every school-boy. The man whose farm will sell for \$20,000 knows well that his rent is \$1200, and that to that extent the return obtained is interest upon his capital, the surplus alone being the reward of labor. As land increases in value, rent increases in *amount*, but diminishes in its *proportion* of the commodities obtained from it; because labor increases still more rapidly, and the laborer obtains a larger proportion and rapidly increasing quantity. When land prepared for cultivation is scarce, little rent is paid; but the *proportion* of the land sown is large, as in Ireland. When such land abounds, much rent is paid; but the *proportion* of the land sown is small. The interest paid for the use of other capital is its rent. When capital abounds much interest is paid, yet the rate of interest is low. When it is scarce, little interest is paid, yet the rate is high. The man who uses his own capital instead of lending it, knows well that to the extent of what he could obtain from others for its use, his profits are only rent, or interest, and that the surplus only is the reward of his labor or his skill. All this seems so very obvious, and is so well known, that we are surprised our reviewer should have so long remained ignorant of it, which we think he would not have been had he found leisure for reading Mr. Carey's book before reviewing it. Whenever he shall read it, we incline to think he will agree with him in the belief that increase of rent is a sign of increasing "national wealth," and also of increasing happiness and freedom to man.

The denunciation of rent by our reviewer is accompanied by an earnest desire that men should cultivate their own lands, becoming themselves their own rent receivers. Had he found leisure to read the book he was reviewing, he would have found that Ricardo's system, *of which he is the advocate*, teaches the existence of divine laws under which the land must necessarily be

more and more monopolized, and man more and more enslaved; while the system of Mr. Carey, *at which he sneers*, teaches the existence of other laws, the real laws of God, under which land tends to become more divided, and man more and more free. It is much to be regretted that gentlemen should undertake to review books without having read them. Had our reviewer read that of Mr. Carey he might, however, have incapacitated himself from defending the system under which Britain seeks to tax the farmers and planters of the world, because he might then have learned that that system, and the growth of democracy, are incompatible with each other.

The natural consequence of this "diminishing fertility of the soil," taught by Mr. Ricardo and his successors, is seen in the admiration of ships and wagons, sailors and wagoners, in preference to the land and its cultivators; the labor of the man who *transports* the food being regarded as *more productive* of the necessities and comforts of life than those of the man to whose cultivation of the earth its production is due. Thus, Mr. McCulloch says:—

"There are no limits to the bounty of nature in manufactures; but there are limits, and those not very remote, to her bounty in agriculture. The greatest possible amount of capital might be expended in the construction of steam engines, or of any other sort of machinery; and after they had been multiplied indefinitely, the last would be as powerful and efficient in producing commodities and saving labor as the first. Such, however, is not the case with the soil. Lands of the first quality are speedily exhausted; and it is impossible to apply capital indefinitely even to the best soils, without obtaining from it a constantly diminishing rate of profit."

Of this Mr. Carey says:—

"All this might be true if man *did* speedily exhaust the best soils; but, as he is always going from a poor soil to a better, and then returning on his footsteps to the original poor one, and turning up the marl or the lime; and so on, in continued succession; and as he has done so in every nation of the world where population and wealth have been permitted to increase; and as, at each step in this course, he is making a better machine; the converse of Mr. McCulloch's proposition may prove to be true. It is held that there are *no* limits to the capital that may be profitably expended in engines, because all are *equal* to the first; but that there *are* limits to that which may be employed in agriculture, because the last is necessarily *inferior* to the first. If, however, the last agricultural machine be always, as it always is, *superior* to the



previous ones : then capital may be invested in agriculture with *more* advantage than in engines, because the last are *only of equal*, whereas the other is of *superior*, power.

"A steam-engine produces nothing. It diminishes the labor required for converting wool into cloth, or grain into flour ; for freeing mines from water ; or for transporting wool, or grain, or coal. The gain from its use is the wages of that labor, *minus* the loss by deterioration of the machine. Labor applied to fashioning the earth produces wages, *plus* the gain by improvement of the machine. The more an engine can be made to yield the worse it will become. The more the earth can be made to yield the better will it become. The man who neglects his farm to employ himself and his engine in the work of fashioning or exchanging the products of other farms, obtains wages, *minus* loss of capital. He who employs himself on his own farm obtains wages, *plus* profits resulting from the improvement of the farm, to the extent that that improvement exceeds the loss from the deterioration of the spades, ploughs, engines, or other machinery that is used."

In illustration of this, Mr. Carey has given the case of the two men, A and B, which the reviewer has taken the trouble to extract\* for the purpose of offering almost a page of comments, the object of which we suppose to be that of proving that the carter who transports the food is a more productive laborer than the man who produces the food. The exact "meaning or bearing" of the extract he has given is, as he says, beyond his comprehension, a fact which results probably from his having accidentally alighted on this passage somewhere, and not having read the previous or subsequent paragraphs. We do hope, and that most earnestly, that before he shall again undertake to review this book, he will take the trouble to read it. If he shall do so, he will then probably be enabled to teach his readers that in the school to which he belongs it is taught that the larger the proportion of the population that employs itself in the work of transportation, the greater will be the quantity of the necessities and comforts of life produced ; and the greater the proportion employed in the production of those necessities and comforts, the smaller will be the quantity produced. The whole system is an almost endless mass of contradictions.

If men do commence the work of cultivation on the rich soils of the earth, and if with the growth of population it becomes more difficult to obtain food, then is disper-

sion necessary, and the more widely men are separated from each other the greater is the necessity for ships and wagons, and the larger must be the proportion of the population engaged in the work of transportation and exchange. This is the state of things advocated by the school of the British moneyed aristocracy, as being the most productive.

If, on the contrary, they commence with the poorer soils, and if with the growth of population and wealth they are enabled to obtain the command of the richer ones, then there must be in the natural progress of society a tendency to concentration, with steady diminution in the proportion of ships and wagons, and equally steady diminution in the loss of labor employed in the work of transportation and exchange. Ships and wagons produce nothing, but ploughs and looms do produce. The fewer sailors and wagoners needed, the more numerous will be the men who can follow the plough and drive the shuttle, the more productive will be the labor, and the more readily will the laborer rise to be a capitalist. This is the state of things advocated by the American Democratic free-trade school, but which is denounced by our *Democratic* reviewer.

It will now be obvious to our readers that the more exchanges are made on the spot, the less will be the *necessity* for transportation, and the greater will be the *power* of the farmer to bestow both labor and manure upon his land, and that with every such increase of power the productiveness of labor must increase. Further, labor, applied to the great machine of production, the earth, is productive of permanent results, whereas that applied to changing the mere form of the things produced, as in converting cotton into cloth, produces only temporary ones, and the growth of wealth is always in the ratio in which labor is applied in the former manner. The English school teaches directly the reverse of this, and the reverse of what is everywhere seen and known to be the fact ; and our American *free-traders* follow blindly in their track.

"The earth (says Mr. Carey) is the sole producer. Man fashions and exchanges. A part of his labor is applied to the fashioning of the great machine, and this produces changes that are permanent. The drain once cut, remains a drain ; and the limestone, once reduced to lime, never again becomes limestone. It passes into the food of man and animals, and ever after takes its part in the same round with the clay with which it has been incorporated. The

\* See page 236, *ante*.



iron rusts, and gradually passes into soil, to take its part with the clay and the lime. That portion of his labor gives him wages while preparing the machine for greater future production. That other portion which he expends on fashioning and exchanging the *products* of the machine, produces temporary results, and gives him wages alone. Whatever tends, therefore, to diminish the quantity of labor necessary for the fashioning and exchanging of the products, tends to increase the quantity that may be given to increasing the amount of products, and to preparing the great machine; and thus, while increasing the present return to labor, preparing for a future further increase.

"The first poor cultivator obtains a hundred bushels for his year's wages. To pound this between two stones requires twenty days of labor, and the work is not half done. Had he a mill in the neighborhood he would have better flour, and he would have almost his whole twenty days to bestow upon his land. He pulls up his grain. Had he a scythe, he would have more time for the preparation of the machine of production. He loses his axe, and it requires days of himself and his horse on the road to obtain another. His machine loses the time and the manure, both of which would have been saved had the axe-maker been at hand. The real advantage derived from the mill and the scythe, and from the proximity of the axe-maker, consists simply in the power which they afford him to devote his labor more and more to the preparation of the great machine of production, and such is the case with all the machinery of preparation and exchange. The plough enables him to do as much in one day as with a spade he could do in five. He saves four days for drainage. The steam-engine drains as much as without it could be drained by thousands of days of labor. He has more leisure to marl or lime his land. The more he can extract from his machine the greater is its value, because every thing he takes is, by the very act of taking it, fashioned to aid further production. The machine, therefore, improves by use; whereas spades, and ploughs, and steam-engines, and all other of the machines used by man, are but the various forms into which he fashions parts of the great original machine, to disappear in the act of being used; as much so as food, though not so rapidly. The earth is the great labor savings' bank; and the value to man of all other machines is in the direct ratio of their tendency to aid him in increasing his deposits in the only bank whose dividends are perpetually increasing, while its capital is perpetually doubling. That it may continue for ever so to do, all that it asks is that it shall receive back the refuse of its produce; the manure; and that it may do so, the consumer and the producer must take their places by each other. That done, every change that is effected becomes permanent, and tends to facilitate other and greater changes. The whole business of the farmer consists in making and improving soils, and the earth rewards him for his kindness by giving him more and more food the more attention he bestows upon her."

The less the necessity for wasting labor in

transportation, the greater is the amount of labor that can be thus bestowed; and "with every improvement in the machinery of exchange," says Mr. Carey,

"there is a diminution in the proportion which that machinery bears to the mass of production, because of the extraordinary increase of product consequent upon the increased power of applying labor to building up the great machine. It is a matter of daily observation that the demand for horses and men increases as railroads drive them from the turnpikes, and the reason is, that the farmer's means of improving his land increase more rapidly than men and horses for his work. The man who has, thus far, sent to market his half-fed cattle, accompanied by horses and men to drive them, and wagons and horses loaded with hay or turnips with which to feed them on the road, and to fatten them when at market, now fattens them on the ground, and sends them by railroad ready for the slaughter-house. His use of the machinery of exchange is diminished nine-tenths. He keeps his men, his horses, and his wagons, and the refuse of his hay or turnips, at home. The former are employed in ditching and draining, while the latter fertilizes the soil heretofore cultivated. His production doubles, and he accumulates rapidly, while the people around him have more to eat, more to spend in clothing, and more to accumulate themselves. He wants laborers in the field, and they want clothes and houses. The shoemaker and the carpenter, finding that there exists a demand for their labor, now join the community, eating the food on the ground on which it is produced; and thus the machinery of exchange is improved, while the quantity required is diminished. The quantity of flour consumed on the spot induces the miller to come and eat his share, while preparing that of others. The labor of exchanging is diminished, and more is given to the land, and the lime is now turned up. *Tons* of turnips are obtained from the same surface face that before gave *bushels* of rye. The quantity to be consumed increases faster than the population, and more months are needed on the spot, and next the woollen-mill comes. The wool no longer requires wagons and horses, which now are turned to transporting coal, to enable the farmer to dispense with his woods, and to reduce to cultivation the fine soil that has, for centuries, produced nothing but timber. Production again increases, and the new wealth now takes the form of the cotton-mill; and, with every step in the progress, the farmer finds new demands on the great machine he has constructed, accompanied with increased power on his part to build it up higher and stronger, and to sink its foundations deeper. He now supplies beef and mutton, wheat, butter, eggs, poultry, cheese, and every other of the comforts and luxuries of life, for which the climate is suited; and from the same land which afforded, when his father or grandfather first commenced cultivation on the light soil of the hills, scarcely sufficient rye or barley to support life."

It will be observed that among the most important advantages enumerated as result-

ing from making a market on the land for its products, is that of being enabled to return to it the refuse of its products, the manure, thus preserving and increasing the farmer's capital. That idea is repeated throughout the work, and it is shown that the dispersion every where taking place among our own population is a necessary consequence of the British system which compels our farmers every where to exhaust their land, and thus waste their capital. How it operates on the planters is thus shown :—

"The Kentuckian exhausts his land with hemp, and then wastes his manure on the road, in carrying it to market. Had he a market on the ground for corn and oats, peas and beans, cabbages, and potatoes, and turnips, he might restore the waste : but the rich bottom lands must remain undrained until he can place the consumer side by side with the producer.

"Virginia is exhausted by tobacco, and men desert their homes to seek in the west new lands, to be again exhausted : and thus are labor and manure wasted, while the great machine deteriorates, because men *cannot come* to take from it the vast supplies of food with which it is charged. Thousands of acres, heavily timbered with oak, poplar, beech, sugar-tree, elm and hickory, are offered at about the government price, or a dollar an acre, and on long credit, but they are not worth clearing : and they cannot be cleared, until there shall arise a demand for lumber for the construction of houses, mills, and railroads : and that cannot arise so long as men shall continue to be limited to the use of the worst machinery of exchange ; wasting on the roads the manure yielded by the products of their poor soils, and the labor that might be applied to the clearing of the rich ones. An acre of wheat has been made to produce a hundred bushels, and such will, at some future day, be the produce of these lands : but the consumer and the producer will then be near neighbors to each other, and all the manure produced by the land will go back again to the great river of these rich supplies. She pays well those that feed her, but she starves those who starve her : *and she expels them.*

"The cotton planter raises small crops on thin soils, and he, too, is ruined by drought. He tries rich soils, and rains destroy his crop, even to the extent of more than two hundred thousand bales, worth many millions of dollars, in a single season. Were he near neighbor to consumers of food, vegetable and animal, he could raise large crops of grass and food on rich lands, and manure the poor ones ; and then he would suffer little from drought or rain. He would have always at hand aid in harvest, and his cotton fields would yield him larger crops from smaller surface.

"South Carolina has millions of acres admirably adapted to the raising of rich grasses, the manure produced from which would enrich the exhausted cotton lands : but she exports rice and cotton, and

loses all the manure, and must continue so to do until the consumer of veal, and beef, and corn, shall take his place by the side of the producer of cotton. When that time shall arrive, her wealth and population will both increase : but until then both must continue to diminish."

The meaning of this is not to be doubted. The manure is the refuse of the crops. Nevertheless, the reviewer undertakes to amuse his readers by endeavoring to have them believe that the refuse of an acre of potatoes consists of nothing but potato stalks, and that the meaning of the author whose work he was reviewing, was that those potato-stalks were more valuable as manure than an acre of wheat straw.

We are quite unwilling to believe our contemporary to be capable of intentional misrepresentation, and to that unwillingness is due our belief that the writer of the review had never read the book. The article throughout looks as if it had had two fathers, one of whom read the volume and selected the passages to be extracted, while the other wrote the commentary. If we are wrong in this, we shall be glad to know who will be willing to assume the responsibility of so gross a misrepresentation as that to which we have here called the attention of our readers.

A still more remarkable one will be found in the following passage :—

"The only protectionist recommendation discoverable in the work is the perpetual advocacy of centralization."

An entire chapter of Mr. Carey's volume is devoted to the exhibition of the advantages resulting from that combination of effort which results from concentration, and the exposure of the injurious consequences resulting from centralization such as England desires to impose upon the farmers and planters of the world, in constituting herself sole factor and sole manufacturer for the world. At the close of the first portion of this chapter, devoted to concentration, Mr. Carey says :—

"Such is concentration. Opposed thereto is centralization. The one looks inward, and tends to promote a love of home and of quiet happiness and a desire for union ; facilitating the growth of wealth and the preparation of the great machine of production, and enabling man to acquire a love of books and a habit of independent thought and action. Here each man minds his own business, and superintends the application of the proceeds

of his own labor. Centralization, on the contrary, looks outward, and tends to promote a love of war and discord, and a disrelish for home and its pursuits, preventing the growth of wealth, and retarding the preparation of the great machine. Under it men are forced to move in masses, governed by ministers, and generals, and admirals; and the habit of independent thought or action has no existence. Here no man is permitted to mind his own business, and no man controls the application of the proceeds of his labor. The State manages every thing, and the State is composed of those whose profits are derived from managing the affairs of others."

The reviewer having asserted, in the face of all this, that Mr. Carey was the perpetual advocate of "centralization," we really do not see how he can escape from the charge of wilful misrepresentation, except upon the plea that he had reviewed the book without having read it. For ourselves, we are willing to permit him to determine upon which horn of the dilemma he will hang himself.

We now desire for a moment to call the attention of our readers to the views of a person of very different calibre from our reviewer,—to those of a man who has read the book he has undertaken to review, or, in other words, of an eminent British agriculturist, who has travelled over a considerable portion of the Northern, Middle, and Western States, and has himself personally examined into the condition of both the land and its owner.

At a recent meeting of the Berwickshire Farmers' Club, Professor Johnson, then just returned from this country, delivered an address, from which the following passages are extracts:—

"I will briefly refer to some points which came under my observation in that part of the country which I visited. First of all, as to the state of agriculture in the northern parts of America, in our own provinces and in New-England, with which we are ourselves more familiar, when I tell you generally that the state of agriculture in those parts of America is what the state of agriculture in Scotland probably was eighty or ninety years ago; and when I tell you that in some parts of New-Brunswick they are very nearly in the precise condition in which Scotland was one hundred and twenty years ago, you will have an idea of the state of agriculture in North America. The system of agriculture is no farther forward—it is exceedingly far behind.

"Now what has been their procedure—by what kind of procedure have they brought about the state of exhaustion to which the soil has been reduced? Of course, in speaking of the exhausted

soil, I do not refer to the virgin soil which has never received the plough or the spade, but to the soil under their cultivation, and *which they are now exhausting*. When I tell you how the land is cultivated, you will understand how this exhaustion has been produced. The forest is in the first place cut down and burnt, after which the ashes are scattered, and a crop of wheat and oats is sown. When this crop is cut down another is sown; but they do not always remove the straw—they do not trouble themselves with any manure. The second year they sow it again and harrow it, and generally take three crops in succession. When they can take no more out of it, they either sow grass seeds, or as frequently let it seed itself. They will then sometimes cut hay for 12, 14, 16, 18, or 20 years in succession; in fact, as long as they can even get half a ton an acre from it. And you may suppose what is the natural fertility of the land, when they are able to obtain as much as three or four tons per acre at first, and go on cutting it for twelve years. They will probably have two tons an acre during all that length of time. The land is then broken up, and the crop of oats taken, then potatoes, then a crop of wheat, and then hay for twelve years again, and so the same course is repeated. Now this is the way in which the land is treated—*this is the way in which the exhaustion is brought about*. This exhaustion exists in Nova Scotia, New-Brunswick, Lower Canada, in Upper Canada, to a considerable extent, over the whole of New-England, and extends even into the State of New-York.

"Now, the condition of things in the Western States, in reference to England, is precisely the same as the condition of England in reference to the wheat-producing countries of the Baltic. The condition of the farmers is exceedingly bad, and in Maine I was informed that they were all in a state of bankruptcy. The land is all mortgaged, which hangs like a mill-stone round their necks, and is worse even than the state of farmers in this country. They are thus unable to compete with the western parts of New-York or Lake Ontario. You have all heard of the famous wheat of Genesee, where the land is more fertile than in any part of Great Britain; and I learned there that they are laying the land down to grass, *because they cannot afford to grow wheat*.

"In New-Brunswick, New-England, Vermont, New-Hampshire, Connecticut and New-York, the growth of wheat has almost ceased, and it is now *gradually receding farther and farther westward*. Now, when I tell you this, you will see what I believe to be the case is really the case—that it will not be very long before America will be unable—in fact *the United States are unable now—to supply us with wheat in any large quantity*. If we could bring Indian corn into general use, we might get plenty of it; but I do not think that the United States need be any bugbear to you. I believe the great source of competition you will have to contend with is the Baltic, and the countries on the borders of the Black Sea."

Such are the results of agriculture in every country that makes no market on the land

for the products of the land. In Ireland, the soil has been exhausted, and such has been the case in India and in Portugal, and in every country subjected to the British monopoly system, so strenuously supported by our Democratic Reviewer. The farmer is every where wearing out his land, wasting the manure yielded by his products, and annihilating his own capital, the consequence of which is a perpetual diminution in the return to agricultural labor. In Ohio, even now, the yield of wheat is under twelve bushels, and it diminishes from year to year, because of this perpetual destruction of the farmer's capital. In New-York, the average yield of potatoes is but seventy-five bushels, when it should be three hundred; and that of corn but twenty-five bushels, when it might be seventy-five; and yet the system which looks to the exhaustion of the farmer's capital is taught in a journal that looks to the farmers and planters for its circulation!

[In the April number will appear a review of the second part of the Democratic Review article.]

## OUR TRANSATLANTIC ARTICLE.\*

BEING A REVIEW BY AN ENGLISH HAND OF THE RECENT TRAVELS OF ONE OF HIS TRANSATLANTIC COUSINS.

[At what cost, and by what pains, the manuscript of the following article was procured, it were unbecoming to say. It bears internal marks of having been written for *Fraser's Magazine*. The style is Fraser's, and the fire and vivacity of the writer, who tears up his wretched subject with the courage and discrimination of a true "British critic," show a Fraserian pen. Public sentiment among the better class demands a British model for our Review; but who would not prefer originals before their imitations! The extraordinary prices given for a tearing article in London and Edinburgh puts a sharp restriction as to quantity upon an American editor publishing original British matter. We did not doubt, however, our readers would prefer a single original article intended for Fraser, and written by a genuine "shrewd Briton," to the entire year's price of the Review. If others can be obtained, at whatever cost, written for Blackwood and the Edinburgh, they will appear hereafter; but the difficulty of procuring these is understood to be extraordinary. And thus we are suddenly become international;—a generous emulation is established between ourselves and our superiors. Let us hope, under these new auspices, that the spirit of calumny and villainous personality which disgraces the American press will hereby receive a check, by the gentlemanly example of more polished and judicious writers, whose acknowledged aristocratic advantages must be respected by all deep-thinking Americans.]

THIS is a disgusting book, its author a squint-eyed hypocrite. What business the despicable puppy has to get his dirty publication reprinted in England, his master who sent him knows best; but, for our part, we think it would have been a mercy to the poor peeping rogue to have hung him out of hand: his life must be a burthen to him, if he has any consciousness of it.

A police officer, who was put upon the track of this mischievous adventurer, and who noted every action of the creature from the moment he set foot in London, has furnished us, by permission from high quarters,

with full information of his movements and designs.

The preface of his pitiful performance is a lie from beginning to end. The author professes to be a clergyman. He is, in fact, a preacher of that detestable, heathenish sect of Unitarians, of whom, we regret to say, a few may be found in England in the manufacturing suburbs.

"I brought letters of introduction to several noblemen and gentlemen of distinction—Lord L., Lord C., and Lord B., and many others; but selected only a few of the best, and found my advantage in it. And let me here take occasion to observe, that the nobility and gentry in England are the only classes with whom an American can

\* Travels in England. By Rev. Thomas Trueboy. London: Higginbottom, Johnson & Co. 8vo. 2 vols.



associate with comfort or decency. Lest I may seem to do injustice to the lower and middle classes of England by this observation, I must justify myself by an explanation in full. Americans admit no distinction of ranks, and one meets with no examples among them of servility or assumption, unless it be among some decayed old families, whose pride has sunk them out of notice. In England, on the contrary, the lower sort, especially in the country, expect a gentleman to maintain a marked superiority, and if he does not do this he is very sure to be insulted. An American is consequently never at his ease until he gets among those with whom he can maintain an equal footing, and who will never offend him by exhibitions of servility or insolence. I say, therefore, that an American who wishes to enjoy himself in English society should avoid the lower and middle classes, especially the authors and artists, and seek that of gentlemen, of whom the only unquestionable examples will be found in the upper classes. In America the noble spirit of freedom, the original birthright of gentlemen, has penetrated downward, and, in general with the name, pervades all society alike. The haughty frankness of an American Westerner or Kentuckian is the rough soul of chivalry itself. It knows no superior, but is always ready to recognize equality.

"Of all classes in England, I would caution my countrymen against the literati and artists. The arts here lean entirely on patronage, and nothing is of consequence to an artist but a lord, or, at least, a member of an Art-Union Committee, who is something more. The taste of the Italian artists, in the days of Leo X., was directed to sublime and national subjects; but in England the taste of the artists, of necessity, directed by their patrons, runs in a low channel. Hence the vast number of dogs and horses painted and engraved in England, and these generally spiritless and incorrect. Landseer, the dog painter, is the artist most in repute in England. Maclise, Eastlake, and a few others of a superior school, are admired indeed, but produce very few pictures for want of due encouragement. Dogs and horses being the only national topics, their genius has no medium of communication with the popular mind.

"The authors are especially to be avoided by travellers, as they are most part the mirror and embodiment of class prejudices. With one or two exceptions, I found them a well-meaning but narrow kind of men, servile to noblemen, and thorough haters of Republicanism, if not in theory yet always in practice. They know nothing of America except through the book piracies of our publishers, and the imitative talent of our writers. Irving they call an Englishman, and eulogize him much; Prescott and Bancroft, they say, have studied Gibbon and Macaulay to some purpose. One of their *Times* writers assured me, with great gravity, that the history of America could not be written until the States became independent of each other, and made a tolerable subject by their civil wars. He writes the revolutionary articles in the *Times*, when the English merchants direct the Ministry to create a European revolution, in order to clear the foreign markets of French and German goods."

It is unnecessary to dissect this tissue of abominable lies. We can only make our acknowledgments to those authors and artists who, by some open slight upon this bore Trueboy with his pestering letters, have planted in his breast the salutary dread of them he expresses. For political reasons, it appears, certain distinguished persons have chosen to endure the society of impertinent Yankees, and, among others, of this odious Tommy. Perhaps the creature did contrive, by some low flatteries, to force himself upon the notice of one or two persons of importance. We find him toadying to Lord Grub, on his lordship's magnificent estate in L—shire. His lordship's well known hospitality, in fact an open house for all comers, very well accounts for the appearance of this travelling Tom Peep in aristocratic circles. "His lordship," says our traveller, "has at least 10,000 sheep upon his estates, as he himself assured me." The low propensities of the fellow may be seen by his pestering inquiries about the sheep. In the society of gentlemen his thoughts run upon rams and ewes. It is a well-known fact that his lordship is the best sheep-breeder in all England, and has the largest number of those fine and valuable animals on his own grounds; but who but the son of a sheep-stealer would, at Lord Grub's own table, be annoying his lordship with counting them? Now we happen to know, from his lordship's principal farmer, that the number of sheep on the Grub estate is exactly 9,090; and as it is impossible to attribute inaccuracy to his lordship, we catch our Yankee sheep-stealer in a double lie,—first representing that his lordship spoke about his sheep at all; and secondly, distorting the information vouchsafed by his lordship to so unworthy a questioner.

The notice taken of him at Lord Grub's, where he was entertained for a specimen of a backwoods barbarian, and admitted to a common intimacy with the parlor cat and the monkey, emboldens our observer of sheep to take some higher observations. He casts his insolent eyes upon his lordship's beautiful daughter, whom he has the audacity to pronounce equal in beauty with the "most beautiful American girl he had ever seen." That a travelling sheep-observing Tom Peep, capable of the insolence of picking and choosing among his letters of recommendation to "several English lords,"



and of the other gross violations of decency of which we have convicted him, should not only penetrate the sacred precincts of the domestic hearth, but should publish what he there saw, exposing to the world the veiled beauties of a young English heiress, is a circumstance to excite rather detestation than surprise. His lordship's daughter, the beautiful and thoroughly accomplished Lady Julia Grub, will feel her native modesty and honor profoundly shocked to find her beauty profaned before the world by a travelling idiot like this ridiculous Tommy Trueboy. To his narrow soul the honor of an English lady is doubtless as fair a topic of calumny as any, and likely to afford as much amusement to the prurient souls of his Yankee readers. Let this dirty little fellow have a care how ever he sets foot again on British soil; a punishment awaits him against which his cloth will be no protection, the punishment of a peeper and calumniator, the scorn of every true Briton.

Enough of the Rev. idiot. By him we have done our duty. The quotations we have given are quite enough to characterize their author as a puppy and an American. The book is a mere traveller's farrago of pretended information upon the condition of the agricultural districts of England and Scotland, the style low and vulgar, with an affectation of simplicity. American writers ought to stay at home and confine themselves to their scurrile daily prints, and that coarse and abusive style of criticism which is congenial to the republican mind. When they are sick of that, let them study their betters.

In the discussion of any thing serious, such as the comparative value of republican and aristocratical forms of government, we regret the necessity of using so miserable a fellow as Trueboy, and so wretched a production as his book; but Tommy is certainly a very fair specimen of the Americans, probably the best of them, and we must take him for want of a better subject. The fact that not a single clergyman in America enjoys a salary equal to that of a first-class newspaper editor in England, is proof enough of the utter degradation and poverty of the class. They are a kind of charity priests, like the begging friars, and live on the voluntary alms of the women and superstitious. They cultivate a peculiar enthusiasm very like the Hindoo Juggernaut mania, by which

they excite miserable crowds of devotees to the highest pitch of ecstatic fury. Under the excitement of these beggarly exhorters, thousands have been known to become permanently insane, struck, as it were, by the wrath of Heaven, as a punishment for spiritual indecency.

There is little doubt but that the continued prevalence of republican sentiment in America, after the wretched experience of a century of civil discord and insurrection over the entire continent, is to be attributed mainly to the influence of these begging clergy. The enthusiasm they excite is of the most ungovernable kind, and agrees perfectly with the atrocious libertinism of the democratic masses.

No more satisfactory proof can be offered of the utter corruption of society in America, and the deep discontent of the majority, than the almost ridiculous delight of the people at the visit of any Englishman of distinction. Mr. Dickens, though only a melodramatic tale writer of the popular sort in England, made a progress through America, like a conqueror. Thousands rushed to catch a sight at him; he was fêted and applauded to his own disgust. Her Majesty's Minister in America, as we are credibly informed, has made so deep an impression on the minds of the Americans, merely because he is a polite English gentleman, the most important affairs of the nation are intrusted to his hands. He advises the Congress, regulates the tariff of imposts, controls the press, and rules the manners. Sir Henry has a slight uneasiness, or nervousness of manner, which it has become fashionable among the wealthy Americans to imitate. As for his influence over the public counsels, it must be superior to that of any American, for we are authentically informed by a person who saw the paper with his own eyes, that the Committee of Foreign Relations of the American Parliament have before them a draft of a treaty made for them by Sir Henry, between the United States and some one of the Central American Republics. This is as it should be. American statesmen have no foreign policy, and in their dealings with foreign nations should consult with more experienced governments who have.

The respect shown for English opinion in this instance by the Democratic chaos, is a proof of an approaching change. We must

confess, we are not without some feelings of regard and affection for America. There is a great deal of talent and some genius of a practical order among them; but it must continue depressed and vulgarized, while they continue to hug the old and exploded notions of democratic equality. Democracies time out of mind are wholly incapable of adopting or carrying out any system of policy, and it would be an act of pure humanity, and show a true disinterestedness, if some of our young nobility would go to America, (the voyage is now become easy,) and by a personal example and influence teach the Americans how to behave and how to make laws and treaties.

The horrible system of negro slavery, supported by the southern inhabitants of North America, can never be ameliorated or abolished but by the advice and aid of Britain. The most feasible scheme we have heard of for its abolition, is that adopted by the present Ministry. In her grand policy for the civilization and christianization of the world, Great Britain has adopted a plan the most profound and successful. By persuasion, and if necessary by a gentle violence, she dissolves those unholy compacts of semi-barbarous States, which like the American Union are erected for the perpetuation of the worst

institutions and the propagation of the most injurious opinions. Lord P——n has hit upon a method which has thus far worked very well. Instead of a single embassy to the Central Government, he dispatches several, to the separate disaffected States, with orders to point out to them the peculiar disadvantages of their position. The colonies separately operated upon in this way, have awakened to a keen sense of their dependent and miserable condition. These separate agencies, operating together with the central one already all-powerful at the seat of the Central Government, are doing wonders. Numbers of the more enlightened American citizens, among whom we are happy to name the distinguished historian of colonies, Mr. B——t, entertain opinions very favorable to the interests of British civilization and the spread of Christianity. The wealthier classes on the sea-coast very generally incline to us; and taking all these evidences, together with the violent animosity of a strong faction in the northern colonies against the southern, which needs only a little of the same skilful fostering that created it, to create a civil war, cast a strong light upon the future, and inspire us with a Christian hope and sympathy for our benighted and struggling brothers on the other side of the Atlantic.

[We have to apologize to our readers for the abrupt termination of this powerful and characteristic article. The remainder miscarried. The Rev. Mr. Trueboy, with whom we have long been upon the most intimate terms, and for whose character we have the greatest respect, will pardon us for suffering the expression of some harsh opinions of himself and book. The humane and Christian spirit which marks the latter part of this article, and the strong interest the author manifests in the welfare of America, will surely enable his mild spirit to bear the brotherly correction which is given in the first part.—ED.]

## COPTIC SONG.

Go!—but heed and understand  
This my last and best command:  
Turn thine Youth to such advantage  
As that no reverse shall daunt Age.  
Learn the serpent's wisdom early,  
And condemn what Time destroys;  
Also, wouldst thou creep or climb,  
Choose thy rôle, and choose in time,

Since the scales of Fortune rarely  
Show a liberal equipoise.  
*Thou must either soar or stoop,  
Fall or triumph, stand or droop;  
Thou must either serve or govern,  
Must be slave, or must be sovereign;  
Must, in fine, be block or wedge,  
Must be anvil or be sledge.*

GOETHE.

## AMERICA AND EUROPE:

## "PEACE" AND "FOREIGN RELATIONS."

FOR the first time since the year 1847, "universal peace, law and order," can now be found every where over the world. We of 1851 have at last arrived at one of those periods, so critical in Roman history that they occurred but to presage the birth of the Republic or its downfall, when for us, too, the gates of the temple of Janus may be closed: but not for us, on this occasion, the proud triumphs indulged in by the Roman citizen on an event which realized to his mind the supremacy of his country's arms, and the establishment among all men against whom he fought of the peculiar municipalism with which he desired to begird humanity; not for us, either, the relief from unjust aggression, the momentary release from suffering, which, on such occasions, a suspension of arms afforded even to the Scythian and the Gaul. The closing of our temple of Janus is an event which tells of the defeat of our friends, of the temporary suppression, at all events, of the principles upon which our Republic is founded, and which alone make our nation strong and powerful among men; and assures us at the same time that these friends, nationally or individually, have *not* been released from bondage, but that their sufferings are but the more inexorably renewed, while it brings with it too the conviction that the enemies of our principles and of our nationality are, by the peaceful climax of their rule, but the more strengthened against our own Republican existence, and the integrity of our continental empire. The peace of the world is the triumph of the monarchs; the peace inaugurated in this unhappy year by the enforced termination of the Schleswig-Holstein war, thereby extinguishing the last small but vivifying flame of Republican contest in the old world, signalizes to all men, present and to come, that the free States and insurgent populations of the entire modern civilized order have been utterly defeated, after one struggle of three years' duration, by a handful of kings. From

Calpe to Leucadia's steep, no hand is longer raised for liberty; from the fair Mediterranean isles, dear to Greek and Roman story, and now crushed at the feet of a British or Neapolitan despotism, to the snows of Rurik, and the realms of the Norse of old, "peace" rests like death upon the soil of the earth and the hearts of men; from gory pikes, grim heads look down upon the living; and from the peasant as he strays over the land he curses, or the prisoner as he roams his cell, there rise up groans and sorrows, commingling in one eternal wail of blasphemy and woe. The Roman wanders by night by the ruins of his own Colosseum, an outlaw and a vagabond, whom it is lawful to kill by a French bayonet, or a Papal rope; to whom is not given the power of saying his own city, his own land, his own soul is his: but let the dog rejoice—has he not "peace"? The Hungarian has liberty no more: he may remember his mother beaten on a gun-breech, or his wife handed over to the savagery and lust of a horde of Croats; he may recall the smile of his children lying in death with faces upturned to his, or the last agonizing cry which rose from his burning hut: but why should a past like this grieve him? Has not the God he ought to worship mercifully afforded to him "peace?" Widows and the orphaned young may weep over the graves of German martyrs; Blum may sleep amid gore and kindly worms unavenged, and Viennese maidens steal in the darksome twilight to the spot behind the barrack wall where their lovers and their brothers were shot down in troops: but Germany can bear with slavery and sorrow—she has "peace." In Asiatic jails, in Australian penal colonies, in the foul cells of the Roman Inquisition, in those prisons of St. Mark where the burning leads or the flooded vault bring to the prisoner a slow and agonizing death; in that dungeon of Spielberg where the Carbonari chiefs died for years; in that gaol whence a French Imperial

ist only escaped to imprison the honestest of his countrymen; in cells so foul and abominable that the humanitarian liberalist would not consign thereto the thief, the ravisher, or the murderer, lie in unsympathized misery the bravest, the noblest, and the most unselfish of the few great men with whom our world has been blessed: but yet shall we not rejoice that runaway kings have returned to their thrones; that imperilled and shaking aristocracies have been bolstered up into a new though temporary vitality; that the accursed of humanity and the doomed by God have, by the sheer force of sword-edge and gunpowder, been blasphemously re-established in their murderous dominion over men? More massacres there will be throughout Italy, Germany, and that region formerly called Austria; more famines there must necessarily be in Ireland, more slaughters in Ionian Islands and India, more misery and cruel wrong every where: but will not kings be still enthroned; will not oligarchies be still empowered to live upon the labor and the lives of the people; will not church systems go on finely, the Pope in his Vatican, the Queen in her palace; will not our ambassadors have longer opportunities of imitating the gestures and bow-scraping of courts, and so improve their manners and education; will not merchants buy and sell, brokers quote stocks, free-traders sing psalms, make peace resolutions, and import cutlery and cloth, the same as ever; will not all fanatics and enthusiastic persons be put down, and will we not have "peace"? Of course we will. Who cares for the people!

Besides, in this universal failure of European Republicanism, we of America can find for ourselves peculiar themes of glorification. We predicted this result; worldly wise and highly influential persons amongst us warned our countrymen of the lower, or as some mistaken individuals will call them, of the Republican classes, that when the Roman, the Sicilian, and the Lombard awoke to a sense of national life; when the Magyar essayed to keep out the tide of tyranny with his sword-point; when the capitals of Europe were turned into shooting galleries for the practice of the million on kings; when a universal *bouleversement* was knocking over throne on throne, and respectable classes on respectable classes, it was all vain. Speciously, and with much long-worded rhetoric, did Review writers,

both of the Papistical and New-England order, would-be Archbishops of New-York, and would-be arch-professors of Harvard, make it known to the American people, that the revolution in which Europe was engaged was not based on the same principles, nor directed to the same ends, as our own—and that *therefore* the former was wrong. Eloquent statesmen of the expounding sort, sympathizing newspaper-editors of Janus-faced physique, maintained with evident decorum and pharisaical sincerity, that the American policy for seventy years had been established on the soundest do-nothing principles, and conducted on the broadest grounds of national humility and political negation; and that *therefore* it would be absurd to think of it at the age of seventy years doing any good either for itself or others. Even when one old man, a President with more Republican spirit in him than ordinary, desired to recognize, merely recognize, the then existing Governments of Hungary and of Rome, he was warned by wise and discreet persons that though the American policy required the recognition of the government in being as the government in right; and though the governments aforesaid were necessarily of right, and actually in being; yet safety required that he should wait till these governments were either overthrown or so firmly established that they might treat our cautious policy with derisive scorn, before that he should display his lingering ideas of having at some remote and probably fabulous period intended to proffer them, if they got on well, not the services of his country, but merely that passing courtesy of nations, which is equivalent in domestic politeness to a "How do ye do?"—a fine morning—I wish you success;" a form of salutation we throw away in private life a dozen times a day, without thinking we have lost any thing, and receive as often in return, without considering ourselves in the smallest degree complimented, and not very enormously enriched. And the warning of the dramaturgic croakers was eminently fortunate. Rome and Hungary have perished. True, we had been in the habit of recognizing kings for years, without the certainty even for an hour that they might not perish too; but then it was so respectable, so conservative, so well calculated to keep us on good terms with all the monarchies, to recognize even a runaway brother,



that we did it. True, we ran the risk of placing ourselves in the predicament of the worthy Abbé of Notre Dame de Paris, who, on the morning after the fall of Charles X., ascended his altar with his prayers all pat, nothing thinking about the holes and rents made in his ballad by the bullets of the barricades, but, having recited his rôle as usual, till he arrived at that loyal prayer, now obsolete, "Domine salvum fac regem," balked at the "regem," and balked at his Latin, and ended, blushing deeply and in great tremor, with the singular invocation, "Domine salvum fac—le—le *gouvernement provisoire*." But then, even such a predicament would have proved only our loyal conservatism and ineffable consistency to the do-nothing policy, so worshipped by statesmen deficient in originality of thought and American character. True, we had ambassadors at courts, where there were no courts; sent letters to kings, where there were no kings; indited graceful epistles to a Louis Philippe at Versailles, when there was nothing but a Count Neuilly taking off a red cotton muffler on Dover beach: but all these follies only proved that, like Brutus, but in a different manner, it is sometimes politic to play the fool. True, by such conduct we have lost the friendship of many, the admiration of all the peoples of Europe, but then we have retained the friendship of kings, and got on in the general riot without having our shop windows broken in, without having lost our sales of bacon and breadstuffs, and without offending our titled customers. We can still sell raw cotton to kings and potentates, receive imperial ambassadors, and nod and smile at aristocratic tables over the misfortunes of a Republic. We can still creep on in our isolated, raw-producing existence, the market gardener of monarchies, the buyer of their stocks, the pander to their tyrannies over the people: but herein how unlike Lucifer the demon-angel, how truly Christian, how ineffably humble our deportment; for though he desired rather to rule in hell than be last in heaven, we prefer to be last even in the train of the monarchic brood which, crawling forth from the ebony gate of Hades, still agonizes the world, than first among the Republics of men.

These European Republicans must indeed be wild, very wild, enthusiastic, and very impracticable men. No doubt they may be very honest, very brave, very straightfor-

ward, in their ideas and conduct; but then, they do not understand our policy, and what is more, they never will understand it. There are depths in the abyss of want of intellect which it is below reason to comprehend. During the Revolution of '76, it required but the enthusiasm of a returned French Republican to create among the French people, and even in the French monarchy, a friendship which, more than once, saved our fathers from ruin, and ourselves from servitude. Then the voyage across the Atlantic may have been three or four times as long in duration as it is to-day. Then the United States, north of Massachusetts, west of New-York and Pennsylvania, and south of the Carolinas, was a wilderness. Even in the inhabited region there was little wealth, small hope of ultimate and complete victory, no seductive day-dreams to beguile the wanderer from Europe, and a very remote possibility of preferment and renown for the European soldier. Nevertheless, such is the guileless enthusiasm of these European Democrats that there flocked to our ranks thousands, of whom history preserves the names of a Kosciuszko, a Lafayette, a Lee, and a De Kalb. Then and afterward we formed alliances of the sincerest outward character, with France and the French Republicans and Republic, to last during the terrible war into which it had entered for the liberation of all humanity, and first of ourselves. And so we conquered; but they did not understand our policy, for when their day of trial came, and they, poor fools, applied to us for such aid and assistance as we justly owed them, we were safe, and accordingly we did not grant their unreasonable request. Nor even in the present day do these same European Democrats seem to understand our policy a bit the better. Kossuth sent to us for aid, even for friendship, and it was, after much deliberation, deemed allowable to dispatch a gentleman secretly to him, by roundabout journeying and many mysterious passports, to acquaint him of our peculiar position; that it was necessary, essentially necessary to our national greatness and character, that in such cases we should do nothing, but conduct ourselves impassively with the respect towards kings in general, and his (in our opinion) rightful king in particular, which we had been accustomed to pay for seventy years back; but that if he went on well, and succeeded, and made his own



Ungarn by his unassisted power, and in the face of two leagued empires against him, a great Republican heart to Europe, then we should be—"very happy of the honor of his distinguished acquaintance." And so carefully and so maturely was this stupendous step taken, that the gentleman never arrived at his destination, and never said, what he was sent to say, nothing. But then behold how even in this instance we have saved our national character and maintained our policy.

We have written, yes, *we* have written a very lengthy and rhetorical letter maintaining our right by historical precedent, and the most disputatious dialectics, to say nothing whenever we like, to send an American citizen to say nothing to the farthest end of the earth if we please, and boldly threatening, when the danger had all passed, that if any prince, power, or potentate, had dared by force and violence to arrest or stop the mouth of our ambassador while on his way to say, or while engaged in saying the afore-said nothing, as by us, the Great American Republic, directed, we would—well, we would—well, we would probably in that event consider the propriety of embroiling ourselves in a war, and risking the spilling of human blood upon so very trivial a question. From all which one bitter regret is ever present to our minds. When such for long years has been the perfection of government under every species of administration, what a pity Billy Patterson had not been Secretary of State or President. "President Patterson"—it looks well enough, and we have proof, since the genial republicanism of Jefferson and the unbending will of Jackson have passed from this lower earth, and the glories of the youth of Clay, and the consistency of Adams's age have been forgotten, that it would have *done* much better. Peace be with the manes of his Excellency William Patterson! He admirably understood the policy of non-intervention even on behalf of an outraged brother; but he had the misfortune to live in times when political genius was not appreciated, when dexterous servility and grandiloquent backsliding were not held to be the most essential and the loftiest qualifications for the government of a Republic.

So of the Roman mission and Mr. Cass. Even worse than so of the Berlin mission and Mr. Hannegan, and of the mission to

Vienna and Mr. Webb. Flagrantly worse than all, the conduct of the representative of the United States Democracy in Paris, Mr. Walsh. But why recapitulate? We attach no blame to any one administration more than to another. It has become the practice of all administrations to be equally regardless of the interests of the United States abroad. It has become the foreign system of all Washington cabinets to have no system. The patient indifference characteristic of an ox in harness, or of an ignorant boor, has come to be mistaken for the watchful independence which should adorn a Republican statesman. The "masterly inactivity" of great men has shrunk, in the minds of men of lesser calibre, to servile disregard of every thing but self. To do nothing, to know nothing, to have no "official information" on any subject, to write letters grandiloquent, months after the subjects of them had been forgotten, to let ambassadors to foreign courts go and come, without regard to character before going, to capacity for any good, or even to their conduct while in mission, seems now to be the perfection of administrative talent. Turn now your eyes back on the Rome of '47-8, on the gallant war for its freedom, on the base treachery of the French President, on the misfortunes and the misery which have since fallen on her people, and ask yourselves, Republicans, where is the man in all America to whom you dare confide the charge of representing and maintaining in that beleaguered city, the interests of Republicanism, and the aspirations of the United States? Look around and answer. Could any intellect be too lofty, could any genial love of Republican glory and justice be too warm, could any experience and judgment be too large or too grasping, to represent you there? Had you at your disposal a mind purer and loftier, and a soul more unselfish than that of Clay, a stubborn manhood *more* stubborn than that of Jackson, a comprehension of Democratic right and duty more reaching and more genial than that of Jefferson, would you not have thought them all in one man too little to represent your Democratic faith, your love, your aspirations, *there*? Failing in such, would you not have selected the most independent, the most thoroughly Republican, the sagest, the most genial citizen you could find? Or failing in any of these qualifications, would you have sent

thither a "representative" whose only apologies for his inefficiency and indifference are that he is a very young man, and that the qualification which entitled him to his distinguished position, was being the son of a militia general, who brought to the service of his country in the Senate, a very small head and a very large paunch? Would you have sent such an one, and, at the same time, kept a person in Paris as your representative whose whole employment was writing public and private letters urging the French Government to outrage Roman liberty? Yet we did all that. During the years when the Austrian empire quivered in every arm from the blows of Republicanism, in Hungary, throughout the German States, in Slavonia, in Poland and Bohemia, even in Vienna, our country was totally unrepresented excepting by an American monarchist in the pay of the Emperor, a Republican by birth, a servile editor by trade; and not till Vienna was twice conquered and sacked, not till the plains of Hungary from the Carpathians to Croatia were made desolate, did our Government depute thither, or pretend to depute a single even indifferent representative. Colonel Webb and family, of the *Courier and Enquirer* newspaper, drew his outfit, went out, was not fit, came back, and edited again: but as to Vienna, we believe he never saw it; as to Hungary, he never cared; as to Republicanism and what he was to do in the land to which he was travelling in pretense, he never thought. Surely if this be all that comes of our foreign missions—if this be all the advantage which can devolve upon our country, all the glory we can attain by our "foreign policy" and foreign practice, the sooner the ridiculous and contemptible farce is ended the better for all men, the better for us as a nation, the better for the nations we deceive by empty verbiage and hypocritical preparations, the better for the people who pay the taxes heretofore so ruinously and disgracefully squandered. Again, in Prussia; a proper representative of the United States at the court of Berlin during the past three years might have steadied the wandering will of a king, and saved the Frankfort Parliament from the fate of imbecility and meanness—might have protected Germany from a new partition, and warded even for a longer hour from the gallant little States now delivered by Russian autocracy to Danish despotism,

the doom of outrage without redress, and sacrifice without glory. But while Berlin swayed between barricades and submission, while all Germany lay convulsed in the birth-pains either of a new and grand Republic or a foetid abortion; while the Tzar pushed his armies to the frontier, and his agents and his gold even to the Elbe and the Weiser; while Austria drove her tamed battalions on, at the order of a higher despotism, to Hesse and Kiel, America or Republicanism had for a long time not a single representative in the great battle-ground of Northwestern Europe. And when these representatives came, what were they? One, the ambassador of the Republic of the United States to the court of Berlin—but over him let us pass in silence. There is a difference between the divine phrenzy of Anacreon and of Moore, and the bestial orgies of a bacchanal whose stomach has outstripped his reason; and since we have not had the good fortune to be represented by the one, let us forget, if we can, that we were disgraced by being represented by the other. Such was the United States mission to the monarchy of Prussia—recalled of itself, wandering now delirious, westward. The other representative to Germany, or rather to that portion of it more recently engaged in war, had not the good fortune of being covered in his idiosyncracies by the ambassadorial dignity of the United States. Indeed, since the expose of the Berlin mission, our Government has shrunk from the unhappy subject altogether, inquiring nothing of the past, nothing of the future. And so it fell upon a Quaker caucus in Massachusetts to send, as an American representative to Europe, a philanthropic follower of Tubal Cain. With the conduct or ideas of this "artificer in brass and iron" we have nothing to do. But, in the utter inactivity of our Government, it must be satisfactory to Americans to know, that the only representative of Republican liberty or American glory during the recent war between the people of Schleswig-Holstein and the united monarchies of Denmark, Russia, England, Austria and Prussia, in defense of a constitution and laws established and in being for centuries, was a person of very limited intellect, who might have become a highly respectable citizen had he continued a blacksmith, but who first evinced a characteristic madness by becoming an editor, and followed that up by

declaring he was commissioned by Heaven to bring in the Millennium. Accordingly, with his millennium programme in his pocket, he determined to try his hand on Schleswig-Holstein; and in perfect ignorance of the question at issue, as a philosopher always is, (for where is the use of general principles if they do not apply to every thing?) in utter disregard of German Republicanism, or even, we are willing to say, of Danish or Austrian monarchy, he has there strenuously advocated the policy of Russia, Austria, and England alike, the policy of the monarchs, to prevent the people of the Duchies from fighting in defense of their personal and national liberties, and to disarm them without yielding to them an atom. True, the material result to the Schleswigers would have been the same whether he had been there or in his native New-England; but though personally unimportant, the dishonor to Americanism is, also, the same. The soldiery of the despotic league now occupy the forts of Schleswig—the armies of Holstein are disarmed and disbanded. They who most compromised themselves for liberty have fled, or are in prison. Russia rules from Tartary to Flanders, and the German people bend their heads to the yoke in sorrow; but still Mr. Elihu Burrit, the American, has returned with a smiling face to his friends the London merchants, who paid his expenses, and will soon return to his Quaker friends here, a triumphant victor. He has participated in a cruel wrong, but then he has established “amicable relations.” He has been a party to one solitary infamy, but then he left behind his general principle :

“Made a solitude and called it peace!”

Passing over the London missions of Bancroft and Lawrence, hardly worthy of more particular notice, since they may be very fairly confounded—if servility, toadyism, windy eloquence, and national misrepresentation, amount to the same thing, whoso may be the mouth-piece—the United States have been represented during the most tremendous times which we have seen since first the American Republic was ushered into existence, as follows: In Rome, by nobody first, and then by a fop of respectable parentage; in Hungary, by nobody; in Austria, nobody—Webb going, but did not go; in Berlin, first, nobody—second, a

debauchee; in Paris, a Catholic penny-aliner, supposed to be the editor of the *New-York Freeman's Journal*, under an alias; in Naples and Sicily, nobody; in Sardinia, nobody; in Schleswig-Holstein, a humane blacksmith from Massachusetts; in London, an Anglo-Saxon toady from ditto. Was there ever such a list of nothingness and imbecility? Was ever a nation so falsely misrepresented since the confounding discords of Babel?—and this a nation of Republican vitality and pride, whose every pulse beats for the glory of the liberty itself enjoys, whose five and twenty millions are animated with but one sentiment, abhorrence of every monarchic and oligarchic pretension, or, if there be exceptions, all of whose population not Republican might be crushed into a single room of very limited dimensions. Of the people, take them million by million, from the Hudson to Oregon, and you will find of each and every million, 999,999 right in feeling and intention on every question of foreign liberty with which they are at all acquainted. The desire to do right is unlimited—the actual right done, limited only by amount of knowledge of the means how. But the higher you ascend, you find knowledge of the way to do right, and desire to do right, increasing step by step in an inverse ratio, until in the seat of power you find illimitable means of acquiring any needful political knowledge, but “no official information,” and no desire whatever to use any other. This is the equation of our political society. We cannot, therefore, blame our “representatives” for being our misrepresentatives, but those who empowered them to misrepresent. True, you can pick up at random, in the streets of any of our chief cities, twenty or a hundred men of sound Republican souls, and after one month's training send them out, a far more efficient body of representatives than any we have enjoyed since the treaty of Ghent. But if inefficient men are selected merely because they are consanguineously related to a vote in the Senate, or because their monetary wealth and deficiency of common sense can command a long tail in Massachusetts, it is putting the saddle on the wrong horse, to blame the unhappy individuals for their Senatorial consanguinity or parasitical following. To our executives alone we must look for the causes of the grave error. Not to them, neither must we attribute any desire

to misrepresent, with aforethought, Republicanism and America to the people and the kings of Europe; not to them the deliberate purpose of making an absolutist Catholic fool the successor of Franklin and Jefferson to the French Republic, of sending a distinguished school-boy to the Roman Democracy, or a debauchee to enact the orgies of a satyr before the successor of Frederick. Such ridiculous errors, such flagrant wrong to America and humanity, can arise only from perfect indifference to consequences, and from the illimitable possession of want of purpose. And so it is. Our Governments, one and all, for twenty years past, have succeeded each other, under one or another party attribute or title, gone into power and out, risen into eminence for an hour, fallen into oblivion for all succeeding time, without having, in a single instance, formed or even thought of a foreign policy, or scheme of continuous action or deportment towards the people or the governments of Europe. When America was to Europe a distant region, an Ultima Thule, when it seemed like Munchausen's visit to the moon to voyage to Europe, when our relations with that continent were very few and limited indeed, the statesmen of that day, the Jeffersons, Franklins, Adamses, held much more decided notions of the relation this Republic should hold to Republicanism. And now when it suddenly breaks upon us, what with Cunard and Collins steamers, fast-sailing packet ships, a continuous interchange of locality, thought, literature, feeling, and hope, that we are nearer to any nation of Europe than Jefferson in Monticello ever was to New-York, that we have grown to be a part of the world, and not a continent removed as formerly to Saturn or Ceres, we look around in wonder, and discover that we are represented throughout the planet we inhabit, and of which henceforth and for ever we must be an influencing power, by such a category of imbecility as we have above detailed. For years our Governments, one after another, have made foreign missions the mere means of getting rid of the disagreeable, or rewarding with inadequate position pliant imbecility. If a man were held to be good for nothing at home, he was sure to be selected to be sent abroad. Instead of locking up our imbeciles in the garret, we have sent them out with especial power to bore or disgust our friends, to

amuse and elate our enemies. How therefore can we wonder, when a grand upturning of the long followed Democracy of the Old World came, when the soil lay open and gaping for the seed-time of our principles, that there was no seed and no husbandman, and that the ready earth perished, barren, of thirst? How can we wonder that every grand opportunity of strengthening the bonds of amity and interest, for a long time naturally existing between us and the European Democracies, should have passed away unused—who *was* to use them? How can we wonder that when Germany, Hungary, Italy, Ireland, Sicily, Chartist England, Republican France, and even the Democracy of Prussia, desired to foster those relations of gain and friendship for us, and mere countenance and protection for them, which it is our evident and paramount interest to form with all people, that our *interests* were ignored and abandoned, our friends converted to indifference and enmity, monarchs befriended, enemies taught to sneer, and worshippers of our glory left to disappointment and regret? Now, without a single additional dollar having been spent in warlike preparations, we might rule the world, we might reign in the hearts of every Democracy in Europe, more powerfully and more wholly than ever reigned a king; and now our name has shrunk to that abyss that it is only mentioned with a kindly and harmless contempt. We, too, have hitherto pinned our faith to kings. They, despising us, have triumphed, and we are nothing. It is at this moment difficult to say whether America is laughed at more by the crowned heads, than its imbecility is pitied by the Democratic leaders of Europe. We have lost position: with the power to become the greatest, we have withdrawn from the world, shrunk from our destiny, and like the statue of Jupiter Tonans, lying broken by infidel hands in the ancient Campus Martius, are revered only by those so hopeful and so wise as to appreciate the greatness of the Divine attributes we must display when raised again to our pristine Republican rectitude.

Nor will the opportunity be long wanting. The world still lies before us, ready, not for that material dominion which enervates the few fortunate and debases the many, but for the dominion of those principles of equality and true order, of which we are the eldest offspring, and, by the ne-



cessities of our position, must be the champion. The "reaction" is seemingly triumphant; there is "peace" from arms every where in Europe; the map of the Old World, wanting a Bourbon here and there, cutting Holland in twain, and erasing the lines between "Austria proper" and its former "provinces," does on the surface seem the same as that singular document edited at the treaty of Vienna. But yet the "reaction" is no where triumphant—there is no peace among men—the map of Europe, when you tear away the surface, is vastly and irreclaimably changed. Republicanism is more certain to Europe than ever—war more imminent—the downfall of kings more imminent—our interests more pressing. Let us demonstrate these truths, and prepare ourselves to take advantage of them.

Between the Europe of 1815 and the Europe of 1851 there is not a particle of similitude. The oceans, the rivers, and the mountains are the same as those which existed at the period of the Holy Alliance, or at the period of barbarism: but further than these geographical lineaments, eternal as the earth, there is not in the Europe of to-day a particle of those characteristics upon which the conspirators of Vienna and Paris founded their schemes. Habits of thought which had been handed down, like Eastern castes, in every family from generation to generation, and from century to century, have been in all places materially altered or utterly abolished. Neither the old upholstery ideal of the Eternal longer prevails, nor are the typical representatives of it on earth, the crozier and the sceptre, regarded now as other than counterfeits, needful to be broken by public justice. Throughout four fifths of Europe in 1815, the order of a king was regarded as worthy of the most implicit and reverend obedience. Throughout the same, now, the word of a king is regarded as *prima facie* a lie, his order as an oppression, and his very existence a permitted outrage. The restoration of the Pope and the Papal temporalities, on the downfall of Napoleon, awoke, throughout three fourths of the European populations, including even the members of the English and Russian churches, one unanimous sentiment of exultation, either from political reasons, antagonism to "French principles," or a superstitious faith in the Papal assumption of eternal rule. The later

restoration of the Pope, by the same "French principles" which had originally humbled the three-hatted dynasty, was received throughout the civilized world, except by aristocrats and serving-maids, with as universal execration; and even enlightened serving-maids have begun to doubt whether a "Church of God," founded by means of outrage, falsehood, and treachery, can last very long. The assumptions of hereditary rulers have ceased to be regarded as law, and the social and political arrangements preserved by standing armies, whose privilege is to live in idleness upon the labor of the people, and whose duty is to oppress them, has ceased to be regarded as "order." Provincial predilections of "loyalty," as in Hungary and the German States, to certain monarchies, have been abolished, and antipathies long fomented between nation and race have been removed by the superior wisdom and better experiences of the people. The races, the nations, the teeming plains and glorious mountains, distributed and redistributed, shoved here and there, from this dynasty to that, and back again at will, by the monarchs at Vienna, can no longer be so distributed or used. The social equation, if we may again use the expression, upon which the Treaty of Vienna was based, is no longer possible of being preserved, and has long since ceased. Kings can no longer undertake the hazardous duty of keeping in subjection the vast populations formerly flung to them for the then profitable privilege of limitless plunder. The subjected have become too poor to pay for their longer ruin, and too powerful and too wise longer to submit to it. Till 1815 the press in almost all lands was in the hands of the monarchists, and the scenes of the first French Revolution, and the exploits of the Empire, were industriously used and unscrupulously distorted to create among all populations, not French, a hatred and fear of the principles and very name of Republicanism. Since 1815 the press in all lands has more or less passed into the hands of the people; and the deeds which from 1793 to 1815 would have elicited from the unsophisticated populations of Europe, and even of America, expressions of horror and awe, drew from them in 1847-50, when told by democratic organs, sentiments of rapture and delight. Excepting in the minds of Russian soldiers of the lowest grade, it is no longer thought necessary to



have a Tzar to rule one ; and excepting in the still benighted regions of the west of Ireland, the serf no longer thinks himself utterly ruined if he has no one to pay rent to, and rob him. Principles and ideas which, fifty years ago, were regarded as abhorrent, are now universally canvassed and believed in. All the old superstitions of feudality, indoctrinated into the people by a thousand years of servitude, have been, as far as the people go, within fifty years completely removed. Such was the state of Europe prior to 1848—such the state of the democratic mind which led to the revolutions of that and the subsequent years. And though these revolutionary heavings are at present in a state of suppression, the causes which excited them are working with tenfold intensity and power. The experiences of the last few years have in no single instance taught the people to disbelieve in liberty, or regard kings with less distrust. On the contrary, the terror and flight of monarchs, in the first instance, was only less contemptible than the treachery, the perjury, and the massacres which inaugurated their return. Besides, the late European revolutions have infused into the people that element of power needed to make the first struggle successful, and which must not only hasten the second, but render it, at all events, vastly more difficult to be defeated. Prior to 1848, the only people in Europe which could fairly be said to have within itself the materials of military strength, were the French ; and they alone have been so far successful. The German Landstrum was a semi-militia and semi-police organization, confined to local duties, and regarded merely as a nursery for the line, whose members were deficient alike in military experience and that martial *esprit du corps* which makes the French National Guard and the American volunteer an invincible antagonist. The Germans in the mass, though uniformed, had yet to serve, and their impenetrable phlegm preserved them from the contagion of enthusiasm. The French, with or without uniform, were either the disbanded soldiers of the line, or young men who had been nursed in the lap of glory, and reared within view of the vastest military organization in Europe. But now in Germany all is changed : the population of Europe most avid of military renown, most stiff-necked in insurrectionary attitude, are the children of the Vaterland.

The most strenuous to maintain Republican principles in Germany, and the last to abandon their active defense, were the very people of Hesse-Cassel, whose fathers, by the hundred heads, were purchased by England of their ruler, the Elector, at so much for every man shot, payable to him alone, to perpetrate her atrocious massacres in this country and in Europe. Twice have even they driven the successor of the same Elector from his dominions, and if they have been excited and abased, roused into insurrection and reduced to submission by the vacillating ambition and constant cowardice of the King of Prussia, they have at last learned to place no faith or hope in any agency but themselves, or in any governmental form of which monarchy can form a part. When such have been the results of monarchical intrigue among the Hessians, how much stronger the republican enthusiasm, the dogged hate of monarchy, created in the inhabitants of Schleswig and Holstein by the monarchical plots which have isolated them from Europe, disbanded their armies, and reduced them to submission. Nor is the revolutionary sentiment confined to these alone. The former revolutions in Berlin, Dresden, Munich, Cologne and other cities of Germany, the subsequent ambitious designs and organized propaganda of the King of Prussia, the levying and training of troops, the marching and countermarching, the inciting scenes of the camp and the anticipations of battle, have created in Germany a military enthusiasm and power already regarded with terror by surrounding monarchies, and which, ere long, must break a lance with Europe. The marching of Austrian troops through the States of the former confederation, the advance of French armies to the frontiers of the Rhine and the Elbe, the attitude assumed by the Russian navy in the Baltic for the protection of Denmark, the actual occupation by Imperial troops of the city of Hamburg, are only evidences, and very remarkable evidences, of the portentous military enthusiasm which has entered into the souls of the German people, and which waits but an opportunity to expend itself on Europe, with an effect as immeasurably greater than the insurrection of '48 in Paris, as the unbending doggedness and even ferocity of the Teuton is, when roused, superior in revolutions to the chivalry and kindly nature of the French.

Such is the position of Germany—wholly unconquered by the events of '48 or the reaction of '50, almost altogether untried, at once more outraged by oppression and more strong to overthrow the oppression, passing from the first act of the drama in which actors of lesser note have fallen, unscathed and consolidated, having learned no lesson of fear, and acquired many in courage, and one, the greatest, discipline.

Not even in Hungary do we find that monarchs have triumphed overmuch. Every Magyar knows what all the world knows, that his countrymen smashed the Austrian empire root and branch, and if, in the end, they were stayed in their holy iconoclasm by a superior force, that they have left their enemy a wreck, dismasted, leaky, and sinking fast from the sight of men. Not in the history of warfare has there been, between two nations at war, a victory superior to that of Hungary over the Austrian empire. Not even when an interloping bravo appeared upon the field, can the surrender of Goergey be regarded as any thing else than a trick—than a very venal and ordinary trick, temporarily useful to monarchs, utterly without final disaster to the great cause of democratic existence. The surrender of Villagos, ruinous for the hour, was a surrender of stolen goods, not a surrender of spirit, or recuperative power, or of any of those intrinsic resources which created the treasures of Kossuth and the armies of Bem, and which are as plentiful in Hungary to-day as they were five years back. When Goergey surrendered, the cannon, the munitions and the physical power he yielded up were more numerous and greater by far, than those possessed by the whole Hungarian nation at the beginning of the campaign on the upper Theiss; and besides the army under his command, two others were in the field. The victory of Russia was therefore not a victory over the Magyar, but over the virtue of a suspected general. The habits and the aspirations of Hungary are yet unchanged, and from Buda to the farthest Carpathian summit but one response is heard to the name of Kossuth: "May God be with him and protect him." Such oppressions as have been inflicted on the Hungarians since Goergey's treason, cannot increase their admiration of that act, or decrease their love for him who would have redeemed their country. No number of

surrenders of arms can take the spirit or resources out of Hungary. The Hungarian swineherds alone, flinging sharp light axes with the precision of a crack shot in a pistol-gallery into the very brain of an enemy, formed in the recent war a ruthless band, with whom it was impossible to cope. They are still as abundant in Hungary as ever, strengthened, made more avenging, instead of having been tamed by their military experiences. The whips of the Csikos, with which in peace they brought to the earth the wild horses of their native plains, and in the late war the pandours of Austria and the heavy cavalry of the Tzar, are still plentiful throughout the great steppes north of the Danube, nor is their use nor their glory forgotten. The scythe-blade men, the pike-men, are all yet to be had, nor will they who have been accustomed to revolutions fail to believe that the ditch which may be used in war for concealment or defense can be equally serviceable in defeat for the safe-keeping of arms of a more expensive character till after-times. Let but one holy signal ascend from the mountain tops, or float down the streams late so valiantly defended and so treacherously lost, and we venture to say, an army of from fifty to a hundred thousand men would crowd together in arms, as well disciplined as any in Europe, more exasperated by fresh wrongs than any, and on their native soil with true leaders more incapable of defeat. Such is the dormant fire slaking in the heart of Austria, which ere long must by the law of nature burst forth afresh, raising with it the insurrectionary spirit of the several nations of central Europe.

More peculiarly applicable to Italy than even to Germany or Hungary, are the remarks we have already made on the two latter. The whole attention of the Austrian empire is now directed upon Lombardy. From Switzerland, from Piedmont, from France, daily and hourly are distributed by unseen hands the proclamations of Italian unity. An insurrectionary Genoa, a recusant Rome, an abdicating Pope, the city of St. Mark still glorying in its rebellion, that of Milan still regretful of nothing but defeat—an omnipresent spirit of insurrection in its own dominions, troops on troops of exiled rebels standing on every frontier waiting only for the signal of invasion—a Mazzini wandering throughout Europe and directing from all quarters the Republican enthusiasm

upon outraged Italy, biding his certain opportunity and armed with the resources of a revolutionary Briareus—such is the prospect before Austria in Italy, more expensive than actual war, since it requires its armaments and returns nothing, even of plunder or that questionable renown which a Haynau won in Hungary, and a Schwarzenberg in Vienna. Thus here too, as throughout all central Europe, the victory of reaction is but that calm in the elemental war which precedes another and more direful convulsion.

In France alone the name of Republic and the periodical reorganization of its executive has been preserved. Yet though the present head of the executive, and its diverse subsidiary factions, are sufficiently contemptible, we should not forget that it matters little how flagrant the errors of a Republic may be for a term, provided it retains within itself the power of legally remedying them. Behind the executive and the factions who constitute the Assembly, and defying them, are the great silent people, who at the proper hour will reassert the sovereignty they have won with their blood, and restore without a stain the glory and the honor of the Republic. It is as impossible that this hour should not now come, as that the solstice and the equinox should not duly recur. Louis Napoleon may shorten his term of office, but he cannot prolong it. Factions are too equally balanced with reference to each other, too small with reference to the people, to render it possible for any of them to succeed. The next presidential election may not terminate successfully for the peculiar views of the reds, but it will bring victory to the people by giving them governmental representatives who will be Republican at all events, and thoroughly national. Even should the party of which Carrel was the leader and of which Cavaignac is the acknowledged head, be the triumphant one, it cannot be without reconstructing those bonds of friendship with their brother Republicans which in an ill-omened hour were foolishly broken, and without having learned the lesson that the passions of Democracy cannot be roused and deluded, its rights cannot be ignored, nor its blood shed upon the barricades itself has consecrated to the Republic, without paving the way for the advent of an Imperialist or a fool. The Lamartines and the Louis Napo-

leons are henceforth equally erased from the roll of the presidency. We shall next see as the representative of the French people, not a sentimental letter-writer, or an egotistical mountebank, but a strong sturdy man of the Danton shape, soldier bred—one who, if Papal sovereignties deem the Inquisition necessary for their existence, will refuse to desecrate the French arms by participating in such abominable orgies—one who, should Republican right be threatened in either world, should liberty be imperilled either by Russian force or English diplomacy, will not scruple to defend the sovereignty of France behind the barricades of Turin or Vienna, by pushing another army on Moscow, or erasing the disgrace of Waterloo in the very streets of London. Upon the advent of such a man to power in France, the Republicans of all Europe wait. If he will not preserve the policy of ridiculous non-intervention by which Lamartine made himself the mere tool of sneering monarchs, he will at all events abstain from that peculiar exercise of it on behalf of kings which has made the present President the subject of the scorn and hate of all the democracies of the world. How *then* it may fare with kings, what capacity they may have to meet and cope with such an event, and the revolutions to which it must lead, must necessarily be a matter of grave inquiry to the reader.

Great as the revolutions in democracies have been since 1815, the revolutions in monarchies have been infinitely greater. Not alone has the dynastic power deteriorated as the Republican has increased, but monarchies in 1815 the strongest, have become weak, small royal houses have been swallowed up in greater, and kingdoms and empires of second rate influence at the fall of Napoleon, have become since then the dictators of Europe. The "balance of power" then established has been destroyed in nature and fact, by the force of events, and by the retributive derision with which the Eternal thwarts the finite arrangements of short-sighted but ambitious men; and its restoration is now as impossible as the re-distribution of the world in accordance with the protocols and singular diplomatic arrangements which occurred at the tower of Babel. The "Treaty of Vienna," as the series of mapping transactions, divisionary lotteries, protocols, secret articles, &c., which mark the period from the first to the second exile of

Napoleon, is called, was the sole result of the twenty years' crusade carried on by the English aristocracy against democratic Europe. It ambitiously pretended to throw back Europe into the state in which it lay grovelling prior to the days of Mirabeau, Dumouriez and Napoleon; it was founded on the utter exhaustion and conquest of France, on the terror and the sufferings of those democracies which Napoleon had ripped with his sword from the womb of barbarian night; it essayed to restore vagrant Bourbons to a "local habitation and a name" in France, Spain, and Naples, to reconstruct the Empire of Austria dashed to atoms by the trenchant arm of Napoleon, to bolster up once more the dominions of the great Frederick, to extinguish the genius and the patriotism of Italy under a three-crowned tiara, to keep Russia at bay by erecting in central Europe two more despotisms emulative of the prowess of the first; to preserve, in fact, kings from popular liberty on one hand, and a more overarching despotism on the other. To effect this on parchment, to stifle the democratic soul in its vigorous infancy, to enchain the world for another hundred years, England had entered into the crusade against the French Revolution; had fomented, urged on, helped to fight many and paid for all the wars from 1789 to 1815. And the parchment treaty of Vienna was the sole acknowledgment of her immense expenditure. Her people paid on the nail to accomplish that "peace" twenty-five hundred millions of dollars, scattered broadcast among the subsidiary monarchies, and have also before and since paid, by way of interest for the sums then expended, not less than one thousand millions of dollars; all to extinguish the French Republic and European democracy. For the time she conquered; but the victory was even more dearly earned than that obtained by the Roman General, for it utterly broke her. Since then the yearly accounts of the British empire stand thus: "To having formerly put down Napoleon, half the yearly resources of the empire ever since; to keeping up a semblance of her former state and authority, the rest." So stands the score. And though the score has been paid, and must be paid, year after year, while the British monarchy presumes to exist, every one of the temporary advantages thereby gained have since utterly vanished. Those extra-

ordinary resources which once could arm Prussia, Austria, Russia, all Germany, Holland, and even Sweden, in her behalf, remain to her no more. Her population, after thirty years' peace, are still more impoverished than ever they were during thirty years' war; her coasts, her great cities, her very capital still more defenseless. She could not bring to the defense of a single point of her unfortified coast an army exceeding thirty thousand men, and even such a mean force only at the risk of leaving her aristocracy and her nobles without protection from any insurrection of the discontented and rebellious people in her heart. Even the France, to exhaust and conquer which she incurred ruin, lies within from seven to sixteen hours' sail of her capital, having in forced harbors a fleet superior in emergencies to hers, and capable of throwing at a moment's warning within seventy-two hours, upon any point of her coast, an army of from fifty to a hundred thousand of the best trained soldiers in Europe, reserving to itself at the same time an organized military power of two millions of men. Thus she stands shivering at every rumor of European war, bemoaning and shrieking loudly, "We shall be taken, we shall be beaten! we cannot defend ourselves; we have no help—for the love of God get up peep-shows and keep peace." Not a single atom of the benefits she attained by all the wars of the French Revolution remain to England, notwithstanding her prodigal waste of the wealth of her people, and the blood of her serfs. Three times, from 1814 to 1848, in "the return from Elba," in the fall of Charles X., in the extinguishment of Louis Philippe, has that monarchic dynasty she replaced on the neck of the French nation been swept away at a breath; three times have its several occupants run, without fighting for an hour, like thieves who dared not a trial, and feared the just vengeance of the gallant Democracy whose subjugation they hired of a foreigner; and though, up to the treaty of Vienna, she could expend her thousands of millions to coerce France to obey her dictates, she dared not since 1830 expend a shilling to enforce them. From Cherbourg and Brest the hated tricolor spreads triumphant again, flouting her fallen majesty and her vain ambition, even as the imperial eagles of Napoleon did; and the utmost hope of Great England is, that that flag of terror may remain where it is,



and not cross the stream to her doom. And foremost pointing to it, uttering plaintive yells in senile imbecility, warning his brother aristocrats of the ruin it portends, is he the very Duke who twice trod it in the dust upon the streets of Paris. Even he has lived to see, in the resurrection of that glorious symbol of liberty from the disgraceful tomb to which he had with his own hands consigned it, the fated conqueror of "perfidious Albion," the redeemer of Waterloo, and the retributive avenger of that army whose bravest chief he participated in assassinating. Even he may live to hear the French watch-word pass around his prison gates, "Remember Ney!" Even the mushroom dynasties England made, even the tottering despotisms she steadied on their thrones, have used the longer life-time given them to become her enemies. The Spanish dynasty, saved from the grasp of Napoleon, built up to suit herself by her unassisted hands as a tool and a puppet, has by the superior diplomacy of a woman of indifferent character, by a French marriage, and the outrageous double-dealing and impertinence of a certain Sir Henry Bulwer, (since sent to America because he was admissible nowhere else,) become from a puppet an enemy. In Greece the kingly state and the king she upholstered; for whose crown she handed over Turkey to the power of the Russian by the "untoward event" of Navarino—even this Greece, and this king whom she made and fashioned, have become so deadly hostile that English subjects are plundered in the streets of Athens by the mob, and the plunder defended by the monarchy of England's own construction, even at the expense of a blockade. The Austria she rehabilitated, to whom she restored Lombardy and Venice, Poland and Germany, whom she built up as a barrier against the Muscovian Tzar, has become the avant-garde of the Tzar, the foremost policeman in his pay, and her enemy. Prussia, first made by her, again saved by her after Jena from utter annihilation, her own constitutional ally, her reserve at Waterloo, has been abandoned to Russia, and under threat of partition and extinguishment has cowed before the imperial dynast of the North. Nay, the Popedom England restored, overthrown again, restored again, has turned its spiritual power at the bidding of orthodox emperors against her own dominions, and has, as if in

taunting jest, split them up into the ecclesiastical sheep-folds of Imperial Rome. While, controlling and overarching all Europe, spread the forces of that Russia she humbled in the treaty of Vienna. Alexander, returning home from the conquest of Napoleon, stayed his legions more than once to consider whether or not he should turn his face to Paris again, and compel at the cannon's mouth his allies to submission. He passed his way and died at Taganrog regretful. But the vengeance he left undone has since been almost accomplished. Now his allies are humbled; his successor's sway extends over all Europe to the North Sea, to the Mediterranean, to the frontiers of France. Dynastic power is in his hands, whatever nominal monarchy may sit enthroned here and there, over all the European continent, saving only in France; and there his hired locum-tenens is ineffectual, because notwithstanding all their sufferings the people are still supreme.

There are in truth but two organized powers in Europe: the Russian dynasty, the French people. During the revolutions and wars from 1847 to 1851, now merely temporarily ended, the Government of England, not daring to push one soldier into the field, essayed only by diplomatic agencies to obtain some friendship among Democracies, without incurring the necessity of war with triumphant kings. Unlike our Government, she knew her material *interests*, and endeavored, so far as her wretched means would permit her, to uphold them. She preserved with every insurgent Democracy of Europe, during the last four years, excepting only of Ireland, and even there with the venal priesthood of Rome, a connection based on countenance and promises, which might or might not be fulfilled, as the event required. Thus, throwing aside altogether her former policy in the days of Pitt and Castlereagh, of upholding divine right at all hazards, she intrigued with all the Democratic leaders of Europe in succession, and at the very same time with the defeated monarchs. The British Minister sent his wife's father to the Italian Democracy, to arrange that in the event of "liberal institutions," the Papal and Sardinian dominions should be free of Austrian control, should continue monarchic and papal under British protection, and be at the same time the producers of wines and corn for English mouths, and the consumers of British cottons, and knives, and glass



in return. Other agents from the same quarter beset Kossuth; and the sole object was an Hungarian monarchy, tributary to England in food, and paying her for clothing and iron utensils. The productive power of Sicily is an axiom of ancient and modern history, the garden of Rome, and the garden of Naples: thither father-in-law Minto travelled with the very same design. Into the complicated and perfidious transactions of England in Germany it is out of our power now to enter in detail; suffice it, that every insurrection and insurrectionary movement, from the first barricade in Vienna to the last battle fought in Schleswig-Holstein, was urged on by her on free-trade and dynastic grounds, until the termination of the Hungarian and Italian wars left her without a diversion, and until the decisive position taken by the Emperor of Russia at the Warsaw conference, and the presence of his fleet in the Baltic, rendering any further interference the first step in a war into which she could not and dared not enter, compelled her to abandon Prussia, Denmark and the Duchies to the Autocrat's will, arranging beforehand a treaty, by which the king of the first was *advised* to give in on his solitary peril, and the people of the last to surrender without terms. The effect was to abase Prussia her ally before the Emperor; and to hand the Duchies, which the English Government had urged to insurrection that they might not become Russian by becoming Danish, over to Austria which is more Russian. Such have been the schemes of England during the later years of revolution, happily not in a single instance with success. Every where having been tried in the first instance by the Democratic leaders and found to be, notwithstanding her magniloquently liberal professions, selfish, insincere, dealing in duplicity, faithless in promise and powerless in fact, they flung her from them and clung hard to Democracy. Shifting back again to the monarchic side, she had to bear with the affronts and jibes heaped upon every ally so treacherous as to desert and so cowardly as to return; and without subsidiary means to carry out her designs on either hand, or resources of warfare sufficient to warrant her in mixing in the conflict, she was compelled to temporize every where, to abandon day after day her temporary position, to betray the Democracies she at first pretended to protect, to succumb to the monarchies she

at first threatened with defiance, and to acknowledge herself in the face of the world a "secondary power." Every where she contended against Russia, and every where she has been utterly defeated. Essaying to get up for herself monarchic allies in Italy, Germany, and Central Europe, she has had to fall back into her solitary island, beaten out of every position she won by the treaty of 1815, and without attaining a new one, having surrendered her hopes of fresh markets to the German Zollverein, and having lost any she had heretofore acquired. The most helpless power in Europe, chained down with debt, having reached her limit of taxation, without an army sufficient to form a van-guard to any of her former aggressions, with a people feeble, weak, spiritless, and untrained to arms, worn, poverty-stricken, and utterly debased, her capital, London, lies at the mercy of the first invader, be he a Russian dynast or a French Republican, who may profit by her example in plundering Delhi, Canton, and Paris.

If then the late European revolutions had done nothing more, they have at least given the death-blow to "constitutional monarchy," that half-way house between autocracy and republicanism, between political baseness and political virtue. On the continent of Europe there are, again we say, but two powers, despotism and democracy, represented by the autocracy of Russia on one hand, and the French Republic, and the French people higher than the Republic, and their democratic allies, on the other. England and her semi-plebeian aristocracy are equally hateful to both—are and will be isolated equally from both. Henceforth the affairs of Europe will and must be managed without her. She may diplomatize to her usual extent, even excite or support insurrections for a time; but the diplomacy must have two sides to it, and the support given must be given in secret. As a ruling power she is dead. Her quiescence and her subserviency alone have saved her during the late contest from bankruptcy. Distant as it may seem, and dearly as the lesson must be earned, her people are gradually rising to republican thought. Powerless as she is, cries eternally rise in her ear, "Reduce the army." Carefully and unexpensively as she managed her late unsuccessful negotiations, the universal advice to her Government, from all sections and classes of her people,

is, "Stay at home; let us mind ourselves; we cannot stand a fight; go on with the peep-show, and let us have some more—a *little more*—peace." The *people* of England have at length learned that war and interference in other people's concerns is now neither their element, nor their interest. They know by the lightness of their purses on the quarter-tax day, that they dare not venture on one more war, that they dare not even provoke attack. Throwing her and them, therefore, utterly aside in the revolution now imminent over Europe, we have to determine, should we take any part at all, with whom we shall form terms of friendship, who shall be our allies. At the present moment we have sent off an ambassador to Austria, having another at St. Petersburg—a very useless reduplication. We have also representatives at various other courts of continental Europe, including Copenhagen, Athens and others, for all which a single representative at St. Petersburg would suffice, if even such were needful. But to the Democracies, excepting Switzerland and Paris, we have none. To these, therefore, let us confine ourselves for the present. Elsewhere, we have either to recognize the rule of Russia or the rule of Republicanism.

And shall we recognize Russia? Shall we precede her in her course of political conquest through Central, Western, and Southern Europe, and pave the way for the tamer submission of the people, by declaring to them, "The rule of Russia is more powerful than your aspirations for freedom, and we therefore, the American people, will recognize it?" Shall we send to Austria and say, "You are bankrupt long ago—we know it; you cannot pay your own soldiery, much less your debts—we know it; you are the mere chief bandit of a northern robber—we know it; you have proved yourself incapable of courage to the brave, and of vulgar humanity to the fallen—we know it: but then you have at your back the dread power of the omnipresent Tzar, and though you occupy Denmark, and set a garrison in Rome, in Cracow, and even in Hamburg, almost on the frontier foam of our bounding Atlantic, we will recognize you, no matter where you may go or what you may do?" Shall we direct our ambassador to Switzerland to say, "My good people, primeval and excellent Republicans, you have of late

given hospitality to the exile, and maintained in their spirit and their glory republican institutions: but then Austria, the Russian policeman, presses on in haste to occupy and partition the land of Tell, and he being armed with a knout, and saying he comes in the name of 'law and order,' *we* will, being peaceful people, recognize *him*—you, no more?" No, it cannot be. Such fell treason to humanity no American statesman dare whisper in the ears of his countrymen; and yet it will soon, hopeful, let us say, not over-soon, come to this issue. We have either to hold forth the hand of friendship to all European Democracies who may sustain or claim free institutions cognate with our own, or recognize nothing in Europe; and the latter, equally with the former, is hostile to the monarchies of the Old World. In the latter event we incur hostility from the monarchs, we gain nothing from the people. In the former we acquire the friendship of every European Democracy, the first right of making such trade and commercial arrangements as we and they may find most profitable to them and us, and we incur no danger from monarchs or monarchic armies. Let us assure ourselves of this fact: We have in the dominions of any monarchy in Europe a stronger army, a more loyal army, than the head and government thereof, which would rise to our help at the first signal of war against us by the dynasty it hates. Let us assure ourselves of this other fact: No monarchy in Europe dare attack us. By a ridiculous coincidence in the history of popular delusions, the monarchy we most fear, to which we are most respectful and obsequious, is that which least of all dare cross its sword with ours—the British. Alison may write essays at the most stupendous humbug known as history, but even with a wretchedly inferior administration at the head of our affairs, no British Government, not insane, dare show more than its teeth in anger, if even so much. France, with her contiguous position, is not more ready to throw a fleet and an invading army on the coasts of Sussex and Kent, than we are, with our superior steam navy, sail of the line, volunteer and privateer squadrons, to throw even a larger force upon the western coasts of the English dominions. We are no longer a third or second rate power in the world, not even *of* the first, but *the* first; and in the coming

revolutions of Europe let us remember that. The time is not far distant when they may break upon us. We can establish a relation of republican empire with the several Democracies which no empire or republic ever attained, and which, with gain and glory to us, will be the first true plan of giving to the world a free and honorable peace. The American Government which will effect this must at least possess itself of *some* "foreign policy;" it must at least have itself represented throughout the world by a different class of men from that we have in the beginning of this article remotely hinted at. It must select for its representation *men*; it must have at least some consideration for their worldly capacity, for their historic knowledge, and for their downright republican sympathies. To any such Government we offer the following suggestions:

1st. With the Republics which now exist in the world, or which may hereafter exist, (while they continue Republics,) the Republic of the United States should enter into treaties of perfect amity and reciprocal defense against aggressive war.

To this it may be answered, that the suggestion involves a departure from "our previous policy." To be sure it does. But the simple answer is, we were bound in the war of Independence to a similar treaty with France, though we broke it; and the late Zachary Taylor, not a bad precedent or President, in his way, had the great honor of initiating such another treaty with Switzerland. Interest and Republicanism alike compel us to make such treaties with all Republics. At the present time the proposition of such a treaty may save France from another agony; and had such a treaty been consummated with her Government under Lamarine or Cavaignac, we might have averted without a blow struck, or the expense of a dollar, the invasion and the downfall of Rome.

2d. Treaties such as the above should include perfect reciprocity in trade—in fact, if you wish to call it so, "Free Trade;" and *no treaty granting this advantage should be made with other than Republics.*

The only country in Europe with which we have approximated to such a treaty is England, the most ruinous to us from that fact.

Such a system of foreign policy, as the above hints at, would at once give a pre-

mium to all Democracies to declare themselves, and become Republics, thereby giving the deadliest blow to European monarchies—and no money spent.

The proposition above made is compatible with the law of nations, for we have every right to direct our own trade policy, to consume what articles we please, and to make treaties with nations as we please.

It could not be objected to by the so-called "Democratic" party; for General Cass, in the session of Congress previous to this, proposed a resolution in the Senate suspending all relations with Austria. A Southern "Democrat" very properly asked, why not also with Great Britain? (Sir Henry Bulwer was present and tapped his boot with his cane, as if he did not care—*of course* he did not.)

It is according to the first doctrine of the Whigs, protection of native industry against unfair foreign competition.

It is fair—for as all men know, monarchies are enabled to procure labor at less cost than we are, simply because they have standing armies to coerce the laborer to take less. In the British Isles, for instance, a good laborer can be had for twelve and a half cents per diem, and "glad to get it." Here the same laborer costs eight times as much. The British and other Governments oppress and keep in servitude their subjects, that they may undersell fair dealers in the market. Republics alone give or can give fair play to production and labor, and with them alone, with any safety to our own interests, can we enter into a reciprocal treaty of competition.

Lastly—There is ample precedent for the above course, and that by the very authority whose "Free Trade" orthodoxy, our "Democratic friends" will be the last to ignore—viz.: England. The English Governments have, from the "emancipation of the negroes" in Jamaica, exacted a heavy preventive duty on any imported "slave-grown" sugar, that is to say, American or other foreign sugar, utterly forgetting that their cotton goods, woollen cloth, cutlery, and other productions, are the product of white slaves kept in still more unnatural subjection, are in fact "slave-made cloth," "slave-made cottons," "slave-made knives and forks," &c., &c.; and it is only paying them back in their own coin to refuse admission, save on the payment of equalizing duties, to all

and every such productions. We at least may set up for a little humanity too; and therefore let us discountenance any Government which lives upon *white slaves*.

3d. Should any Democracy in Europe, or elsewhere, rise against monarchic usurpation, and assume the attitude and declare the intentions of a Republic, it is the duty of the United States Government, no matter where that Democracy may be, whether in Hungary or Rome, Vienna or London, to send forthwith an ambassador to advise

with its leaders, and recognize its independence.

*Vide* in proof of the rectitude of the above theory, that able and constitutional document, the "Hulsemann Letter," of which the Hon. Daniel Webster, Secretary of State, has the distinguished honor of being the author. Need we say more?

For the present this sketch of a foreign policy will be quite sufficient. Should any further suggestions be needed, we shall hold ourselves in readiness to give them.

## M A D A M E D ' A R B L A Y .

WHAT a long period intervenes between the time Heliodorus wrote the "Adventures of Theagenes and Chariclea," and the writing of "Evelina," during the reign of Arcadius and Honorius, and that of George III. Heliodorus's novel is an interesting love story, pure and delicate in its tone. The heroine is charming, the style elegant. The French school of romance bears marks of this remarkable production. It has been used by Spenser, Tasso, and Guarini, and gave an opportunity for the graceful genius of Raphael to display itself on canvas. The author, a Christian Bishop in Thessaly, was called upon either to burn his book or resign his office: like a brave man as he was, he chose the latter alternative. The scene of the work is principally laid in Egypt, and it opens in a forcible and picturesque manner. The description of pirate life at the mouth of the Nile is entertaining, and no doubt historical. It contains a potent account of a loathsome hag who, by her incantations, compels the dead body of her son to rise and reply to her questions, while she leaps about a fire grasping a naked sword, and her arm crimsoned with blood. Fortune plays strange freaks. Heliodorus was banished from a bishopric on account of writing this novel, and *Amyot*, who translated it into the French language, was rewarded with an abbey. There is an English translation of it *done* by a person of quality in conjunction with Nahum Tate. Tate is well known for his boast of having restrung the

rough jewels of Shakspeare. Parts of this translation are remarkably good, and have the flavor of being taken from some old English version.

The Golden Ass, by Apuleius, is another ancient and interesting story, full of adventures. Apuleius lived in the reign of the Antonines. His mother was a descendant of Plutarch of Chaeronea, which was something to be proud of. There is a rare merit in this book, for one's curiosity never slackens, and the events, however strange and incredible, seem to our excited imagination simple truth. The manners and customs of the period are minutely described. Dandies and witches, priests and fools, are instinct with life in this singular production. Apuleius was an intense admirer of fine hair and its elegant adornment.

The pastoral loves of Daphnis and Chloe, by Longus, is likewise a beautiful production of ancient times, and is a story fit to bear company with the two preceding ones. Longus is well entitled to the epithet, "suavissimus." The book is most sweetly written, and some of the descriptions have never been surpassed. The editor of the first edition gives in his preface the reasons for printing it. He says:—"Having attentively read the pastorals of Longus, and having also persuaded several learned men to read them, the author seemed so delightful to all of us, as well on account of the purity and elegance of his language, as of the gayety of his subject, that we could not help think-



ing we should be guilty of no small offense, if we did not all in our power to prevent such a work remaining any longer in concealment, more especially as I know that many scholars were most anxious that it should be published." (*Quæ cum diligenter legissem, et cum doctis sane viris lectionem illam communicassem, ita nobis aridire cæpit hic auctor, tum ob sermonis puritatem atque elegantium tum ob materiæ festivitatem ut prope facinus nos admissuros fuisse duxerimus si (quantum in nobis esset) hujusmodi opus diutius in tenebris delitesceret: præsertim cum scirem illud a studiosis vehementer desiderari.*)

I must make one extract from this book, on account of its graceful and refined elegance:—

"An old man came to them clothed with a frock, shod with sandals, furnished with a scrip, and that scrip an old one. He sat down beside them, and spoke thus:—'I am, my children, the old man Philetas; I, who have many times sung to these nymphs, who have many times piped to that Pan, who have led many a herd of oxen by my music alone. I come to you to relate what I have seen, to tell what I have heard. I have a garden, the work of my own hands, which I have cultivated ever since I ceased to tend the flocks on account of old age. It produces, according to each season, whatever the seasons bear: in the spring roses, lilies, the hyacinth, and both the violets; in summer poppies, pears, and all kinds of apples; now, grapes and figs, and pomegranates, and green myrtle berries. In this garden flocks of birds assemble in the morning, some to feed, some to sing; for it is overspreading and shady, and watered by three fountains: if the hedge were taken away, it would seem to be a wood. When I went into the garden yesterday about noon, I saw a boy under the pomegranate trees and myrtles, carrying pomegranates and myrtle-berries; he was fair as milk, and golden-haired as fire, and fresh as one lately bathed; he was naked, he was alone, and he was sporting as if he had been plucking fruit in his own garden. I hastened towards him to lay hold of him, fearing lest in his rudeness he should break the myrtles and the pomegranate trees. But he escaped me lightly and easily—sometimes running under the rose bushes, sometimes hiding himself under the poppies like a young partridge. Often have I had much trouble in pursuing sucking kids, often have I toiled in running after new-born calves; but this was an ever-varying and unattainable labor. Being weary, for I am old, and resting on my staff, (watching him meanwhile that he might not escape,) I inquired to whom of my neighbors he belonged, and what he meant by gathering fruit in another man's garden? He made no answer, but standing beside me, he smiled softly and pelted me with myrtle-berries. I know not how it was, but he soothed me so that I could no longer be angry. I implored him therefore to come

within reach, and to fear nothing; and I swore by the myrtles that I would let him go, that I would give him apples and pomegranates, and would permit him always to gather the fruit and pluck the flowers, if I could obtain from him one single kiss. At this he laughed heartily, and said in a voice such as no swallow, no nightingale, no swan (a bird as long-lived as myself) could utter: "It is no trouble for me to kiss you, Philetas, for I desire to be kissed even more than you desire to be young; but pray consider, would this favor be suitable to your years! For your old age would be of no avail to deter you from following me after you had gotten one kiss. I am difficult to be overtaken by a hawk, and by an eagle, and by any bird that is swifter even than these. I am not a child, and although I seem to be one, yet am I older than Saturn, than all time itself. I knew you when in early youth you used to feed a wide-spreading herd in yonder marsh, when you loved Amarylhis; but you did not see me, although I used to stand close by the girl. However, I gave her to you, and now your sons are good herdsmen and good husbandmen. At present I tend Daphnis and Chloe, and when I have brought them together in the morning, I come into your garden and please myself with the flowers and plants, and I bathe in the fountains. On this account the flowers are beautiful, for they are watered from my baths. See now whether any one of your flowers is broken, whether any fruit has been gathered, whether any flower root has been trodden down, whether any fountain is troubled. And I say farewell to the only one of men who in his old age has seen this child." With these words he sprang like a young nightingale upon the myrtles, and passing from branch to branch, he crept through the leaves up to the top. I saw his wings upon his shoulders, and I saw a little bow between the winks and the shoulders, and then I saw no longer either them or him. Unless I have borne these gray hairs in vain, and unless as I grow older I become more foolish, you are dedicated to Love, and Love has the care of you.' \* \* \* \* They were quite delighted as if they had heard a fable, not a history; and they inquired what is Love, whether a boy or a bird, and what power has he? Philetas answered:—'My children, Love is a god, young and beautiful and winged; he therefore delights in youth, follows after beauty, and gives wings to the soul. And he has more power than Jove. He governs the elements; he governs the stars; he governs his peers the gods. You have not so much power over the goats and sheep. The flowers are all the work of Love; these plants are his productions. Through his influence the rivers flow and the winds breathe. \* \* \* \* Even I have been young, and I was in love with Amarylhis. I remembered not food; I sought not after drink; I took no sleep. My soul grieved; my heart palpitated; my body was chilled. I cried as if beaten; I was silent as if dead; I threw myself into the rivers as if burning. I blessed the echo for repeating after me the name of Amarylhis."

There are passages in the *Golden Ass*, and *Daphnis and Chloe*, which would shock modern delicacy, and would not harmonize



with our ideas of refinement; which are often of a sickly tone, so much so, that at times we are driven to believe that modern delicacy consists in delicacy of words, and indelicacy in thought and actions. Dean Swift pertinently inquires whether any wise man will say, that if the words drinking, cheating, lying, and stealing were by Act of Parliament ejected out of the English tongue and dictionaries, we should all awake next morning chaste and temperate, honest and just, and lovers of truth? Is this a fair consequence? Yet how many, in this seemingly pious age, are shocked at indelicate allusions, who have no scruples in committing indelicate acts. In return for the pleasure derived from works of fancy, and indeed from almost all our amusements, we must make pretty liberal concessions; we must bear with a great deal that is unnatural; we must tolerate many absurdities, acquiesce in improbabilities, and sometimes even concede what is impossible; we must allow a certain distance to the juggler, and permit him to be inaccessible on the rear, and strongly intrenched on the flanks; we must be content to view the perspective of a painting from one point only, and consider a motionless statue as a flying Mercury; to suppose that the hero of an opera is soliloquizing in a perfect solitude, although every word gives preternatural activity to the elbows of fifty fiddlers; and in spite of ourselves to feel drowsy during the ballet, in sympathy with the heroine, who, by a fiction of the theatre, sleeps soundly in a hornpipe.

FRANCES BURNEY (the maiden name of Madame D'Arblay) was born at Lynn-Regis, on the 13th of June, 1752. During her childhood she was the most backward in learning of the whole family, and at eight years of age she did not know the alphabet; but some two years after this she commenced scribbling on every bit of paper she could find, covering them with her effusions, elegies, plays, and songs, written in characters illegible to all, save herself. She never showed them to any one but her sister Susanna. Among the works she then wrote was one called *Caroline Evelyn*. Of this tale she retained a most vivid recollection, and many of its incidents were retained in *Evelina*. A neighbor recommended to Mrs. Burney to quicken her daughter's application to knowledge by chastisement. "No,

no," replied her mother; "I am not uneasy about Fanny." She entertained, however, a great dread lest Fanny should become an authoress. Before strangers Miss Burney was silent and reserved, and her stillness procured her the name of the "old lady." She was an attentive observer of what was passing around her, and when she overcame her shyness, would enact characters of her own invention, and after seeing a play would mimic the actors. Unfortunately she early lost her mother, and her father, though a kind and amiable man, seems to have paid little attention to her, either as regards her education or pursuits. She had no teacher, no governess. Dr. Burney's engagements as an instructor in music, allowed him but little time to attend to his family. He was industrious and persevering, and acquired the French and Italian languages while riding on horseback, and afterwards, when his duties became more pressing, he carried his meals with him in his carriage in a tin case, that no time might be lost. The best company in London visited Dr. Burney's house, and there could be seen Johnson, Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Garrick, Strange the engraver, Barry, Mason, and Armstrong. From such men Fanny must have gleaned much information, and she listened to the warblings of Pachierotti, Agujari, and Gabriella. All the musical talent in London could be found at Burney's home. Fanny, after attaining her fifteenth year, considered her passion for writing as illaudable, because fruitless, and she made a bonfire of all her stock in a paved play-court, her sister Susanna weeping over the ashes of *Caroline Evelyn*. The natural bent of her mind could not be changed, and the recollection of *Caroline Evelyn* still haunted her imagination. Fanny had no works of fiction, and her father, though possessing a considerable library, had but one novel, Fielding's "*Amelia*." In secret she began "*Evelina*," and after writing a couple of volumes, a difficulty occurred in finding a publisher. Dodsley refused it on account of its being anonymous; but Lowndes, another publisher, offered £20 for the copyright, which was accepted with alacrity, and boundless surprise at its magnificence. There was a subsequent addition of £10 after the third edition—and this was all Miss Burney ever received for "*Evelina*," although thousands of copies were sold in a

few months. The first knowledge that Miss Burney had of the publication of "*Evelina*" was from an advertisement read aloud at the breakfast table: "This day was published *Evelina*, or a Young Lady's Entrance into the World." This novel was published in 1778, Fanny then being twenty-six years of age. Dr. Burney about this period was attacked with a violent fever, and Fanny herself had symptoms of inflammation of the lungs; and they thought it advisable to visit Chesington Hall, the residence of their mutual friend Mr. Crisp, where she remained several months, unconscious that "*Evelina*" was the theme of every tongue. Her father, sister, and brother Charles, alone knew her to be the author. Sir Walter Scott, in his Diary, (November 18, 1826,) says: "Was introduced by Rogers to Madame D'Arblay, the celebrated authoress of '*Evelina*' and '*Cecilia*;' an elderly lady, with no remains of beauty, but with a simple and gentle manner, a pleasing expression of countenance, and apparently quiet feelings. She told me she had wished to see two persons, myself of course being one, the other George Canning. Madame D'Arblay told us that the common story of Dr. Burney, her father, having brought home her own first work, and recommended it to her perusal, was erroneous. Her father was in the secret of '*Evelina*' being printed. But the following circumstance may have given rise to the story. Dr. Burney was at Streatham soon after the publication, where he found Mrs. Thrale low at the moment, and out of spirits. While they were talking together, Johnson, who sat beside her in a kind of reverie, suddenly broke out, 'You should read this new work, Madam, you should read *Evelina*;' every one says it is excellent, and they are right.' The delighted father obtained a commission from Mrs. Thrale to purchase his daughter's work, and retired the happiest of men. Madame D'Arblay said she was wild with joy at this decisive evidence of her literary success, and that she could only give vent to her rapture by dancing and skipping round a mulberry tree in the garden. She was very young at this time. I trust I shall see this lady again."

Dr. Johnson appreciated very justly both the abilities and moral excellence of Miss Burney. On one occasion he observed, that "*Evelina* seems a work which should result from long experience, and deep and intimate

knowledge of the world; and yet it has been written without either. Miss Burney is a real wonder. What she is, she is intuitively. Dr. Burney told me she had the fewest advantages of any of his daughters, from some peculiar circumstances; and such has been her timidity, that he himself had not any suspicion of her powers. Modesty with her is neither pretense nor decorum; it is an ingredient in her nature; for she who could part with such a work for £20, could know so little of its worth, or of her own, as to leave no possible doubt of her humility."

"*Evelina*" is certainly a most excellent work. It was the first of a class of fictitious productions, in which the genius of an Inchbald, an Austen, an Edgeworth, and a Lady Morgan, have reaped undying fame. It possessed merits which caused it to be placed with pleasure by parents in the hands of their children. Miss Burney at all times advocates the cause of religion and morality. She is a quick and accurate observer of things and persons, and her works are invaluable as furnishing us with correct pictures of society, and the habits and manners of her day. The plot of *Evelina* is simplicity itself. A young lady, educated in the most secluded retirement, makes at the age of seventeen her first appearance upon the great and busy stage of life, with a virtuous mind, a cultivated understanding, and a feeling heart. Her ignorance of the forms, and inexperience in the manners of the world, occasion all the little incidents in the work, and form the natural progression of the life of a young woman of obscure birth, but of conspicuous beauty. To use Miss Burney's words, we are not transported to the fantastic regions of romance, where fiction is colored by all the gay tints of luxurious imagination, where reason is an outcast, and where the sublimity of the marvellous rejects all aid from sober probability. The heroine of these memoirs, young, artless, and inexperienced, is

"No faultless monster that the world ne'er saw,"

but the offspring of nature in her simple attire. When young people are too rigidly sequestered from the world, their lively imaginations paint it to them as a paradise of which they have been beguiled; but when they see it as it really is, they find it equally shared by pain and pleasure, hope and

disappointment. In Evelina the glories of Ranelagh and Vauxhall are before us; we visit the Pantheon and Kensington Gardens with a motley and strange group. We have the rough, noisy, and ignorant Captain Mirvan; Madame Duvall, all flutter, grimace, jabber, rouge and ribbons, the essence of vulgarity; and the Branghton family—a rare collection; and that gem of a cockney beau, Mr. Smith, “who studies what the ladies like;” the mild, gentlemanly, kind-hearted Lord Orville; the dashing Sir Clement Willoughby; and the country flower, Evelina, transplanted from the dews and fresh air and exercise of the country, to the hot and polluted atmosphere of London ball-rooms. Evelina goes to Drury Lane Theatre, and sees Garrick perform *Ranger*; such ease, such vivacity in his manner, such grace in his motions, such fire and meaning in his eyes. She could hardly believe he had studied a written part; every word seemed to be uttered from the impulse of the moment. His action at once so graceful and so free, his voice so clear, so melodious, yet so wonderfully various in its tones, such animation every look spoke. And when he danced she envied Clarinda, and wanted to jump on the stage and join them. Polly Branghton is delightful,—vulgar and pert; her father purse-proud and mean; and her brother a foolish over-grown school-boy, whose mirth consists in noise and disturbance,—his delight was in tormenting his sisters. Mr. Smith was Dr. Johnson's favorite character. We will give the reader a few specimens of his elegance:—

“O fie, Tom,—dispute with a lady!” cried Mr. Smith. “Now, as for me, I'm for where you will, provided this young lady is of the party;—one place is the same as another to me, so that it be but agreeable to the ladies. I would go anywhere with you, Ma'am, (to me,) unless, indeed, it were to church;—ha, ha, ha! You'll excuse me, Ma'am; but really I never could conquer my fear of a parson;—ha, ha, ha! Really, ladies, I beg your pardon for being so rude; but I can't help laughing for my life!”

“Why really, Ma'am, as to your being a little out of sorts, I must own I can't wonder at it, for, to be sure, marriage is all in all with the ladies; but with us gentlemen it's quite another thing! Now only put yourself in my place,—suppose you had such a large acquaintance of gentlemen as I have,—and that you had always been used to appear a little—a little smart among them,—why now, how should you like to let yourself down all at once into a married man?”

“Why, Ma'am, the truth is, Miss Biddy and Polly take no care of anything; else, I'm sure, they should be always welcome to my room; for I'm never so happy as in obliging the ladies,—that's my character, Ma'am:—but really, the last time they had it, everything was made so greasy and so nasty, that, upon my word, to a man who wishes to have things a little genteel, it was quite cruel. Now, as to you, Ma'am, it's quite another thing; for I should not mind if everything I had was spoilt, for the sake of having the pleasure to oblige you; and I assure you, Ma'am, it makes me quite happy that I have a room good enough to receive you.”

“My dear Ma'am, you must be a little patient; I assure you I have no bad designs, I have not, upon my word; but really, there is no resolving upon such a thing as matrimony all at once; what with the loss of one's liberty, and what with the ridicule of all one's acquaintance,—I assure you, Ma'am, you're the first lady that ever made me even demur upon this subject; for after all, my dear Ma'am, marriage is the devil!”

Captain Mirvan meets a dandy at the theatre, who discourses in the following *pleasant* and *sensible* manner:—

“For my part,” said Mr. Lovel, “I confess I seldom listen to the players: one has so much to do, in looking about and finding out one's acquaintance, that really one has no time to mind the stage. Pray,” (most affectedly fixing his eyes upon a diamond-ring upon his little finger,) “pray, what was the play to-night?”

“Why, what the d—l,” cried the Captain, “do you come to the play without knowing what it is?”

“O yes, sir, yes, very frequently: I have no time to read play-bills; one merely comes to meet one's friends, and show that one's alive.”

“Ha, ha, ha! and so,” cried the Capt in, “it costs you five shillings a night just to show you're alive! Well, faith, my friends should all think me dead and under ground before I'd be at that expense for 'em. Howsomever, this here you may 'ake from me,—they'll find you out fast enough if you have anything to give 'em. And so you've been here all this time, and don't know what the play was?”

“Why, really, sir, a play requires so much attention,—it is scarce possible to keep awake if one listens;—for indeed by the time it is evening, one has been so fatigued with dining,—or wine,—or the house,—or studying,—that it is— it is perfectly an impossibility. But now I think of it, I believe I have a bill in my pocket; oh, ay, here it is—Love for Love,—ay, true,—ha, ha!—how could I be so stupid!”

Mr. Branghton and his interesting family visit the opera:—

“What a jabbering they make!” cried Mr. Branghton; “there's no knowing a word they say. Pray, what's the reason they can't as well sing in

English?—but I suppose the fine folks would not like it, if they could understand it.

"How unnatural their action is!" said the son: "why now, who ever saw an Englishman put himself in such out-of-the-way postures?"

"For my part," said Miss Polly, "I think it's very pretty, only I don't know what it means."

"Lord, what does that signify?" cried her sister; "my n't one like a thing without being so very particular! You may see that Miss likes it, and I don't suppose she knows more of the matter than we do."

The reader can find a neat edition of "Evelina" among Dove's English Classics. Whittingham has also published it in his collection of pocket novelists.

Evelina had the effect of introducing Miss Burney to the charming society that assembled at Streatham, the residence of Mrs. Thrale,—witty, sensible, good-hearted Mrs. Thrale, a creature of life, spirit, and conversational power, the delight of all who had the pleasure to know her. There Johnson was an almost constant guest; there Burke was to be found irradiating the table with bursts of genius; and Windham, and Sheridan, and Reynolds, and all the great and celebrated persons of the day. Here Miss Burney enjoyed the true friendship which Johnson entertained for her, and she fully appreciated the loving heart of the "fine old lion," and she to him was "dear little Burney," and his "little character monger." Those were glorious days at Streatham for Fanny Burney. They were the happiest of her whole life. At her particular solicitation Dr. Johnson gave her a small engraving of his portrait, from a painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds; and a little while after she was examining it at a distant table. The Doctor in crossing the room stopped to discover what she was occupied with, and on discovering it, he see-sawed for a moment or two, and then exclaimed: "Ah, ha! Sam Johnson! I see thee! and an ugly dog thou art." She became acquainted with Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Montague, Mrs. Vesey, Miss Monckton, Hannah More, Mrs. Barbauld, Mrs. Chapone, Horace Walpole, Soame Jenyns, and her society was courted by the fair, fashionable, and learned; but she soon grew weary of this excitement. In 1782 she says: "I begin to be heartily sick and fatigued of this continual round of visiting, and these eternal new acquaintances." And in allusion to the parties to which she was constantly engaged, she observes: "For my

own part, if I wished to prescribe a cure for dissipation, I should think none more effectual than to give it a free course. The many who have lived so from year to year amaze me now more than ever; for now more than ever I can judge what dissipation has to offer. I would not lead a life of daily engagements even for another month, for any pay short of the most serious and substantial benefit. I have been tired some time, though I have only now broke out; but I will restore my own spirit and pleasure, by getting more courage in making refusals, and by giving that zest to company and diversion which can only be given by making them subservient to convenience, and by taking them in turn with quietness and retirement."

While at Streatham, by the persuasion of Mrs. Thrale and other friends, Miss Burney was induced to write a comedy, which she entitled "The Witlings." Mr. Murphy thought highly of it, but at the suggestion of her friend Mr. Crisp, she was induced to drop it. His chief objection to it was, that it bore a great resemblance to Molière's "Les Femmes Savantes," a play which Burney had never seen or read. She afterwards, in 1795, attempted a tragedy called "Edwy and Elgiva," which was brought out at Drury Lane Theatre, but never published.

Miss Burney adopted the epistolary style in writing *Evelina*. There are three methods of writing a story, generally adopted by novelists: The narrative, in which the author himself relates the whole adventure. Cervantes adopted this manner in his *Don Quixote*. It is the most usual way. The author is supposed to know everything—the secret springs of action; and he can tell events when and in what manner he pleases. He can be diffuse or concise, witty or grave, according to the vein he is in. He can refresh himself with digressions, and by these means can utter sentiments and display knowledge which would not be appropriate to any of the characters. But to heighten the interest of the story, and give it picturesque effect, frequent dialogues are necessary. Another method is that of memoirs, where the subject of the adventures relates his own story. De Foe was a perfect master of this style. It has the advantage of the warmth and feeling a person may be supposed to have in his own affairs. Marivaux



followed this plan in his minute and affecting story of "La Vie de Marianne." A third way remains, that of epistolary correspondence. Richardson has gained a deathless fame by his novels, in all of which he makes use of letters. It gives a rare opportunity for display of character, and minuteness of description, and keen and delicate insight into the springs of human action. It is improbable in one respect, for we can hardly suppose that a correspondence should be preserved and form a connected story; and the author labors under the same difficulty that so often assails the dramatist, the necessity of having some insipid confidant, into the porches of whose ear the incidents of the plot may be gradually unfolded. Rousseau adopted the epistolary style in "La Nouvelle Héloïse."

From this round of dissipation, Miss Burney retired to Chesington Hall, and sat down to the composition of "*Cecilia, or the Memoirs of an Heiress*," which appeared in 1782. Expectation, which had been raised to the highest pitch, was not destined to be disappointed in Cecilia. The manuscript had been shown to Mrs. Thrale, Mr. Crisp and others. In some few points she respected their criticisms, and made some alterations. Mr. Crisp advised her, "whoever she might think fit to consult, let their talents and tastes be ever so great, she was to hear what they had to say, but never to give up or alter a tittle, merely on their authority, unless it perfectly coincided with her own inward feelings." He again observes: "In works of genius, fancy, imagination, it is not the long, learned argumentations of critics pro and con, that come with the compass and line in their hands to measure right and wrong, that will decide; no! 'tis the genuine, unbiassed, uninfluenced, inward feelings of mankind that are the true, infallible test, ultimately, of sterling merit." Burke, in a letter to her, says: "There are few, I may say fairly, there are none at all, that will not find themselves better informed concerning human nature and their stock of observations enriched by reading your

*Cecilia*. I might trespass on your delicacy, if I should fill my letter to you with what I fill my conversation to others. I should be troublesome to you alone, if I should tell you all I feel and think on the natural vein of humor, the tender pathetic, the comprehensive and noble moral, and the sagacious observation that appear quite throughout this extraordinary performance." Mrs. Chapone also expresses her delight to Mrs. Carter: "Pray, my dear Mrs. Carter, have you read Cecilia? I do not remember to have heard your opinion of it, but I find with great pleasure that Mrs. Montague (who was not very favorable to Evelina) is warm in her commendation of this book. I am fond of Miss Burney, and delighted with her works. There was one charm in Evelina which to me surpassed even everything in Cecilia; this was the just and natural picture of the purest and most elegant love. Lord Orville and Evelina are lovers after my own heart. . . . The morality of both works is uncommonly perfect, and shows an admirable rectitude of mind in the writer. There is in Cecilia much useful satire, and a force of pathos that was really too much for me. Perhaps there is too great a number of characters, but most of them are surprisingly well drawn, and kept up with admirable consistency." Mrs. Thrale also joyfully compliments her friend Fanny:—"Upon my honor, then, my dear, I have not said half of what my heart is full. The Delvilles, since I wrote last, efface everything else. When I read the lady's character in my own dressing-room, I catch myself looking at my picture every moment. Yours is so like her in many things. Hobson and Simkins are borough men, and I am confident they were both canvassed last year; they are the life itself. Even Mr. Briggs, *caricato* as he certainly is, won all my esteem by his scene with Don Puffendorf, whose misty magnitude was never shown so despicably dropsical before. I was happy to see Briggs have the better of him."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



## KIMBALL HALE DIMMICK.

THE subject of this memoir was born in the town of Plymouth, Chenango county, N. Y., on the 5th day of August, 1812. His father, David Dimmick, was from Canterbury, Ct., and his mother, Marcy Hale, from Berkshire county, in the State of Massachusetts. She was a niece of Nathan Hale, so conspicuous in revolutionary story, who was arrested on Long Island by the British while executing the delicate and dangerous mission of visiting the enemy's camp to obtain information as a spy, and hung.

The father was one of the pioneer settlers of the town of Plymouth. He had to struggle with the embarrassments that beset the laboring poor; and his small farm and limited means would not permit him to give to his children an education beyond that of the common school.

Hale worked upon the farm with his father and brothers until the age of nineteen, when he left home and sought the means of acquiring a higher education in the Hamilton (N. Y.) Academy, by teaching school in winter, and working, through the vacations and leisure hours of the school, in a printing office. While thus employed he was intrusted by the Whigs with the management and control of the *Hamilton Sentinel* through the spirited campaign of 1834. Obtaining by such ways and means a respectable education, he returned to Chenango, and in 1839 commenced the study of the law in the office of Charles A. Thorp, Esq., of Norwich, and in 1842 was admitted on examination an Attorney of the Supreme Court of the State of New-York. He at once opened a law office in Norwich, and devoted himself to the practice of his profession. In August following he was unanimously elected a Brigadier General of the State Militia, although at the time the Junior Colonel of the Brigade. In September, 1843, he married Miss Sarah Hilecomb, daughter of Charles Hilecomb, of Plymouth.

On the opening of the Mexican war in the spring of 1846, he was stimulated by martial spirit and the love of adventure to raise a company of volunteers for that service. Such was the general confidence in his military skill and

patriotism, that the requisite numbers were speedily enrolled from among his immediate neighbors and townsmen. They entered the service of the United States on the 5th day of August, 1846, at New-York city, as Company K of the 1st Regiment of New-York Volunteers, General Dimmick being chosen Captain by unanimous vote. After near two months' vexatious stay on Governor's Island, he embarked with his men on a transport vessel for California around Cape Horn, and reached San Francisco in March, 1847. Of this military expedition it may be said that it sailed farther, was the longest and most distant of any ever projected, and that it was entirely successful. Co-operating with one company of Artillery and a partial company of Dragoons, this New-York Regiment of Volunteers held possession of the entire country, quelled all uprisings of the Mexicans, and literally conquered them into peace. The service was not like that in eastern Mexico—a service of bloody battle; but there was labor and danger, care and responsibility, and of these Captain Dimmick met and bore his full share whenever and wherever they presented themselves. He retained his command until the Regiment was discharged from the service on the 15th day of August, 1848, enjoying in an eminent degree the confidence and regard of the soldiery he commanded, as well as that of the officers above and below him.

Being thus set at liberty, he travelled two months in various parts of California, exploring the mineral regions and speculating, without once seeing a house or hovel for shelter. Having "seen the elephant" to his satisfaction, he returned and established himself permanently at the Pueblo de San José. On the first of December, 1848, he was chosen ALCALDE and JUDGE OF FIRST INSTANCE of that district.

California was at this time in a state of entire confusion. An immense number of foreigners had arrived in the country. Nearly all the United States troops had deserted, and the vessels entering the harbors were left without seamen. There were or-

ganized bands of highwaymen to rob those returning from the mines. Murders were frequent, and magistrates dared not arrest the culprits. The first official act of Judge Dimmick was the issue of a warrant to arrest three ringleaders of a gang for the murder of two men returning from the mines through the district of San José. The prisoners were apprehended and committed. A bill of indictment was found against them for highway robbery and murder. Judge Dimmick gave them summary trial, and on their conviction sentenced them to immediate execution. Before suffering the penalty of their crime they confessed to the murder of five individuals. This energetic enforcement of the law was like an earthquake shock to California, and contributed more than aught else to preserve order and throw a shield over human life throughout her wide borders. Governor Mason addressed him a highly complimentary letter in acknowledgment of his excellent and successful administration of criminal justice.

It had now become apparent to clear-minded men, from the disordered state of affairs and the large influx of heterogeneous population, that the Mexican system was wholly inadequate to the protection of property and personal rights in California. So strongly impressed was Judge Dimmick with the necessity of some remedy for the evils existing, he called a public meeting at San José on the 11th of December, 1848, over which he presided, and at which he was the principal speaker. He showed them the pressing need of taking speedy measures to establish an efficient government, and the improbability of Congress doing any thing for the protection of the country. He drew up and presented resolutions which were unanimously adopted, recommending to the people of California to choose delegates to meet in Convention and form a plan for a Territorial or State Government. *This was the first meeting held, and the first open movement made in California on this subject.* The publication of the proceedings and resolutions was followed by similar meetings in all the northern districts of California, at which the doings of the San José meeting were read and approved. Elections of delegates were had, and Judge Dimmick was unanimously chosen by his district.

Owing to the non-concurrence of a few of the southern districts, which still blindly

relied on an early action of Congress upon the Territorial Bill, the assembling of the Convention was postponed until the result should be known.

On the 3d of June, 1849, news having arrived of the defeat of the Territorial Government Bill, General Riley, then acting Governor, issued his proclamation recommending the election of delegates in all the districts to a Convention for forming a State Constitution, or territorial organization— which Convention was to meet at Monterey on the 1st of September then next. Four days after the largest meeting ever held in San José, composed of both natives and Americans, assembled at the Court House. Again Judge Dimmick presided and presented the resolutions, affirming in strong terms the policy and necessity of assuming State sovereignty. He caused the proclamation to be read in Spanish to the Californians from the Court House steps, and in their own language (which he had acquired during his military service) he explained and enforced its purpose and objects. The other districts followed this example, and new elections were held in all the districts. San José manifested her undiminished confidence in Judge Dimmick, by unanimously returning him as one of the delegates from that district, and he presided at the organization of the Convention.

We cannot dwell at length upon the action of Judge Dimmick as a member of this body, which comprised the first minds and best talent of the territory. He was one of the Select Committee appointed to report a plan of a Constitution; and a reference to the published proceedings of the Convention will show that from the commencement of the session to its close, he was diligent in his attendance, and unremitting in his zeal to exclude the wrong and save the right in the organic law of this young State, so fast growing to greatness. In organizing a judiciary system, always a task of great difficulty, the plan which ultimately prevailed was his; and to the provision securing essential privileges to married women, he gave effectual support. The debates of this distinguished assemblage exhibit the Judge as a not infrequent participator. His characteristics were strong common sense, directness, and force. He had but little of the graces— in manner or matter. His aim was sure and clear, and he marched straightforward

to the accomplishment of his object, regardless of intervening obstacles, and heedless of attempts to divert. The qualities which marked him as a Captain and a Judge, gave him power and influence as a statesman. If, on a comparison of the Constitution of California with those of her sister States, it shall be found to guard every right of the citizen in as full degree, and at the same time be more liberal, catholic and democratic than theirs; it is safe to pronounce that the praise of accomplishing a work of such merit is, in a large measure, due to Judge Dimmick.

The establishment of the capital of the State at San José by the Convention, was mainly produced by his personal efforts and popularity.

Near the close of the Convention, Judge Dimmick was appointed by Governor Riley, Chief Judge of the Supreme Court, in which capacity he served until after the organization of the State Government. His last official act was the administration of the oath of office to the first Governor, Burnett, at his inauguration.

It is needless to say that Judge Dimmick is and ever has been an ardent Whig—of a

platform broad as the Union itself. He is withal a disciplinarian, and knowing that upon the admission of the State into the Union her politics must become nationalized and assimilated to those of her Atlantic sisters, he labored, and labored successfully, to organize a purely *Whig party*, and build it up on a broad and sure foundation.

The Judge continued to reside as a private citizen at San José until the 1st of June, 1850. During his long absence the beloved youngest of his two children had died. The strong desire to revisit his family after a four years' separation, with a necessity of giving attention to his personal affairs of business, induced him to return to "old Chenango." He arrived home in July, bearing with him the regrets of the many who appreciated his worth in California, and was cordially welcomed by his numerous expectant friends.

Whether he will again become a resident of the Golden State is, we learn, problematical. It *was* his fixed, declared intention to do so, but the *home feeling* that prompted his return to wife, child, and the scenes of his youth, is like to hush the call of ambition.

## JUDGMENT BY DEFAULT:

### CENTRAL AMERICA AND THE ADMINISTRATION.

BEFORE these sheets shall have reached the hands of our subscribers at a distance from New-York, the present session of Congress will be at an end. Until next December no Senate can further question the Administration, nor can any authoritative body further intervene between it and the heavy responsibility it has assumed. And when the next session shall have opened, political parties and partisans will be more concerned as to the chances of their several favorites in the Presidential contest of '52, than in questions not cardinal to the platform of either party, but of the highest moment to the interest of the whole United States, and to the honor of the Republic. The only possible chance of settling, in a manner truly national, the questions involved in the present relative positions of the United States, Great Britain and Nicaragua, occurred dur-

ing the session now almost over. Any hope of taking advantage of that opportunity has now passed, and may be considered lost. The original question of again permitting any new colony to be planted on this the North American continent by a foreign, a monarchical, and an absentee power, simple and plain of settlement as it is, necessary to be viewed from a national point only, and to be abandoned as a right or resisted by arms as a wrong, on grounds purely American and intensely Republican, must now, by the fate of events, be thrown into the cauldron for 1852, there to be turned over and over, pulled hitherward and thitherward by faction, subjected to every possible species of distortion, mystification, and confusion, until it be again thrown into the Senate in the session of 1852-3. Until that time, therefore, the English have taken out a lease

of Central America, and will therein carry forward, with perfect impunity, the designs in furtherance of which they now occupy and hold the entire of one coast, and blockade the entire of the other. Such is the position in which the present Administration has left the matter. Till December, 1851, it is safe from further inquiry. Till December, 1852, safe from action. More than six weeks have elapsed since General Shields moved in the Senate, and since the Senate unanimously carried, a resolution calling on the Administration to furnish information on the British outrages in Central America. To that resolution no reply has yet been returned, and, if any will be returned this session, it has been carefully kept back till the very last day, in order that no discussion or movement may occur thereon. We have been all along prepared for this course, and therefore are by no means disappointed. Inasmuch, however, as we have, from month to month, carefully set before our readers the several incidents in the tragic comedy as they occurred; and as we desire above all things to avoid prejudging either facts or individuals, we shall now set forth distinctly and curtly the present position of the question, and of the Administration with reference to it; and, for the present, content ourselves with that.

Since last we wrote, several worn-out expediences of a very ridiculous and contemptible kind have been galvanized into life again. For the purpose of throwing all responsibility, for his flagrant conduct, off Mr. Bulwer, the antique farce of abusing Mr. Chatfield, the direct agent of Mr. Bulwer, through all the moods and tenses known to certain leading daily journals of New-York, has been, by Mr. Bulwer's agency, revived. This makes it necessary for us to state, that Mr. Chatfield is a "deeply injured man;" we have full authority for stating that his conduct with reference to the Bulwer and Clayton treaty, and with reference to the occupation of Mosquitia and San Juan, has been authorized by not only Mr. Bulwer, but by Lord Palmerston. We shall make this plain.

1st. In the *published* instructions of Mr. Clayton to Mr. Squier, now lying before us, the following extract is given from Lord Palmerston's own hand:—

"The British claim, under the alleged Mosquito title," writes Mr. Clayton, "as at first set forth,

encroached, towards the south, upon territory claimed by New Grenada. But it seems to have *changed* from time to time, as *circumstances or expediency dictated*; and now the claim is thus described by Lord Palmerston, in his note of the 4th of May, 1848, to M. Moquera, the Minister of New Grenada in London :

"With respect to the southern boundary of Mosquito, there are certainly strong grounds upon which the King of Mosquito might claim the sea-coast as far as the spot called King Buppan's Landing, which is opposite the island called Escudo de Veragua; but her Majesty's Government have recommended the Mosquito Government to confine its claim in a southerly direction to the southern branch of the river St. John; and one main reason with her Majesty's Government for giving that recommendation was, that thereby all dispute between Mosquito and New Grenada would, as they trusted, be avoided."

That is to say, that "all disputes" between New Grenada and the English would be avoided by the latter seizing on the town and river of San Juan, the hereditary property of the State of Nicaragua, occupied and named by Spain originally, and thus passing without a single British claim to the Republic of Nicaragua.

2d. In furtherance of the above design, originating *solely* with Lord Palmerston, the following proceeding took place by sheer force, as described in the following state documents, written by Mr. Bancroft when Minister to London, the official *original* of which is now and has always been in the hands of the Administration. We extract again from Mr. Clayton's published correspondence:—

"In a note of the 9th of March last Mr. Bancroft says:

"Great Britain often follows her old traditions of a policy of aggrandizement. As in the Mediterranean, Gibraltar, Malta, and the Ionian isles form her military stations, so she flanks us by a strong fortress at Halifax, seeks to overawe us by another at Bermuda, and now, as we are gaining greatness in the Pacific, under pretense of protecting the Mosquito tribe of Indians, she has seized the key to the passage to the Pacific by the Lake of Nicaragua, and has changed the name of the town of St. Juan de Nicaragua to Greytown. This subject is important, because the route to the Pacific, which that town commands, is here esteemed the best of all."

This was written so far back as March, 1848.

3d. In furtherance of the above design and acts, and by direction of "the Government of her Majesty," and on behalf of that



Government, this good and excellent agent, Mr. Chatfield, has addressed to M. Salinas, the Nicaraguan Secretary of State, a certain letter as to boundaries, dated *December 5th*, 1850, and published for the first time, in this country, since last we wrote, in the *New-York Herald*, and other daily papers of February 10th, 1851, by which, in defiance of all right and justice, he declares a portion of Nicaragua within certain boundaries, as by Lord Palmerston directed, as a portion over which "the Government of her Britannic Majesty proposes to assert its sovereignty on behalf of the Mosquito King." This letter further threatens, should these boundaries be questioned, to use force against Nicaragua, and further asserts that until they be yielded in full to the English, "no canal or other mode of transit can be (or shall be) established." We give this letter in full :—

GUATEMALA, Dec. 5, 1850.

*To the Minister of Foreign Relations at Nicaragua :*

SIR :—The frequent overtures which, in the name of her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, acting on behalf of the King of Mosquito, have been made to the republic of Nicaragua, with a view to determine, by a solid argument, the boundary between the dominions of the King of Mosquito and the territories of the republic of Nicaragua, have been systematically rejected. Her Britannic Majesty judges that the interests and convenience of both parties require that this point should no longer remain unsettled, and as a proof of the conciliatory spirit which animates her Britannic Majesty on this subject, *it has been determined* that the frontiers of the King of Mosquito, on the side of Nicaragua, and of Nicaragua on the side of Mosquito, shall be such as they were on the 15th of September, 1821, when Nicaragua, as a part of the ancient kingdom of Guatemala, declared its independence of the Spanish monarchy.

By establishing this basis of arrangement, the respective situations of the two countries is determined by the legislative and ecclesiastic regulations of Nicaragua ; since all the towns and villages which lie near the borders of Mosquito, and which have municipalities and curacies, will remain, as heretofore, under the jurisdiction of the Government and authorities of Nicaragua.

The imperfect geographical knowledge of the interior of Central America opposes, for the present, a considerable difficulty to the determination of the latitude and longitude of the places along the eastern and north-eastern border of Nicaragua ; but circumstances require that the general line of boundary should be made known, *which the Government of her Majesty proposes to assert for the Mosquito King*, the Government of Nicaragua refusing to enter into an amicable disposition on the subject, and to appoint commissioners to ascertain and mark the divisional line between the lands of Mosquito and the lands of Nicaragua.

The undersigned, her Britannic Majesty's Charge

d'Affaires in Central America, with this view, has the honor to declare to the Minister of Foreign Relations of the Supreme Government of Nicaragua, that the general boundary line of the Mosquito territory begins at the northern extremity of the boundary line between the district of Tegucigalpa, in Honduras, and the jurisdiction of New Segovia ; and after following the northern frontiers of New Segovia, it runs along the south eastern limit of the district of Martagalpa and Chontales, and thence in an eastern course until it reaches the Machuca Rapids, on the river San Juan.

To prevent any misunderstanding about the towns and villages comprised in the province of Nicaragua, prior to its severance from Spain in 1821, a list of the curacies and their dependencies, within the diocese of Nicaragua, is affixed to this note ; and only such towns and villages, with their commons or public lands, and the estates of private individuals having proper titles, as were named in that list, lying on the eastern and north-eastern frontier of Nicaragua, will be deemed to be without the limits of Mosquito, on the frontier of Nicaragua.

In conclusion, the undersigned has to state that the boundaries above described are those which divide the two countries ; but he repeats that her Majesty's Government continues willing to treat and agree with the Government of Nicaragua for the final settlement of these questions on an amicable and permanent basis ; and the undersigned trusts that the Government of Nicaragua will see the policy of coming to a friendly understanding with the Mosquito King ; *for it is obvious that no canal, or any other mode of transit across the Isthmus, can well be established before the difficulty raised by Nicaragua upon this point is put an end to.* I am, &c. &c.,  
FRED. CHATFIELD.

It is downright folly, or the basest hypocrisy, to throw any blame on Mr. Chatfield for this or any other act ; he is merely the agent of Mr. Bulwer and Lord Palmerston, and faithfully does as ordered.

4th. Thus far as to Lord Palmerston's responsibility in the seizure of Mosquitia and San Juan. Now as to the treaty. Mr. Chatfield has been charged with breaking and misconstruing this treaty without direction from his Government or from Mr. Bulwer. The following letter from Mr. Chatfield to M. Salinas more fully shows the relation of Lord Palmerston to the recent seizures in Nicaragua, having been written by his direction after the Clayton and Bulwer treaty was ratified by him. We give it in full too :—

GUATEMALA, Wednesday, Aug. 14, 1850.

*To the Minister of Foreign Relations of Nicaragua :*

SIR :—Mr. Foster, H. B. M.'s Vice-Consul at Realejo, has informed me of the steps which he has taken in consequence of the losses of Mr. Beecher & Co., in Grenada, by act of public



violence, and for the recovery of a debt contracted by the Government of Nicaragua for the use of his boats. In the answer given by you to Mr. Foster, of the date of the 20th of July, I observe some expressions relative to the Mosquito coast and its authorities, which induce me to think that your Government does not yet understand the true position of the Mosquito question, and to submit some remarks upon it. I do not care to notice the discourteous expressions and evil disposition which the Government of Nicaragua uses and evinces in speaking of Great Britain and its agents in referring to the Mosquito question, being disposed to ascribe it to their inexperience and bad counsels; but this does not preclude me from recommending to you that your interests will be better promoted by treating this question independently of the false accounts and exaggerations of interested persons. Instead of insisting on its supposed rights to the Mosquito shore, Nicaragua would best consult her interests by at once making good terms with England, for resistance in this matter will be of no further avail. *It is impossible that Nicaragua should be ignorant of her Britannic Majesty's relation to the Mosquito question, as it has before it the letter of Viscount Palmerston, of the date of the 15th of April last, in which he declares, in the most clear and direct terms, the utter impossibility of acceding to the pretensions of Nicaragua.* On the other hand, the treaty of Messrs. Clayton and Bulwer, about which you have so much to say, and in which you express so much confidence, *expressly recognizes the Mosquito Kingdom, and sets aside the rights which you pretend Nicaragua has on that coast.* The true policy for Nicaragua is to deceive herself in this respect, and to put no further confidence in the protestations or assurances of pretended friends, [viz., Americans.] It will be far better for her to come to an understanding without delay with Great Britain, on which nation depends not only the welfare and commerce of the State, but also the probability of accomplishing any thing positive concerning inter-oceanic communication through her territories, [complimentary to the Canal Company this!] because it is only in London that the necessary capital for such an enterprise can be found.

In conclusion, I have only to repeat what I have said so many times, that the British Government is animated by the best wishes toward Nicaragua, and is anxious that it shall acquire a respectable position among nations.

I have, &c. &c. &c.,      FREDERICK CHATFIELD.

5th. Mr. Webster has in his possession official letters from Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer to him, declaring that the construction put upon the Clayton and Bulwer treaty by Mr. Chatfield is that put upon it, and directed to be maintained with reference to it, by *Lord Palmerston himself.* These letters were *official*, and Mr. Bulwer was directed by his Government to address them *officially* to Mr. Webster; and he did so address them, and Mr. Webster *now has them.*

6th. Lest Mr. Webster should have any doubt about the intentions of Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer and his Government, towards both the treaty already made between this country and Great Britain, and towards "Mosquitia," the above letters were followed by a treaty signed with Mr. Bulwer's own hand, which he proposes to Mr. Webster to make between *this* country and Nicaragua; and the reasons for proposing this treaty are three:

I. The treaty existing between this country and Nicaragua guarantees protection and neutrality to it and the proposed canal, including the whole Nicaraguan territory, both on the Atlantic and the Pacific.

II. The treaty made between Mr. Clayton and Mr. Bulwer, according to Lord Palmerston's fabricated interpretation, "recognizes" British usurpation over the whole eastern half of Nicaragua. Mr. Clayton and all honest men declare it does not. Hence there is a confliction, and to settle the matter Mr. Bulwer has the audacity to propose that—

III. A new treaty be entered into between *this* country and Nicaragua, by which this country shall recognize, in positive and deliberate terms, British rule in "Mosquitia" and San Juan, and confine its former treaty of protection and neutrality to Nicaragua within the limits not claimed by Mr. Chatfield's letter of boundaries. We shall here not discourse on the cool and impertinent interference of Mr. Bulwer in our affairs, and between two sister Republics, in thus pushing a treaty for this country with another, with which he has nothing to do, into the very throat of our minister. That Mr. Webster should have flung the "treaty" in his face, and ordered him out of the door, and out of the country, any man of ordinary spirit will very easily conclude. But Mr. Webster did not—took the treaty, and *now has it*; and the signature of Mr. Bulwer is thereto affixed.

8th. The entire design of the British Government acquires a dramatic light from the transparent attempts to heap indignities, through our agency, on Nicaragua. It is the farce of Dombey and Son over again, recast, with Mr. Webster as Dombey, Mr. Bulwer as Carker, and Nicaragua as the fair Edith. Indeed the very phraseology Dickens places in the mouth of the villainous go-between, when insulting the lorn

young wife, might fairly be used by Sir Henry Carker Bulwer on the present occasion. Mr. Bulwer's object is evidently to disgust the Nicaraguan Government with us, that so in a moment of her frenzy he may ride off with the lovely partner "of our Republican affections." In the letter last above extracted will be found that exceedingly English, and to us exceedingly insolent passage about "pretended friends," to which we have heretofore referred. In the following letter the same insulting hint is more plainly repeated—very amusing to us from the fact of the writer advising folks "that no reliance should be placed on such assurances" as *we* may give:—

GUATEMALA, Dec. 5, 1850.

To the Minister for Foreign Affairs of Nicaragua :

SIR:—With reference to my former note on the same subject, I have the honor to recommend to the immediate attention of the Government of Nicaragua, the policy of arranging with Messrs. Beschor and Co., of Greytown, for the wanton destruction of their piraguas in April last.\*

Mr. Vice Consul Foster has received orders from her Majesty's Government to press this claim to a satisfactory conclusion, and to call in, if necessary, the aid of her Majesty's naval forces.

It is very desirable for Nicaragua, now that the country has acquired a certain station from its geographical position, that the Nicaraguan Government should no longer persist in refusing all discussion and accommodation in respect to matters presented to it for arrangement by foreign powers.

*Whatever assurances Nicaragua may receive that the conduct of its Government, however irregular it may be towards another, will at all times receive support from third parties, [meaning the United States,] still the Government of Nicaragua must feel that no reliance should be placed on such assurances, as no foreign Government will compromise political and commercial interests in behalf of a country whose rulers reject the ordinary means of settling matters open to dispute.*

Yours, &c. &c., FRED. CHATFIELD.

That is, according to Chatfield and his abettors, the United States won't fight.

9th. And now, that there may be no doubt where these impertinent insinuations have originated, and who is really responsible for them, we here place on record the notorious "intercepted letter" from Mr. Bulwer to Mr. Chatfield. We reproduce it now, that our friends may have it by them, and because

some of our most respected readers have expressed themselves doubtful that such a letter had ever been. We now record it in our pages, and have but to add that Mr. Bulwer has not only acknowledged the authorship, but endeavored to apologize to Mr. Clayton, by saying he did not intend the allusions as personal to him, but merely as a curt essay on Republican institutions; that is, that the insult was not intended for an individual, but for the whole country—pretty apology!

SIR HENRY BULWER TO MR. CHATFIELD.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 26, 1850.

Dear Sir:—I have received your communications up to 3d of January inclusive. I was glad to hear of your arrangement with the Governor of Honduras, and I trust that you will thus have settled the question of claims *before the order for evacuating Tigre Island arrives*. [That is to say, that the Nicaraguans, under fear of losing the Island of Tigre, might have been compelled to give up all claim on the town and river of San Juan; settling your claim to your own purse under fear of being choked. No wonder that these people are insensible to such justice.] I know that it is difficult to deal with such people on matters of justice, *if you cannot keep before their eyes the ultimate argument of force*, and I feel exceedingly for your position, with such a gentleman as Squier "making capital" at your elbow. But pray let me take the liberty of suggesting to you that it is well always to consider, not only what you think should be done for the particular interest you have in hand, but what your Government, which has so many interests to consider, will back you in doing; since, to make a step forwards, if subsequently it is to be made backwards, only renders matters worse. I would not, also, let Mr. Squier's misdoings *hurry you too much out of the line which you would otherwise pursue*. [The fellow had his course actually marked out for him—and the only fault is, he went too quick.] His conduct is generally disapproved of here; and I know that the State Department has formally disapproved of it.

Neither do I think that this Government has at the present moment the views you seem inclined to credit it for. It is, however, a weak Government, and being suspected by the popular party, is ever afraid of seeming in favor of any policy that is unpopular. Thus, though its intentions may be trusted, its course cannot be relied upon. Attempts are being made to settle the Mosquito business. I think they may succeed; they ought to do so. We have every wish to aid in constructing a canal, *that is, in protecting its construction, and guaranteeing its security* [its security in your possession, Mr. Bulwer; is not that it?] when constructed. Nor have we any great interest in the Mosquito protectorate, or any selfish object to serve by maintaining it. But we ought not and I believe will not abandon it dishonorably, *nor permit the Nicaraguans, whom we have expelled therefrom*, [a very plain confession of the means by

\* This Beschor claim is precisely similar to the Pacifico claim which the English lately used as a pretense to blockade Greece. Beschor is a German Jew, an agent of the British in San Juan, and a runaway swindler from the North.

which they got in there, is it not?] *to be again masters of the San Juan.* These are my private opinions, but I think you may like to know them. I have defended your conduct here as to Tigre Island, on the ground that it was provoked by Squier, but it was too "go-ahead." [That is, "I have falsely misrepresented the American representative, but it was 'no go.'"]

H. L. B.

P. S.—I just find that you have thrown out to Squier something about a treaty of protection between us and Costa Rica. Now, Lord P. has not only denied that he has any idea of exercising a protectorate over Costa Rica, but told the United States Government he had refused it. [And yet he had done it, actually passed a protection over this very State of Costa Rica, while he so lied.] My instructions certainly forbid me to encourage any such idea, and moreover, it would be setting an example which it would be highly imprudent to give. I should tell you, indeed, that both the United States and ourselves are at present proceeding upon the avowed policy that neither will seek for exclusive influence in Central America; and while the conduct of Squier contravenes and embarrasses this policy on one side, any conduct of a similar kind on your part must do so on the other.

These are merely private hints of mine to you, in order to prevent you finding your position weakened, by doing or promising what the United States will not do nor approve of being promised. Pray excuse my frankness, and wishing you to imitate it, and write fully to me upon all matters,

I am again, dear Sir,

Yours respectfully, H. L. B.

We have now cleared up three things: first, who authorized the seizure of San Juan, who authorized the positive infraction, or, in other words, the false interpretation of the Clayton and Bulwer treaty, and who authorized the insulting epithets and insinuations of Mr. Chatfield with reference to this country. It was *not* Mr. Chatfield.

Now for mere facts. San Juan is still occupied. "Mosquitia" still occupied. American citizens travelling there, from one State of this Union to another, are still seized and disarmed by British authorities. A British vessel of war still lies in the port of San Juan, having its guns pointed on the territories of an independent republic, which we are bound by stipulated treaty, and by official warranty given by our minister by direction of our Government, to protect. The British usurpation, as far as towns and territories and sovereign rights of the Nicaraguan Republic go, is still the same as when we first wrote on this subject. There is still, too, we should probably remind our readers, an administration in Washington; and it still pursues its astounding indifference and inaction.

Further, since we last wrote, the particulars of the blockade, by the British, of San Salvador and Honduras have reached this city, and been published. They are notorious. There is not an American ignorant of them, excepting only, by possibility, the Administration, which, having withdrawn all United States representatives from Central America, endeavors to screen itself behind its own error, by saying it has no official information, when it took good and effectual care it should have none. We were once afflicted with the vulgar prejudice that lawyers are fit to be rulers; but now, with a whole administration of mere lawyers, we find them not only utterly incapable, but so forgetful of the commonest maxim of all law, that they venture to set up in defense of their very default, the default itself!

One particular about this blockade, now in effect against two of the Central American States, and by direction of Lord Palmerston and Sir Henry Bulwer to be put in execution against a third, Nicaragua, is very remarkable. Unlike all other blockades, it is no blockade; but only a means of directly injuring American commerce and shipping, and of instituting a *MONOPOLY* for *British bottoms in the trade with Central America.*

From the *New-York Herald* of February 10th, we extract the following:—

#### THE ENGLISH BLOCKADE.

The official paper of San Salvador, of December 13th, has several articles and official communications which show the nature of the English blockade. They protest against it, as a fraud upon the world, for (says the editor) "This blockade gives no damage to English merchants and English vessels, which are permitted to enter and to go out of the ports of the State with entire freedom, while all others are carefully excluded. The commander of the port of Acajutla writes to the Government on the subject, and his letter is published under the authority of the Secretary of State. He says:

"*The blockade of this port has no effect, so far as English merchants and English vessels are concerned.* To-day, the English bark *Secreto* was allowed to pass the blockade, the captain being a friend of the commander of the blockading force. In fact, the officers of the blockading force *themselves* purchased goods, and embarked them on board of this vessel, in the sight of all the people. Such partialities seem to me so unjust, that I regard it as my duty to bring it to the knowledge of my Government, especially as American and other vessels are rigorously prevented from entering here.

(Signed)

"SANTIAGO SALAVENSIA."

Now there are, in the mass, only two nations whose vessels trade with Central America, viz. : the British and our own. By this *quasi* "blockade," *ours* are utterly excluded, the British *only* admitted. Will it be believed, when we seriously think of it, that American vessels are actually, at this present day, driven from American waters by British cruisers? It seems almost incredible such *could* be; yet it is the naked truth: and our Administration looks on and will not even answer whether or no it knows that such things are. Again: until the proposed ship-canal can be completed, no possible intercourse can be had, by our people, with the Central American Republics save by sea-coast and shipping, under the ordinary comity of nations. But here the British Government step in, and declare, (as per letter above quoted,) "We will permit no canal or other means of transit to be built or established until our claims on Central America are acknowledged; and until then we will blockade the whole coast, keeping *out* American ships, and letting in *our own*;" and our Government stands by, and beholds the blockade extending day after day, and mile after mile, over the whole coast on both oceans, to the utter ruin of our trade, to the deep injury of our citizens, and to the utter dishonor of the American name; and it will not move!

We leave our readers to invent a phrase black enough to designate *our* dishonor. With reference to the British, the question is easily solved. A blockade, like all other means of coercion recognized by nations, is subject to the *laws* of nations. The British, granting that they were justified in using it in the present instance, are compelled by the laws of nations to preserve it against all alike. But they have themselves broken the blockade, thereby rendering it null and void by the law of nations. Should they, after so breaking it, interfere with any American or other shipping for the purpose of preventing them from entering the ports so pretended to be kept in blockade, they are guilty of piracy, and should be hanged from their own yard-arms as pirates. If a Secretary of State knows the laws of nations, he should know that.

But this blockade extends farther: it extends to Nicaragua, forbidding the Government of that State to import any thing which may enable them to resist British or other aggression; it extends to Honduras, with

which, says the San Salvadorean authority we shall presently quote, "the British have no quarrel,"—as if they had not a quarrel with all Central America of a very portentous kind,—forbidding it to import any munitions of war; by which is evident that every vessel, entering the ports of these three Republics, is subject to British search, inspection, and embargo. We quote again from the *New-York Herald* of February 11th:—

"We published, in July last, an intercepted letter from Pavon, Chatfield's secretary, to the Servile leaders, in which he tells them to push their operations against San Salvador and Honduras, for the British squadron will soon be on the coast to assist them. We have now an example of the manner in which this assistance is rendered. A vessel anchors in the port of Honduras, with which State England has no quarrel, when the English commander forbids it from discharging its cargo, 'because it will be prejudicial to English interests,' and threatens a blockade if he is not obeyed."

And this letter in proof:—

(From the Gaceta del Salvador, Dec. 20.)

COMMANDANCY OF LA UNION, Dec. 7, 1850.

To the Minister of War of San Salvador:

SIR:—At six o'clock on the afternoon of the 3d instant, the English steamer of war, Gorgon, came to anchor in the bay of Chiquirin, and yesterday left again for Acajubla. To-day, arrived the lieutenant of the Champion, who is now here. He states that the commander of the blockading force has prohibited the merchant vessel Tyson, anchored in the port of Tigre, from unloading eighteen tons of powder which it has on board, *belonging to the Messrs. Tijada, of Grenada, Nicaragua*. He has also informed the commandant of the Tigre, that if he permits the smallest quantity of the powder to be sent ashore, or to go into the interior, at the ports of Chismugo or Brea, he shall immediately blockade all the ports of Honduras on the Gulf of Fonseca.

I have esteemed it my duty to give you information of these proceedings, for the knowledge of the Government.

(Signed)

J. CACERES, Commandant.

"By the above note," continues this San Salvadorean editor, "and another which has come directly from the port of Brea, in the State of Honduras, we learn that Mr. English Consul Chatfield has prohibited merchants from discharging their cargo in that State, threatening her ports with blockade if such discharge is permitted. This most iniquitous and irregular proceeding is founded on the extravagant pretext, '*that the introduction of powder in that State is prejudicial to the interests of her Britannic Majesty!*'"

Of course it is; nothing can possibly be of more prejudice to the interests of her



Britannic Majesty, in that quarter, than "the introduction of powder." Her Britannic Majesty cannot bear "powder."

We have now gone over the affairs of Nicaragua, Costa Rica, San Salvador, and Honduras. To complete the picture of Central America, and its entire territory, we have only to describe the state of affairs in Guatemala.

This is the peculiar residence of Mr. Chatfield. He has purchased, bribed, split up, and now rules this *quasi* Republic. It is the radiating centre of all British intrigues in Central America. The party, or persons in his pay, are highly aristocratic,—when did you know a slave, a fool, or a scoundrel that was not?—and are called, by the decent Republicans of that part of the world, *Serviles*; an admirable name, and one much needed to designate a new party which is about for the first time publicly, though for too long in private, to come before this country and get a President made out of it; the party of the *Serviles* or "the fogies." They rule Guatemala, or rather England rules that republic through them, and the influence of England there is thus described by the above San Salvadorean editor: speaking of the proceedings with reference to Honduras and San Salvador, this poor San Salvadorean thus writes—one might fairly fancy he were writing of Republics of a somewhat more northern meridian:—

"Who does not see beneath this shallow pretext the design of revolutionizing these States? Who does not see in these proceedings the spirit of hatred and revenge which animates this officer against San Salvador? And who so blind as not to discover the rancor which animates the servile anarchists of Guatemala? It seems," continues the editor, "a statement almost ridiculous, yet it is nevertheless true, that the forces of Great Britain are under the orders of the military oligarchy of Guatemala. \* \* \* It is the melancholy truth that this faction has induced this officer to blockade our ports, obstructing our industry, and destroying our revenues, in order that it can, with some prospect of success, invade our territories, and crush the regenerating spirit of nationality."

Thus now we have established beyond doubt that the British Government occupies half of Nicaragua, governs Guatemala, and blockades the rest of all Central America; but we have not yet established the fact that we have a Government, or any thing but the mere pretense of one.

What *should* be the action of an Ameri-

can Government in this case we shall now determine. Having summed up such evidence as we deem sufficient, keeping back far more for the present, that we may not encumber the reader, we shall now quote authorities in point.

#### JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, IN POINT.

From the instructions given by this American statesman, who *had* a foreign policy, and carried it out, to Mr. Anderson, Minister to Colombia, under date May 27th, 1823, we take the following extracts; showing the position which the United States have taken, and have now to take with reference to all States on either continent, the principles which should guide in this matter the policy of the Republic, and the regard we should pay to European opinion as to our conduct.

*Extract from the Instructions of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS to MR. ANDERSON, appointed Minister to Colombia, May 27, 1823.*

"We have constantly favored the standard of independence in America. \* \* Disinterestedness must be its own reward; but in the establishment of our future political and commercial relations with the new Republics of America, it will be necessary to recur often to the principles in which they originated; they will serve to mark the boundaries of the rights which we may justly claim in our future relations with them, and to counteract the efforts which, it cannot be doubted, European negotiations will continue to make in the furtherance of their monarchical and monopolizing contemplations. \* \* The emancipation of the South American Continent opens to the whole race of man prospects of futurity, in which this Union will be called, in the discharge of its duties to posterity, to take a conspicuous and leading part. It involves all that is precious in hope, and all that is desirable in existence, to the countless millions of our fellow-creatures which, in the progressive revolution of time, this hemisphere is destined to rear and maintain.

"That the fabric of our social connections with our Southern neighbors may rise, in the lapse of years, with a grandeur and harmony of proportions corresponding with the magnificence of the means placed by Providence in our power, and in that of our descendants, *its foundations must be laid in principles of politics and morals new and distasteful to the thrones and dominions of the elder world*, but coextensive with the surface of the globe, and lasting as the changes of time."

#### THE SAME AUTHORITY, AGAIN—1826.

*Extract from President ADAMS'S Message to Congress on the subject of the Panama Mission.*

"The late President of the United States, in his Message to Congress of the 2d of December, 1823,



while announcing the negotiation then pending with Russia, relating to the north-west coast of this continent, observed that the occasion of the discussions to which that incident had given rise, had been taken for asserting as a principle in which the rights and interests of the United States were involved, that the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they had assumed and maintained, were thenceforward not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European power. The principle had first been assumed in that negotiation with Russia. It rested upon a course of reasoning equally simple and conclusive. With the exception of the existing European colonies, which it was in no wise intended to disturb, the two continents consisted of several sovereign and independent nations, whose territories covered its whole surface. By this their independent condition, *the United States enjoyed the right of commercial intercourse with every part of their possessions. To attempt the establishment of a colony in those possessions would be to usurp, to the exclusion of others, a commercial intercourse which was the common possession of all.* It could not be done without encroaching upon the existing rights of the United States."

Yet these existing rights have been encroached upon, nullified, and utterly disregarded, twenty-six years after the American Government took the position above described. The United States do not now, and have not since the British occupation of San Juan, and cannot have while a single British officer or gun remains in Central America, the enjoyment of "the right of commercial intercourse with every part of their possessions." An American citizen journeying from San Francisco to New Orleans, has now to pass through a British police office, be examined, mauled, disarmed, manipulated by Jamaica negroes, and passed or not passed, like a bale of goods, just as the Greytown British policeman Sambo pleases. Further; the "establishment of a colony," of which Mr. Adams speaks with such determined aversion, has not only been "attempted," but is actually now successful. But Mr. Adams is not the Government now—neither are his principles.

So much for JOHN QUINCY ADAMS; now for another authority even more respected.

HENRY CLAY, IN POINT.

"We are," said Mr. Clay in 1818, thirty-three years ago, "WE ARE THE NATURAL HEAD OF THE GREAT AMERICAN FAMILY."

So we are still the head; but the brains have been left out this time—that is all.

HENRY CLAY, AGAIN—1820.

We shall presently show evidence that Sir Henry Bulwer, a British Minister, rules our country more than we do. The very same state of affairs existed in 1820, when the British Government, desiring to extend its sway over the Southern American continent, managed to circumvent, surround, navigate, bewilder, humbug, subornate, and by some means or other—whether of money or assiduous flattery we do not know—use for its purposes the then Government in Washington. It is now publicly notorious that a British Minister manages every wire pulled in that same celebrated half-city, even to the bell-wires of the White House, and of Mr. Webster's hotel. Upon an exactly similar occasion, Hon. Henry Clay, then in his prime of clear-headed and vigorous manhood, uttered these sentences, which, without the smallest anachronism, he might now repeat with remarkable effect:—

"I deprecate this deference for foreign powers. *A single expression of the British Minister to our present Secretary of State, I AM ASHAMED TO SAY, has moulded the policy of our Government towards South America.* [Insert Central for South, and you have Bulwer.] Our institutions now make us free; *but how long shall we continue so, if we mould our opinions on those of Europe?* Let us break these commercial and political fetters; LET US NO LONGER WATCH THE NOD OF ANY EUROPEAN POLITICIAN; *let us become real and true Americans, and place ourselves at the head of the American system.* \* \* \* There can be no doubt that Spanish America, whatever the form of government established in its various parts, will be animated by an American feeling, and guided by an American policy. They will obey the laws of the system of the new world, in contradistinction to that of Europe."—*Speech in Congress.*

No, Mr. Clay, you may have been right there twenty-five years ago, but you are not now! The United States, the head of the new world, now obeys the dictates of Mr. Bulwer, but the Spanish Republics of Central America do not, and will not, obey the laws of Mr. Bulwer's system. They are true to Republicanism, but we are not. "Let us become real and true Americans" indeed! What outrageous nonsense to quote at this time of day. "Real and true Americans," quotha!

We beg now to turn to the same authority over again. There has been no foreign policy in the country since Henry Clay gave up ruling it.

"REAL AND TRUE AMERICAN" CLAY OVER  
AGAIN—1826.

*Extract from Mr. CLAY'S Letter of Instructions to  
Messrs. POINSETT and SERGEANT, Delegates from  
the United States to the Panama Congress.*

"From the north-eastern limits of the United States in North America, to Cape Horn in South America on the Atlantic Ocean, with one or two inconsiderable exceptions; and from the same Cape to the 51st degree of north latitude in North America, on the Pacific Ocean, WITHOUT ANY EXCEPTION, the whole coasts and countries belong to sovereign resident American powers. THERE IS, THEREFORE, NO CHASM WITHIN THE PRESCRIBED LIMITS, IN WHICH A NEW EUROPEAN COLONY COULD NOW BE INTRODUCED WITHOUT VIOLATING THE TERRITORIAL RIGHTS OF SOME AMERICAN STATE. AN ATTEMPT TO ACQUIRE SUCH A COLONY, AND BY ITS ESTABLISHMENT TO ACQUIRE SOVEREIGN RIGHTS FOR ANY EUROPEAN POWER, MUST BE REGARDED AS AN INADMISSIBLE ENCROACHMENT."

But the British have since made a "chasm" on this very *North* American continent, and planted therein a new European colony, by violating the territorial rights of Nicaragua, an independent American Republic. Yet the "attempt to acquire such a colony, and by its establishment to acquire sovereign rights for a *certain* European power," viz.: England, has not been regarded as an "encroachment," but is quietly and coolly submitted to by the American nation. The American Executive has seen, and sees, day after day, this encroachment become a possession, then a colony, then an assumption of empire with boundaries, which "Her Majesty's Government *proposes*" to take and keep, and yet it will not move hand, foot or tongue.

We have now given the opinions, on the questions at issue, of two remarkable American statesmen, "real and true Americans" both. To conclude the list of authorities, it is now only necessary that we should refer to the opinions of Mr. Clayton, Secretary of State, at the time these transactions were first, of late, brought before the Executive. We quote his authority on two points, viz.: as to the right of the British to be in Central America; and as to his own belief and intention in framing the treaty with Mr. Bulwer, which he himself signed.

JOHN M. CLAYTON, IN POINT.

In the instructions, which we have already quoted, furnished by Mr. Clayton to the Chargé d'Affaires by him sent to Central

America, Mr. E. G. Squier, and for the direction of the latter, after an examination and exhibition of the British claims and aggressions there, written in the quiet and methodic manner usual to lawyers, the following passage occurs. It is the summing up or judgment of this gentleman on the entire evidence before him. We could wish it had a little more of the fire of a rhetorician, but, with many of our readers, its plain and mature style will be much more preferable than outlandish metaphor, and threadbare trope. It will be remembered, too, that on the conclusions in this passage the entire policy of General Taylor's cabinet in Central America was based:—

"IT IS MANIFEST, INDEED, that the rights claimed by Great Britain NOMINALLY IN BEHALF of the Mosquito King, BUT REALLY AS HER OWN, ARE FOUNDED IN REPEATED USURPATIONS, which usurpations were repeatedly and SOLEMNLY ACKNOWLEDGED AND RELINQUISHED BY HER during the domination of Spain on the American continent. Since that domination has ceased, those claims could have had no other foundation for renewal than the supposed weakness or indifference of the Governments invested with the rights of Spain in that quarter. These claims certainly can derive no warrant from the indifference of the Government of Nicaragua, as the letters of the Minister for Foreign Affairs of that State to this Department, above adverted to, abundantly show.

"Against the AGGRESSIONS on her territory Nicaragua HAS FIRMLY STRUGGLED AND PROTESTED WITHOUT CEASING; and the feelings of her people may be judged from the impassioned language of the proclamation of her Supreme Director, on the 12th of November, 1848. 'The moment,' says he, 'has arrived for losing a country with ignominy, or for sacrificing with honor the dearest treasures to preserve it. As regards myself, I am firmly resolved to be entombed in the remains of Nicaragua, rather than survive its ruin.' The eloquent appeal of the Minister of Nicaragua," continued Mr. Clayton, "to his Government, is evidence, not less striking and impressive, of the DISPOSITION OF AN INJURED PEOPLE to resist what they believed to be injustice and oppression. WILL OTHER NATIONS, INTERESTED IN A FREE PASSAGE TO AND FROM THE PACIFIC OCEAN, BY THE WAY OF THE RIVER SAN JUAN AND LAKE NICARAGUA, TAMELY ALLOW THAT INTEREST TO BE THWARTED BY SUCH PRETENSIONS?"

"AS IT REGARDS THE UNITED STATES THIS QUESTION MAY CONFIDENTLY BE ANSWERED IN THE NEGATIVE."

But it has not been answered in the negative; *nor answered at all*. The United States have "tamely," yes, very *tamely*, "allowed our interests to be thwarted by such pretensions of Great Britain," founded

solely on "repeated usurpations;" "which usurpations were long ago repeatedly and solemnly acknowledged and relinquished by her"—England—and have been renewed again, and are now in full swing.

JOHN M. CLAYTON, AGAIN IN POINT.

We have already quoted Mr. Clayton as to the acts of the British in Central America. We shall now show that Mr. Clayton's *intention* in entering on the treaty with Sir H. L. Bulwer was to get rid of all cause of quarrel for or from those acts; to make terms with the British for the evacuation of Central America; and to restore, without war, to Nicaragua the territories usurped by Great Britain.

In the *New-York Herald* of February 21st is published an extract from a dispatch of Mr. Clayton to the American Representative in Central America, apprising the latter of this treaty, and of Mr. Clayton's intentions and designs in framing and ratifying the same. It is as follows:—

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, }  
WASHINGTON, May 7, 1850. }

\* \* \* \* It is proper that I should now inform you that I have negotiated a treaty with Sir Henry Bulwer, THE OBJECT OF WHICH IS TO SECURE THE PROTECTION OF THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT TO THE NICARAGUAN CANAL, AND TO LIBERATE CENTRAL AMERICA FROM THE DOMINION OF ANY FOREIGN POWER.

\* \* \* \* \*

I hope and believe that this treaty will prove equally honorable both to Great Britain and the United States, THE MORE ESPECIALLY AS IT SECURES THE WEAK SISTER REPUBLICS OF CENTRAL AMERICA FROM FOREIGN AGGRESSION. All other nations that shall navigate the canal will have to become guarantors of the neutrality of Central America and the Mosquito coast. The AGREEMENT IS, "not to erect or maintain any fortifications commanding the canal, or in the vicinity thereof; nor to occupy, fortify, colonize, or assume, or exercise any dominion whatever over any part of Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito coast, or Central America; nor to make use of any protection, or alliance, for any of these purposes."

*Great Britain having thus far made an agreement with us for the great and philanthropic purpose of opening the ship communication through the Isthmus, it will now be most desirable immediately after the ratification of the treaty, on both sides, that you should cultivate the most friendly relations with the British agents in that country, who will hereafter have to devote their energies and co-operation with ours, to the accomplishment of the great work designed by the treaty. Kindness and conciliation are most earnestly recommended by me to you. I TRUST THAT*

MEANS WILL SPEEDILY BE ADOPTED BY GREAT BRITAIN TO EXTINGUISH THE INDIAN TITLE, WITH THE HELP OF THE NICARAGUANS OR THE COMPANY WITHIN WHAT WE CONSIDER TO BE THE LIMITS OF NICARAGUA. WE HAVE NEVER ACKNOWLEDGED, AND NEVER CAN ACKNOWLEDGE, THE EXISTENCE OF ANY CLAIM OF SOVEREIGNTY IN THE MUSQUITO KING, OR ANY OTHER INDIAN IN AMERICA. TO DO SO, WOULD BE TO DENY THE TITLE OF THE UNITED STATES TO OUR OWN TERRITORIES. Having always regarded an Indian title as a mere right of occupancy, we can never agree THAT SUCH A TITLE SHOULD BE TREATED OTHERWISE THAN AS A THING TO BE EXTINGUISHED AT THE WILL OF THE DISCOVERER OF THE COUNTRY. Upon the ratification of the treaty, Great Britain WILL NO LONGER HAVE ANY INTEREST TO DENY THIS PRINCIPLE, WHICH SHE HAS RECOGNIZED IN EVERY OTHER CASE IN COMMON WITH US. Her protectorate will be reduced to a shadow; '*Stat nominis umbra*;' FOR SHE CAN NEITHER OCCUPY, FORTIFY, NOR COLONIZE, OR EXERCISE DOMINION OR CONTROL IN ANY PART OF THE MOSQUITO COAST OR CENTRAL AMERICA. To attempt to do either of those things, after the exchange of ratifications,\* WOULD INEVITABLY PRODUCE A RUPTURE WITH THE UNITED STATES. By the terms neither party can occupy to protect, nor protect to occupy.

\* \* \* \* \*  
(Signed) JOHN M. CLAYTON.

In a speech delivered at Wilmington since the advent of Mr. Webster, Mr. Clayton repeated yet more forcibly the above sentiments. But, as we have only quoted in this article official documents; as every speech is the mere verbal report of a third party; and as the official document last quoted covers the whole ground, we forbear for the present from further prolonging the evidence.

Upon the last extract it is not our present design, nor indeed is it necessary, to comment at any length. We shall merely refer to the fact that Mr. Clayton having assured himself that the above "*agreement*" was entered into by the British Government with equally good faith as his own, he entered into and concluded it on behalf of the United States. The United States therefore stand in this position: that, having declared certain claims of England, usurpations; and our Government, being of a pacific nature, having entered into a formal treaty for their abandonment by the same British power, it

\* THE RATIFICATIONS HAVE BEEN EXCHANGED AND SHE—GREAT BRITAIN—STILL OCCUPIES, FORTIFIES, AND COLONIZES THE TERRITORIES MENTIONED ABOVE!

concluded a bona fide treaty by which it attained no gain or territory, and gave away with an extremely ridiculous prodigality to Great Britain equal rights with our own. The United States stands fair and square therefore; it has made treaty and is ready to stand by the same; at all events was ready till the death of Taylor. Great Britain stands in this position: Having been wrong from the beginning, it acknowledged that wrong to General Taylor's Cabinet by going into the treaty for the abandonment of its usurpations. But on the death of General Taylor, finding that there was in office a very amenable Administration, it backed out from its previous treaty, and from pledged faith, declared that it thinks that treaty and agreement good for nothing; and has actually by its representative sent a new treaty to Mr. Webster, framed by itself, and intended to implicate our Government in the recognition of the very usurpations the British previously acknowledged and agreed to abandon.

Our summing up of evidence is now nearly complete. It will be only necessary for us to recur to "the speeches of the gentlemen on the other side."

The resolution of the Senate has not been replied to; will not be, save in such a manner as to prevent any discussion on the subject till next December. Nevertheless, since we last wrote, the journals in the Bulwer interest have not been idle. The activity of Mr. Bulwer may be judged from the fact, that we know, of our personal knowledge, at least four American newspapers implicated in complicity with him and his designs. A certain daily journal, for instance, published an article, to which we have previously referred, containing "assurances" with reference to British aggressions in Central America which the editor received from the agents of Sir Henry Bulwer, knowing them to have been sent by the same Sir Henry Bulwer himself. And the same paper printed, since we last wrote, the following:—

GUATEMALA AND SAN SALVADOR.—We last night received intelligence from Washington, which indicates that the Administration is fully awake to the present interesting posture of Central American affairs. The Chevalier Gomez, late Envoy to Rome, from the States of Guatemala and San Salvador, is now in Washington. In accordance with the desire of the Administration, as our correspondent intimates, he has assumed, provisionally, the duties of Chargé for those States, and has ad-

ressed a long letter to Mr. Webster in reference to the present condition and relations of the Central American States. Mr. Webster has replied in a letter, expressing the views of our Government on the subject. The Chevalier Gomez, our correspondent adds, *has been treated with marked attention*, both by the Secretary of State and by Sir Henry Bulwer.

"Treated with marked attention by Sir Henry Bulwer!" What has Sir Henry Bulwer to do with our affairs? Is *his* countenance then necessary to the reception of an ambassador from a *sister American Republic* at our capital? It seems so!

"Let us become real and true Americans," said Clay. "A single expression of the British Minister," said Clay again, "to our present Secretary of State, I am ashamed to say, has moulded the policy of our Government." How much more so at this present hour, may be judged from the following extract from a letter published in the *New-York Herald*, (from which we must again quote,) of February 26th. It is said in that journal to be from "an eminent member of Congress." We have made it our business to inquire into and ascertain the facts; and we beg to state, that *it is* from a *very* eminent member of Congress, whose name is in our possession, and whose statements we have no possible scruple in setting before our readers:—

WASHINGTON, Feb. 22, 1851.

\* \* \* There is not a particle of interest taken in the affairs of Central America amongst members of Congress. England may appropriate that entire country, for aught our politicians care. Central America gives no votes to help us make a President. Her people are neither "Anglo-Saxons" nor negroes; they are, therefore, not entitled to much sympathy. If our sweet sister, England, takes possession of the country, will it not belong to the great Anglo-Saxon family? And our politicians would be perfectly satisfied with the result. I am disgusted with these men; as a body they are mere triflers. Our people, thank God, are intelligent, and will correct these things in the end. We can shake our fists at Austria, and call her all sorts of hard names, and she deserves them all. We may even venture to speak the truth of Russia; but to say a word against the parent country, is nothing less than impiety. Of one thing you may be assured—nothing will be done by the Administration. General Shields's resolution remains unanswered, and probably will continue so—unless a reply come in at the last minute and too late for any action. \* \* \* You may conceive it impossible, but there are now here members of the Senate even, so thoroughly Anglicized, who, in my opinion, consult that diplo-

matic Uriah Heep, Bulwer, in matters of our foreign policy—Alas for Central America, or any other country that relies upon this Government for sympathy or support!

Our readers will now understand the position of our Administration and Government, legislative and executive, towards this subject, and towards Great Britain.

As to the reply of Mr. Webster to M. Gomez, envoy from San Salvador, we have not seen it. It has not been published. But the report we have heard of its contents, from one who had reason to know them, makes us regret that we cannot add it to our list of evidence on the present occasion. In the words of our informant, "it has as much reference to Central America as it has to Kamschatka."

With reference to M. Marcoleta, the envoy of Nicaragua to the United States, who has very recently arrived in this country from his former mission to Belgium, we have but to add, in order to sum up the whole matter, that he has been formally presented to Mr. Fillmore; that he made a formal speech, and received a formal reply; and that for more particular matters, necessary to be discussed in private, "the Administration is otherwise too busily engaged."

So now the matter stands.

Having, long since, taken up a decided position on this whole question, and having, from time to time, repeatedly written on the subjects put forward and on the several events relative to the continuous scheme of British aggression on this, our country, and our continent; we have deemed it right here, formally, to set forth in evidence of our truth, and the justice of our cause, that which the Administration has had all along in its power to set forth more fully than ourselves. To every remonstrance and inquiry, the Admin-

istration has turned a deaf ear. To a resolution of the Senate, calling for this and more evidence, it has returned no answer whatever. We now claim judgment by default. Without almost any comment, and certainly without the adventitious aid of elaborate rhetoric, we have in this article printed sufficient *official* evidence to enable our readers to form a very decisive and clear judgment. With full heart and confidence we now commit the matter to them. To the opening of another campaign, on the same subject, we shall bring the same qualities; and *much larger evidence*.

In conclusion we have but to re-quote the words of Clay:—

"LET US BECOME REAL AND TRUE AMERICANS, AND PLACE OUR COLORS AT THE HEAD OF THE AMERICAN SYSTEM."

Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, without further espionage, or interference in the private affairs of this Review, may assure himself, and his abettors, that we are going for that; that we will not only respond to the just aspirations of the great orator we have above quoted, but that we will see them, whatsoever obstacles may be thrown in our path, gallantly and grandly fulfilled.

"*We have never acknowledged, AND NEVER CAN ACKNOWLEDGE,*" said J. M. Clayton, entering on this business, "*the existence of any claim of sovereignty in the Mosquito King, OR ANY OTHER INDIAN IN AMERICA. To do so,*" quoth he, and there is not a particle of mistake about it, "*would be to deny the title of the United States to OUR OWN TERRITORIES.*"

"LET US NO LONGER," said Henry Clay, "WATCH THE NOD OF ANY EUROPEAN POLITICIAN."

"*Let us become,*" said the same man, "*real and true Americans.*"

And so, we take our stand.







*Wm. Wright*

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IMAGINARY PRESIDENTS:

THE IDEAL OF A NATIONAL ADMINISTRATION.

WE have yielded our opinions too easily to the arguments of faction, and the dishonest insinuations of interest; we allow men to lead and represent us, and to exercise public authority, whom in private we would scorn to trust or meet with respect. We put Notoriety in office and not Reputation; for the real man we substitute imaginary creatures, mere men of straw, incapable either to guide or govern. In the great ship of State we lodge a feeble or a worn-out engine, which makes a merit of a backward motion, lest the great seas may break its rotten gear or crush in pieces its rusty shafts. We set up *Imaginary Presidents*, ticketed with the dogmas of party, in lieu of character.

Dishonesty thrives under such a system. As the leaders are, so are the volunteers they beckon after them, the picked men of Asmodeus, the cunning thieves who are searching the store-room with an arithmetical dark lantern; while we fools, quite ignorant of state navigation, fondly imagine they are working the good ship in some mysterious manner from below. The devil of mischief and theft has occupation for his saints; their very inactivity is masterly; sitting, they hatch to life old frauds, or deposit new ones. Quiet, and seemingly harmless, they consume

the more while they produce the less. We are passed into an almost aristocratical corruption, and are some of us content with logs, scotchers and stumbling-blocks, instead of Senators.

A session of three months, and nothing done by either side for either side; the appropriation bills adroitly delayed and then rushed through, to shun examination; the time of all others most sacred to honor and duty, wasted in contemptible talk, or parliamentary stratagem.

The air of the metropolis during this wicked three months is sick with scandal. Every whisper is of an intrigue or of a bribe; social and public corruption hatefully mingled, taking away the last hope of manhood and of patriotism. Here we are told in one ear that good English gold is ready for so many, who have sold their constituencies, to kill a tariff; here in the other ear comes another rumor, that so many are bought on the other side, to counteract the bribes of Free Trade. Here a vast job is divided under the rose, (a stinking rose,) among six accessories in legislative mischief. Here another and another, a dozen—a hundred—all seeking ripe and eager to be devoured. Here a caucus plotting civil war; here another,

and another, and another, a score, estimating the price of a President, and ready to put in sealed proposals, baser and baser, down to the lowest.

Were there a powerful onward movement amid all this, it might be passed over in silence; debauchery, gambling, bribery, vote auctions, caucuses of civil war, presidencies offered for sale, jobs without limit, all might be endured, were there any real action; but who can endure a camp without discipline, full of sutlers, thieves, idle envoys and a debauched following that outnumbers the battalions, and no action, the generals bargaining for places, and the fortresses governed by the spies of the enemy?

Legislators *will* drink, —, fight, gamble away fortunes, sell jobs, and waste the time of their public agency,—it is perhaps their natural proclivity to do so,—but those of them who do *nothing else*, appear in a light wholly intolerable; the thought of it ends in a contempt for all government and a scorn of all authority; *somewhere* it must lead at last, and the end is perhaps not far off; when the Central Government puts on the face of a Humbug, the *Union* will assume the same respectable features.

How can there be a Union without a head? From the moment a true man and a hero takes his place at the head of the nation, from that moment the nation is one and indivisible. Assemble at a rendezvous an army for defense: until its head appears it is a tumultuary and dangerous mob; the army of popular representatives is but a more organized and reputable mischief, until a powerful leader holds supreme office, on the groundwork of the popular will. President, Prime Minister, call him by what name you will, the head must be *seen*, and the strong hand *felt*, the party *led*, the measures *sustained*. Let genius and eloquence manage the debate, let wisdom and caution temper the arguments, there must be, says Nature, a head somewhere, a recognized, or if you please, a “divinely” appointed power, lodged in a human will, or my laws dictate confusion and corruption; I cannot endure and will not suffer a temporizer in a seat of supreme power. The union of your Republic is not in stocks and stones, nor in economy or laws of the greatest good to the greatest number;—it is in the spirit of man that I find it; not here and there in books, or mystical influences, but in the

greatest heart and the strongest will of your nation. Find him out, in God's name, and if you can, elect him in God's name and the nation's, and if he refuses the office, as it is not unlikely he may, beg of him, pray him to accept it, that you and yours may be saved from shame and poverty, and perhaps from death by the cannon shot or bayonet—the tools I use to punish those and the children of those who elect charlatans and fools to offices of supreme authority.

For a monarchy it is *not* always an evil omen, when a fool ascends the throne. Legitimacy provides against the catastrophe that would follow, by intrusting the government to a minister. Republics have no such remedy. The President is the people's choice, and that choice loads him with the office; he cannot shift responsibility to his ministers, unless, as at present, the power has fallen to him by succession. Legitimacy and irresponsibility are one; the being born to a supreme power does not involve the obligation of being equal to its exercise. Legitimacy of itself exonerates the sovereign; his supremacy is not of his own, or of the people's making; he is the slave of a system, and is required only to wear the garment and assume the exterior of sovereignty. Far different is it with the temporary sovereign of the Republic: invested with all the authority that a legitimate king could ever justly wield, he adds to it the responsibility of a Prime Minister; more than that, a minister of the people's choice, a premier of the Nation, not of the Court. Millions of men have registered their names in his favor, declaring by a solemn act that they have chosen him to represent and exercise the supreme will, the sovereign authority; not as a puppet, or an idol, but as a man bearing in his heart and mind the true image of justice and goodness, and the true idea of national honor. He is set in his high place as the *real* representative of all that is manly, all that is great, generous, and admirable, in the character of the Republic.

If the people, free to vote, have elected a fool, it is ominous of ruin; they have chosen a fool, and who but a fool will vote for a fool to represent his sovereignty as a man?

Is a cunning knave, a plausible, sly, many-sided confidant of hell, made President, let the people take to themselves the

credit of the choice, and with it the deep contempt of all knowing and thinking humanity. When the people set up knaves and charlatans, let Aristocracy toss up its chin, and crow a loud and lusty laugh over the folly of the unwashed multitude, who mistake the vulgar cunning of a barbarian for talent, and the ashes of vice burnt out, for the snows of virtue.

The Republic looks for its political saviour. What manner of man he *must* be, all men know. There is an ideal prophetic faculty in men; humanity knows what it needs, and prays fervently therefor, but the blessing is not always recognized and hailed as Heaven-sent, even when it stands before us in human shape.

We know well that the political saviour of the Republic will not be an intriguer, a deceiver, or a "crisis" politician; but on the contrary, a man of great views, of simple purposes, and of an enthusiasm that can sustain a youthful empire, rising into vigorous manhood.

We are the Greeks of the modern world, worshippers of genius and of glory. We have in us the blood of many choice races poured along in one burning tide. We appropriate the good of the past, and esteem ourselves the masters of the future. The *best* of Norman, Celtic, Saxon and Teutonic blood, of that kind which time out of mind has stained the British scaffold, and extinguished the brands of Smithfield; which tinged the Seine on the memorable day of St. Bartholomew, and has since then flowed freely in many revolutions—the virtue, the industry, and the freedom of Northern Europe, collected together on a new soil, and organized in a power at once young, hopeful, and irresistible: the avenger of the past, the patron of liberty, the enemy of oppression, the executor of justice. The men whom we permit to lead us, must feel the passion of the age and of the nation,—must be sensible of, and sensitive for, the glory and the honor of the Republic; not as a selfish isolated power, but standing foremost among the nations.

The leaders of the American People, and of the National Party, will be they who have the courage, prescience, and power to represent the whole doctrine and practice of Republican and American nationality. When such public men appear, we shall no longer hear it said that the party is extinct: a party

of nationality and of glory, of independence and of progress, will be found to exist, and will draw after it three fourths of the people. A long and glorious career awaits it, and from the beginning of its rule a new epoch begins, the second epoch of the Republic.

The national candidate may be a man who has endured the worst that calumny and factions hatred can inflict: the road to power and greatness is oftenest through victories over opinion; great reputations are often founded on great calumnies. He will possess invincible moral courage, Republican but dignified manners, a great, but not a haughty nature. He will not despise popularity, but he will not seek it.

He will be a philosopher in intellect; a sage in conduct; neither penurious nor profuse; neither vicious nor a precisian.

The spirit of the age is reformatory and economical; the leader of the National Party must be a guide of reforms, he must temper their enthusiasm, and measure them by their utility.

It is not necessary that he should be a military chief; it is enough for him that he be able to appreciate and use the military genius of others. Very petty and penurious persons, of small intelligence and enormous vanity, have sometimes, even in our day, attained to great reputation as tacticians and soldiers. The military character is not, therefore, always a manly one.

Great men make great soldiers, as they also make great lawyers, scholars, or merchants; and it cannot be denied that the Leader of the People ought to combine in himself *all* the talents that may be necessary to make the great soldier, merchant, lawyer, politician; that he should possess in full their several attributes of courage, shrewdness, keen intelligence, and knowledge of the people. The discipline of the camp is a grand school for manly qualities, command, resolution, simplicity of will; and the Republic has never been more happily administered than by its great soldiers; nor can the favorite of our warlike people be a president of peace societies,—a kind of associations for which the majority of sensible men, we believe, entertain a profound contempt.

The fame, honor, prowess, aggrandizement, unity, and progress of the great Republic will be the passion of his life, by which his most secret thoughts will be directed. He



will live *in* it, live *by* it; his own soul will be the grand Republican soul of America; he will be inspired with a jealousy of the Republican honor, and a reliance upon the power which he represents, the irresistible power of the People. Not an insult to our flag will go unpunished; not a letter of the law of nations will be broken, upon that side of the earth which it is given us to protect, without a full reparation or a summary vengeance.

That grand "anomaly," the union of many sovereignties in one nation, will be no anomaly to him. With good counsel and a constitutional spirit, he will execute to the letter the laws of the nation, without breaching the defenses of State liberties. Insurrection may spring up under him, but it will be assuaged, or crushed with a wise violence.

The honor of the great Republic in foreign lands will be his especial care. To represent living and organic Republicanism in the old world, he will select men who can dignify and defend it, men jealous of their country, who can hold themselves aloof from foreign flatteries and foreign intrigues; who can by that means cause the Republic to react upon Europe, and reproduce there ideas of humanity, of liberty, and of toleration; and who by manly and wise conduct will constitute a lawful, open, and unimpeachable propaganda of Republicanism; who can make America revered by the friends, and dreaded by the oppressors of the people.

Jealous of the dignity of his nation, the true representative of the people will receive the Ambassadors of monarchy, who come to promote the interests of kings, with a formal and distant respect; he will identify the man and his business. The agents of hostile governments will find no convenient traitors, or lying news writers, able to operate upon and mislead a government of which the true representative of Republicanism is the head.

For Republics, but especially for those who look to us to be their patrons and protectors, the representative of the people will not disguise his affection, nor will he stand between them and those who desire to aid and protect them. He will be their warmest and most generous advocate; he will hearken to their complaints, encourage them in their efforts to organize and establish their governments, and send out to them able and re-

spectable advisers, who will have the knowledge and the courage to unite, harmonize, and organize them; who will exercise at once the offices of peacemaker and defender. Above all, the representative head of the American people will not suffer these dependent and feeble States to fall into foreign and uncongenial hands, whose desire is only to use and spoil them. In a word, the true representative of this Republic will *dare* to be the chief Republican of all the world, and to think and act as such.

By no ordinary services can he have been tested whom the nation will elect to be their head. His election must be, not by the mechanism of a connection and the drill of office seekers; he must go into power with the people at his back, electing him upon the strength of recent service and a fresh renown; recognized as the man of all others, bound to the nation, and seeking rather to deepen than to cancel the glorious obligation.

The want of such a head in the highest seat of power cannot be compensated by the combined or isolated skill of great orators or sagacious party leaders. Nationality in the government can be given only by a master hand, concentrating and directing the scattered forces of party, and giving an object and a motive to the popular sentiment.

In the absence of a head, parties become furious and narrow, and degenerate into factions. The discussion of any great measure of utility or honor, in which the entire nation is interested, and which is necessarily argued upon constitutional grounds, ranks men by their principles;—principles require a representative who can dignify them in action; great parties are distinguished from factions by the dignity and nationality of their leaders.

The contest in the Senate on the measures of Internal Improvements for the benefit of Western agriculture, threw out the old parties into their ancient and almost forgotten opposition. That contest indicated with sufficient distinctness the true political movement of the future. The attempted coalition had failed, it had no solid ground to rest upon;—men have too much confidence in Union and Nationality to form an active party for their conservation. Had that movement succeeded and an opposition to it as a party taken shape, we should have

a Union party, opposed to one of disunion,—a disastrous movement! But it was found impossible to excite two such parties, and on the appearance of the old issues, partisans fell into their ranks and resumed the old weapons of controversy.

A *national* party against slavery is a party of civil war; a Union Party professedly opposed to it would have recognized its existence, and put a demoniacal life into it. The project failed, as good men hoped it would. The objects of a faction founded upon a pure fanaticism, and which aims to make itself master of the central power for purely fanatical purposes, would only have been dignified by an organized and professedly national opposition, demanding on that ground, and for defense against that faction, to be intrusted with the supreme power. The majority were naturally suspicious of such a movement; they suspected its motive, they did not believe in its assumptions.

Since the death of General Taylor, the Government has stood in the attitude not of one using power as it should be used, and gaining favor by the display of courage and vigor, the key to popular approbation in this Republic, where the merit of existence is estimated by its force and creative power; but in an attitude, rarely reputable, and never advantageous in an intelligent age, of soliciting favor, and founding its claim thereto upon a certain very general and cheap virtue, respect for the Union and the Constitution. And what then should we say of a government which did *not* entertain a respect for the laws, the Union, and the Constitution? The profession of such a sentiment is no merit at all; the most absurd and tyrannical power would reiterate the same; the weakest continually harps upon it.

Whoever, by whatever party, is elected to the Presidency, assumes power as a Unionist, actively and thoroughly a Unionist;—respect for the Union and the Constitution is therefore a wretchedly weak and shallow pretext for the presidential candidacy, in itself considered. The question, among ninety-nine hundredths of all the people, is not whether the Republic shall exist, but only, what are the surest guarantees of its existence, and of its prosperity.

A British system of public economy may destroy the Union, and has already jeopardized it.

A meddling British agitation in the North

may break up the Union, and has already endangered it. A foreign policy truckling to the ambitious schemes of Britain has degraded the Union, and impaired much of the public respect for it, and thereby so far put its life in peril. A refusal to appropriate the public moneys for the most necessary public improvements has weakened the affection of the States for the Union, and must eventually shake it to the centre. An untimely neglect to defend the laws of nations and the honor and virile reputation of the Republic is hurrying on a war with Great Britain, which can only be averted by the adoption of a foreign policy congenial with the republican spirit. England must be warned of the consequences of her present policy, or the people of the West will force those of the South and East into a declaration of war against her.

Here are a few of the foundation stones of a Presidential platform, broad enough and solid enough to support a brilliant and powerful Executive and Senatorial policy. A Government with such a policy need not manifest weak or hypocritical solicitude for the safety of the Union: it would be a true representative and confirmer of Union. Expressions in favor of the Union have become at length quite stale and idle, like declamations on the side of virtue in general; they betray emptiness and want of purpose; the men who make them so often, and on all occasions, *have nothing else to say*. Where we hear one of these eloquent generalizers declaiming in favor of the existence of the Nation (!), let us try him with a few questions of home and foreign policy, and thereby, with single slight punctures of the critical knife, let the wind out of the bladder; we shall, in nine cases out of ten, be witness of a very ridiculous collapse.

Here are a pretty contemptible race of hungry politicians, who make their pretended anxiety for the Union a pretext for abominable idleness and intrigue at Washington, throwing away three months' time of the National Council, and leaving one generous old man to perform the duty of a whole party. What kind of a government is that of which an active, vicious minority can block the wheels? It is a government without vigor, without friends, without merit.

Let us imagine the possibility of a state of things like the following: That, on a suc-

den, the government forgets that the "Union is in danger," and that its "frightfully dangerous condition" is any longer at all *necessary* to any body.

Having nothing now to occupy their minds but the business of government and the duties for which they were constitutionally elected, they would bend their whole attention to these, excluding all other matters. They have a majority of the people with them; they have the official patronage; they have immense social influence; they can, by insisting upon popular and useful measures, awaken the gratitude and enthusiastic support of their constituents, and of the public press; they can, by direct influence and a display of sincerity, create for themselves a majority in both Houses of Congress. Corruption itself, now their enemy, did they seem powerful, would become their friend, and the bribes and promises distributed in secret, would be distributed for their benefit. Let the truth come out, the very diseases of government, the itch and sore of avarice and ambition, become the voluntary servants of a well organized and vigorous power.

In the machinery of our government, the subordinate offices are places of influence and authority. The most important laws are hindered in their passage by the holders of subordinate places, or men returned to Congress who will effectually block the wheels of legislation. Let the Power that regulates all this, use every atom of its power; let it adopt a rule for the conduct and principles of all officials, and expel without hesitation or remorse every man who impedes the execution of its design. Such an Executive would have the respect of its enemies and the devotion of its friends.

And now, having spoken of the internal policy and organization of such a government, let us inquire, what would be its policy in regard to the masses of men—the people in general?

Recognizing the love of glory, of power, and of independence, as the primary ground of popularity, it would seek to identify itself with those passions in the heart of the people, by showing a bold and warlike front towards other nations, and a readiness on all occasions to compel the respect and consideration of a foreign power, were it otherwise not to be obtained. The message of a President recommending measures in defense of international rights, or of the liberties of

a sister republic overrun and subjugated by a tyrannous imperial power, would be the most popular document ever written by an American President. The Hulsemann letter was indeed a good thing in its way, but a harmless document at bottom. It carried no consequences, and with all its merit, it does no harm: it calls for no forces; it demands no ships; it requires no extra session to meet, for the practical maintenance of its principles by sea and by land; it brightened no rifles; it tempered no swords; the trade in paper was more benefited by it than the trade in powder: it was a noble sentiment, and the Republic drank its health with a smile; the band played Hail Columbia, and there was a general cheerfulness.

How shall the heads of a party make themselves popular and powerful, unless by showing an excess of the highest passion of the Republic? If they do not feel it, they must at least *adopt the policy it demands*, or their term is short.

The ludicrously affected enthusiasm of the skeptical, cold-blooded Lord John Russell, against papal aggressions, is a fine illustration of what a skilful insincere politician ought to be, who means to hold power; but thanks be to God, the statesmen of America need not *affect* sincerity: the atmosphere they breathe is sincere, the people are sincere; liberty is sincere; between God and ourselves we have only the laws, and we can indulge in a real and an honest enthusiasm.

The popularity and power of an administration depend much more upon the enthusiasm of the people than upon their shrewdness or their abstract opinions; and it seems right that it should be so, since the honor of the State is its vital principle, its heart; an organ much nobler and of more immediate and constant importance than a stomach.

But the prudential and economical judgment of the people requires also to be appealed to, and measures supported which secure for labor the protection it demands against foreign monopoly and domestic oppression.

An administration sincerely engaged in measures of popular reform, can afford to be, in the right direction, a lavish and a costly administration. A lazy, niggardly, pinched, and prejudiced administration cannot. Retrenchment is only apparently popular, never effectively so. If popularity is the aim of a government, with a view to its reelection, it must retrench as little as may be

convenient, and make as little stir and sound about it as possible: it is an unpopular step, and all the popularity that may be won by it among the disciples of Dr. Franklin, will be soon forgotten, and weigh like dust in the balance against a storm of popular enthusiasm.

The popularity of an administration cannot be established by crushing a few sinecure offices; but should it engage in the general movement of Republican reform, against every species of monopoly, it will secure for itself the unlimited confidence and affection of the multitude.

*Land Reform*, so ably advocated at the close of the last session, by a Northern Senator, is not only a just measure, but contains elements of great party value and popularity.

*The Improvement of Internal Navigation*, as a measure of economy, must obtain a triumphant popularity for those who aim to convert its motives into laws.

*The opening of reciprocal commercial intercourse with Republics*, to the exclusion of monarchies, must become a popular policy.

*The augmentation of the Steam Navy* is a measure not only of imperative necessity, but of unbounded popularity.

THE PURCHASE FROM THE STATES OF NICARAGUA AND HER NEIGHBORS OF THE ENTIRE CANAL AND RAILROAD ROUTES FROM SAN JUAN TO THE PACIFIC, THROUGH THE LAKE OF NICARAGUA, would be a measure to hold the affection of the Pacific States, and confirm the Union. It would doubtless be a popular measure, and would compel Great Britain to resign her pretensions to the Mosquito territory. As things are moving now, we shall very soon be at war with Great Britain, for the disarming of our citizens, the occupation of territory not her own, and the exclusion of our commerce from ports where it ought to enter. Either a purchase or a war, we have our choice. Perhaps it is now too late, and the war inevitable. England cannot be suffered to keep a toll-gate between ourselves and California, unless we are the most contemptible and pusillanimous power in the world. England must leave Central America or fight, there is no alternative; and leave she *never* will, for she is not used to resign her conquests. Treaties are mere chaff and straw to England; and in the present instance, had a treaty been made by our Government

guaranteeing the British in the occupancy of Central America, it would be chaff and straw to the Americans. It would be broken by necessity, on the least pretext; the right of way through Central America being almost an absolute necessity to us. We are told that it is a *point of honor* with Lord Palmerston to keep a toll-gate between us and California. Lord Palmerston's point of honor endangers the existence of the British Empire: in the event of a war with England, that power will have a war with Ireland in addition, and her commerce, the second year of the war, swept clean off the seas. The French Republic seeks an opportunity to vent her ancient hatred upon England, and if a war approaches will seek our alliance.

A little cloud no bigger than a man's hand, of an iron-gray color, like the smoke of artillery, is gathering in the direction of the Isthmus. A war managed by British agents, on the part of the old Aristocratic party, called Serviles, who oppose the Federal Union of the States—involving the ruin of the States, and their final subjugation by England—is now in progress; these States hold the gate of the world's commerce, which England has resolved to have, at the cost even of a general war.

Our relations with England, commercial and moral, are the key to all our politics. If these are clear to us all is clear, and the grand issues unmistakable.

Since the war of 1812, it has been the ineffectual policy of a large and powerful party to overwhelm us with British principles, and British legislation. It was important for England on her side to cultivate amicable relations; she thought it necessary to have the freedom of our market; it was necessary for her to keep the artisan industry of America in check; our industrial success must be her ruin; she *must* have our markets duty free, and she must have our cotton duty free; she *must* make our clothes for us, and we *must* buy them of her or she would fall into the rank of a second-rate power, and lose the commerce of the world. All went well; the Americans were being rapidly indoctrinated with British principles, when by an unfortunate concurrence, Texas was annexed, and California gold mines discovered; it became evident that the possessors of the Isthmus would be the keepers of the commercial gateway between the eastern and western hemi-



spheres. The Americans were asleep, drugged with free trade and British opinions, or were madly brandishing the torches of civil war, made and set on fire, and distributed among them by the orators of Exeter Hall, the grand propaganda of modern British opinion. The Union would soon be dissolved; the work of ruin went bravely on; from the first day of the civil anti-slavery wars of America, would be dated the new epoch of England's commercial prosperity. "Vast would be my wealth, enormous my power," thought the Lion of England; "I will break in fragments, and subjugate in detail the monstrous and fatal Union of Republics, as *I have already done every other union of free States on the New Continent*. The six hundred thousand bales of cotton now manufactured in America, and consumed there, would, in the event of a division of the Union, be wrought up in England, and sent to America to sell. Glorious prospect! But I must first have the Isthmus, to command the California and the Pacific trade; it will give the key to the West Indies, and command the Mississippi. I must hold fast to San Juau—that is the *point d'appui*—that is the Gibraltar of the Gulf and of the Pacific!"

Accordingly, while the paw of the Lion is set firmly and angrily upon San Juan, the jackals of faction agitate disunion in the North and South;—free trade and disunion—British Principles. In Boston, England is a rank Abolitionist. In South Carolina she is a great Aristocrat, talking about her coolies, her Irish tenantry, and her agricultural and colonial sympathies. In both she is a free-trader, and her morality in regard to slaves a mere changeable cockade. Free trade is the secret.

Upon the Central American question turns all the future, both of America and of England. An Imaginary President, or man of straw in office, cannot, of course, do any thing with it; he will not even see it; the avalanche may thunder above—the deaf ass will plod on his way and eat his thistle. Little factious men have only little and factious aims. A dozen slaves escaped from their masters bring great joy to some men's souls;—the prospect of a war of extermination carried on against three millions of negroes, a catastrophe toward which the same kind, discreet, and tender-hearted agitators, under British guidance, are hurrying

us, they contemplate without emotion; it is the ass, again, whose bray shakes down the avalanche.

The election of General Taylor, a Southern military man, and a slaveholder, was regarded by the South as a perfect security to themselves against Northern encroachments. To make his election sure, it was, however, thought necessary to give the Vice Presidency to the North, and the least dangerous and least exceptionable person for that purpose was no doubt the one selected. He was known to be temperate in politics, and had not discovered any strong aptitude for usurpation. He was a safe man, and therefore he was chosen; he was an able business man, and competent for the regular duties of any office in the gift of the nation.

The death of General Taylor changed every thing. It was thought necessary by the Administration to adopt a policy conciliatory to the South, on the one hand, and for one set of reasons, and antagonistic to Mr. Clayton's, and conciliatory to England on the other, and for another set of reasons. The first, on the supposition that the South would have no confidence in a Northern President, and would do all in their power to crush him and his friends; and the second, on the supposition that the genius of England exerted a benign and harmonizing influence over America. England, it must have been known, had laid her plans, since 1740, to possess and occupy the southern third of the North American Continent; to erect another system of colonies on the Asiatic plan, and re-establish the balance of European power in America.

Powerful arguments supported the new policy so antagonistic to that of General Taylor. Were the southern third of the Continent once fairly in English hands, no more slave States could be erected south of Texas. The magnificent cotton lands of Mexico, Yucatan, Balize, and the Mosquito shore, where ten bales can be raised to the single hand, would be cultivated by free labor, at less than *twelve cents* the day, and the negro for ever excluded. All other slave products would be grown there at prices proportionately low, and the distressing dependence of England upon the South for ever terminated.

An "Anglo-Saxon" power would have possession of that part of the continent, and the Spanish colonists gradually supplanted and exterminated. In English hands, deeper



canals and more substantial railroads would intersect the interoceanic territories ; and every American who passed over would receive a tincture of Anglo-Saxonism, and have impressed upon his heart a deep sense of British humanity and hospitality. England herself, once our enemy, now by necessity our friend, looked to us for aid in this matter. Exhausted by a series of wars against the Republicanism of Europe, burdened with an insupportable taxation, drawing two thirds of all the food she eats from other soils, she came to us no longer in the character of a rival, but in that of a dependent friend and cousin. It was indispensable for her to have the privilege of blockading the ports of the Spanish Republics, or she could find no sale for her surplus cloths and cutlery. We were rich and powerful ; we could feed ourselves, clothe ourselves ; we had gold and quicksilver, coal and cotton ; she had none of these, and it was not for us to play the dog in the manger, and refuse her the privilege of a poor cousin ; we who had so much could surely spare her a morsel. And so it was deemed expedient to allow her the privilege she asked, and the policy of Henry Clay, of John Q. Adams, of Thomas Jefferson, of Monroe, and of General Taylor, was abandoned, and the Spanish Republics, the gateway between Europe and Asia, are now subject to the blockades and other tender violences of the "Anglo-Saxon" Queen ; American citizens passing that way are disarmed by Jamaica negroes, and treated with considerable tenderness afterwards.

Again, other arguments were conceived. South Carolina was on intimate terms with England, and might at any moment, nay, had already, through her citizens, opened an amatory correspondence with her. South Carolina, or rather the few persons who rule and agitate in, and financier the bank for that adult British colony, began to lean upon England for protection against the supposed aggressions of the North. Members of the Nashville Convention were assured that South Carolina had only to throw herself into the cotton-clad lap of the British Queen, and she would be tenderly embraced and strongly defended. It was expedient, therefore, to conciliate England, because of her influence in South Carolina.

Again, England was the great agitator of Abolitionism in the North ! Singular contradiction !—inexplicable to country statesmen !

The manufacturing and commercial power of England deemed it necessary to bring about a separation of the Northern and Southern States. Her politicians had formally announced it as a part of their foreign policy to effect that separation. Her humanitarians had declared that the Union of the North American States was the grand cause of the continuance of slavery in America. It was therefore an act of humanity to procure a dissolution of that Union.

Her free traders had declared that the American Union maintaining a free and harmonious commercial intercourse between the Northern and Southern States was the grand cause of the existence and continual increase of manufactures in the Southern and Northern States, and that if it continued, British industry could no longer clothe the world, but must share the market of the world with the Americans, and finally give it up to them. It consequently became an essential part of the Free Trade movement to agitate Abolition in the North, and at the same time, and for the same purpose, to tempt the South from her allegiance with promises of free trade and protection if she would secede. Such considerations as these seem to make it important for men in power in America to desert the policy of Henry Clay, Monroe, Adams, and Taylor, and to conciliate England by the most flattering and friendly attentions, to permit her to run riot over the Spanish Republics, and act her pleasure on the two coasts of the continent.

What other and more powerful considerations may have driven our Government off from the American and Republican platform, we need not now stoop to inquire. Enough we do *know*, to satisfy us that no influences, however base, have been spared to corrupt the public sources of information, to suppress inquiry, to divert the attention both of Government and people from the designs of our rival. But it is with the general arguments, such as all men may discuss, that we are at present interested : let us keep to the open question, and use the common facts ; the good sense of our fellow-citizens asks for nothing more than that.

England is a conservative country ; it is anti-revolutionary, anti-slavery, and anti-democratic. The two powerful interests who govern it, the old and new aristocracy, the

aristocracy of land and the aristocracy of money and trade, unite in a cordial hatred of popular reforms. They kill democracy by bribing all electors, and keep revolutions out of England by a system of game laws, by which the people are disarmed. They have an army in India, and create revolutions there; they create revolutions in every country in the world except their own, and for wise reasons, which every free trader, and every younger son of an English aristocrat, understands. But the world has suddenly discovered, and the Tories of England, as the reader will find in an article in our succeeding number, have let out the grand secret, that the existence of the British Empire through another half century is a problem of uncertain solution. France has two millions of armed citizens; the United States can in two weeks concentrate an army of one hundred thousand trained rifles and muskets simultaneously upon three or four points of her Atlantic coast. California has not less than sixty thousand fighting men always ready, *more than all the fighting men in England and Scotland*. Russia can assemble and move a million. Prussia can summon every male adult citizen to arms, and find him ready with the musket. Germany is warlike from the Baltic to Trieste. Even Greece is at present a more defensible and warlike country than England. And with all that she depends upon Ireland, France, America, and Russia for more than one half of all the food that is eaten by her people, and without that food, a third of her population must be swept away by famine. By far the greater part of all food of her artisans comes from Ireland, and in Ireland she keeps a spy with a telescope to watch every cross road, an immense police army, and twenty thousand regular troops under arms. That is to say, the British Empire depends for its existence upon the contingency of an Irish rebellion, an American tariff, and the evil disposition of the Russian Autocrat. Highly necessary is it then for England to conciliate America, and if possible to keep us in a good humor with her and with ourselves. And yet she knows us too well to be at much pains to do that, even. Such is the inactivity and weakness of our Government, paralyzed by certain ingenious mesmerizers whose purpose it is to ride into power upon the wrecks of the great parties, nothing can be done with spirit or

decision. Our tariff is left ruinously inadequate; the public lands are absorbed and wasted by political speculators, creating dependent tenancies for themselves in the new countries; our Congress expends its energies in a detestable factious agitation; our steam navy must struggle unaided against British competition; and above all, we have no foreign policy except such as may be prepared for us by Lord Palmerston, and submitted to our Senators by an ingenious English gentleman in Washington. Our Republican allies, who desire our commerce and our protection, are hemmed in by British crissers, the gateway between ourselves and the Pacific is closed and tolled by England, and our citizens passing a free territory regularly searched and disarmed; and all this because a dozen or more industrious intriguers wish to have their names entered on the books of the Presidential Scrub Race of 1852.

Upon whom, then, should we fix our choice to rescue the nation from shame? Upon a stuffed man of straw, an imaginary person, or upon some high-minded and ardent American, who has the magnanimity, the spirit, and the will, to put an end to this shameful and disgusting farce? Let it be he, whoever he may be, who can infuse life and courage into the councils of the nation; who can raise anew the fallen standard of Republicanism; who can engage all the people in a *true* Union movement, a movement of industry and enterprise; who can revive the latent enthusiasm of the friends of home industry, of nationality, and of national independence, and show them that they are the powerful majority of all the people; whose boldness and firmness will, with or without war, give us all that war can give, a greater name, increased wealth, a firmer nationality, and the respect of the world.

Is there a man in America honored by the voice of the people? who has represented truly the interests and the honor of the Republic? who adorns the councils of the nation by an eloquence founded upon wisdom, sincerity, and prescience? who in diplomacy represents at once the sagacious, the brilliant, and the bold? Must we go into the field and seek him at the furrow, or are his form and voice known to the people? Whoever, wherever he may be, we must find him; the Republic needs a head, the Union an incarnation.

The events of the last few months have

shown that the Presidency of the United States cannot be powerfully wielded by one to whom it falls by accident, or by mere succession. It is even doubtful whether an election by Congress, failing that by the nation, can confer a prestige and a power upon the successful candidate equal to the necessity of the situation. Without an able and truly representative man at the helm, there is no movement, no progress. THE NATION IS NEVER RIGHT UNTIL ITS FIRST CITIZEN IS AT ITS HEAD.

Is there not a man in the nation, whose election to the Presidency will give joy and satisfaction,—a sense of security and hope? God and man, nature and necessity are against us until we put our best man in command.

It is not to him, whoever he may be, that we owe any thing; as individual citizens we owe him nothing; he may even have stood in our way, and may have seemed to injure and overshadow some of us;—that is nothing here nor there; we must elect a real and not an Imaginary President, or resign our power, and so it will be *by a natural necessity*.

Every business must have an active agent to control it, every ship must have a master to guide it in the storm. Until the right agent is chosen the business languishes; until the right master is appointed, the ship is badly navigated and the crew are mutinous; until the natural leader of the Republic is in the first office in its gift, the Republic languishes.

Not once in a thousand years does it happen, that *two* men can be found in the same day in a great nation, fit to be intrusted with the highest office. A *hundred* may perhaps be found equal to the business of the office, and *fifty* of the hundred perhaps who can guide and govern men; but that is not all that is needed for the Presidency of the United States;—character, power of will, personal virtue, and the power too of enforcing respect and acquiescence, and commanding the favor of the million, should go into office with the President of the Great Republic.

"Principles, not men," is the spurious maxim of some cunning politicians. For then it should be, "*Offices, not men.*" Of 'principles' those men are quite innocent, God wot, who cannot distinguish a great man from a great booby, a tall fool from an Agamemnon, who care not if the Devil be

President, so he furnish them a rich employment.

"We owe the Presidency to Jones," say some, as a reward for his services to the nation, and to the Republican cause. An obvious error. The Presidency of the United States is not a Christmas box nor a pension. If the nation *owes* any service to Mr. Jones, my good democratic friend, and he will so far humiliate himself as to show *value received*, let him have a pension, a gift of public lands; but neither Mr. Jones nor his friends are fit to exercise power if they look for any thing of the kind, nor can any such plea be offered by them upon any occasion where the Republic is mentioned with the respect due to it. If any man has identified himself with the glory and genius of the American people, and can wield the highest power as an enthusiastic and high-minded Republican, and not as a mercenary agent or the stipendiary of a faction or a class, he would laugh to scorn your base offer of the Presidency to him as a reward, or a pension. What right have *we*, a dozen or twenty private citizens, to offer the Chief Magistracy of the Republic as a payment? Away then with the ridiculous plea, that Jones or Smith *must* have the Presidency because they have worked for it! It is not in us to *give* it, nor in him to *earn* or *receive* it.

The natural head of the Republican and National Party must stand foremost as the Representative, not of union in the abstract, but of a national policy, domestic and foreign, that will make union as necessary as life. He must be the suggestor and the guide of great measures, to be carried through Congress, if necessary, by the severest struggles; the Congress, loaded with corruption and old prejudice, will, ten to one, fight against the people and their man. Whatever the violence of opposition, and the fury of calumny, he must with a firm will, relying upon the sole foundation of power, the respect of the people, carry his measures right on to their performance. Not a question must remain in any man's mind of his intention or his sincerity. There must be no secrecy, no diplomacy with the nation. He will draw about him the ablest and most trustworthy citizens of the Republic; the fittest to stand by and work the dangerous machinery of power. No thought of elections must enter his mind; *his re-election is secured by his conduct.*

The Presidency of the United States is perhaps the most difficult office in the world to fill, and requires the greatest moral and intellectual power to hold it successfully;—and it will not have been successfully held unless it is held for a successor. A successful, well-managed political party, led by first class statesmen, should be able to hold office for an entire generation, and carry their system of policy into its full effects.

If the Whigs go out of office at the next election, confusion and weakness may follow them for twenty years longer; possibly they may become extinct as a party, and politics fall upon new issues, more exciting and popular than those which create party lines at present. If they can find a suitable candidate, and can join a powerful and popular name with his in the Vice Presidency, to meet the danger of his death, power will perhaps remain in Whig hands for a full age of man.

Many distinguished names might be mentioned of men fully equal to the *business* of high office, and who would do creditably what the place requires; but we are not here to interest ourselves with comparative merits. We seek to find not him who on the whole is the most available, but him who is the candidate without comparison.

Were the true man found, the sons of mischief and confusion would unite, and concentrate all their powers for the sake of defeating so dreadful an antagonist. But their union against him and his friends would be of itself a benefit conferred upon the nation. The distraction of parties corrupts and weakens the political morality of the people; a dozen abominable little factions, fanatical, selfish, narrow and ignorant, do nothing for the nation but mischief. Let them be united in opposition, the meaner motives disappear. A legion of devils are cast out, who before delighted to animate the members of a disjointed carcass.

An able succession of twenty years, with a great policy, continued through a line of national and truly Democratic Presidents, would in all probability annihilate the British Free Trade faction, crush the British-born disunionist factions of the North and of the South, re-establish republican industry, and confirm republican alliances all the world over; secure for this nation the love of all nations struggling for liberty, and strike salutary terror into the reactionists

and despots of the old world; establish the freedom and confirm the prosperity of the southern third of the continent, where our citizens are received with open arms, and offered every advantage by the Spanish Republics; give a new and powerful impulse to the manufacturing industry of the South; open to the use of all the world the exhaustless mineral wealth of Pennsylvania, of Virginia, and of Central America, (the new and better California;) give a new impulse to the commerce of the world by furnishing to all markets a vast and profitable surplus of manufactures; and above all, re-establish the honor and glory of the Republican name, now fallen into disgrace and weakness, and by its fall in America, retarding the great movements of human progress abroad.

Nothing of all this can be done, unless the first citizens of the Republic are put at the head of its affairs, and the first man of them all in the chief seat of power.

A popular simpleton, an industrious fanatic, an able rascal, a vain rhetorician, a cunning diplomatist, a stipendiary, an honest ignoramus—these are not the characters to lead the new age, or give a majestic forward movement to the great Republic. Good friends, good men, honest and intelligent citizens, consider what a folly you commit when you cast the fatal, irrecoverable *vote* that puts a *weak*, a *silly*, a *false*, or a *knavish* man at the head of this nation. The power of the place is great; the greatest capacity cannot satisfy it, and it has this peculiarity, that it *must be used*. If not used, it works a proportionate mischief. An imaginary, do-nothing President, or a stuffed show President, is not *merely* a clog and a disgrace; the mischief he unconsciously accomplishes is just equal to the *unused* power and *legitimate* responsibility of the office. If the nation does not progress, or as we say, “go ahead,” all that while it goes backward, and falls in pieces. Its existence as a Union depends upon its national and harmonious activity—its activity and movement *as a whole*. We cannot sit still; it is death and ruin to do so, but we cannot move without a competent leader to guide our motion. If we do not extend, improve and protect our agriculture, other nations will compel us to look to them for the necessities of life. If we allow our manufacturing industry to be oppressed and outdone, another nation more enterpris-



ing is immediately the commander of our purse, and puts us in her debt; agriculture is choked and trade embarrassed. If we neglect to keep up our mining interests, iron, coal, lead, and copper come to us from abroad, and we are farther narrowed, impoverished and restricted, and forced back upon the wilderness. If we neglect to extend our empire, to colonize and subdue by all *just* means the savage hordes upon our border, we are distressed and ruined along our border. If we neglect to keep up friendly, profitable and exclusive alliances with neighboring Republics, a foreign power steps in and *we* are shamed and excluded, our commerce endangered, our peace imperilled, a bar of separation raised between ourselves and our brothers. *Existence and progress* are correlatives: the one is nothing without the other. Is not victory the crown of existence? Who wishes to live who does not also conquer the evils of life, and make himself in some degree master of his own destiny? And the nation that loses sight

of victory, and lets in the adversary to spoil and destroy, to appropriate and to oppress, is it not a deluded, a weak, a slavish, and a contemptible nation, ready for civil war and dismemberment? *For the American people there is no choice between extension, growth, and progress, and an enterprise directed outside and beyond itself, or internal dissension and decay.* The household must have outdoor business to look to, or they will quarrel and ruin all.

Southern statesmen are jealous of the central government, and well they may be, for now it is the prey of factions. Let them put fire and nationality into it, and they will no longer have any cause to fear it. A central government that has nothing to do, no generous or useful enterprises in hand, is a nest of corruption, and a hot-bed of faction; what else should it, or can it ever be? Will the powers of nature lie still and wait our pleasure? Will the laws of human nature suspend themselves to please us, and give us a good time?

## THE TWO THOMPSONS—G. P. AND P. P.

### ANOTHER CHAPTER ON

#### "CIVIL DISCORD DUTY FREE."

ENGLAND has the felicity of possessing two Thompsons—"Thompson the Aristocrat," at home, "Thompson the Demagogue," abroad.

"Thompson the Aristocrat" at home, writes: "*To England the policy is clear, (if she is to have any policy,) of promoting by all legitimate means, the separation of the Northern from the Southern (United) States.*" This is P. P. Thompson, a Tory of the old school, and rich. He is an M. P. from Eliotvale, Blackheath, England. He writes, farther: "The slave-breeding mind has conceived the idea of conquest, to which, in its own words, the successes of Rome are to be child's play. It is clear, England must take one side and her enemy (America) the other. She (England) must take the lead in the propagation of the European continent of the principles which bind nation to nation, and leave America to do the work

she has assigned herself, of sending out her population to die, *as it is hoped in the end they will*, under the guns of honest people." So wrote P. P., the Thompson at home, (M. P. from Blackheath,) a Tory, in the London *Morning Chronicle* of Feb. 1st, 1848.

G. P. carries out the "policy" of P. P. The two abolitionists, representing two phases of British humanity, the Tory and the Radical, "work together for our good;" one at home, *safe* in England, the other, not quite so safe, in America. One hatches the villainy, the other puts it in practice. This valuable "policy" of dissolving the Unions of Republics, is finely illustrated by the dissolution, through British management, of all Unions except our own on the two continents of North and South America. All the world knows that England wishes to have a duty-free entrance for her goods into American ports, North and South;—



now, the Unions of States, in South and North America, have forbidden such free entrance, and enforced a tariff. English agents in South America, and in Central America, have worked, and are now working with all the energy of devils, to break up these Unions, and their amiable labors have been crowned with success. The mortal hatred of your genuine Briton for every thing republican, has supplied the energy necessary for the work. Other means have been used, but it is as often a labor of love as of gain.

The destruction of the North American Union of Republics, whose existence is such a potent obstacle to the movements of British commerce, is a work of time, and requires every variety of agency. The grand lever is the slavery agitation. When free-trade fails, the slavery agitation is the stand-by. G. P. Thompson, the other Member of Parliament,—the Thompson abroad, the *practical* Thompson in America—supplies what is left undone by theoretic Tory, P. P. Thompson, M. P., *safe* in England.

One of the New-York dailies informs us that somebody has been denouncing practical G. P. Thompson, the British free-trade lecturer and abolitionist in Massachusetts and New-York, as an aristocrat. This is a curious mistake, whoever committed it; whoever denounces G. P. as an aristocrat, is clearly ignorant of P. P. We have described and quoted P. P.; let us now quote and describe G. P.

G. P., in a speech of his at Syracuse, declares that "for twenty-five years he has devoted himself to the human race." So too have the devil and the razor-strop man.

"Instead of being a hireling, I have labored for nothing, says G. R., and have never received for my labors any thing to make me richer than I was when I entered the lists to do battle for human rights:" which is a comfortable assurance, to a thoughtful mind, that a desperately wicked and destructive course of life is at best, unprofitable. Our emissary is one of the true breed; he works for love, it seems; your genuine destructive is content with mischief: virtue is its own reward, and so is G. P. Thompson's agitation. Heaven send it payment in kind!

"Yet," continues G. P., "when, denying myself the companionship of those I love," (his wife and children, disinterested soul!) "I come to this land to speak for the common

cause of all men, dastard editors, and hireling scribblers, who can only, like serpents, be traced by the slime they leave, blacken me without measure, creep away to their dark rooms, and concoct lies and slanders against an innocent man."

Certainly, *practical* G. P. Thompson is the most audacious rascal of an agitator and emissary, that ever the people of America let live among them. He coolly informs us, as if it were a merit, that he has left wife and children at home, safe in England, and has come over to America, without reward or hope of reward; and the purpose of his coming is to commit the greatest crime of which man is capable, to create civil war, slave insurrections, to set one half the people against the other half, to blight the hope of the world, and doom three millions of the negro race to barbarism and a war of extermination. That is the object of disinterested G. P. Thompson's visit. Practical G. P. is a much cheaper and more 'available' man to satisfy the ravenous maw of the wolf of commerce, British Free Trade, than your rich Tory, unpractical P. P. Thompson at home, *safe* in England.

"I am a foreigner," says G. P., at Syracuse, "Oh, that is it, indeed—a foreigner!—so are your missionaries."

Missionaries, O indefatigable and most *practical* G. P., go among barbarians to teach obedience to the doctrines of Christ; you come among a Christian, civilized people, to preach ruin and death. You are a *foreigner* with a vengeance; and it is a source of astonishment to all thinking men, that your abominable foreign quackeries of free trade, servile war, division of the Union, and universal British rule, have not long since met their quietus. But no; there is no public opinion of force or courage enough to crush any thing British, were it a British dog run mad, and biting every American he met. The principles of Free Trade and Universal Rights would certainly protect him, could he show a British brass collar.

"In all that makes a man a true American," continues G. P., "I am an American." "Is it American to hate tyranny and battle against oppression?" Aye, truly, most indefatigable G. P., it is so, and of all the tyrannies in this world, commend me to that of a servile public opinion backed by the terrors of Free Trade, and a toady press. Against that accursed tyranny America has a long

and dreadful fight to make; in which conflict England is the Carthage.

But how is this, man? have you no 'tyranny' at home to fight against? Go preach to Hindoos, tell *them* to raise their hand against the oppressor, against *your* countrymen!—you are a 'missionary,'—go. Go you to Ireland, rouse up the Celt with flaming oratory—rouse him against the oppressor!—the wretched starving, miserable Celt!—you are a 'missionary,' go. Go to Central America and bid the suffering Republicans, incited to cut each other's throats by your detestable Free Trade agents—bid them unite in the cause of God and freedom, and drive out the British oppressor;—you are American, a Radical Republican are you, and a missionary,—go. But no, it is not *safe* there, or in any of those places, where *your* nation rules, to preach against oppression. You would swing for it.

G. P. is ready to swear that he is as good an American as any of us. He is for trial by jury, and the 'equality of the human race'; he is for '*the people*' and the 'franchise.' He also hints, very politely, "that the slaveholding tyrants of the North and South hunt him down, because he is for all these things.

G. P. is certainly an extraordinary man to go for all these things; such men are rare now-a-days, but we really do not think that his going for them is the reason why "the slaveholding tyrants of the North and South hunt him down." Practical G. P., '*safe* in America,' goes for much more than all that; namely, for one of two things, the division of the States into two opposed and warring nations, or the usurpation of supreme power by the Northern States over the Southern, and all the tremendous consequences that must follow,—precious and desirable consequences for the *two* British Thompsons, and an eternal triumph for Free Trade and Despotism, and a glut for the maw of the great Wolf of Commerce, who thrives upon Revolutions and grows rich by the ruin of many nations.

G. P. Thompson claims to be an American; there are indeed many 'Americans' like him, Americans in name only, at heart Fanatics, the enemies of human happiness, by whose vicious agitations the negro race, whom they pretend to serve, must be reduced back to barbarism or violently and speedily exterminated. Let us have no more

British missionaries voluntary, or involuntary, preaching death and ruin, and inoculating feeble brains and timid souls with the venom of free trade and the fury of devils.

The same paper that gives us G. P. Thompson's tirade at Syracuse, publishes a letter from a Southern scoundrel, a counterfeiter and kidnapper, who makes it his trade to search up runaway negroes in the North, and avows that the business is a profitable one. Equally detestable, North and South, is the spirit that urges on the negro agitation. The Southern man who will deliberately *tamper* with and *irritate* the passions of the Northern people, by allowing disreputable armed emissaries to *test* them on the law, commits a crime against his country. The law was for the protection of Southern property, to express the respect of the Northern people, not for slave institutions, (for those they have long since abolished in disgust,) but for the legal and constitutional rights of the South; and those who purposely, and in bad faith, aggravate and exasperate the known allowable sentiments and feelings of the North, make themselves in so doing the serviceable tools of the Power that seeks our ruin; and we hold them fit companions in punishment for the notorious emissary and agitator whose expressions at Syracuse are discussed in this article. Away with all this folly and fury; let us be men, let us at length direct our thoughts to the nation, and its universal interests.

An American said lately, that "he hoped to see the time when an American wearing foreign broadcloth would be liable to the penitentiary; when railroad projectors purchasing foreign iron should be tried for high treason." This does not touch the root of the matter. If an American ought to be punished for wearing British cloth, what shall we do with those that wear British Principles? And farther, what punishment is severe enough, what dungeon dark enough for the foreign incendiary who comes expressly hither, first to poison our minds and then to set against each other, brother against brother?—and such an one is Master G. P. Thompson. It appears that, *as yet*, not only British broadcloth and cutlery, but British spies and national incendiaries, a much more injurious article of import, are quite safe in America. Can we not soon have a good swinging tariff upon *both*?

## NEGLECTED AUTHORS.

RABELAIS:

HIS ACCOUNT OF THE GREAT MASTER GASTER, THE INVENTOR OF ARTS.

THAT day Pantagrue went ashore in an island, which, for situation and governor, may be said not to have its fellow. When you just come into it, you find it rugged, craggy, barren, unpleasant to the eye, painful to the feet, and almost inaccessible.

As for Pantagrue, he said, that here was the seat of Arete (that's as much as to say, virtue) described by Hesiod. This, however, with submission to better judgments. The ruler of this place was one master Gaster, the first master of arts in the world. For, if you believe that fire is the great master of arts, as Tully writes, you very much wrong him and yourself: alas, Tully never believed this. On the other side, if you fancy Mercury to be the first inventor of arts, as our ancient Druids believed of old, you are mightily beside the mark. The satirist's sentence, that affirms master Gaster to be master of all arts, is true. With him peacefully resided old goody Penia, alias Poverty, the mother of the ninety-nine Muses, on whom Porus, the Lord of Plenty, formerly begot Love, that noble child, the mediator of heaven and earth, as Plato affirms in *Symposio*.

What company soever he is in, none dispute with him for precedence or superiority; he still goes first, though kings, emperors, or even the pope, were there. So he held the first place at the council of Basle, though some will tell you that the council was tumultuous, by the contentions and ambition of many for priority.

We were all obliged to pay our homage and swear allegiance to that mighty sovereign; for he is imperious, severe, blunt, hard, uneasy, inflexible; you cannot make him believe, represent to him, or persuade him any thing.

He does not hear; and, as the Egyptians said that Harpocrates, the god of silence, name Sigalion in Greek, was astomé, that is, without a mouth; so Gaster was created without ears, even like the image of Jupiter in Candia.

Every one is busied and labors to serve him; and indeed, to make amends for this, he does this good to mankind, as to invent for them all arts, machines, trades, engines, and crafts: he even instructs brutes in arts which are against their nature, making poets of ravens, jackdaws, chattering jays, parrots, and starlings, and poetesses of magpies, teaching them to utter human language, speak and sing; and all for the gut.

Salt and fresh-water fish, whales, and the monsters of the main, he brings up from the bottom of the deep; wolves he forces out of the woods, bears out of the rocks, foxes out of their holes, and serpents out of the ground; and all for the gut.

In short, he is so unruly, that in his rage he devours all men and beasts: as was seen among the Vascons, when Q. Metellus besieged them in the Sertorian wars; among the Saguntines besieged by Hannibal; among the Jews besieged by the Romans, and six hundred more; and all for the gut. When his regent Penia takes a progress, wherever she moves, all senates are shut up, all statutes repealed, all orders and proclamations vain: she knows, obeys, and has no law. All shun her, in every place choosing rather to expose themselves to shipwrecks at sea, and venture through fire, rocks, caves, and precipices, than be seized by that most dreadful tormentor.

He only speaks by signs; but those signs are more readily obeyed by every one, than the statutes of senates, or commands of monarchs; neither will he admit the least let or delay in his summons. You say that when a lion roars, all the beasts at a considerable distance round about, as far as his roar can be heard, are seized with a shivering. This is written, 'tis true; I have seen it. I assure you, that at master Gaster's command, the very heavens tremble, and all the earth shakes: his command is called, Do this or die. Needs must when the devil drives; there's no gainsaying of it.

## MADAME D'ARBLAY.

[CONCLUDED.]

WE think *Cecilia* is the best production of Miss Burney's. Perhaps she has crowded her canvas with too many figures, but they are so well drawn and colored, and show the richness of her genius, that it is difficult to find fault with her. *Cecilia Beverley* is an heiress with £3,000 per annum, and with no restriction to the disposal of her hand and riches, but that the person whom she marries must assume the name of *Beverley*. All *Cecilia's* troubles hinge on this unfortunate clause in the will.\* The influence of her acquaintance with *Dr. Johnson* is plainly perceptible in this book. The style is sonorous and dignified. The contrast in the characters of the three guardians of *Cecilia* is in the highest degree amusing and instructive. *Harrel* is a gay spendthrift, and a man of the world; *Briggs* a merchant, who has accumulated a fortune by hoarding up small gains, and of course is penurious in the extreme; and *Delville* is full of pride and pomposity, and with an insane love for family and rank: such are the three guardians of *Cecilia*. It is difficult to make any extract from the work, which will give a just idea of it, but I select the interview between *Briggs* and *Delville*, which so much pleased *Mrs. Thrale* :—

## "CHAPTER IX.

"The next morning the family purposed setting off as soon as breakfast was over. Young *Delville*, however, waited not so long; the fineness of the weather tempted him, he said, to travel on horseback, and therefore he had risen very early, and was already gone. *Cecilia* could not but wonder, yet did not repine. Just as breakfast was over, and *Mr.* and *Mrs. Delville* and *Cecilia* were pre-

paring to depart, to their no little surprise the door was opened, and out of breath with haste and with heat, in stumped *Mr. Briggs*. 'So,' cried he to *Cecilia*, 'what's all this? hay? Where are going? A coach at the door! horses to every wheel! servants fine as lords! what's in the wind now? think to chouse me out of my belongings?' 'I thought, sir,' said *Cecilia*, who instantly understood him, though *Mr.* and *Mrs. Delville* stared at him in utter astonishment, 'I had explained before I left you that I should not return.' 'Didn't, didn't,' answered he, angrily; 'waited for you three days; dressed a breast o' mutton o' purpose; got in a lobster, and two crabs; all spoilt by keeping; stunk already; weather quite muggy, forced to sous 'em in vinegar; one expense brings on another; never begin the like again.' 'I am very sorry indeed,' said *Cecilia*, much disconcerted, 'if there has been any mistake through my neglect; but I had hoped I was understood, and I have been so much occupied—' 'Ay, ay,' interrupted he, 'fine work! rare doings! a merry Vauxhalling, with pistols at all your noddles! Thought as much! thought he'd tip the perch; saw he wasn't stanch; knew he'd go by his company,—a set of jackanapes! all blacklegs! nobody warm among 'em; fellows with a month's good living upon their backs, and not sixpence for the hangman in their pockets!' *Mrs. Delville* now with a look of arch congratulation at *Cecilia* as the object of this agreeable visit, finding it not likely to be immediately concluded, returned to her chair; but *Mr. Delville*, leaning sternly upon his cane, moved not from the spot where he stood at his entrance, but surveyed him from head to foot, with the most astonished contempt at his undaunted vulgarity. 'Well, I'd all your ca-h myself; seized that, else!—run out the constable for you next, and made you blow out your brains for company. Mind what I say, never give your mind to a gold lace hat! many a one wears it don't know five farthings from two-pence. A good man always wears a bob wig; make that your rule. Ever see master *Harrel* wear such a thing? No, I'll warrant! better if he had kept his head on his own shoulders. And now, pray, how does he cut up? what has he left behind him? a *twecy-case*, I suppose, and a bit of a hat won't go on a man's head.' *Cecilia*, perceiving, with great confusion, that *Mr. Delville*, though evidently provoked by this intrusion, would not deign to speak, that *Mr. Briggs* might be regarded as belonging wholly to herself, hastily said, 'I will not, sir, as your time is precious, detain you here, but, as soon as it is in my power, I will wait upon you in the city.' *Mr. Briggs*, however, without listening to her, thought proper to continue his harangue. 'Invited me

\* In the *Memoirs of an Heiress*, all the difficulties of the plot turn on the necessity imposed by a clause in her uncle's will, that her future husband should take the family name of *Beverley*. Poor *Cecilia*! What delicate perplexities she was thrown into by this improvident provision; and with what minute, endless, intricate distresses, has the fair authoress been enabled to harrow up the reader on this account.—*Hazlitt on "Will-Making."*



once to his house; sent me a card, half of it printed like a book! t'other half a scrawl could not read; pretended to give a supper; all a mere bam; went without my dinner, and got nothing to eat; all glass and show; victuals painted all manner o' colors; lighted up like a pastry-cook on twelfth-day; wanted something solid, and got a great lump of sweet-meat; found it as cold as stone, all froze in my mouth like ice; made me jump again, and brought the tears in my eyes; forced to spit it out; believe it was nothing but a snow-ball, just set up for show, and covered over with a little sugar. Pretty way to spend money! Stuffing, and piping, and hopping! never could rest till every farthing was gone; nothing left but his own fool's pate, and even that he could not hold together.' 'At present, sir,' said Cecilia, 'we are all going out of town; the carriage is waiting at the door, and therefore——' 'No such thing,' cried he; 'shan't go; come for you myself; take you to my own house. Got every thing ready; been to the broker's, bought a nice blanket, hardly a brack in it. Pick up a table soon; one in my eye.' 'I am sorry you have so totally mistaken me, sir; for I am now going into the country with Mr. and Mrs. Delville.' 'Won't consent, won't consent! What will you go there for? hear of nothing but dead dukes; as well as visit an old tomb.' Here Mr. Delville, who felt himself insulted in a manner he could least support, after looking at him very disdainfully, turned to Cecilia and said, 'Miss Beverley, if this person wishes for a longer conference with you, I am sorry you did not appoint a more reasonable hour for your interview.' 'Ay, ay!' cried the impenetrable Mr. Briggs; 'want to hurry her off! see that! But 'twon't do; ain't to be nicked; choose to come in for my thirds; won't be gulled; shan't have more than your share.' 'Sir!' cried Mr. Delville, with a look meant to be nothing less than petrific. 'What,' cried he, with an arch leer; 'all above it, hay? warrant your Spanish Don never thinks of such a thing! don't believe 'em, my duck! great cry and little wool; no more of the ready than other folks; mere puff and go one.' 'This is language, sir,' said Mr. Delville, 'so utterly incomprehensible that I presume you do not even intend it should be understood; otherwise, I should very little scruple to inform you that no man of the name of Delville brooks the smallest insinuation of dishonor.' 'Don't he?' returned Mr. Briggs, with a grin; 'why, how will he help it? will the old grandees jump up out of their graves to frighten us?' 'What old grandees, sir? to whom are you pleased to allude?' 'Why, all them old grandfathers and aunts you brag of; a set of poor souls you won't let rest in their coffins; mere clay and dirt! fine things to be proud of! a parcel of old mouldy rubbish quite departed this life! raking up bones and dust, nobody knows for what! ought to be ashamed; who cares for dead carcases? nothing but carrion; my little Tom's worth forty of 'em.' 'I can so ill make out, Miss Beverley,' said the astonished Mr. Delville, 'what this person is pleased to drive at, that I cannot pretend to enter into any sort of conversation with him; you will therefore be so good as to let me know when he has finished his discourse, and you are at leisure to set off.'

And then, with a very stately air, he was quitting the room; but was soon stopt, upon Mr. Briggs's calling out, 'Ay, ay, Don Duke, poke in the old charnel houses by yourself, none of your defunct for me! didn't care if they were all hung in a string. Who's the better for 'em?' 'Pray, sir,' cried Mr. Delville, turning round, 'to whom were you pleased to address that speech?' 'To one Don Puffendorf,' replied Mr. Briggs; 'know ever such a person, hay?' 'Don who, sir?' said Mr. Delville, stalking nearer to him; 'I must trouble you to say that name over again.' 'Suppose don't choose it? how then?' 'I am to blame,' said Mr. Delville, scornfully waving his hand with a repulsive motion, 'to suffer myself to be irritated so unworthily; and I am sorry, in my own house, to be compelled to hint that the sooner I have it to myself, the better I shall be contented with it.' 'Ay, ay, want to get me off; want to have her to yourself! won't be so soon choused; who's the better man? hay? which do you think is warmest? and all got by myself; obliged to never a grandee for a penny; what do you say to that? will you cast an account with me?' 'Very extraordinary this,' cried Mr. Delville; 'the most extraordinary circumstance of the kind I ever met with! a person to enter my house in order to talk in this incomprehensible manner! a person, too, I hardly know by sight.' 'Never mind, old Don,' cried Briggs, with a facetious nod, 'know me better another time!' 'Old who, sir! what!' 'Come to a fair reckoning,' continued Mr. Briggs; 'suppose you were in my case, and had never a farthing but of your own getting; where would you be then? What would become of your fine coach and horses? You might stump your feet off before you'd ever get into one. Where would be all this smart crockery work for your breakfast? You might pop your head under a pump, or drink out of your own paw. What would you do for that fine jemmy tie? Where would you get a gold head to your stick? You might dig long enough in them cold vaults, before any of your old grandfathers would pop out to give you one.' Mr. Delville, feeling more enraged than he thought suitable to his dignity, restrained himself from making any further answer, but going up to the bell, rang it with great violence. 'And as to ringing a bell,' continued Mr. Briggs, 'you'd never know what it was in your life, unless could make interest to be a dustman.' 'A dustman!' repeated Mr. Delville, unable to continue his silence longer; 'I protest——' biting his lips, he stopt short. 'Ay, love it, don't you? suits your taste; why not one dust as well as another? Dust in a cart good as dust of a charnel-house; don't smell half so bad.' A servant now entering, Mr. Delville called out, 'Is every thing ready?' 'Yes sir.' He then begged Mrs. Delville to go into the coach, and telling Cecilia to follow when at leisure, left the room. 'I will come immediately, sir,' said Cecilia. 'Mr. Briggs, I am sorry to leave you, and much concerned you have had this trouble; but I can detain Mr. Delville no longer.' And away she ran, notwithstanding he repeatedly charged her to stay. He followed them, however, to the coach, with bitter revilings that every body was to make more of his ward than himself, and with the most viru-



lent complaints of his losses from the blanket, the breast of mutton, the crabs, and the lobster. Nothing, however, more was said to him; Cecilia, as if she had not heard him, only bowed her head, and the coach driving off, they soon lost sight of him. This incident by no means rendered the journey pleasant, or Mr. Delville gracious; his own dignity, that constant object of his thoughts and his cares, had received a wound from the attack, which he had not the sense to despise; and the vulgarity and impudence of Mr. Briggs, which ought to have made his familiarity and boldness equally contemptible and ridiculous, served only, with a man whose pride outran his understanding, to render them doubly mortifying and stinging. He could talk, therefore, of nothing the whole way that they went, but the extreme impropriety of which the Dean of — had been guilty, in exposing him to scenes and situations so much beneath his rank, by leaguening him with a *person* so coarse and disgraceful. They slept one night upon the road, and arrived the next day at Delville Castle."

The history of the Harrels, in this novel, is full of instruction, and of deep and absorbing interest. It is the daily history of thousands who are living beyond their means, striving to keep up a frail and feverish being in a senseless prodigality, squandering in display means which would enrich home with every comfort and refinement.

"We sacrifice to dress till household joys  
And comfort cease. Dress drains our cellar dry,  
And keeps our larder lean; puts out our fires,  
And introduces hunger, frost, and woe,  
Where peace and hospitality might reign."

COWPER.

Never were the effects of pecuniary embarrassments more truly and powerfully depicted than in the history of the Harrels. It is worth a thousand sermons. How true, too, are the words of Sir Egerton Brydges in his autobiography, which display all the horrors of debt. After all, there is but one pleasure, which is to escape from the world, and indulge one's own thoughts uninterrupted. All show and luxury is idle, empty, satiating indulgence. Calmness, leisure, and above all, independence, with that humble competence which is necessary for the support of life, are all which are requisite. But there can be no independence or calmness without freedom from debt, which subjects one to indignities that harrow up the soul. Where the mind and temper are irritated in this way, what enjoyment can there be in any thing; and what ripe and perfect fruits can the imagination or the understanding produce? Even the charms of nature are

thus clouded, and the airs of heaven cannot soothe us. Yet the morning and the evening, the fresh breezes, the mountains, seas, lakes, valleys and woods, and the changes of the seasons, are the delight of human existence; and these are open to the poor as well as to the rich, to the humble as well as to the high.

*Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay.*

Edited by her NIECE. 2 volumes, 8vo.  
Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1842.

These volumes are very interesting, and give a history of the English Court for several years. From them we learn, that Miss Burney most unwisely accepted, in 1786, the situation of keeper of the robes to the Queen, and for five years endured a servitude worse than that of a galley-slave. As Horace Walpole well says, "she was royally gagged, and promoted to fold muslins." When she went into this banishment, she was the most popular writer in England, surrounded by affectionate relations and warm friends. She gave up the society of Burke and others to feast on that of "the sweet Queen" and the sagacious George III. The Queen admired some heavy German writers, and the King enriched her with his opinions on several authors. He thought Voltaire a monster, Rousseau not quite as bad; and exclaims, "But was there ever such stuff as a great part of Shakspeare! Only one must not say so. But what think you? What? Is there not sad stuff? What? what?" In addition to the interesting conversation of the King, she received her board, lodging, a servant to wait on her, and £200 a year. The situation entailed many privations, an incessant attendance upon the royal person, a continued confinement to court, with no power over her own time, and not even the liberty to receive and pay visits without express permission. Her life was monotonous in the extreme. She rose early, to be ready for her attendance on the Queen between seven and eight o'clock; after which she had a little time to herself, which was necessarily devoted to business, and to her wardrobe. She was again in attendance about one, after which she had two hours to herself, which she generally devoted to a journal which she kept for the amusement of her friends. At five she dined with Mrs. Schwellenberg, a vulgar, ill-natured woman

a cleaving mischief to her, where a few guests were occasionally invited; and in the evening some of the equerries drank tea with them. About eleven o'clock she was again summoned to the Queen, when she herself afterwards retired to bed, "and to sleep, too, believe me," she says. "The early rising and a long day's attention to new affairs and occupations, cause a fatigue so bodily, that nothing mental stands against it; and to sleep I fall the moment I have put out my candle and laid down my head." She made an excursion with the royal family to Oxford, where she was almost starved and fatigued to death. How different would have been her reception, visiting the same place, as Miss Burney, the author of *Evelina* and *Cecilia*. Her father, "with blindness internal struck," thought no one could be otherwise than happy if near a King and Queen. Among the other indignities she suffered, poor Fanny had to answer the bell. She says: "At first, I felt inexpressibly discomfited by this mode of call. A bell! It seemed so mortifying a mark of servitude. I always felt myself blush, though alone, with conscious shame at my own strange degradation." Her health became much impaired, so much so, that she must either die or leave her situation. The matter, indeed, Boswell told her, was puissantly discussed at *The Club*, Charles Fox in the chair, where it was in contemplation to send a round robin to Dr. Burney, to recall his daughter to the world. Walpole wrote to her. Burke and Reynolds and Wyndham were also anxious to free her from her slavery. Finally, in July, 1791, she again breathed the air of freedom, and after making a tour in the west of England, and drinking of the Bath waters, her health was restored to her. The air of the Court not only affected her health, but exercised a depressing effect on the integrity of her mind. She for a time hated Burke and Wyndham for the interest they took, and the ability they displayed, in the prosecution of Warren Hastings. Her Diary shows a loving, amiable nature, and gives us a good insight into what Coleridge calls "the low puppetry of thrones," and is also an interesting record of past manners and opinions; and we become acquainted with the merits and peculiarities of her individual character.

It was at Norbury Park, the seat of her

friends, the Lockes, that Miss Burney was first introduced to General Alexander D'Arblay, a royalist refugee of the French Revolution; and the mutual attachment which was formed ended in a marriage, which took place in July, 1793, at the village of Mickleham. About this time she wrote an "Address to the Ladies of Great Britain, in favor of the Emigrant Priests," together with "Brief Reflections relative to the Emigrant Clergy." The profits arising from the sale of them were assigned to their benefit. Madame D'Arblay now found herself obliged to exert her abilities for the benefit of her own immediate family, their pecuniary means being small, chiefly indeed confined to £100 per annum, which the Queen assigned her on quitting her situation at Windsor, and which she enjoyed for the rest of her life. Accordingly, in 1796, was published by subscription, "*Camilla, or a Picture of Youth*," in five volumes. For this work she received three thousand guineas; and though it is pleasing and interesting, and greatly admired at the time, it is scarcely equal to "*Evelina*" or "*Cecilia*," though much more profitable to the writer. Shortly afterwards, with the money arising from the sale of "*Camilla*," the D'Arblays built a small cottage on a spot adjoining Norbury Park, after a plan of General D'Arblay's. It was jokingly called *Camilla Cottage* by Dr. Burney, and this name was afterwards adopted for it by their friends. In this pleasant retirement they passed several years, previous to their leaving England for the Continent. "*Camilla*" is enriched with a number of well-drawn characters. There are Sir Hugh Tyrold, the good old baronet; Dr. Orkborne, with his forgetfulness and love of books; Sir Sedley Clarendel; Edgar Mandlebert; and the ineffable Mr. Dubster, who, on being asked what made him a gentleman, gravely replied, "Leaving off business." This is equal to a Mr. Suckling, (in Miss Austen's "*Emma*,") a Bristol merchant, who had retired from trade some eight or nine years, and refuses to visit another Bristolian who had purified himself from the dregs of a sugar warehouse only the Christmas before. The annoying and obsequious Mrs. Mitten; *Camilla*, with her youthful glee and pure heart—alas! that dark clouds threw their shadows over her; her amiable sisters; the intelligent and eccentric Mrs. Arlberry, display the rich

treasures of the fair author's genius. The interview between Sir Hugh Tyrold and his niece, when he believes himself dying, and the story of Mrs. Hill, in "Cecilia," are pathetic in the extreme, and show that Madame D'Arblay had the same command over our tears, as over our laughter.

We are reluctantly compelled to say, that "*The Wanderer, or Female Difficulties*," is exceedingly dull reading. It was the last of Madame D'Arblay's novels, and she received for the copyright the large sum of fifteen hundred pounds. The English edition is in five volumes, the American in three.\* The story is too much spun out; compressed into half its size, it would be interesting. The crisis never arrives. The gray day and Pleiades before us dance, but the sunlight never comes shedding sweet influence. The slightest incident breaks the thread of the story. The heroine is so refined that she never speaks in the proper place, and becomes a wanderer, seeking temporary shelter from house to house, when the slightest explanation would procure for her a home and friends. We became vexed at the unreasonable prolixity of the narrative, and the reader can only wonder, when he reaches the conclusion, that it could be possible for the author of "Evelina" to write so prosily. Fluellen says, "There are occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things." There is also a sad falling off in the style, the beauty and force of which had been spoiled by her long residence in France. The plot was conceived, and part of this novel written, at the close of the last century; she carried it with her to France in 1802, where she was compelled to remain until 1812. Truth compelled her to declare, that during these ten eventful years, that she resided in Paris, she was startled by no species of investigation, and remained totally unannoyed in every respect, passing her time by her own fireside, or amid a select company of her friends. The great evil was, that she could not correspond freely with her relations in England. "The Wanderer" certainly contains some ably-drawn characters. Admiral Powel is a fine old *salt*, and with courage enough to hazard derision, even from fools. Mrs. Maple, Mrs. Howel, and Mrs. Ireton are portraits strongly painted, and disagreeable

enough, but certainly life-like. Mrs. Ireton is one of the most provoking women that ever figured on the pages of a novel. Miss Ellinor Joddrel is quite as overwhelming in another style. She makes a number of innovations on the old way of doing things, is strongly in favor of the rights of woman, declares her love to Harleigh to his face, and is surprised that he does not return it. She is far too intelligent to believe in a Supreme Being. Here is one of her flights of genius:

"Did we ask for our being? Why was it given us, if doomed to be wretched? To whom are we accountable for renouncing a donation made without our consent or knowledge? Oh, if ever that wretched thing called life has a noble moment, it must surely be that of its voluntary sacrifice! lopping off at a blow that hydra-headed monster of evil, called time; bounding over the imps of superstition, dancing upon the pangs of disease, and boldly and hardily mocking the senseless legends that would frighten us with eternity. Eternity! to poor, little, frail, finite beings like us! O Albert! wordly considerations, monkish inventions, and superstitious reveries, set apart, reason called forth, truth developed, probabilities canvassed,—say, is it not clear that death is an end to all? an abyss eternal? a conclusion? Nature comes but for succession, though the pride of man would give her resurrection. Mouldering all together, we go to form new earth for burying our successors."

The race of the Ellinor Joddrels is not extinct at the present day. Lady Aurora Grandville is warm-hearted, courageous, and intelligent, and appears to much advantage amid the worldly throng that move around her. Sir Jasper Harrington, with his gout and crutches, his irritability, and genuine benevolence, interests the reader.

In 1832 Madame D'Arblay published the memoirs of her father, in three volumes, arranged from his own manuscripts, and from family papers, and from personal recollections. There is an American edition of this work, published by Key & Biddle, in Philadelphia, 1833; but it is not a perfect reprint of the English one, and the editor has taken the very questionable liberty of omitting what he believed would not prove interesting to the American reader. The work is ponderously written, tedious, and pompous—

"Such labor'd nothings in so strange a style."

Pope.

There are more allusions to herself in it than to her father, and we were driven to exclaim, Vanity, thy name is D'Arblay! The

\* Published in New-York, 1814, by Eastburn, Kirk & Co.

book, however, possesses considerable interest, on account of the anecdotes it contains of Johnson, Burke, Garrick, and other celebrated men. Her first interview with Dr. Johnson is graphically described, in the best manner of her early style, as is also the description of her interview with him at Streatham. If the entire work had been written in the flowing, conversational vein of *Evelina*, it would have been exceedingly interesting. But let us be grateful for it as it is. It certainly brings vividly before us the portraits of departed worthies, in whom we all take an undying interest, and it is charming to be admitted to familiar converse with those whose writings have so often cheered and instructed us. We become acquainted with their feelings, passions and peculiarities, and learn how they behaved in the quiet circle of domestic life.

Madame D'Arblay lost her father in 1814, in his 87th year. Her husband died in 1818, and her only son, and child, in 1837; and she herself departed this life 6th January, 1840, in her 88th year. Her eldest brother, Rear Admiral James Burney, accompanied Captain Cook in two of his voyages, and was author of "General History of Voyages to the South Sea." Her second brother was the third best Greek scholar in the kingdom, and her half-sister, Sarah Harriet, was an excellent novelist.

D'Israeli truly says, there is what may be called family genius. In the home of a man of genius is diffused an electrical atmosphere, and his own pre-eminence strikes out talent in all. "The active pursuits of my father," says the daughter of Edgeworth, "spread an animation through the house, connecting children with all that was going on, and allowing them to join in thought and conversation; sympathy and emulation excited mental exertion in the most agreeable manner." Evelyn, in his beautiful retreat at Saye's Court, had inspired his family with that variety of taste which he himself was spreading throughout the nation. His son translated Rapsin's "Gardens," which poem the father proudly preserved in his "Sylva." His lady, ever busied in his study, excelled in the arts her husband loved, and designed the frontispiece to his *Lucretius*. She was the cultivator of their celebrated garden, which served as an example in his great work on "Forest Trees." Cowley, who has commemorated Evelyn's love of books and

gardens, has delightfully applied them to his lady, in whom, says the bard, Evelyn meets both pleasures:

"The fairest garden in her looks,  
And in her mind the wisest books."

The house of Haller resembled a temple consecrated to science and the arts, and the votaries were his own family. The universal acquirements of Haller were possessed in some degree by every one under his roof; and their studious delight in transcribing manuscripts, in consulting authors, in botanizing, drawing and coloring the plants under his eye, formed occupations which made the daughters happy and the sons eminent. The painter Stella inspired his family to copy his fanciful inventions, and the playful graver of Claudine Stella, his niece, animated his "Sports of Children." We have seen a print of Coppel in his studio, and by his side his little daughter, who is intensely watching the progress of her father's pencil. The artist has represented himself in the act of suspending his labor to look on his child. At that moment his thoughts were divided between two objects of his love. The character and the works of the late Elizabeth Hamilton were formed entirely by her brother. Admiring the man she loved, she imitated what she admired; and while the brother was arduously completing the version of the Persian *Hedaya*, the sister who had associated with his morning tasks and his evening conversations, was recalling all the ideas, and portraying her fraternal master in her "Hindoo Rajah." Nor are there wanting instances where this family genius has been carried down through successive generations: the volume of the father has been continued by a son, or a relative. The history of the family of the Zwingers is a combination of studies and inherited tastes. Theodore published in 1697 a folio herbal, of which his son Frederic gave an enlarged edition in 1744; and the family was honored by their name having been given to a genus of plants dedicated to their memory, and known in botany by the name of *Zwingeria*. In history and in literature, the family name was equally eminent: the same Theodore continued a great work, "The Theatre of Human Life," which had been begun by his father-in-law, and which, for the third time, was enlarged by another son. Among the historians of Italy, it is delightful to contemplate this

family genius transmitting itself with unsullied probity among the Villanis, and the Malaspinis, and the two Portas. The history of the learned family of the Stephens presents a dynasty of literature; and to distinguish the numerous members, they have been designated as Henry I. and Henry II., and III. England may exult in having possessed many literary families—the Wartons, the father and two sons; the Burneys, more in number; and the nephews of Milton, whose humble torch at least was lighted at the altar of the great bard.

There is something in the scent and impression of a balmy atmosphere, in the lustre of sunshine in the azure heaven and the purple clouds, in the opening of prospects on this side and on that, in the contemplation of verdure and fertility, and industry, and simplicity, and cheerfulness, in all their variations, in the very act and exercise of travelling, peculiarly congenial to the human frame. It expands the heart, it makes the spirit dance, and exquisitely disposes us for social enjoyment. The mind becomes more elevated and refined; it assumes microscopic and unwonted sensibility; it feels things which, in ordinary moments, are unheeded and unknown; it enjoys things too evanescent for a name, and too minute to be arrested; it trembles with pleasure through every fibre and every articulation. We have

read these novels of Miss Burney, after a lapse of some years, in our native county of Dutchess. What changes time has made. The old familiar faces are gone. Our grandparents sleep in the village church-yard. But nature wears the same face as of old. We walk on the winding roads in a bracing atmosphere; the bright sun falls on the gray trunks of the now leafless trees, and on the withered grass of the fields; and the long waving line of the distant hills is beautiful to the eye, and fills the imagination with pleasant images. Quiet reigns around us. Noise and bustle we have left behind us in the crowded city. Distant sounds fall pleasantly on the ear, and the cawing of the crows is blended with the hearty music from the bugle-horn of chanticleer; and as we gaze on yonder field where some cows are feeding, and on the gliding river, we unconsciously repeat to ourselves the noble lines of our favorite Thomson:

"I care not, fortune, what you me deny:  
You cannot rob me of free nature's grace;  
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,  
Through which Aurora shows her brightening  
face;  
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace  
The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve:  
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,  
And I their toys to the great children leave:  
Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave."

*Hughsonville, Dutchess County, Nov., 1850.*

## THE HUMANITARIAN LANGUAGE.

(A PARAPHRASE.)

BEGONE, thou bastard tongue so base, so broken,  
By human harpies and hyenas spoken,  
Formed for a race of hypocrites, and fit  
To maunder truth, and turn the gorge of wit:  
What slaving, drivelling cant, which never dares,  
Unbacked by Scripture, to salute our ears;  
Vile sugared nostrums, gilded with a verse;  
An angel's message, heralding a curse;  
Yet helped by oily rhetoric and the devil,  
Thou rul'st the world, and rul'st the world for evil!



# GERALDIN:

## A PLAY IN FIVE ACTS.

BY AN AMERICAN.

THE following Play is founded upon certain incidents in Irish history. Ireland seems not to be regarded as classic ground; but its annals are replete, nevertheless, with materials not unworthy of being preserved. We are so accustomed to false views of the national character—views resulting either from a want of proper acquaintance with it, or from a settled purpose of misrepresentation—as to consider it a reproach, rather than an honor, to have inherited the blood of that Milesian race whose genius and courage have been perpetuated in the descendants of a Grattan, a Curran, an Emmett, and a Fitzgerald—qualities that depress the Irish character at home, and elevate it abroad.

In the person of CLARENCE GERALDIN, I have sought to infuse some of the virtues of a heroic ancestry; virtues which, whether in public or in private life, insure respect; and which, though they may not always command what is called success, at least deserve it.

THE AUTHOR.

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CLARENCE GERALDIN.	LADY WALSLINGHAM.
CLARINGTON.	ALMEIDA.
RAYMOND.	ROSINE.
WOLFERSTAN.	
MAHON.	<i>Attendants, Soldiers, &amp;c.</i>

SCENE: Dublin, and the adjoining country.

### Act I.

SCENE: The sea-shore—Moonlight view of the ocean—The Castle of Lady Walsingham in the distance.

*Enter GERALDIN.*

*Ger.* Secure I pass'd the moat, nor heard a sound,  
Save the lone sedge-grass waving to the breeze;  
Nor human object saw, nor insect thing,  
In the blue midnight's solitude!—and there,  
'Mid od'rous bloom, she on her terrace stood,  
Where, watch'd and worshipp'd, I have seen her  
form  
Glide like a seraph in the silvery night!  
While conscious stars beheld her from afar,  
And lent their soft light to illumine the path  
That lit her to Love's throne! O heart, be still!

*Enter WOLFERSTAN.*

*Wol.* I've known him stand thus, statue-like, for  
hours,—  
Regardless of the tempest, till its fury  
Hath rent the very rock 'gainst which he leans,—  
Heart, mind, and soul, concentr'd on yon castle!

An ill-star'd hour, methinks, was that which  
brought

Its inmates back to shores they had renoun'd;  
Whose earth, ere this, had clos'd upon the form  
Of one—the flower, if not the favorite—  
But for *his* courage whom she may not thank!  
Young, beautiful, and gifted, too, withal,  
How will her gentle nature learn to brook  
The desperate fortunes—Madman!

[*Laying his hand on one who, in the garb  
of a common soldier, suddenly enters,  
and is approaching GERALDIN.*

How is this!

What mean ye?

*Sol.* That, being scented, we are watch'd!  
Whilst there he stands, forgetting those whose lives  
He yet may have to answer for.

*Wol.* Fear not;  
The train is laid—the mine will soon be sprung!  
Mark me, he doth but meditate the time.  
Retire then; he will seek you, one and all,  
Anon.

*Sol.* 'Tis what we want. Report my words  
To him. [Exit.

GERALDIN, on turning to descend to the bottom of  
the stage, discovers him as he goes out.

*Ger.* Went not a soldier hence but now?  
*Wol.* One who, taking counsel of his fear,  
Hither repair'd with the intelligence  
That we are known and watch'd.

*Ger.* She, too, is known! [*Aside.*  
Doubtless we are. The Lady Walsingham  
Doth deal in largesses.

*Wol.* Shame on her, then!  
But for your firm right arm she had been childless!

The sun ne'er shone upon a worthier deed,  
Nor yet more gallant!—so the lady deems,  
Who has most cause to thank you; for her looks,  
From the keen terror and the shock apace  
Recov'ring, were intensely bent on you!  
And with a meaning which her soul, I'd swear,  
Belied not—it was full of gratitude.

*Ger.* Would I could think so! 'Twere something, mid the dearth  
Of fallen fortunes and crush'd hopes, to know  
That, mid neglect and coarse asperity,  
The friend grown cautious, and the kinsman cold,  
The subtle malice of the meanly-minded;  
Wretches who lie, succumb, and bend the knee,  
Where worldly pomp doth counsel fear, to wreak  
Or latent pique, or deep revenge, as time,  
Working its faithless changes, gives the cue—  
'Twere something, amid this—but my mind  
wanders.

Leave me awhile, my friend; I would commune  
With wonted thoughts that shun companionship.

*WOLFERSTAN slowly retires, and exits at the upper wing of the stage.*

Her looks were bent on me! so went his words—  
On me! whom alter'd eyes have learn'd to shun;  
Reptiles who bask'd them in my house's glare,  
And turn'd to sting me in the shade! The thought  
That, mid the gloom of a forbidden lot,  
Lone and despid, there liv'd one kindred mind,  
There beat one heart, divested of the dross  
That eats into men's souls, and makes them mon-  
sters!—

But the thought's idle; friendship shuns the shore  
Of grief, to take up its abode with grandeur!  
But not so thou! who, even at thy close,  
O everlasting sun! doth smile on man,  
How glorious and how godlike is thy beauty!  
Thy setting hour was my boyhood's theme,  
And thou art still the same—immutable!—  
Whilst all within the heart of him who once  
Drank at thy source, is ebbing low and still,—  
Is dust and desolation!

*[A horn is heard at a distance.*

That dread sound  
Hath music for hurt ears! 'Tis Wolferstan!  
Like bloodhounds in the leash, their spirits pant  
For action! and the time comes on, apace,  
When they must slip the thong, or lay them down,  
Submissive bondmen, each content to wear  
The quiet degradation of his chains! *[Exit.*

*Enter ALMEIDA.*

*Al.* 'Tis vain to struggle; since the hour I felt—  
For terror had not quite subdued all sense—  
My form enfolded in his arms, with grasp  
So firm, yet fond—oh no, not fond! how should  
That be! He knows me not; nor do I know  
The name he bears, or whence he came—or how,  
In that most desperate hour of need, when life  
Hung swooning death-like from the horrid brow  
Of the fell precipice! whose giddy verge  
The plunging horses and mad vehicle,  
As if by fatal impulse, seem'd to seek,—  
How, in that dreadful moment, one unknown,  
With sudden grasp, as if instinctively,  
Should thus have rescued me, nor paused until

He had restor'd me—safe, tho' scar'd in sense—  
To the scarce proffer'd, not o'er-anxious, arms  
Of a cold mother! I have watch'd for him,  
Forgetting sense of shame, my sex's shame,  
And Clarrington forgetting! But that thought—  
Oh, there is madness in the recollection!  
And yet I cannot drive it from my brain,  
And my heart withers!—but the sacrifice  
A father's fortune's, and perhaps his life,  
Demand alike. I've seen that form before,  
And I should know it!

*Enter GERALDIN.*

*Ger.* My fatal purpose now  
Expands and warms, as all—Almeida here!  
*[Aside, and going.*

*Al.* Oh, stay! a moment stay!

*[GERALDIN turns, and bows.*

My thanks are yours!

And I have watch'd to pay them with weak words.

*Ger.* The obligation, lady, is too poor  
For thanks.

*Al.* You sav'd my life!

*Ger.* And yet you risk  
That life—pardon me, this bleak shore ill suits  
Such presence.

*Al.* In sooth, 'tis not like that I left,  
And yet—but I detain ye.

*Ger.* Gentle lady,  
I am unskilled in words, else, in my turn,  
Should I acknowledge this high honor done  
A man unus'd to give or to receive  
Such courtesies.

*Al.* Thanks are not courtesies!  
Rather heartfelt returns for that we owe;  
For gratitude should follow favors.

*Ger.* Yes.  
The bird of night has settled on his cliff.  
I must be gone. *[Aside.]*

My thanks are doubly yours. *[Exit.*

*Al.* And does he leave me thus? Proud man,  
'tis well;

I know him now—his name—his nature, too!

'Tis not for nothing that he sav'd my life,

For he must rule it yet! *[Exit.*

SCENE: The Castle of Lady Walsingham—A  
Hall—Lights—Menials and Domestics assem-  
bled.

*First Dom.* Here comes her ladyship! so smooth  
your faces.  
Now, by Saint Patrick, 'tis a noble lady!

*Enter Lady WALSHINGHAM.*

An Irish welcome to your ladyship!

*Second Dom.* Knave! thou shouldst have said  
right honorable!

For, being honorable in her own right,  
Therefore, she is right honorable. Welcome  
To your right honorable ladyship!

*[She makes a sign to them to be silent.*

*Lady W.* Learn to obey, and to fulfil your du-  
ties;

And let me have no more of this. I can

Dispense with your congratulations. Hence!

[*They go out.*]

It sickens me to be surrounded thus  
With all this empty pageantry, when that  
Which should assurance give of faith, and firm  
Secure possession, is still wanting. He  
Doth linger only to torment; he loves  
Me not too well.—No matter; let me once  
The full completion of this project see,  
This marriage!—and on these possessions closes  
The seal that must confirm them safely mine!  
Piqued by her coldness, 'tis his pride alone,  
Strange pride! that prompts him still to urge his  
suit.

She comes this way! No child in my affections,  
The instrument in the accomplishment  
Of my deep purposes, at least, she shall be.

*Enter ALMEIDA.*

*Al.* Oh, gentle mother, pardon me! I saw  
You not.

*Lady W.* You smile, Almeida; but your smile  
Is still the same, still sad! In Italy,  
Mid pomp of palaces, and princes' love,  
Music and festival, and dauce, and song,  
Neither the influence of the melting clime,  
The lover's lute, the poet's lay, the lance  
Which chivalry itself had taught to couch  
Beneath your eyes—an homage might have touch'd  
The hearts of Queens themselves—had charms for  
you.

Now, tell me, why is this?

*Al.* In sooth, good mother,  
'Tis a vice of the blood, and from the womb  
'Twas born with me, and nurtur'd at the breast.  
Truly, I wonder at the thing I was,  
Not am. Flattery will woo a woman,  
Not always win her.

*Lady W.* I see the drift of this. [*Aside.*]  
But where affection is the flatterer,  
Such wooer sure should win?

*Al.* Ah, I have lost  
The charms that drew forth studied compliment;  
And want the lures that practis'd lovers have.  
Far be from me such lures, and lovers too! [*Aside.*]  
But something troubles me—

*Lady W.* Confide your thoughts  
To one who would participate your pains,  
As well as pleasures.

*Al.* 'Tis that horrid monk!

*Lady W.* Father Mahon! Your mother's con-  
fessor

Should have your confidence.

*Al.* I cannot like,  
I cannot bear his looks! and he, of late,  
Has tortur'd me!

*Lady W.* The auspicious hour is come! [*Aside.*]  
What means my child?

*Al.* Must I wed Clarington  
Upon such horrible compulsion?

*Lady W.* Who,  
Tell me, who dares to urge your union  
On such conditions? You mistake, my child;—  
For now I must proceed. To have been spared  
This sad necessity, I would have given  
Those worldly, worthless baubles, my Almeida,  
That do involve it, and thought the purchase cheap.

But you mistake;—that mild and reverend man,  
Urged by his love and duty both, has had  
Recourse to the last, fatal argument,  
Which should convince you—but you know the rest.  
And here I pledge you, that could fear alone  
Your union make secure with Clarington,  
Dear as it is, essential to my life!

And, what is dearer still, the reputation  
Of all you love, your father and his house,—  
I'd yield them up, existence, honor—all!  
Without a sigh, ere I'd consent to mar  
My daughter's peace, and cloud her years for life.

*Al.* I did not understand all this! O mother!  
I've nothing now to hope, or to expect,  
Except—except this marriage, and my grave!

*Lady W.* It shall not be! I am prepar'd to meet  
The worst, and that's but beggary, not shame;  
Shame is an honor only for the great!  
'Tis not the privilege of poverty  
To be ashamed of any thing.

*Al.* Nay, tell me,  
Tell me it all! hold from me nothing;—nothing  
Should be conceal'd; from nothing will I shrink!  
I see the path I have to tread, but clouds  
And darkness are upon it: clear them up,  
And with a firm, unfaltering step I will  
Pursue the road, however rugged; though,  
Perchance, thro' fault of nature, I should cast  
Some look behind. Now, mother, tell me all!

*Lady W.* Nay, spare me; 'tis a trial more than I  
Can bear. Yet why shrink from it? it must come  
At last! Then listen—

*Enter a Servant.*

*Ser.* Some gentlemen, my lady, have arriv'd,  
And they seek you.

*Lady W.* We will resume this matter.  
Guests, sir?

*Ser.* I know not, madam; but they come,  
Even now, this way. [*Exit.*]

*Al.* Let me retire, then—  
*Lady W.* Stay, stay, Almeida—it is Clarington!  
Ah, his Lieutenant, too!

*Enter CLARINGTON and RAYMOND.*

Why, my young friends!  
Thrice welcome to ye both!

*Clar.* By my good sword,  
The sound of welcome cheers us! As we past  
Through empty rooms and echoing galleries,  
Their frightful replications were the sole  
Voices that greeted us!—The old Lord's dead.

[*Aside to Lady W.*]

Is Miss Fitzalban ill?

*Al.* Not ill, my lord,  
Nor well; yet better both ways.

*Clar.* A patient  
Of much promise! Yet she might puzzle those  
Who know her not. [*Aside.*]

*Lady W.* Report his health to her.

[*Aside to Clarington.*]

*Clar.* This is your kinsman, and my friend.

*Al.* My lord?

*Clar.* A distant kinsman, but near friend.

*Al.* My father,  
Is he well?

*Clar.* I think, and should say, better  
Than when you last left Italy. Aye, sir!

Pray prize her hand! her cheek she rarely gives;  
And her lips, never!

I've ridden post-haste to-day:  
These gentle cousins may be left alone.

*[Exeunt CLARINGTON and Lady W.]*  
*Al.* I think I saw you, sir, in Flanders; did I not?

*Ray.* Oh, yes!—Must I be cruel, too,  
And smile with them? *[Aside.]*

Your name has been our theme;  
Not ours—I mean Clarington's—aye since then!  
For one who promises to be a lord  
So loving—pardon me, you know we're friends—  
You greeted him but coldly.

*Al.* Have you just  
Arrived?

*Ray.* This instant; and I now must seek  
My brother.

*Al.* Your brother?—have you then a brother?

*Ray.* Have I not! Ah, I, only, know him!

*Al.* Where,  
Where is he?

*Ray.* Do not ask me! Oh, I sink  
Into a thing so poor and worthless beside him,  
That I would barter twenty thousand lives,  
Did I possess them, to be rais'd unto  
The level of his own—my noble Clarence!  
But, gentle consin, you are somewhat sad?

*Al.* Oh, no! nothing—except that I have heard  
Him spoken of; but I am selfish. Go!

I have nor brother, sister, friend; and yet  
I feel how strong a brother's love must be!  
Go, tell him—How my foolish heart betrays  
My pliant tongue! *[Aside, and exit.]*

*Ray.* I see through the disguise  
She would assume. Oh! Heaven never smil'd  
On such alliances! Then what am I?  
An inmate here, where he is held no guest!  
But then he had his choice, even as myself.  
I'll seek him—the first interview for three  
Long years. A something whispers me 'tis not  
The last! *[Exit.]*

SCENE changes to a Cave, hung round with military  
implements.—In the background WOLFERSTAN  
is seen pacing the cavern.—GERALDIN is seated  
near a table, on which a lamp burns, and on  
which his sword and pistols have been placed.

*Ger.* How dreadful is the silence of this place!  
Its gentle curtains Sleep o'er half the world  
Hath drawn, and tired Nature ta'en her rest.  
The desperate wretches who surround me here,  
Torn by oppression from their native hearths,  
Like beasts of prey in darkness and in dens  
To prowl, forgetting their lost fortunes, sleep!  
Whilst I am worn with watching.—Wolferstan!  
How this dead silence aches upon the ear!  
With naught to break it, save the distant moan  
Of the cold desolate sea! companion fit  
For him who owns no fellowship with man;  
Blood-serpents, whose accursed fangs have torn  
Their victim's vitals, and will gorge the last  
Life-drops, ere they relinquish their fell hold!  
But there is comfort in the thought, that thou,  
O sacred shade! my murder'd father, murdered  
By ruthless villainy! thou canst not know  
The shame and degradation that await

Thy latest and lost child! Where will this end?  
Oh for a pause from thought.—Wolferstan!

WOLFERSTAN comes forward.

Have  
Those men—Steps come this way! Even now they  
come!

*Ray.* *(without.)* Nay, I will see him! is he not  
my brother?

Stand back! I will not be refused!

*Ger.* By Heaven,  
'Tis Raymond's voice! he must not see me here.

RAYMOND abruptly enters.

*Ray.* My brother!

*Ger.* Rash boy—O my poor Raymond! nay,  
Hang not about me thus. Why, when did you  
Arrive?

*Ray.* An hour ago, and—Clarence! where,  
Where am I?

*Ger.* Where I had hoped to see you  
Never!—But silence now—I charge you, silence!  
Are you from the castle?

*Ray.* I am, and have much  
To tell you; but methinks this is no place

For words. O Clarence, I had hoped—

*Ger.* Now, soldier!

*Enter a Soldier.*

*Sol.* I mark'd, but now, by the imperfect light  
That gleams along the shore, a female form  
With frantic swiftness speeding toward this spot;  
When suddenly the figure disappear'd  
Just here beneath the rocks.

*Ger.* Stay where you are.

*[To RAYMOND.]*  
My mind misgives me: I must use dispatch.

*[Aside.]*  
Now, Wolferstan!—

*He catches up his sword, and, followed by WOLFERSTAN, ascends the rocks.*

By Heaven, on yonder rock  
Methinks I see, in the dim distance, poised,  
As if in air, the uncertain form of—Ha!  
Prone down it plunges in the fatal flood!  
One blast upon your horn!

WOLFERSTAN sounds his horn—armed soldiers  
hastily enter on either side.

Be vigilant,

And follow me!

*He disappears among the rocks, followed by WOLFERSTAN and his men. RAYMOND sinks on an upper wing of the stage. Curtain drops.*

END OF ACT I.

## Act II.

SCENE: An apartment in the Castle.

*Enter ALMEIDA and ROSINE.*

*Ro.* You will not, then, attend the masque to-night?

*Al.* I have no spirits.

*Ro.* I am not surprised  
At that. The life you led in Italy,

And your existence here, must form, indeed,  
A heavy contrast to a mind like yours.

*Al.* It is not that! I own those scenes were such

As might have won the cloister'd votarist  
To the seductions of the world again;  
But 'tis not that. Does he attend to-night?

*Ro.* Who, Clarington?

*Al.* O no, not he! I mean—  
Proud islander! why did he save my life,  
To torture it, Rosine!

*Ro.* You speak of Clarence!

*Al.* Aye, him, him! Did they not tell me he was proud?

But he shall find the daughter of Montclair  
Has all her father's and her sex's pride—  
Unfeeling man!

*Ro.* Oh, my Almeida, pause!  
Ere you bring down upon the heads of those  
You love, and on your own, dreadful destruction!  
You love this man?

*Al.* Who told you that I loved him?  
I hate him for his pride! He soars above me  
In all he says or does. But let him go:  
Come Clarington! Oh, I will be so keen,  
So subtle in revenge! How should he know  
A woman?

*Ro.* He hath noble qualities,  
But unsafe passions; therefore, my sweet friend,  
Forget him, and you will consult your peace.

*Al.* I'll be a reveller to night, Rosine!  
You never saw me—Come! With Clarington  
I'll join the feast, and mingle in the dance!  
Oh, I shall be so happy!—  
Oh, I am sick at heart!—and I could weep  
Through the long night! There is oppression here,  
Something too tight: pray you, unloose this band:  
'Tis easier now. I'll rest awhile, and then—  
You do not know the firmness of my heart.  
Come! [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Lady WALSINGHAM and CLARINGTON.*

*Lady W.* I have a stronger argument, which,  
urged

Some few hours since, appear'd to shake her faith  
In her own firmness, and promises, I think,  
Ev'ry fulfilment of our hopes.

*Clar.* This place  
Will prove, I fear, infectious. Have you not  
Observed her lately?

*Lady W.* She saddens hourly;  
But she was ever melancholy.

*Clar.* Yes;  
But melancholy was not wont, methinks,  
To tinge her cheek—and now 'tis flushed. She  
loves!

But loves not me.

*Lady W.* A wayward girl from childhood.  
Whom should she love in such a place as this?

*Clar.* That haughty beggar, Clarence!

*Lady W.* Oh, you dream!

*Clar.* 'Tis sooth; and one of two alternatives  
Alone is left:—she must become my bride,  
Or we must leave this place.

*Lady W.* I'll see her, straight;  
Unfold to her a secret, known alone  
To the good father and myself; and, should

She still prove obstinate, I'll threaten to  
Renounce her—and the threat I'll execute!

*Clar.* Good, good! and I may yet find means  
to back

Your better argument. I'll see this man,  
This Clarence; tax him with the insolence  
Of his presumption, and doubly urge him, thus,  
To vindicate his claim at his life's hazard.

*Lady W.* Depriv'd of lover, and the means of  
life—

For your good sword will not betray its trust—  
You may conclude her yours!

*Clar.* 'Tis done! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE returns to the sea-shore—GERALDIN in the  
background.

*Enter RAYMOND.*

*Ray.* In the wild hope of saving a lost people,  
He will but lose himself! Sworn on the altar  
Of his country, he will but be offer'd up  
A victim on that altar!—and what then?  
A loyal subject, but unnatural  
Brother, must I raise my hand against  
His sacred person! There's but one way left—

*Ger. (coming forward.)* An honest and an hon-  
orable one,

My brother!

*Ray.* Honest and honorable?

*Ger.* Aye.

*Ray.* Speak!

*Ger.* I've heard your grave soliloquy.

Now, mark me well. I am no rebel—no!  
Nor runagate—in mine own estimation;  
The world thinks differently—that moves me not.  
My way is clear before me, and my plan  
Is fixed. If in this matter, then, you stir  
But a hair's-breadth from your due, loyal course,—  
Aye, Raymond, but a hair! the twentieth part  
Thereof,—you are no brother and no friend!  
Of mine; I cast you off for ever!

*Ray.* Clarence,  
How have I merited this scorn from you?

*Ger.* My love you've merited, and still you have;  
'Tis that which prompts my tongue to tell you this.  
I've ceased to be a boy, and you should know  
Me better than suppose I could embrace  
A cause like this, and then abandon it,  
Without some pretext more resistless than  
I think the world can offer!

*Ray.* Obdurate,  
Impenetrable as you are, can nothing move  
Your will?

*Ger.* You have heard my resolution,  
And so, farewell!

*Ray.* O stay! my brother, stay!  
Thus on my knees, I do implore you, pause!  
Nor break my heart by coldness such as this.

*Ger.* On your knees? A soldier—and thus low!  
For shame!

*Ray.* Oh, no; there is no shame like that which  
you  
Are bringing down upon yourself. Take me,  
Take me to your heart, for mine is bursting!

*Ger.* Raymond, my brother!—fie! these foolish  
drops,—

Would you unman me too? Hold, sir! my life,  
My honor is at stake! 'Tis pledged to men



Who, did they see me thus, would spurn me from them!

Men who will not own allegiance unto man,  
When in that man they recognize the tyrant!  
And would you have me break my bond to them,  
My obligation, and my solemn oath,  
To free them from the yoke of centuries,  
Or, in the glorious struggle, perish with them!  
And upon grounds—what grounds?

*Ray.* Think of our father!

*Ger.* Boy! boy! could yonder heaven yield us back

The soul that dwelt within this once free isle,  
'T would blast the man—aye, blast him with a look!—

Who could sit down, a common wretch,  
Whilst tyranny remorseless with his meals  
Mingles his blood, to wash it with his tears.  
Would that the blow were struck!—By Heaven,  
my soul

Expands, and drinks in rapture with the thought!

[*Exit.*

*Ray.* Is this the phrenzy  
Of a great or guilty mind? Let the event  
Determine; and, as it points, must I direct  
My course.

[*Exit.*

SCENE: The Castle.

*Enter Lady WALSINGHAM and ALMEIDA.*

*Lady W.* This tale of shame and horror you  
*must* hear;

'Tis briefly told, and briefly thus it is:  
Your father dwelt alone with the old chief,  
Who reigned a prince once in these stately halls!  
For Raymond with his regiment abroad  
Was stationed, and the elder brother, Clarence—  
Methinks that name doth blanch your cheek,  
Almeida?—

Had sailed for England, on some special matter.  
Age, with its weaknesses, had left the mind  
Of their neglected parent, like the body,  
Worn and infirm. His kinsman was his friend,—  
At least he thought him such. The former, thus  
By circumstances doubly favored, urged  
His suit. Both brothers were impetuous;  
Unwary, and unskilful in the perilous  
Conflicting elements and false paths of life;  
Proud spirits both, abandoned to the wing  
Of fiery instincts, prompting them to play  
A desperate game, on hazard high, where life  
And fortune were the stakes they pledged, as  
baubles;

There was no curb to check them in their course,  
No gentler sympathies of home, where hearts,  
Shedding congenial influence, can make  
A household holiday of the calm hearth:  
Should flattering fortunes back desires so  
Unholy and unquiet, it were fatal!  
Some friend and kinsman should be found, to whom  
These large expectancies should be confided,  
In trust for others—with discretion full  
Reserved unto himself—who should, as pledge  
Of faith, put in his oath, inviolate  
To hold, that he would mete out to these youths,  
When they should settle on some proper course  
Of life, and fix on lucid pursuit,

The means withal to aid them in such end;  
And, when attain'd, the rich inheritance  
And full fruition of his birthright should  
To—Clarence be restored.

*Al.* Enough, enough!

I see it all. O horrible!

*Lady W.* The picture,  
Thus painted, proved seductive! Need I say  
Your father claim'd possession false of all  
His kinsman's property, not personal;  
But dreadful apprehension followed this  
Almost involuntary act of wrong  
To others: Fearing the father might annul  
This compact criminal, the kinsman sought  
Such means as might avert contingent ruin—

*Al.* In mercy hold! I know what you would say;

But oh, he is my father! Do not tell it.

*Lady W.* Those means he found—for you *must*  
see the full

Extent of the destruction that awaits us:  
They were alone—no eye to see, no ear  
To witness the completion horrible  
Of this fell purpose, which, conceived in shame,  
Was closed—in death!

*Al.* The father then was murdered!  
And by *my* father! O unnatural,  
Most horrible!—a father by a father  
Murdered! But why, why is it told to me?

*Lady W.* That seal nor time nor mortal hand  
can now

Erase. It then remains for us to save—  
It is but instinct—aye! our house—perhaps  
Our lives!—for fraud and murder were combined!  
The father's blood was shed, and fortune wrested  
From the sons; and, to complete the horror,  
The secret rests not with ourselves alone!

*Al.* Another witness of the deed, and living?

*Lady W.* Mahon!

*Al.* He!

*Lady W.* Yes, even he! and he is  
Poor!—and Clarington, who knows it not—nay,  
Do not tremble—Clarington's his son!

*Al.* Save me!

Mahon and Clarington! Oh, I do see  
The clue to this dark labyrinth of crime  
And woe! Well, what's to be done?

*Lady W.* Wed Clarington!

*Al.* Is it the father's will?

*Lady W.* Assuredly;  
And why? May not a Cardinal's hat be bought?  
But, like his father, Clarington is poor.

*Al.* O mother, you have argued but too well!  
I am convinced—fatal conviction!

*Lady W.* Something, my child, remains yet to  
be said:

I think I know the firmness of your mind,  
And, though the news be heavy, you will not  
Shrink from it.

*Al.* Is my father ill?

*Lady W.* Your father!

My Almeida, is—

*Al.* No more!

*Lady W.* He died ere  
Clarington left Italy; but you know  
His health was broken, and his spirits gone.

*Al.* His health was gone, and spirits broken,  
mother,—

Phrase it rightly. How like a guilty wretch  
He looked, when his false tongue pronounced my  
father well.

*Lady W. Almeida*, this is language you must not  
Direct toward Clarington; he is my friend,  
And *would* be yours.

*Al.* *My friend!* Oh, trust me, Heaven  
Hath not decreed it so!—and yet my soul  
May wake, as from a long and frightful dream,  
To find itself a suppliant at his feet!  
Think you in *that* hour he will prove a friend?

*Enter CLARINGTON.*

*Cla.* The friend of Miss Fitzalban in that hour,  
In this, in any hour—nay, in all time!  
Where *ref* she should she doubt?

*Lady W. (aside to Cla.)* I leave her with you.

*Cla.* I'll medicine the spleen that eats her up.  
[*Exit Lady W.*]

Now, prithee, cast this childishness aside;

What is it that you see in me to hate?

*Al.* Nothing to hate, but less to love. Leave me!

*Cla.* Leave you! Oh no! I've come to urge  
my suit;

I love you, and would wed!

*Al.* You could deceive me;  
Yes, when you knew me fatherless! Was that  
Done like a man?

*Cla.* A pious fraud, at least;  
Else had I shocked your sensibility.

*Al.* Clarington!

*Cla.* That name, methinks, becomes  
your speech!

*Al.* Spare me; I am not subject fit for scorn.

*Cla.* Nay, be not moved: I came not to afflict.

*Al.* Try, Clarington, your irony elsewhere;  
There are so many who could bear it better,—  
The proud, the beautiful, the great! If I  
Was ever this, or these, I am not now;  
They were the stakes at which they baited me!  
My pride, they told me, shock'd humility,  
The gentle virtue of the wise and good;  
My beauty was a flower that must fade;  
My sense of birth a false and hollow gaud,  
To deck out vanity and worthlessness:  
They never spared me upon themes like these,  
Because, they said, they wished to make me like  
Themselves;—till I was preached into a dull,  
Dead consciousness of something worse than death!  
Oh spare me, then; I am not what I was.

*Cla.* You speak this feelingly! 'Tis really quite  
Pathetic! Did you never try your powers  
Before an auditory of warm monks  
And melting sisters? By my faith, I think  
Arabia's prophet never touched a theme,  
Connected with his mission upon earth,  
More elegant, more eloquent!

*Al.* This, too,  
Without a murmur I will bear; only  
Pledge me your soul to torture me no more!  
Relinquish, and forget me.

*Cla.* Never!

*Al.* Then,  
By these lock'd hands, this agony, I swear—  
And I have never told you, Clarington,  
So much—to hold you in abhorrence from  
This hour,—your purpose, nature, and your name!

*Cla.* Sweet lady, courtesy demands I should  
Make you some meet return for so much goodness:  
Clarence!

*Al.* O wretch! He is as far above  
Your meanness, as your means of harm.

*Cla.* Indeed!  
I fear I've trespass'd on your love too far;  
I will commend you to him! [*Exit.*]

*Al.* Oh, I see it!  
There is but one way left me now. To save  
The man I love, must be to wed the man  
I hate! He left me with a threat!—why, then,  
No time is to be lost. I'll seek him, straight;  
Tax him with coldness, and a blunted sense,  
That could nor see, nor feel the wondrous love  
I bear him! 'Tis a heavy purchase, Clarence!  
But love is its own martyr, and its lives  
To vindicate, or dies to seal its faith! [*Exit.*]

END OF ACT II.

### Act III.

SCENE: The Cave. In the background groups of  
figures imperfectly seen.

*Ger. (coming forward.)* Friendless and lost, she  
sought this gloomy shore  
To die! O double villain! first to win,  
And then desert her meanly, and thy blood!  
Despair and horror from those wild eyes broke,  
As from the whirling wave, with perilous arm,  
I snatched her and her babe! Now those eyes  
slumber!

Happy if they awake no more where pain  
Seems to've been meted, with no miser's hand,  
To her and to the little wretch who there  
Clings like the blasted fruit to the rent tree!  
She has not spoken—power of speech seems gone;  
And the sole symptom of a mind not quite  
Lost to itself, is the solicitude  
She shows at intervals for the poor child.  
A widowed mother, and child fatherless—  
Ere many suns have set, and in mine ears  
Will ring the cries and curses of such wretches!  
The hour draws nigh when famine, with the sword  
Conjoined, must turn into a sepulchre  
The desolate hearth-stones of this groaning isle!  
O hard necessity, to turn the steel  
'Gainst our own breasts!

*Enter ALMEIDA.*

*Al.* You have an enemy!

*Ger.* The harbinger of peace should be such  
form!

And looks like these. O lady! in my dreams  
Nightly I see them! and have tried in vain  
To shut the image from a heart where hope  
Could never dwell.

*Al.* And yet in coldness you  
Have left me, and almost in scorn. How's this?  
*Ger.* The great are privileg'd and free to give;  
The poor should shrink from favors. You are far

In fortunes as in virtues raised above me.

If I was cold, it was an honest pride

That prompted me to coldness, but not scorn!

*Al.* Oh, I have been so humbled since that night

You left me with such cutting words of chill

Indifference, as froze the wounds they made!

But you have turned me from the purport of

My visit here: have you seen Clarington?

*Ger.* He keeps himself aloof from me, of late;

And with some reason. Wherefore do you ask?

*Al.* He threatens you! and well I know the man;

It is your life he seeks!

*Ger.* He hates me, for

That I alone, he thinks, am privy to

The secret of his birth. Deluded man!

I fear him not: should *you* thus speak of him?

The world identify you with his name!

*Al.* The world is over-busy; 'tis the base

Practice of th' ignoble mind to be

Officious.

*Ger.* Does, then, the world speak false?

*Al.* Oh no,

It is too true! and I must not forget;

But have I not forgot too much already?

*Ger.* And can you bend the expression of those eyes

So full upon me, and yet ask me to

Upbraid the soul that sits enthroned in them?

*Al.* No, not upbraid—for I have had enough

Of that; but, oh! your pity, deeper than

Your scorn, condemns and humbles me.

*Ger.* If one

So lost to fortune, and the world's regard,

So worn in mind, so abject in estate,

May on another venture to bestow

The humble tribute of his pity, 'tis

That one so wreck'd and lonely in the world

Should wake emotion in a breast like thine!

Wed Clarington, and love him—if you can.

*Al.* Oh, do not wound my nature with his name;

'Tis hateful to me!

*Ger.* Yet that man's to be——

*Al.* Aye, Clarence! have they not decreed it so?

*Ger.* What, *they*? and does the right in mortal, then,

Exist, to dictate terms to our own hearts?

Shall we sit tamely down, whilst others barter

The free and sole endowment of our lives,

For which we never practised tricks of fawning?

Great Nature's boon, by no prescriptions shackled;

Blent with our being—born and dying with us—

Unlicensed, unrestrained, save by ourselves,

In whom alone the power to transfer

Subsists. Vain declamation!—we're the slaves

Of circumstance and time;—the curse of Heaven

Lies dark and deadly on us! and our best

And noblest impulses defeat themselves!

But let us, if we can, untainted keep

Our melancholy birthright, our affections!

And though calamity—for that cold cloud

Is wont to light upon the loftiest brow—

Combine to overwhelm us in a thrall

Which our own frailty weaves for our own feet,

Let us be honest, honorable still,

And tell a proud, insulting world. Though ye

Have made us victims, we're not vassals yet!

*Al.* Oh, I could hang for ever on your lips—

I mean your words, dear Clarence! Madness! I  
What voice is that?

*Ger.* Nay, heed it not; a poor  
Outcast, who sought a shelter in this cave,  
Which every wretch by instinct seems to know  
What is it moves ye?

*Al.* Nothing. I've o'erstaid  
The time; my steps are watch'd; I must be gone.  
Oh, I have lived too long! [*Aside, and exit.*

*Ger.* Almeida, stay!  
'Tis best that she should go. Almeida!—ah,  
And has that name familiar become  
So soon? How strangely, how abruptly, she  
Left me but now! Something of scorn, methinks,  
Curl'd that full lip; and yet how beautiful!  
She does not know—her sense withal is keen—  
She shall not know——

RAYMOND suddenly enters.

*Ray.* Dishonor taints the air  
Which she breath'd here!

*Ger.* Dishonor!

*Ray.* Aye, Clarence!

Delusion, or despair! perchance dishonor!

*Ger.* Your duty lies elsewhere.

*Ray.* Clarence, hear me!  
The faithless rabble's curse, the felon's death,  
Wait on defeat! The lives of you brave men,  
Vainly oppos'd to slaves who hug their chains,  
Will be demanded as the sacrifice  
Due to th' accursed rule that saps this isle.

My better genius prompts me to obey  
The strong suggestion; but the mind revolts  
At immolation of a brother's blood! [*Asiae.*

*Ger.* I do command you hence.

*Ray.* Geraldin, never

'Tis not too late, their lives may yet be spared.

*Ger.* Of all men else, thou shouldst have  
the last

To seek me here; yet shall I bear with thee,  
And deal with thy rash love, as Justice shrinks  
From dealing here with those whose hearts  
knows not.

Their voices will but echo that deep sound  
Which, as the sea's, resounds along these shores!  
And you shall hear it; from themselves you shall.  
Address your fears to *them*; and, mark you well,  
The answer shall absolve me where I stand!

Wolferstan! summon those men before me.

*Ray.* I am no recreant, Clarence; you shall

know it:  
I share the blood that's yours. By Heaven! did but  
This single arm suffice to strike the blow,  
I'd dash this double tyranny to earth,  
Nor yield a hair of the fell monster's head!

For mine own life, that never claim'd a thought.

WOLFERSTAN has entered, and drawn up the men,  
with their arms.

*Ger.* Comrades, companions, friends! behold  
a brother!

Urged by his fears, he comes to tell you that  
Which I have answer'd as befits your leader.  
They are but men, sir, and will doubtless hear you.

*Ray.* I've but few words to say, and all, as meet,  
In your behalf. You are embark'd, my friends,  
In a dread purpose, full of chances perilous,  
Wherein the odds are fearfully against you!

The frail success of a few hours is all  
Your arms can hope; and, with your hopes, your  
lives

Must be defeated! Not a man among ye  
But clings to life, bound to it by such ties  
As never link'd with human being the heart  
Of him who tells ye this—your wives, your  
children!

Can ye make mourners of them? Ah, I see  
Your souls dissolving at the touch!

[*They show signs of impatience.*]

Vol.

Lieutenant!

The field, and not the forum, doth become us;  
Our arguments are in our swords!

Ray.

Ye're men!

And nature ne'er disown'd the manly breast.

You will lay down your arms, with pledge once  
given

Of free remission, and full pardon. On  
Myself alone the blame of this shall rest.  
I read your answer in your eyes! then let  
Your tongues proclaim it.

Soldiers.

Clarington!

CLARINGTON *abruptly enters.*

Ger. Hold! touch him not, upon your lives.  
Clarington!

Cla. Oh, do not be surpris'd! Surprise for me  
Alone should be reserv'd—to find the sons  
Of a Milesian, pent up in a cave,  
Preaching to sinners in such goodly terms;  
Their precepts serve as prelude to their practice!  
I shall make meet report of you.—Withdraw.

[RAYMOND *retires a step.*]

You've charmed me into compliment, brave sir!

Ger. Pray make me not the touchstone to your  
steel,

Or else your wit may, pointless, lose its edge.

Your life and honor both are in my hands.

[*Aside to CLARINGTON.*]

Cla. You honor me by the assurance! Pray  
Impart!

Ger. Vain man, did I but say the word,  
An hundred ready swords had search'd your heart!  
But such is not my purpose. Let me trust  
Your sense of honor, rather than your shame.  
You've forc'd yourself upon a secret known,  
Of all the world, till now, to those it should  
Alone concern—these brave men and myself.  
Let me not state—for you should know it well—  
The grounds on which that solemn secret rested:  
Bas'd on a sense of duty higher far  
Than will, I know, find credit with the world—  
The liberties of those whose cause is mine;  
The fortunes of their homes, wives, children, friends!  
That was the test by which their souls were tried.  
Th' appeal was made, nor made in vain! Ere you  
Broke in upon this place, it had emerged,  
From pale oppression, into light again!  
The trodden turf became a temple, where  
The holier impulses of nature triumph'd!  
And Virtue, long depressed, debased, despised  
By those who should uphold it, bravely dared  
T' encounter each extremity of ill,  
Sooner than play the recreant to its trust,  
And leave the thorn to pierce congenial breasts!  
They will assert their rights, and with their arms!

Nor will requite you *here*, for this bold visit.  
But one thing I demand of you: pledge me  
Your honor as his best security,  
Who came not here on bloody purpose bent.  
What is your answer?

Cla.

Give me time to think;

You shall hear from me.

[*Going.*]

Ger.

Hold! you go not hence

So lightly neither. Clarington, I might

Have known how vain was the appeal to you;

And yet you are a soldier!

Cla.

And will

Forfeit that title only with my life.

On the rocks here dispute it, if you dare!

Ger.

I know that you are brave; you *should be*  
honest.

Cla.

Again!

Ger.

You force me to do violence

To myself not less than you. Once more, then,

I ask, will you betray him, innocent?

Cla.

I am no traitor—nor will linger here.

Ger.

The subtle villain! [*Aside.*] Let me not

expose

Your character and credit with the world;

Nor let your pride revolt to know that I

Am keeper of them both. Nay, bend your brow

On one for whom it may have terrors. You

Have forced me to it; I've one word to ask:

That tenant of Fitz-Eustace, and his daughter—

Have you forgot them?

Cla.

What mean ye?

Ger.

Clorine

Of Connaught!

Cla.

Lightnings blast ye, and the hag!

Ger.

Your child!

Cla.

Babbler and villain!

Ger.

Nay, put up

Your sword. Pledge me your soul to silence  
touching

His presence here, whate'er its purport be,

And I will give a mutual pledge, and seal

These lips for ever.

Cla.

Doubtless very kind!

Who will believe you, with no proof to back

The malice of your charge?

Ger.

My proofs are here,

Within this cave.

Cla.

What!

Ger.

Would you see their faces?

Cla.

Madman and liar!

Ger.

Nay, 'tis you who rave!

Another time, and that same word had cost

You, Clarington, your life; but let it pass.

I say again, your mistress and your child

Are both within this cave! How they came here,

Ask not. Insure security to him,

Unthinking boy! and, further, to protect—

By Heaven, it wounds me, thus compelled t' appeal

To one who is a father!—to protect

Those who have claims on you, and I will yield

Them up to you, nor utter syllable

Shall implicate you with the world!

Cla.

Only

Let me go hence—I yield to the conditions;

'Tis torture to stay here! I give the pledge:

He's safe—and—they shall be provided for.

O cursed hour!

[*Aside, and exit.*]

Ger.

May we trust this man, Raymond?

*Ray.* As lambs do wolves, not knowing them.  
On thee,  
Too surely, will the heavy hand of power fall!  
Myself am nothing, since defeated here!  
Our paths disserve! but no beacon burns  
To light me 'mid the darkness of this hour!

*Ger.* Go seek him, Raymond; tell him all!  
that he

May yet absolve thee, ere the time take from  
Acknowledgment the character of virtue;  
And give to liberal and frank avowment  
The poor and paltry merit of the wretch  
Who, when convicted, makes a stale confession  
And swears 'twas not his wish or aim to err.  
Anon, my friends, and we shall meet again.  
Be steadfast, and the day may yet be ours!  
Wolferstan, attend them.

[*Exeunt in opposite directions.*]

SCENE: The Castle.

*Enter Lady WALSHINGHAM and CLARINGTON.*

*Lady W.* And you saw this with your own eyes?

*Cla.* Have I  
Not left the cave but now? His mistress there  
And child I found—the evidences living  
Of a twofold guilt! He sought to alarm,  
And force from me a pledge of secrecy;  
Some words in seeming earnest I in haste  
Let fall to that effect, and left the cave.

*Lady W.* Then are we safe! She falters still,  
and still

Rejects, or else neglects, the argument,  
So well devised, on which I hoped to rest  
This marriage; but we now have better grounds.  
For if this potent logic move her not,  
We'll cast a veil o'er the infirmity:  
A convent may be found!

*Cla.* But Time's a niggard;  
We must use dispatch. Where is she now?

*Lady W.* This way. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter ALMEIDA and ROSINE.*

*Ro.* Almeida—oh, how hard to counsel thus!  
Better be dead, and laid low in the ground,  
Than bear this discontent about the heart,  
Which claims no merit in a sacrifice  
Bitterer than death!

[*Aside.* Can you, then, resist

The poor request he makes?

*Al.* And would you have  
Me see him?

*Ro.* And why not? A trifling boon,  
Methinks, from one who could accord so much!

*Al.* Nay, I have seen too much already! I  
Have nothing now to give, and less to hope!  
You would not know what passes at my heart;  
There is the sickness of oppression here;  
A millstone seems to clog it!

*Ro.* Something new  
And strange disturbs you?

*Al.* My poor Clarence!—I—  
Surely my senses wander; he would not,  
He could not so deceive me—wound me thus!

*Ro.* Clarence deceive thee? 'Tis thyself who art  
Deceiv'd, if thou dost credit it.

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*Al.* Nay—nay,  
I'll learn it from himself; from his own lips  
Let the confession or denial come!  
My resolution's fix'd! Stay you; my faith  
Revives, yet there is heaviness at heart;  
He is not so debased! Rosine, repair  
To my apartment. Oh, he seems again  
All that he once was! Within an hour I  
Will be with you, sweet friend. Now Clarence!

*Enter CLARINGTON.*

*Cla.* Whither  
Does Miss Fitz-Alban go? You may retire.

[*Exit ROSINE.*]

*Al.* Spare me a moment, Clarington, and I  
Shall better hear you.

*Cla.* Nay, I have tidings  
Strange tidings for you; truly, very strange!  
What, Clarence Geraldin born of woman! why,  
'Twere sacrilege to swear it! He's a god!  
A very deity! And where's his shrine?  
The chaste and gentle bosom of Almeida!  
Blest pair! Upon my soul, it might bring down  
The envy of immortals! Silent yet?  
Why, the dear youth—sweet youth! immaculate!  
Oh yes! Joseph was virtuous, no doubt;  
Soo, too, was Scipio;—imperfect patterns!  
The light of their example is eclipsed!  
Clarence Geraldin turns, sublimely cold,  
From a fair vestal's proffered charms—the rose  
With its young leaves unfolding to the sun,  
In bloom all redolent!—t' embrace the dark  
And deadly nightshade of a common—

*Al.* Hold  
The pestilence doth fever on your tongue. [*Going.*]

*Cla.* I command you, stay! Will you be mine?

*Al.* Never!

*Cla.* Imbibe dishonor from the hand of shame!

*Al.* Monster!

*Cla.* An outlaw and a villain!

*Al.* Liar!

*Cla.* His blood—his blood be on your head!

*Al.* Save me!

*She shrinks shuddering from him, and veils her  
face as the curtain falls.*

END OF ACT III.

Act IV.

SCENE: The Castle.

*Enter ALMEIDA and ROSINE.*

*Al.* To save his life I wedded Clarington—  
Is it not so? Am I not wedded? Oh,  
Beseech ye, tell me—I am much abused,  
Or by this light I think I am a wife!

*Ro.* O cruel man! husband unnatural!

*Al.* Aye, that is the word—husband! Is't not  
so?

*Ro.* You are the wife of Clarington.

*Al.* I know it!  
Tho' I have wandered dreadfully of late,  
I should know that!



*Ro.* His dupe, methinks, as well!  
A marriage forced,—the ceremony said  
To one unconscious of the words she heard!  
And utt'ring none! advantage taken, thus,  
E'en in the instant, of delirious terror!  
No nuptial rite performed—no priest ordained,  
As meet, to consecrate their union—  
Is binding neither in the eyes of God  
Nor man, I think.

[*Aside.*  
*Al.* Husband! Oh, how that name  
Melted like music once upon mine ear!  
Well, I am wife at last—*his* wife! but how?  
Deal justly with me—didst not know the terms?  
I think you witnessed all—even life for life!  
He saved my life! then what could I do less—  
When 't was so stated, and you know it well—  
Than give the life he saved, to save the life  
He would have lost for me? Would *she* have  
done it?

*Ro.* She?

*Al.* Aye, she, she! whom should I mean  
but she!

My mind is full—my memory overcharged—  
Somewhat oppress'd—but it must be a blank  
Or ere her image is forgot!

*Ro.* There is  
Some horrid meaning in her words!—Surely  
He's not the wretch could do it?

*Al.* Rosine, I  
Did love him—my rising heart!

*Ro.* Nay, nay, come—  
Your mother waits; a messenger, perhaps,  
May bring us tidings.

*Al.* Tidings! and from whom?

*Ro.* From Clarington.

*Al.* Oh, do not kill me quite!  
Let me forget—I feel I cannot live;  
They've bound me in a rack—cruel deception!  
But why should he have practised it on me?  
Next to his life, his love I valued most!  
How dear to me, this marriage, and the grave  
It has dug for me—they will speak, when lips  
That spoke in vain shall speak no more.

*Ro.* Almeida!

*Al.* He made a slave, a very wretch of me!  
In thinking of him, I forgot that Heaven  
Denounced the sinful passion that would make  
An idol out of perishable clay,  
And all my prayers, my hopes were given to him!  
My very senses were transferred to his,  
Till all I saw and heard, and felt and knew,  
Their character and color took from him!  
To him I owed my life—a double debt;  
For till I knew him, I had known no life!  
I lived, I breathed but in his presence—nay,  
His least of wishes were commands with me;  
He knew it, and—oh, most unnatural!  
To turn the weapon 'gainst the hand that gave,  
The false shaft feathered from the breast it wounds!

*Ro.* You speak of Clarence! has he, then,  
deserved

The language of reproach from you, Almeida?

*Al.* I am a woman, and a woman's tenderness  
Defeated, leaves the heart so full, that words—  
But let me not upbraid him—'tis too late!  
To throw himself away upon a wretch—

*Ro.* What mean ye?

*Al.* Why was it concealed from me?

I knew it not, who should have known it—cruel!  
Cruel, cruel—

*Ro.* Upon my life, there is  
Some strange delusion or deception here!

*Al.* I saw her! with these eyes I saw her—oh,  
Would that the sight had blasted them for ever!

*Ro.* Saw! Whom?

*Al.* His mistress! Clarence' mistress! Aye,  
I think that word needs no unravelling.

*Ro.* Clarence' mistress?

*Al.* His mistress! In that cave  
I saw her, and—

*Ro.* O love and jealousy—  
Twin sisters ever!

*Al.* Clarington knows all.

*Ro.* Clarington!

*Al.* Yes, he.

*Ro.* Did Clarington say so?  
*Al.* Too well he knew it! and too well, but now,  
His brutal nature turned it to account.

Rosine, could you have heard the terms—

*Ro.* Why, aye—  
I see it now! could heart of man conceive it?

*Al.* Well, go on?

*Ro.* Falsehood and fraud combined—the tie  
Which means like these conspired to form is void!  
The wretch! remorseless, double traitor!

*Al.* He is  
My husband!

*Ro.* He is a villain! The woman  
You speak of is a mistress, but—

*Al.* But what?

*Ro.* Not Clarence' mistress—nay, start not—his  
honor,

And the deep villainy of Clarington,  
Are subjects, neither, for surprise.

*Al.* Now, prithee,  
Deal justly with me.

*Ro.* Listen, then, Almeida.  
How those poor outcasts in that cave found shelter,  
Is briefly told. The lost, unhappy mother,  
Deserted by the wretch who had betray'd her,  
With scarce a shelter for herself or child,  
By accident or instinct, sought this shore,  
When suddenly—her mind impaired—she thought  
She saw pursuing her the man who now—  
His selfish passions wanting other field—  
Had in the tyrant merged the traitor's arts;  
Impelled by terror or despair, she grasped  
Her child, and madly plunged into the sea!  
The rest I need not tell. Her life she owes  
Even to him on whom this miscreant  
Thus seeks to fix a twofold shame that's his.

*Al.* Oh, dupe, dupe!

*Ro.* This story, framed to back his threat  
'Gainst Clarence' life, stamps him, indeed, the fiend  
I always took him for.

*Al.* Aye, the light breaks—  
Oh that the darkness had usurped it yet!

*Ro.* And Clarence lived a monster in your  
thoughts!

*Al.* Better so, than—being what he is—to know  
The thing I am! Then lead me to him.—I  
Here merge the wife, but am the woman still.  
Hear me, and be the witness of my vow:  
Never—and by yon listening Heaven I swear it!—  
Will I receive, or yield, the rites he claims;  
But, as I am a stranger to his love,

So will I live a stranger to his name.  
And now my heart feels ten times lighter ! lead,  
Lead me to Clarence.

*Ro.* Oh, Almeida—  
*Al.* Ha!

*Enter CLARINGTON.*

*Cla.* It were not meet, fair lady ! Courtesy  
And usage both forbid. Let him seek you !  
I've heard your pious resolution. Hence !

[*Exit ROSINE.*]

Degenerate wanton ! own it to my face ?  
But let me not forget myself too far.  
Disperse these fumes of folly from your brain,  
Or they will wake you to a dreadful sense  
Of your condition.

*Al.* I deny the right  
You claim to counsel or command. I am  
Sole mistress of myself.

*Cla.* I cry you mercy !  
The projects of that fertile brain of yours  
Might laugh the subtle casuist to scorn,  
And shame Cumea's oracle itself !  
Foolish woman, 'tis time that you were taught  
A wife's first lesson's to obey.

*Al.* I scorn  
To yield obedience to a wretch, who could  
Forge a vile lie to gain a viler end,  
And soil that honor which he never knew.  
My hand is free, my heart is freer still :  
The last you never had ; the first, obtained  
By falsehood, and a vow I now perceive  
You ne'er designed to keep, is mine again.

*Cla.* By Heaven, you tempt me to abuse myself,  
And to use violence where I am pledged.  
But have a care ! my object was to save  
Your honor, and the credit of a name  
Which accident—your shameless passion—

*Al.* Hold, sir !  
And let me tell you that that passion lives,  
In its first ardor, unabated—far  
Above the meanness or the insolence  
That seeks to slander it.

*Cla.* You speak this well !  
Poor simpleton ! your footing is infirm !  
'Neath ev'ry step you take, there's hidden fire !  
Pause, ere it burst and blast you !

*Al.* Let it blaze !  
But though your hand, I know, would light the  
torch,

Even as the Indian smiles upon the stake  
With the last effort of expiring nature,  
My lip would scorn, my soul defy ye still !

*Cla.* Indeed ? Then let his blood attest that  
boast !

And did your faith so far exceed your sense  
Of the deep workings of a human heart,—  
Nay, the common suggestions of plain caution,—  
As to suppose the pledge I gave to save  
That villain's life would be redeemed ?

*Al.* Ha ! my life  
Has been a dream, I know, since that fell hour  
I gave my hand to Clarington—a fiend  
Had conjured up all horrid images !  
Terror and doubt usurped each struggling sense—  
And even now those visions float before me !

*Cla.* Dream on ! you have been wandering in  
a world

Of soft illusions, doubtless ! Let me not  
Dissolve the charm !

*Al.* You pledged your faith,—I think  
Your words to me gave earnest of a hope,  
A nation's honor would protect the brave ?

*Cla.* The brave ? Poor paltry coward ! I've  
denounced

The runagate !

*Al.* O Clarington, you would—  
You could not do it ?

*Cla.* The rebel's death shall ease  
The rebel's life. Reward has been proclaimed—  
His head is forfeited !

*Al.* Have mercy, sir !  
As a man, a soldier ! I do implore,  
Upon my knees I ask it—spare his honor !

*Cla.* By Heaven, I never saw her look so like  
An angel ! Honor, life—both rest with you !  
Are you prepared to purchase them on terms  
Such as I may name ?

*Al.* Never ! and I despise  
Myself for the humility which thus  
Could bend to ask a boon of Clarington.

*Cla.* Ere thrice three suns have set, his head  
shall roll

A lifeless ball, frail woman, at your feet ! [*Exit.*]

*Al.* O villain, villain—to ensnare me thus !

Clarence' life forfeited—his life, his life !

O Clarington, in mercy hear me ! I—  
By Heaven, I will not shrink from meeting it !

*Enter ROSINE.*

Where's Clarence ?

*Ro.* In a safe retreat, some leagues—

*Al.* Talk not to me of safety—what retreat ?

*Ro.* The Highlands that look westward from  
the bay.

*Al.* Wounded perhaps, and hopeless, there he  
lies !

Farewell, Rosine ! if we should meet no more,  
Sometimes think of me ; nor let evil tongues  
Be over-busy with Almeida's fame ;  
And so, farewell !

*Ro.* O Heaven ! and goes my friend  
Where danger, death, perhaps, awaits her steps ?

*Al.* The purpose of my soul is fixed—no words.  
The blessings of the good be on you, ever !

*Ro.* This comes of thee, O Clarington !—What  
now ? [*Exit.*]

*Enter a Servant.*

*Ser.* The Lady Walsingham is taken ill.  
Her daughter and yourself are summon'd straight.

*Ro.* Then hasten, and recall her—nay, it is  
Too late ! Lead on. Alas, my poor Almeida !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE : The Highlands of the interior.

*Enter GERALDIN, leaning on WOLFERSTAN.*

*Wol.* Are you hurt, sir ?

*Ger.* Nothing—a mere scratch.—The day  
Is so far with us. By Heaven, Wolferstan,  
I never felt the touch of fear till now,—  
Aye, in the heat of battle I grew cold !

And when I rais'd my arm to smite the foe,  
It fell, as falls the blasted branch, and wither'd—  
I saw my brother!

*Wol.* Your brother, Raymond?

*Ger.* Did you not see him? Could you not have known

The gallant port of a Milesian? Aye,

*My brother!*

*Wol.* Said they not that he had left  
For England? But I do remember, now,  
A gallant gentleman, with morion clos'd;  
Twice on my sword he madly rushed, and twice,  
From a strange impulse I could not resist,  
I spared his life.

*Ger.* My brave friend! and did you so?  
[*A distant shout is heard.*]

*Wol.* That cry is from the field, and from our men!

*Ger.* Then Clarrington has rallied, and renewed  
The fight. Place him before me, Heaven! 'tis all  
I ask. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter, from the opposite side, Soldiers, leading in* RAYMOND.

*Ray.* Thanks, thanks. Here let me lie—to  
rise no more!

Where is Geraldin? Is he safe?

*Sol.* But now

He was.

*Ray.* How is the day?

*Sol.* 'Tis turn'd against us.

But you have got an ugly hurt, sir?

*Ray.* Go,

Seek your leader, he may want your services.  
When the fight's over, tell him Raymond waits  
To see him.

*Sol.* Raymond Geraldin, sir?

*Ray.* Aye.

*Sol.* It is his brother! Come along, my friend.  
[*Exeunt.*]

*Ray.* Well, Clarence, our sun has set, my brother!  
It had a cloudy rising, and hath sunk  
In storm at last! 'Tis somewhat early—yet  
Too long! To see thee thus, with all thy youth,  
Thy worth, thy valor, and thy gifts of mind,  
Impell'd—but my tongue's parch'd! In any cause,  
Save this, to've died, had made the earth whereon  
I lie—

*Enter* WOLFERSTAN.

*Wol.* Look up, sir, your brother will be here  
Anon.

*Ray.* I hear your voice, but cannot see you.  
Are you from the hills?

*Wol.* Where all is lost, sir!

*Ray.* Aye, lost! Does Clarence live?

*Wol.* Heedful but of you  
He hastens hither, bringing you relief.

*Ray.* And to himself brings death! This is no  
place—

*Enter* GERALDIN, attended by a Surgeon.

*Ger.* Raymond! my brother! how is it with you?

*Ray.* Thank you, sir, I'm easier now. Is he not  
come?

*Ger.* Here, here! Can you not feel my touch—  
do you

Not know my voice?

*Ray.* Ha! my brother! Yes, well!

A little nearer yet—

*Ger.* Is there, indeed,

No hope, Raymond?

*Surgeon.* He cannot survive long.

*Ger.* Leave us alone, then. Not your tyrant's  
chains

Can bind me to this spot with half the power

My soul confesses in these bonds of death.

[*Exit Surgeon.*]

*Ray.* My head's too low. Will you not raise it?

*Ger.* Ah,

There is hope yet!

*Ray.* Is that Clarence?

*Ger.* My brother!

*Ray.* Nay, Clarence, life ebbs apace! I have  
not felt

Your hand for many a day.

*Ger.* Can you forgive me,

Raymond?

*Ray.* There's nothing to forgive, my brother:  
Something to regret! I could have wished—

*Ger.* Your

Brother had not been a wretch!

*Ray.* Nay, Clarence, that

Cuts deeper than the sword! Add not, beseech ye,

Another pang—but tell me—that surgeon—

How—your life, Clarence!—bring him here—I  
may—

A dying man, perhaps—support me, while—

O Clarence!— [*Dies.*]

CLARRINGTON *abruptly enters, attended by a Guard*  
of Soldiers.

*Cla.* Thus treason, ever, like a two-edged sword  
Doth wound itself! Poor gallant youth! Bear you  
The body hence. Surrender, sir, or die!

*Ger.* Your valor doth take counsel of discretion;  
This meeting, else, to one or both were spar'd.

I am your prisoner, but equal, still!

*Wol.* How! are we betray'd!

*Cla.* Not so—your lives are spar'd;

We visit not his sins upon your heads.

*Ger.* Thee I despise. If there be treachery,

I am the victim. Pass you, sir, this list.

Now I am ready. I will see thee yet!

[*To* WOLFERSTAN.

*Wol.* I hear a woman's voice! It comes this  
way!

ALMEIDA *rushes in.*

*Al.* Safe! safe! Are you safe, my Clarence?

*Ger.* My love!

*Al.* Oh, I had nearly given all—Clarrington!

What do these here?

*Ger.* A tyrant's wonted instruments.  
My poor Raymond's gone!

*Al.* And Clarence is betray'd!

*Ger.* An honest traitor, love! All may be well!

*Al.* Is't done, at last! By Heaven, you stir not  
hence!

*Ger.* You must not hang about me thus.

*Cla.* The time

Is urgent. Tear them asunder!

*Ger.* An' if  
They must, I've thinn'd your ranks but now; and  
still  
Can wield a weapon brighter than their blades!  
[*Snatching a sword from WOLFERSTAN. Soldiers*  
*pause.*]

To fate, and not to thee, or these, I yielded.  
*Al.* Yielded! yielded! and unto whom? To  
thee?

Art thou the man? Give me a sword, and I  
Will search his heart, sooner than yield one inch  
Of earth whereon I stand!

*Ger.* Nay, be advised;  
My honor's pledged!

*Cl.* Soldiers, advance!  
*Al.* Stand back!  
Approach him not! If he must go, he goes  
With me. Your honor's pledged, you say?

*Ger.* Solemnly!  
*Al.* Then, sir, I am your pris'ner too! My foot-  
ing now  
Is firm! Lead on!

*Ger.* My matchless girl!  
*Al.* O Clarence!

[*Exeunt.*  
*Cl.* The meshes close them in—they're mine  
at last! [*Exit.*]

END OF ACT IV.

## Act V.

SCENE: The Castle.

*Enter ROSINE, followed by MAHON.*

*Ro.* A three-fold misery! what is to be done?  
*Mah.* That may be done which *she* should do—  
Almeida.

*Ro.* Alas!  
*Mah.* Let her acknowledge Clarington  
Her legal lord,—and such in sight of Heaven  
He is,—and —

*Ro.* What?  
*Mah.* That paper may be cancell'd!  
*Ro.* Oh, never! Justice will not have it so.  
*Mah.* As the gold weighs, so will the scales in-  
cline!

*Ro.* May Justice, then, be bribed?  
*Mah.* Or I'm no priest.  
*Ro.* Nay, let it have, for it *will* have, its way!  
And, trust me, but in this I see the hand  
Of Providence!

*Mah.* Give me the paper!  
*Ro.* Never!  
*Mah.* Art mad! What would ye do?  
*Ro.* Save Clarence' life!  
*Mah.* And kill your friend!  
*Ro.* O horrible! Why, why  
Was I reserved for this!

*Mah.* Tell her she's a wretch!  
A beggar! and a villain was her sire!  
Tell her that this will be proclaim'd! the world  
Will know it—and then bid her, lady, live!  
*Ro.* Clarence' life forfeited—a pardon may  
Be purchas'd! in that case, the means are his,  
By marriage with Almeida—and their loves

Death only can divide! to bear her hence,  
From this detested spot, and lead a new  
And happier life in her own Italy!  
I say the hand of Heaven's in this! 'twere sin,  
Beyond redemption, to avert it, then!  
This paper rests with me; and, tho' a dark  
And dismal scroll, upon my life, I think,  
'T will prove an instrument wherewith to work  
Good out of evil! I'll about it straight.

*Mah.* Stay! I have a strong conception—listen—  
Nearer—let me speak low—give me the paper!  
*Ro.* Ha!

*Mah.* Confusion! I tell you, you are mad!  
*Ro.* But not guilty! Let me see your face no more.

[*Exit.*  
*Mah.* Foiled by a babbling girl—whom have we  
here!

*ALMEIDA rushes in, her hair dishevelled, and fall-  
ing loose over her shoulders.*

*Al.* Save me! a father, and Heaven's minister,  
Here at your feet, and grovelling in the dust,  
I do beseech, I do implore you—mercy!

*Mah.* Her mind is gone! O Clarington, my son—  
Rise, rise. Mercy, say'st thou!

*Al.* The attribute  
Of all good men!—angels do love it—God  
Himself forgives it, even when it errs;  
The sinner's hope—the Christian's consolation—  
The poor man's refuge, and the rich man's crown!  
We all do need it! and the prince no less  
Than his least subject; the poor worm that crawls  
Would turn and ask it of the foot that crushes,  
As at *thy* feet I sue for—mercy, mercy!

*Mah.* What sanctions the appeal to me?  
*Al.* Heaven and earth

Do sanction it! deceive, evade me not—  
Thou art his father!

*Mah.* Girl! girl!—thou dost forget—  
His father! father, saidst thou? Why, *who* am I?  
*Al.* Oh, I do know it all! if there be sin,  
Show mercy, here, and thou wilt be forgiven!

*Mah.* Death of my hopes! I see her mother's  
hand

In this. Who told ye that I was his father?  
*Al.* Lips that are closed! as presently will be  
Those which now plead for one whose life lies at  
The mercy of thy son. But my soul wakes!  
Have I renounced myself? Have I forgot?  
Am I Almeida, and he Clarington!

He, he whom I—O mockery and madness!  
My brain was wrought upon—'tis wild—inflamed!  
A wretch has bound it with consuming fire!  
But 'tis not *yet* consumed! and prompts me now  
To tell ye that should make ye tremble—wretch!  
I will denounce you! and expose the fraud  
Which you have practised—drag you to the light,  
And show the world the monster in the man!

*Mah.* And dost thou threaten me? thou, *thou*!  
Why, then,

Suppose I say thy sire was a villain!

*Al.* Ha!  
*Mah.* A murderer!

*Al.* O God!

*Mah.* And what art thou?  
A beggar doubly! thou hast fairly lost  
That which was foully won! Th' estate reverts

To a convicted felon! Fortune, thus,  
And life at once are reft! and thou threaten'st me!  
*Al.* I've heard thee, but my soul's above the  
terror,  
And scorns the weakness which thou wouldst  
inspire.

I cannot share the guilt, though at my heart  
The grief must lie, of deeds done ere the light  
Had visited these eyes. And poverty  
Has terrors only for the ignoble mind;  
It teaches proud humility to those  
Whom better gifts have counselled higher aims  
Than the mere world can give, or take away!  
The foul and false reproach which you have dared  
To cast on one as far above you raised—  
As yon high hill, that looks upon the sea,  
Outtops the paltry mound that lies beneath,  
Is as the cloud that girts that self-same hill,  
Upon whose height now streams the setting sun!  
Hence from my sight—it sickens at your presence.

*Mah.* 'T will sicken at a sight more loathsome  
yet!

All your fine fancies are fine fallacies;  
And if they save him, may I lose myself! [*Exit.*]

*Al.* Death shall unite us, then! Cold bonds, my  
Clarence!

Your life's embarked upon a stormy sea,  
The last sail's shivered, and we sink together!  
And must he perish? Oh, can nothing save him?

*Enter CLARINGTON.*

*Cla.* Nay, I can save him, an' it please ye so!

*Al.* His life were safer with the bloody law,  
Than in your wolfish clutches.

*Cla.* You will not  
Have him live, then?

*Al.* Not upon terms would bring  
Dishonor to his life. If he must die,  
'T were better to die nobly, than live basely.

*Cla.* How if compliance, lady, with the terms,  
Rests with yourself?

*Al.* Name them! and if my life  
Can purchase the conditions, take it!

*Cla.* Nay,  
If you will call it purchase, why, a price,  
Lighter by half the beads that old priest counts,  
May buy the boon withal.

*Al.* What is't ye mean?

*Cla.* Doubt darkens in your eyes—I read them  
well!

And can you not read mine? There is a touch  
Would tell more eloquent than words! these lips  
Were made for pressure—

*Al.* Gracious Heaven! and have  
I lived to suffer this?

*Cla.* Pleasure panting lies  
Upon the virgin velvet of these leaves,  
Like roses melting in their own rich dews!  
Let me imbibe—

*Al.* Villain! upon your life!

*Cla.* We are alone! no mortal step is near—  
Resistance is in vain—this form—

*Al.* O Heaven!  
Mercy you denied another—show it me!

*Cla.* Nay, it is too late! your chamber lies  
Hard by—that self-same couch shall hold us both,

From which you dared discard me, to give place  
To one who never can ascend it now!

*Al.* O mercy! mercy, Clarrington! no help—  
No hope—Ha!

*MAHON suddenly enters—she rushes to him—and  
sinks into his arms.*

SCENE: The inner room of a prison.

GERALDINE alone.

*Ger.* Well, my poor Raymond! 'twas in hope to  
save

My life, that you surrendered up your own!  
The sacrifice, my boy, was scarcely worth  
Thy gallant nature, and its love to me;  
And not a pang could rend my bosom here,  
Permitted the proud privilege of thus  
Dying for thee!—had the last link that bound  
My soul to earth been severed in thy death!  
But as it is—why, what's the world to her?  
O fatal hour that brought her to these shores!

*Enter ROSINE.*

*Ro.* Not so! not so—it was a blessed hour!  
Nay, look up!

*Ger.* Rosine!

*Ro.* Aye, even Rosine,

*Ger.* A merry face in such a place as this  
Is something strange! Where is your friend, Rosine?

*Ro.* We'll talk of her anon; but first—now,  
truly,

Can you not guess? O yes! I know you can!

*Ger.* Am I relieved?

*Ro.* Nay, more! From England comes  
An act which doth obliterate the past,  
And new appointed power to heal our wounds;  
An act conceived in wisdom richer far  
Than that which doth decree the block and axe.  
Behold the instrument that sets you free!

*Ger.* Your words are as a dream! But, tell me,  
how

Should you have gain'd intelligence of this,  
And not Almeida come to greet me too?

*Ro.* She knows not of it. I've a world to say,  
And will explain—

*Ger.* But not till we've found her!  
She hurried hence in hope of gaining that

Which thou it seems hast gained before her!  
Thanks, thanks!

It is no common courtesy that tells

Ye so. Now let us hasten! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE: The shore beneath the Castle.

*Enter CLARINGTON and MAHON.*

*Mah.* For special reasons I've abstained from  
telling

The story of thy birth till now. She threatens  
To expose it to the world, and I must flee  
This castle.

*Cla.* The means shall amply be supplied.  
In a few hours my regiment recrosses  
The channel, and we straight embark for Spain.  
I've reasons, no less urgent than your own,



For hurrying hence; and caution may secure  
Retreat. My second officer conducts  
The march, and under him the men embark.  
I must depart alone.

*Mah.* Those lights are from  
The castle. There seems some stir—and voices  
Sound, I think?

*Cla.* It is the wind, that, pent among  
The various crevices of these old rocks,  
Doth utter accents almost human! There  
Is a safe lodge, some few leagues hence, where you  
May wait the morning's light. Till then, farewell!

*Mah.* Ere I depart, I would conjure you, never,  
By all that good men love, and bad men fear,  
Attempt again an act that will not brook  
Reflection! I see the passions that do rage  
Within your breast, and know your nature stern;  
But do not shake off all humanity!  
And at some future hour, I know full well,  
You'll thank the intervention that preserv'd  
Her peace and honor, and, to that extent,  
Stood 'twixt you and perdition! Black enough  
Already is the catalogue against us!  
Add not another sin to those which now  
Ensnare our feet, and clog th' immortal hope!

[*Exit.*  
*Cla.* A good speech, and a repentant father!  
Faith, when *he* minds, the Devil shall turn psalmist!  
'S death! to be filed thus by a dotard's scruples,  
Even at the moment when my fortunate stars,  
Propitious smiling were about to crown  
My scheme of love and deep revenge with triumph!  
And it *shall* triumph! A feller purpose now  
Usurps my soul: what *I* cannot enjoy,  
*He* never shall possess! I'll seek her straight;  
Her doom—identified, it seems, with his—  
If I mistake not, ere another sun  
Has set, is sealed!

[*Exit.*

SCENE The Castle.

*Enter* GERALDIN, followed by ROSINE.

*Ger.* Once more, with step that falters not, I  
tread  
My father's halls, and me! By Heaven, Rosine,  
I've known the hour, though then a beardless boy,  
When the brisk dance, the song, the revel loud,  
Sent up their echoes to the silent sky,  
Which seem'd as listening to the sounds of earth;  
Whilst happy faces, and lit hearts, where love  
Had lit contagious madness thrilled the scene!  
We're not so old, but we can thread the maze  
Where pleasure, devious Guile! leads again!  
But where's Almeida! 'Tis a dullard—lags,  
And pours his glass but heavy, where she  
Nor plumes his wing, nor prompts his hand to  
pledge  
Rapid libations to the golden ours!  
Her absence touches me—'tis strange! Rosine,  
Go seek thy friend, and tell he Clarence waits!

*Ro.* A heaviness I can't dispel comes o'er me!  
Joy reacts upon the heart like grief,  
And leaves it worn.

*Ger.* Talk not of grief! let joy,  
Life's mistress and her queen, have her full sway!  
By Heaven, you droop! I will it have it so.  
Why is this?

*Ro.* 'Tis very childish—I'm ashamed  
At showing so much weakness; she will come  
Drest up in smiles, that will disperse these clouds!

[*Exit.*

*Ger.* As rising in the east, the moon unveils  
And hangs her silver crescent in the sky,  
Dimming the stars, till darkness flies the light,  
And the broad heaven expanding leaps to life,  
And laughs above the world!

ROSINE returns.

Rosine! how's this?  
Where's Almeida? What's the matter—speak!  
*Ro.* I scarce know what to say, or what to think.  
*Ger.* How, have you not seen her? is she not  
here?

Or is she dead, that you torment me thus?

*Ro.* She lives, and I have seen her,—but—

*Ger.* But what?

*Ro.* O Clarence, something dreadful's happened  
here!

*Ger.* In tears!  
There's meaning in them, and 'tis fit I know it.

[*Exit.*

*Ro.* In a strange tone of grief and mixed defiance,  
She bade me leave her! said she knew 'twas false,  
Clarence was dead! and I was come to join  
With the foul fiend who had pursued and pierced  
Her brain with fire, because he found she sought  
To save the life of a poor wretch she loved!  
That fiend is no creation of her fancy;  
I think I've seen him, and should know him well—  
His name, and nature: Clarington's the first,  
The second is the fiend!

[*Exit.*

GERALDIN returns.

*Ger.* And have I escaped  
From want and peril, and a dreadful death,  
And all for nothing! It was her despair—

*Enter* a Servant.

*Ser.* A letter, Sir, from Clarington.

*Ger.* Clarington  
Thou dost remind me that the villain lives!  
What of him?

*Ser.* This letter, Sir, is from himself.

[*Exit.*

*Ger.* Aye, 'tis his hand. [*Reads.*]

"I entreat to see you. Matter of much moment  
depends on your compliance. In the mountains,  
where treachery compelled you to take refuge,  
upon the spot where fell your brother, you will  
find me. Bring no witness of our meeting, and  
lose no time.

CLARINGTON."

*Ger.* Matter of much moment, and from Claring-  
ton!  
There is a blow suspended over head,  
Will dash us both to pieces!

[*Exit*

SCENE: The Highlands.

CLARINGTON alone.

*Cla.* The current of my life, which, headlong  
ever,  
Had left no pause for thought, pauses at last!

Its course, though often broken, hurried on,  
 O'erleaping all impediments,—till now,  
 The source from whence its waters were supplied.  
 Failing, the stream ebbs; and here this bank,  
 Where all things perish, wither, and dry up,  
 The recollections of the place accord  
 With all around, and that which is within!  
 A fitting couch of final rest for him  
 Whose paths were not of peace, tho' pleasure led!  
 False guide! thou hast betrayed thy trust, and lured  
 My steps from whence they never can return!  
 Curse on the weakness which unmans me thus!  
 Are all thy boasted powers, Clarrington,  
 Reduced to this? Art thou a thing so lost—  
 Aye, lost! beyond redemption here—denied  
 The hope which doth anticipate hereafter?  
 Would he were come! This purpose cannot cool,  
 But 'tis a pang protracted, and my brain  
 Is scorched to cinders!

*Enter GERALDIN.*

*Ger.* Clarrington!

*Cla.* Who's there?

Oh, aye—I wished to see you—pardon me.

*Ger.* The time is urgent—you will then be brief  
 In what you have to say.

*Cla.* How like a god

He looks! whilst guilt has made a fiend of me!  
 Clarence Geraldin—I lack courtesy,  
 But 'were to mock the time with phrase of form.  
 You see before you one whose life must end  
 Ere you depart; but I would spare my soul,  
 Already clogged too much, the blood that must  
 Be shed!

*Ger.* You'd have me take your life? first state  
 The plea would justify the act?

*Cla.* Almeida!

The blow has struck him, and it will recoil!  
 Now, whilst the lightning flashes from your eye,  
 And your hand grasps, as 'twere, the bolt to strike,  
 'Tis fitting that I tell ye, ye are both  
 My victims!

*Ger.* What mean ye, villain?

*Cla.* The tongue,

Whose triumph 'tis to announce, even to your face,  
 Your fate, ne'er faltered yet to living man!  
 And firmly now—aye, firmly as my soul  
 Pursued its deep resolve—tells ye, that she,  
 Who, but for your base workings, had been mine,  
 And never can be yours! lies low in th' embrace  
 Of a deceptive, but a certain, death!

*Ger.* Clarrington!

*Cla.* Hatred of thee—and thou must own,  
 If just, that debt to be immortal!—conjoined  
 With the fierce flames her beauty kindled here,  
 Backed by a motive yet more powerful  
 Than all her charms, conspired to destroy her!  
 Take up your sword—you should know how to  
 use it.

I watched my time—alone within her castle—  
 By no attendants guarded—all absorbed  
 In thoughts which for their object had your rescue  
 From an impending death, which she believed  
 Might momentarily o'ertake you—e'en of this  
 Did I avail myself, and from the trunk  
 Of a detected villain, severing  
 The head, hideous and disfigured in the blood

That spouted o'er my garments, I rushed in  
 Upon my victim, bidding her—"Behold!  
 Clarence Geraldin smiles on you, Almeida!"  
 She shrieked! and falling lifeless at my feet,  
 A subtle poison to her lips conveyed  
 Accomplished her destruction! f'r, be it known,  
 Of that same venom, by these hands prepared,  
 The exquisite and peculiar quality  
 It is, first to take captive the prone mind,  
 And then to kill the body!—Do I triumph?  
 That mind is now oblivious of life,  
 And that sweet body tott'ring to the tomb!

*Ger.* Devil! but my sick soul recoils from thee!  
 I would not take thy life—thou shouldst not die—  
 No, live! death is a boon too rich for thee.

*Cla.* And yet, methinks, it is *thy* only refuge!  
 A thing so beggared and despised as thou  
 Shouldst shun the light!

*Ger.* I do survey thy form  
 To see if it be human! but though he!  
 Temper thy sword, will I essay its mytle!

[*They fight—CLARRINGTON is slain.*]

*Cla.* Curse on thy arm! but short-lived is thy  
 triumph!

If thou hast conquered me, I yet have crushed  
 Thy hopes! Though dying, it is his to know  
 Thou art my victim.

*Ger.* Thou art gone, who shouldst  
 Have lived! whilst life, and that which bath the  
 power

To curdle years, long years, into one brief  
 But bitter hour—remembrance—clings to me!  
 My poor Almeida—now! [*Exit.*]

SCENE returns to the Castle.

ROSINE, watching ALMEIDA.

*Ro.* She sleeps! and, after such a storm, how  
 calm

And beautiful is rest! At times, methought,  
 The name of Clarence trembled on her lips,  
 And then a smile, so bitter—still they smile!  
 The cheek is faint, and yea tender bloom  
 Touches its damask, such roses shed  
 Over the marble, or as autumn leaves  
 Upon the blasted fruit—not natural.  
 She wakes! Almeida, how is it with you?  
 Turn not away, it is Rosine who speaks.

*Al.* Rosine!

*Ro.* Oh, what a vice was there! Clarence,  
 My dear Almeida, com'—won't you speak to him?

*Al.* He was all goodness, and I know his death  
 Was happy!

*Ro.* Nay, his not dead—torture!

*Al.* Why take me out of the grave? Clarence  
 lies

Low in the ground! 'Twas not well done that they  
 Should take him from me.

*Ro.* Even now he comes—  
 Oh, scene more terrible than death!

*Enter GERALDIN.*

Speak to her;

She thinks you dead! and turns away from me,  
 When I would deceive her.

*Ger.* Almeida!

[*Kneeling, and taking her hand.*]

*Al.* That voice!—it is a sound so fine, so like  
A voice I loved—so musical! not death  
Itself can steal its magic from that tongue!  
Oh, speak again! There's been the live-long night  
A demon howling at my heart! but those  
Rich sounds, so silver sweet, have scared the fiend!  
*Ger.* Clarence Geraldin speaks to you, Almeida.  
*Al.* 'Tis false! ha! thou'rt the fiend! and fiends  
can take

All shapes, and with the tongues of angels mock  
The damned! Art not ashamed, being immortal!  
To clog the dying hours of a poor, frail  
Creature thus?

*Ger.* Spare me this agony. [*To ROSINE.*]

*Al.* In tears! and dost thou weep for me!  
Ha! now  
Thy form is changed again! O God! let me  
Look on thee well—Clarence? [*Dies.*]  
*Ger.* Speak thou, I cannot.  
*Ro.* What avails it? *She* will speak no more!  
*Ger.* Dead?  
*Ro.* Dead, Clarence!  
*Ger.* And so early?—Aye—quite dead!

*He bends over the body, and the curtain falls to  
solemn music.*

END.

## THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW ON FREEDOM OF TRADE.

[CONCLUDED]

FROM THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW OF FEBRUARY, 1851, WITH REPLY.

### FREE TRADE.

#### CHAPTER II.

We proceed to the examination of the "HARMONY OF INTERESTS." Here our task would be a light one, if we had to deal only with the writer's figures. Their correctness and the unsoundness of his theory are not compatible. It is even possible that the results are all exact, and not one of them referable to the facts, with which they are either concomitant, or which they follow in order of time. He must have been impressed with this opinion and afraid of it; for he goes a step farther, and assumes, that the results must be what in reality he has attempted to prove they are, as an inevitable consequence founded on one of nature's immutable laws. Bearing this proposition in mind as that which we have finally to controvert, we at once take up Mr. Carey's tables in the same order he has himself given them. His object is to prove not alone the prosperity of the interest protected by a tariff, but the general prosperity of the country; which, according to his argument, progresses or retrogrades in the same ratio as protection to particular interests rises or falls. With this view he divides the time between 1820 and 1851 into six unequal periods. They are as follows:—

First. The period between 1820 and 1830, as exemplifying the working of the tariff of 1816-'24.

Second. That between 1829 and 1835, as exemplifying that of 1828.

Third. That between 1834 and 1841, as exemplifying that of 1834.

Fourth. That between September, 1841, and June, 1843, as exemplifying the revenue duty then to come into operation.

Fifth. That between June, 1843, and June, 1847, as exemplifying the tariff of 1842.

Sixth. That between 1847 and 1850, as exemplifying the act of 1846.

A table is affixed, giving the average amount of imports during these six periods. It is offered in proof of the most difficult of Mr. Carey's results, namely, that the people consume most of taxed produce when it is most taxed. Of the two first periods, he gives the result thus:

For the nine years beginning with 1821, and ending with 1829, total consumption.....	\$508,000,000
Annual average.....	56,400,000
Average, per head, of the population.....	\$5
Average population.....	11,247,000

The second period, including the years 1830 and 1834, is given in detail:

1830.....	\$55,500,000.....	Rate per head, \$4.32	} Population, 13,698,000
1831.....	81,000,000.....	6.10	
1832.....	75,500,000.....	5.51	
1833.....	88,000,000.....	6.20	
1834.....	103,000,000.....	7.08	

Let us test this arithmetical reasoning so far. No authority is given for the figures, except the census for which the treasury reports are vouched. For the rest, Mr. Carey alone is responsible. But no matter; at present their correctness is assumed; and taking them as we find them, we shall see how far they sustain his conclusions. We give that which has reference to these two periods:—

"The facts derivable from an examination of the above accounts, are as follows: First, that the amount received from foreign nations, in exchange for our products, largely increased during the existence of the tariff of 1828."

This large increase, to mean any thing, must be in comparison with the increase during the preceding period. And, at the first look, the result would seem to justify the assertion in that sense. It only *seems*, however. The fact is exactly the reverse. Let us see how this is so. First, the comparison is unfair, inasmuch as the first period extends back into a remote time, when the resources of the country were almost in their infancy. The comparison, to be just, should be with the five last years of the first period. Secondly, the average of the two periods should be given, or the particulars of each. Thirdly, even taking the average of the first period, and Mr. Carey's own figures, he actually miscalculates in his own favor. The total is \$508,000,000. This divided by 9, according to our calculation, gives a product of \$56,444,444 and a fraction, instead of \$56,400,000, making a difference of over \$44,000.

We have no statistical tables before us, and we are too much pressed for time, to consult them at the present moment. Consequently, we cannot convert his average into its particular items; but we can take the average of his yearly table in the second period. We find it to be \$80,600,000, yielding a consumption per head of \$5.30. Here we have the "great increase." According to our mind, it is a beggarly increase; and, contrasting the two periods in other respects, no increase at all. But there is no disputing tastes. Mr. Carey may regard it, in the language of Lord Brougham and Vaux, as *prodigious*, "an he will." Let us, meantime, proceed to the next period, the examination of which may, possibly, enlighten us on this question.

Mr. Carey gives us only the average. He states it thus: Total, \$684,000,000; annual average, \$97,700,000; amount per head, \$6.02; population, 16,226,000.

In this case, as in the former, Mr. Carey presents to view two figures: one, \$7.08, representing a single year of his prosperous period, and the other, \$6.02, representing the average of the declining period. But the average of the prosperous period is actually only \$5.30; and, keeping the two averages in view, let us read Mr. Carey's conclusion, and wonder. Here it is:—

"Secondly, that the amount so received diminished greatly in this period."

Certainly, if between \$5.30 and \$6.02 he discovers a great diminution, he must regard the increase from \$5 to \$5.30 as too big for any plain English word to express. But why take the average? 'Tis for Mr. Carey to say. He is now precluded from asserting that he can show a continual increase in the periods of prosperity or high tariff. Who knows that the same continual increase does not occur in the other periods? If the particulars be useful and requisite in one case, are they not equally so in the other, and vice versa? But, be it remembered further, that the periods do not actually correspond with the tariffs which they illustrate. He avows this, and justifies it:—

"It will be observed, that I have placed 1829 in the first period, and 1834 in the second. It is not the passage of an act that produces change, but its practical operation; and the first year of the existence of a new system, is but the sequel of that which is passing out."

No doubt; but, in some instances, this piece of abstruse wisdom would amount to the following proposition: MEN BUY IN LARGELY, IN ANTICIPATION OF LOW PRICES. Such is its import, exactly applied to his facts. But it serves the argument to place 1834 in the second period. It supplies him with his largest figure, and he uses it for the purpose of a double fallacy. Now, suppose we change the order, placing 1829 in the second period, and 1834 in the third. The result would then stand thus, assuming 1829 to give the same amount as 1830:—

Second period, total, \$355,500,000; annual average, \$71,100,000; rate per head, \$5.12, of which \$6.02, Mr. Carey's average for the succeeding period, is, according to him, a great diminution.

But to refer once more to the averaging one period, and giving the details of the other, let us see if we can discover any other possible motive. It has been shown that 1834 yielded the highest figure; and the highest figure was necessary for that period. But notwithstanding, it would not have the highest figure, if the separate years of the next period were given. 1836 was the year of largest consumption since the discovery of America. For that fact, Mr. Secretary Corwin is the authority. In his report of this year, he says:—

"The past year has been exceeded in amount only by the year 1836; and, if the official figures could be made to represent the true cost of the imports of the former year, even 1836 would, it is believed, not be an exception. The imports of the first quarter of the present year show an increase of more than \$18,000,000 over the corresponding quarter of last year, indicating an importation, for the current year, greater, by many millions, than the imports of any previous one."

Before passing further on, it may be as well to contrast this citation with a prophecy announced by Mr. Carey on the faith of one of his inevitable results. It is contained in the following:—

"Seventh. That the amount of debt, incurred in the last two years, must tend to produce a further diminution in future ones."

Reader, dear, contrast this fact and prophecy, and decide for thyself. According to the prophecy, the past year, 1850, was to be that of most diminished consumption; according to the fact, it is that of most increased consumption. It is well nigh time to give up this table: yet, dry as it may seem,

it is exceedingly seductive. What blue-devil could withstand the beautiful solution of the fourth period? It begins in September, 1841, and concludes in June, 1843, and is applied to test the working of the tariff which was to come into operation in 1842, but actually never did come into operation at all. Mr. Carey writes as if some special tariff law was passed in 1841. To explain what really took place, a brief historical resumé is necessary.

There were, in place of five periods, as given by Mr. Carey for the operation of the tariff of 1828, in fact, eight periods, in each of which a distinct tariff operated. Thus, the tariff of 1828 came into operation September 1st, 1828, and continued in operation to March 3d, 1833, when considerable reductions took place in duties on most goods, and on a long list the duties were removed altogether. At the same time this important change took place, viz., that instead of paying cash for duties, merchants were allowed to give bonds for the amount, payable in three and six months—thus enabling the importer to sell the goods and realize the proceeds, before he paid the money for duties to the government. This was in March, 1833. In December of the same year, the "compromise tariff" took effect, under which linens, silks, worsteds, rail-road iron, and a large number of other articles, were made *free*; and the same law provided for *biennial* reductions of duties, until, in July, 1842, no duty should exceed 20 per cent. Thus this law provided for six reductions, each of which operated as a distinct tariff. The law was not, however, carried out in good faith, as far as the free articles were affected. In September, 1841, 20 per cent. duty was imposed *forthwith* upon most of the articles made free in 1833. And this operated one year, until August, 1842, when the fraudulent tariff of that year was imposed. That tariff continued to operate until December, 1846, when the present tariff came into operation. We have now, to test Mr. Carey's principle, constructed a table of the average imports per annum for each of these periods; also the average duties, and showing the average per cent. of those duties upon the dutiable imports, and their average upon the whole importation. It will be observed that all the property which comes into the country, whether taxed or not, is in payment for some property sent out of the country, and returns generally come in the shape which will pay best. The table will show the very large proportion which arrived as *free* goods. All the figures are from official reports, as follows:—

Tariff of	Imports specie.	Free goods.	Dutiable.	Duties.	Duties per Total average Duties total Per cent. of imports. av'ge imports. cent.			
1829-33, 5 years,	\$35,843,393	48,862,281	373,062,394	146,193,078	39½	91,541,629	29,238,615	32
1834-35, 2 "	31,043,079	115,294,594	133,798,401	44,851,432	33½	138,298,537	22,426,716	16½
1836-37, 2 "	23,917,298	137,389,213	169,662,749	48,952,459	28½	165,484,636	24,476,229	14½
1838-39, 2 "	23,342,292	113,919,505	128,547,739	45,257,359	32½	137,904,718	22,628,679	16½
1840-41, 2 "	13,871,446	109,344,429	111,571,961	35,042,283	31½	117,543,848	17,512,141	15
1842, 1 "	4,087,016	26,540,470	69,334,601	16,622,246	24	100,162,087	16,622,246	16½
1842-46, 50 months,	37,362,569	79,134,645	304,872,155	101,551,633	33½	101,130,084	23,895,204	23½
1847-50, 43 "	40,397,694	59,939,417	482,228,103	115,678,052	24	162,570,756	32,282,244	19½

The first period was five years, embracing the entire operation of the tariff of 1828, except for the last half of 1833, when, under the law of that year, from March 3d to September 30th, many goods came in free. Under that tariff of 1828, nearly all the goods were charged with duty, and the average charge was 39½ per cent. The duty averaged, on the whole importation, 32 per cent. On the 1st of January, 1834, the first reduction under the compromise took place, and also at the same time the remission of duties upon silks, &c., &c. The import of free goods, for the two years, was very large, nearly equalling in amount, those which paid duty, while the average duties declined 6 per cent.; and the average tax upon the whole importation was *one half* what it was under the tariff of 1828. In the next two years, viz., 1836-37, the speculative spirit culminated and retrograded. The second *biennial* reduction, which took place January 1, 1836, reduced the average duty from 33½ to 28½, and the duties averaged, upon the whole importation, but 14½ per cent. This arose partly from the fact, that in the depression of 1837, those goods which bore the highest tax could not be sold, and only the free and low taxed goods could be imported profitably. In 1838-39, the reaction took place, credit sales were renewed, and the high taxed goods, under the third biennial reduction, found buyers. In 1840-41, the fourth reduction in duties took place, and the general average tax was 15 per cent. In 1842, the 20 per cent. tax on goods before free was imposed, with ruinous effect. The importation of free goods declined \$28,000,000, from the average of the two preceding years, and the taxed goods only increased \$13,000,000. Merchants who had ordered goods under a law making them free of duty, found them taxed 20 per cent. on arrival; and in January of that year, the last and largest reduction, under the compromise act, took effect. In September, 1842, the tariff of 1842 began to operate, after one month's interregnum. That is, in July, 1842, no duties were higher than 20 per cent. Thirty days after, the tariff of 1842 raised the average to 33½ per cent., the same as in 1834, on dutiable goods, and the average tax on the whole importation to 23½. That tariff lasted 50 months, to December, 1846, when the present tariff took effect, and operated 43 months, to July, 1850, and has yielded an average of 24 per cent. on dutiable goods, or 19½ on the whole importation, or 3 per cent. less than that of 1842.

The reader of this tariff sketch will now be able the better to understand Mr. Carey's honesty, in embracing the year 1834 in his second period, which was designed to support his assumption that people buy more goods when they are taxed the highest. As we have stated, the law of 1832 came into operation in March, 1833; and as the fiscal year ended September 30, one half the year 1833, and the whole of 1834, was under the operation of that law. In order to show the precise operation



of the law, we have made a table of the duties under the tariff of 1828, and as modified by that of 1832, on leading articles, and given the quantities of those articles imported in 1830, and in 1834, as follows:—

	Imports in 1830.	Duties of 1828.	Imports of 1834.	Duties of 1832.	Reduc'n of Duties
Blankets,.....	\$594,044	35 per cent.	\$1,068,065	5 per cent.	30 per cent.
Worsted Goods,.....	1,397,545	35 "	5,055,121	25 "	10 "
Silks,.....	5,932,242	25 "	10,998,961	7½ "	17½ "
Tea,.....	2,425,015	12a50 cts. per lb.	6,217,949	free.	12a50 cts.
Coffee,.....	4,227,021	5 "	8,762,657	"	5 "
Sugar,.....	4,630,922	3 "	5,558,162	2½ cts.	½ "
Fruits,.....	520,275	3 "	1,218,000	free.	3 "
Iron, (bar).....	2,273,612	1-12 per cent.	3,781,837	90 cts	22 "
Iron, (pig).....	25,644	62½ "	270,325	50 "	12½ cts.
Hemp,.....	279,743	3-00 "	514,743	2 00 "	1 00 "
Cocoa,.....	137,453	2 cts per lb.	299,117	free.	2 cts. per lb.
Molasses,.....	995,776	10 cts per gal.	2,989,020	5 cts.	5 cts.
Spices,.....	467,723	6a100 cts per lb.	493,932	free.	6a100 cts.
Oil Cloth,.....	2,596	25 cts per yd.	27,328	12½ cts.	12 "
Total,.....	\$23,899,614		\$47,241,187		

In addition to these articles, very many others were made free, and on still others, the tax was reduced. The whole dutiable importation of 1830 was \$58,130,675. The list we have given comprises 40 per cent. The effect of the reductions is apparent. It will be borne in mind, also, that the Gold Bill of 1834 promoted the importation of that metal. The general effect is seen in the following table, showing the consumption of foreign goods in these years:—

	Specie.	Free goods.	Taxed goods.	Total.	Taxed goods, per head.
1832.....	\$1,727,829	7,247,896	68,330,956	77,306,681	5.00
1833.....	4,458,667	20,578,517	63,258,392	88,275,516	4.61
1834.....	15,834,874	40,125,025	47,245,632	103,208,531	3.40

Now, it is observed, that the increased consumption of imported goods, in the last eighteen months of Mr. Carey's second period, arose altogether from an important modification in most duties, and a removal of others. Yet he had the temerity to parade that increased consumption of free goods, under the tariff of 1832, as a consumption of taxed goods, under the tariff of 1828. It is apparent, that no little labor is requisite to expose the gross fabrications with which the whole book abounds; and they are of such a nature, that few have the means of exposing them.

Mr. Carey was aware of the facts, or he was not. If the latter, he wrote in ignorance of his subject, and a not over-harsh criticism would pronounce him a quack. If the former, the sangfroid of the following deserves a still more disagreeable name:—

"That the amount so received was still further and largely diminished under the strictly revenue clauses of that bill," (the compromise.)

What we have said of the act of '32 applies equally to that of '46. It became well known in 1845, that it was in preparation. Merchants informed anticipated it. It became the law in 1846, and the large transactions which Mr. Carey credits to the tariff of '42 were undertaken in contemplation of it. Thus his highest figure, his strongest argument, as far as this table is concerned, is a palpable fraud. In the previous year the increase is less than 15 per cent. In '46, '47, it was over 25 per cent. Naturally enough there was a decrease in the next year, owing to the market being so glutted.

The deductions for debts contracted abroad have little to do with the point. Except Mr. Carey, there is not a man in the Union who could not trace these debts to far other causes. And, even if it were not so, the object of the table being to show the power of the country to consume it, is enough, if the goods were purchased in the market here. That there would naturally be a larger consumption where there is a less price to pay, would seem self-evident. But Mr. Carey's logic contradicts it, on no better ground than that extremes meet, and that paradoxes alone are reliable truth. If his periods were chosen and adapted to the question, in good faith, it could be easily shown that there were countless circumstances which affected our imports besides the amount of the tariff. But the periods are so determined; years are so taken from one and added to the other, with sole reference to the result; every fact needful for that purpose is so supposed, and every deduction so assumed, that it is difficult to treat his reasoning with any thing but contempt:

"Hickory, pickory, my black hen,  
She lays eggs for gentlemen,  
Sometimes nine and sometimes ten,  
Hickory, pickory, my black hen."

Mr. Carey may feel indignant at being referred to the nursery for an illustration. Nor have we the least disposition to speak of him with levity. But remembering the unerring accuracy with which a clever little girl would apply our quotation, so that begin with what playmate she may, let the number be what it would, she would be sure to escape having the last word fall on herself. We could not resist its appositeness to Mr. Carey's periods. With him, too, the last word—the evil consequence—is sure never to fall on a protective tariff. Our original purpose was to follow him through the entire of his calculations, bring them within the narrowest compass possible, with the view of showing that even

though the calculations were correct, the conclusions were in a great measure fallacious. Nor, though the errors were not a few, and always made in his own favor, if they could possibly be traced to accident or an incorrect view, should we deem them damnable of his book. But with every disposition not to be harsh, we cannot follow him from chapter to chapter, every where meeting the same fatal taint. One table more we shall here refer to—the emigration table—it is as follows:—

1830	-	27,153	-	1834	-	65,336	-	1845	-	102,417
1831	-	23,074	-	1835 to '41	-	67,520	-	1846	-	147,251
1842	-	45,287	-	1842-3	-	88,133	-	1847	-	224,742
1833	-	56,547	-	1844	-	74,607	-	1848	-	229,402

This table is given according to Mr. Carey, with the view of showing how far the wages of labor tended to invite the people of foreign nations to come and reside among us, and thus does he announce the result:—

"We see here a large increase from 1830 to 1834, followed by a gradual diminution, until we reach 1843, after which the rise is very rapid."

"On a former occasion, I stated that immigration was not affected by changes of policy, until after the lapse of more time than was required for other of the subjects we have had under consideration. A change tends to raise or depress the value of labor—to raise or depress the price of men—and after a rise has been effected, men come to offer their labor for sale. It will be seen that the number in 1831 was less than in 1830, and that it was not until 1834 that it rose. With the exception of 1831, it continued to rise until 1836-7, when it reached 78,483, after which it fell. In 1842-4, it felt the effect of the disastrous year, 1842, and the number was only 74,600, and it was not until 1844-5 that it began to grow rapidly. At the present time it is large, because of the great demand for labor in the years that have passed."

The difficulty here is, where exposure is to commence. Let us take the fallacies in the order in which they occur. First, we have this assertion, "the number diminished gradually from 1834 to 1843." But the figures—Mr. Carey's own figures—say it increased. Here they are: 1834, 65,333. Average from 1835 to 1841, 67,520, "gradual diminution," quotha; average 38-42, 76,000, "gradual diminution,"—critical, figurative, statistical Mr. Carey: 1842-3, 88,133. The average fails to serve its proper purpose in this instance. But Mr. Carey is not satisfied with committing a palpable error. He undertakes its exposure himself, and commits another and a worse one. It was necessary to have recourse to an axiom, and one is invented, though it be a positive refutation of the foregoing facts and figures. Here it is in brief: "A change of policy does not affect immigration until after the lapse of some time." Thus, he says, "the number was higher in '31 than in '30." Marry, it was; but what that proves, unless the very opposite to his philosophy, we cannot divine. Here is the syllogism: The higher the tariff, the higher the figure of immigration. The tariff was highest in 1828, therefore the immigration figure must be higher in 1830 than in 1831. This looks rather awkward, but then the axiom remedies the defect. Time is required for the operation of the spell. Aye, in truth, but here it works like the crab's motion, backward. But though missing '31, it takes effect again in '32, and becomes more and more potent up to '37, increasing in the same ratio as the square of the distances. But it was not in fact till forty-four, the disastrous act of 1834 could check it. Then it yielded to the influence, and the very next year the tariff of '42, by a sort of leap-frog process, began to act, when the increase once more became rapid, and since then, and in consequence of the impetus it at that signal era received, it goes on with the most alarming rapidity, although the cause ceased in '46. But Mr. Carey anticipates a diminution soon. No doubt, and more especially if we have a new tariff in this year of grace and protection, 1851. We remember once being in a court of justice, where three sages meditated in ermine and horse-hair—Scraggs, Snaggs and Sambo will represent them as well as any other names. Scraggs had keen wit and deep learning. Snaggs was sagacious and accurate. Sambo was light and windy. A gnarled piece of law was under dissection. Sambo spoke first. He was long, luminous, and he thought unanswerable. Snaggs differed from him in every thing, and was curt and cutting. When it came to Scraggs to decide, he gravely said, "I agree with brother Snaggs for the reasons given by brother Sambo." Possibly Mr. Carey could discover whether the case applies.

Although, reasoning *a pari*, we might credit the prosperity of the country as far as that is evidenced by a largely increased immigration, to the approach made towards the principle of Free Trade in '46, we are by no means disposed to avail ourselves of so questionable an argument. The wages of labor have been, we know, an inducement to some, yet the number comparatively has been very trifling. Many causes have tended to swell the tide of immigration. Revolutions proscribed some in all the countries in Europe, but want of bread whole races. Men came here for shelter, and men came here to die. The halt, the maimed, the blind, were among them. Of all the thousands, amounting to nearly one million, who left Ireland since the potato blight, what one man, or woman, or child, calculated on the wages he or she was to receive in these States? The attempt to fly was through every step a struggle with death, from whose very gripe they were escaping.

We pass from the tables. It is a great relief. In the remainder of the work there is more room for fancy. If an error be encountered, it is pleasant to be able to trace it to a fallacy instead of a fraud. The argumentative part of Mr. Carey's book consists of sixteen chapters devoted to the proof of the service which is rendered by protection, to production and consumption, to commerce, to the quality of production and machinery, to the increase of population, to the machinery of transportation, to the farmer, to the planter, to the land-owner, to the manufacturer, to the capitalist, to the laborer,

to the slave, to the currency, to the cause of peace, to the exchanger, to the social condition of woman, to morality, to the development of intellect, to public credit, and to liberty. How each of these interests is affected, depends in a great degree on the tables, of the accuracy of which we have given a specimen. We now cite two assertions, from Mr. Carey's deductions, connected with the tables given above. They are to be found in chapter 4, p. 2:—

"If now, we examine the period between 1834 and '42, it is impossible to avoid being struck with the fact, that the power to consume foreign products not only did not increase as domestic production diminished, but that it was *actually less in quantity than under the system of protection.*"

And again:—

"We adopted a course that we were assured would raise the wages of labor, but *immigration ceased to grow. So it is now.*"

It will be remembered we have proved, that comparing the two periods before and after 1834, of one of which he only gives the average, and of the other the particulars; the average of the period of diminishing protection was 6 : 02, and that of the high tariff period was 5 : 30. But this is the rate per head of the population, which is more favorable to his position. The actual average consumption by the year is \$80,600,000 for the prosperous period, and the actual annual average for the other period \$97,700,000, after deducting a debt of \$170,000,000 which he was not strictly entitled to deduct. And here are the figures to which he is reckless enough to refer in proof of the allegation, that the consumption was *actually less in quantity*, under the lower duty, than under the protective system.

Again, as to immigration, he says it has "ceased to grow;" and in the same page, "immigration is *diminishing.*"

Who doubts it? Yet the table says, that between 1844 and 1850 it more than doubled. But speaking of immigration in another place with the table under his eye, he says, "at the present moment it is large;" thus in words and figures distinctly and unmistakably contradicting himself.

Having thus established the incorrectness of the tables and the fallacy of the reasoning, as far as both have been tested, and having incontestably shown that both are self-contradictory, we dismiss them. But ere taking up the other protectionist authorities, we are tempted to compare for a moment Mr. Carey's two books. In his first book, page 115, he says:—

"England is the richest nation in Europe. . . . A continuance of the system which is now in course of being pursued, will lead, if even the experience of the last few years has not already led to the conclusion, that the judicious employment of labor and capital begets a market for both. The railroads that have been made, have caused the absorption of both, which in its turn produces a demand for new roads, and they produce a demand for labor. Wages rise and houses are wanted, and coal and lime, and marl, and clothing, and the demand for labor and capital again increases, and thus on and on, each producing and produced by the other, with a constantly augmenting wealth, and constant improvement of condition."

Let us add to this the corroborating view of the able Secretary of the Treasury:—

"With a profound conviction of their truth, I repeat the opinion and words of my predecessor on this vital subject, in his annual communication to the Congress at the last session: 'All history shows that where are the workshops of the world, there must be the marts of the world, and the heart of wealth, commerce and power.'"

One glance now at the other side of the picture. We present it as we found it in Mr. Carey's other volume, Chap. 13:—

"But the fare of the man who is expected by his labor to develop year after year the agricultural resources of England, is little better than bread and water, the fare of the condemned cell. . . . Contrast his condition with that of the slave in the Southern States of America. In Virginia, the great slave State, it is seldom a day passes, that the slave does not eat butchers' meat of one kind or other; in England he eats it perhaps once a week, and not always that. In addition, when the slave is old and infirm, he has a claim on his master for support; in England, when the laborer is disabled, or loses his work, he must starve, or as the alternative, become a vagrant, or the recipient of a formal and organized charity."

This is rural England. Now for a peep at England in the great heart of the kingdom, in the heart of what Mr. Corwin designates as the centre of wealth, commerce and power—we cite from Chapter 20:—

"The greater portion of these poor creatures, (the needle-women of London,) living as they do far beyond the social state, resort to prostitution as a means of eking out a miserable subsistence. Whenever the pressure threatens their extension, then they turn into the street, and pauperism runs into inevitable vice."

And lo! here is a glimpse at the manufacturing districts:—

"The direct tendency of the existing monopoly of machinery, which it is the object of Free Trade to maintain, is towards barbarism. It drives hundreds of thousands of Englishmen to abandon mothers, wives and sisters, and barbarize themselves, while a large portion of those who remain behind are too poor to marry, the consequences of which are seen in the immense extent of prostitution, and the perpetual occurrence of child murder."

This is truly simple-hearted. Mr. Carey demands protection, and on the faith of his picture which he presents as the result of the highest protection which exists in the world. If the sentence read,

the monopoly of machinery which *protection has produced*, it would state a fact, instead of assuming a consequence, and it would state it truly. Is not the "work-shop of the world," which presents to the gladdened eye of Thomas Corwin, the realization of this very monopoly of machinery? Let no man mince the matter, it is the precise object which protection contemplates; and here is the result,—it makes man a barbarian and woman a prostitute.

But all this is to be changed after the following fashion. Mr. Carey's system has for its end, among other benevolent objects, that of raising wages abroad. He would elevate the savagery and vice of other lands by inviting hither its excess. And as an inevitable result, a time will soon come when Europe can find ample employment for its own hands. "Excellent, I' faith." We need immigration, says Mr. Carey; therefore let us betimes take such measures as will check it for ever. A suggestion occurs to us which we have not time or space to follow out; but which, if we could attend to it, would afford infinite amusement in this season of merriment. It is to cull some scores of Mr. Carey's contradictions, and give them by way of square readings. They would present as pretty a specimen of the "concordia discors" as need be desired in the very heart of New Harmony—the identical consonant jumble which inspired Pope's famous paradox:—

"All discord, harmony not understood;  
All partial evil, universal good;"—

wherewith we take our leave of Mr. Carey, wishing him a thousand years to enjoy his dream of universal harmony.

"Dū tibi dent annos nam dele cetera sumes."

In dealing with the Wh'g Review, few words only are needed. The reason is, we scarcely think the writer had in view the inculcation of a protective tariff, or any tariff at all. His chief aim is to show that "Free Trade" in the mouth of England is only a cabalistic word, and in its application by her to international policy, covers a swindle. This we feel no inclination to deny. That she robs whomso she can, without scruple, remorse or mercy, we are not to gainsay. Nay, that her arrogant pretensions to freedom of trade, freedom of institutions, and liberality of laws, is a massive solid juggle, we are ready at any time to assent to. And furthermore, it needs no seer to inform us, that in free commerce she will have the balance of advantage at her side, if force or fraud avail her. But the question is, whether Free Trade, in its most comprehensive sense, or a high protective tariff, is more calculated to compel justice at her hands; or rather, (for that is at best subordinate,) would the one system or the other insure the greater amount of prosperity and happiness to the citizens of the republic? In one instance the propriety and policy of protection is more plausible. 'Tis when we are compelled to it as a measure of retaliation. But this is the exception, and not the rule. If I am driven to the wall, and the assassin's knife is at my throat, I strike him down, and justly; but this does not sanctify the shedding of human blood. We will suppose a case. If the States impose a tariff on cotton goods, knives and forks, wrought iron and every other article of British manufacture, England, in self-defense, would be justified in imposing a similar duty on our products, and turning all her attention and energy to the production of the same articles in her eastern or Australian colonies. No doubt she would do so under such circumstances. It may be a losing game, but play it she should to the very last card. So the United States, under similar circumstances, even though obliged to convert her farmers into miners, and smiths, and bellows-blowers, might pursue such a war of mutual material injuries.

But the question here is, whether the general prosperity of the United States would be benefited by giving the capitalist a premium at the expense of labor—giving to money a further advantage over the thew, and the sinew, and naked hand of the working man? The example of England shows that the people at large would suffer. How far Ireland and India (and this country, while a province) have been laid bare and desolate, in their helpless state of dependence, is beside this question, and it must be determined on its own merits. But the Reviewer states, Dec. No., page 647:—

"We have erred a little from our fair path, to exhibit, in its true colors, a short history of a plot, for baseness and hypocrisy unexampled in the annals of mankind. May it not be without exciting those who read it to careful thought on that country, in whose teeth every man with fat on him seems privileged to throw an insult; may it not be either without exciting the reader to consider, whether the policy whose results we have been describing is *not actually practised towards this country, with results less only in degree?*"

The policy described is that adopted by England against Ireland, the most nefarious in the annals of national plunder. For proof of its application to this country, we must refer back to the former number, where we find it in the shape of an exceedingly amusing and able illustration. It begins page 524:—

"Johann Bool's store is filled with merchandise of all kinds: fine cottons of the handsomest patterns; shoes ready made, and of all shapes and sizes; beautiful penknives; Britannia metal spectacles with shagreen cases; every thing, in fact, saleable, as manufactures, but no food.

"Opposite to this is the quiet cottage of a worthy cobbler, who, besides knowing his trade, has a small garden producing cabbages and stuff sufficient for his family. He can make shoes if he likes, and has made great numbers of pairs of shoes for the villagers before Mr. Johann Bool stocks the store opposite, but now getting lazy, he determines not, and needing a pair of shoes for his own feet, he takes a different way of coming at them besides making them, and bringing several baskets full of his best cabbages, carrots, &c., over the way, where every thing is *so* cheap, there barter them for a pair of shoes."

The process whereby the cobbler is brought to ruin in his exchanges with Johann, is detailed with critical minuteness, and wonderful power and tact. To ruin he does come inevitably, as every lazy dog of his kind ought. But so marvellously well hung together is the story of his fate, that one could not for worlds cut it short by a word. The cobbler is the hero of the epos, and 'twere a thousand pities to tear one rag from his idle carcass, until his proper destiny had been fulfilled. Even now that he is properly "laid out," we are not disposed to interfere with the propriety of the last rites. Let the libations be poured out, and the adieu be spoken. Even then we feel loth to say, his fate only applies to illustrate the familiar maxim, "ne sutor ultra," &c., and not at all to the operation of free trade. The true illustration would be, a kitchen gardener or ploughman becoming metamorphosed into a cobbler. Free trade says, Let every man pursue the avocation for which he has capacity or natural aptitude. Protection says, Let men be compelled to pursue that for which they have least aptitude, and from which they will have least return. The cobbler's fate would actually illustrate the working of the corn laws in England, but to the operation of the principles of free trade it has not the most remote application; if any thing, it proves the reverse of the position of the writer. An episode in the epos is Johann's carrier boy, nibbling the carrots and cabbage-heads. This is laughing through the philosophy of Mr. Carey with a vengeance. Who that reads it can fail to see the wisdom and appropriateness of his objection to the cost and consumption of the machinery of exchange? Nowhere could it be better illustrated than in a great romance or grand epic, of which wonderful invention is the topmost excellence, and in no epic could it be dealt with by an abler master hand. But when we compare the carrier boy, no matter what he represents, with the calibre and capacity of the American marine, he is signally dwarfish and singularly unsuited to the purposes to which he is applied, namely, to be the common carrier of the raw produce of America, and the manufactured products of England. One glance at our ships or the docks of Liverpool ought to allay this alarm for ever.

We are now come to the grand proposition of the Protectionists, philosophically announced by Mr. Carey, and practically enforced by Horace Greeley. It is this, that the prosperity of a people consists in having the consumers and the producers side by side with one another, and that it is the first duty of Government, through the operation of the excise, to realize that result.

This involves two inquiries: first, What would be its practical operation? and secondly, How far is it possible?

H. Greeley tests the first by an illustration. He calls it his strong point, and assumes that it is incontestable,—"*American Laborer*," page 278. He takes two neighboring towns, Londonderry and Lowell; and two periods, one without and one with protection, and thus shapes his equation:—

First period, Londonderry buys 1000 yards of cloth at	-	-	-	-	-	\$4,000
Second do. do.	-	-	-	-	-	\$5,000
Loss to Londonderry by protection	-	-	-	-	-	\$1,000

"But this is one side. Here is the other:—"

First period, Londonderry sells	Second period, Londonderry sells
4,000 bushels Apples, - - - \$500	do. do. \$1,000
1,000 barrels Cider, - - - 1,000	do. do. 2,000
1,000 cords of Wood, - - - 1,000	do. do. 3,000
2,000 bushels Potatoes, - - - 500	do. do. 750
1,000 Turkeys, - - - 500	do. do. 1,000
1,000 bushels Corn, - - - 500	do. do. 5,000
<b>\$4,000</b>	<b>\$8,500</b>
	<b>4,500</b>
Loss to Londonderry on sales, - - - - - \$4,000	
Gain to do. on purchase of cloth, - - - - - 1,000	
	<b>\$3,500</b>
Free trade, - - - - -	

This calculation is grossly defective. It omits, in the first place, many of the necessities, and most of the superfluities of life. It omits, in the second place, to debit Londonderry with the increased cost of other excisable articles, such as silk, iron, tea, coffee, sugar, &c., &c., in each of which it gains a loss. But its main and fatal fallacy consists in the assumption, that there are no people in Londonderry but farmers and orchard men, and none in Lowell but cloth manufacturers. If the latter had no purchaser but the farmer, their accounts would be soon and easily closed; and if the former, on the other hand, were the only persons to devour apples and turkey pie, Mr. Greeley's prolific supply would serve them to the day of doom. But there are in fact multitudes of others in Londonderry and Lowell, whose interests are something, though not worthy a place in his consideration. Nay, these others are as nine to one of the population. There is the ploughman, and the milk woman, and the stable boy, and the orchard man, and he who presses the apples, and he who makes the press, and he who makes the barrels, and he who drives the team, and the carpenter, and the smith, and the tailor, and the milliner, and the millwright, and the small trader and the large, and thousands, too many to enumerate, to each of whom the enhanced value of apples and turkeys would be a loss instead of a gain; not \$1,000 to balance the \$1,000 lost on the cloth, but \$2,000 added thereto.



These people (surplus or refuse) all earn their bread by labor. The wages of labor either rise with the tariff, or they do not. If they do so as to purchase an equal quantity of cloth, apples, and cider, as when they were cheap, then the producers who pay them, instead of being gainers, must be losers. And if they do not, then the mass of the people lose the first \$1,000, or nine tenths thereof, and also the \$3,500 to the back of it. How much more they lose in the increased cost of iron, and the other excisable articles, we commend to Mr. Greeley's study.

The farmers of Massachusetts must have taken this view of the matter, or in perverse unbelief of Mr. Carey, they resist the seductions of the tariff, and tend notwithstanding towards the thin soils and barbarism. For thus stands the case in that region:—

MANUFACTORIES.					
	1840.		1850.		
Factories,	422 - - -	537 - - -	Spindles,	737,997 -	1,433,524
		422			731,997
Increase, -	- - -	115	Increase, -	- - -	695,587
AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS.					
	1840.		1850.		
No. of horses, cattle, sheep, swine, }					
bushels of grain, lbs. of hops, }	3,871,331	- - - - -		3,961,193	
tons of hay,				3,871,331	
Decrease, -	- - - - -				810,133

This is the agricultural prosperity which Mr. Carey prophesies from philosophy, and Mr. Greeley deduces from facts.

For his next illustration, Mr. Greeley selects Illinois—"American Laborer," page 357:—

Free trade gain on cloth, 500,000 yards,	- - - - -	\$250,000
Do. loss on wheat sent to a foreign market,	- - - - -	2,000,000
Protection gain on sale of wheat,	- - - - -	\$1,750,000
Do. loss on cloth,	- - - - -	\$2,000,000
		25,000
Net gain,	- - - - -	\$1,750,000

GOOD AGAIN.

"Gold, still gold, nothing but gold."

So sang Hood of the Kilmanseg household and Kilmanseg kine. Mr. Greeley travesties it into

"Cloth, still cloth, nothing but cloth;"

leaving every other article which the Illinois farmer would buy, and which a high tariff would enhance the value of at least 50 per cent. out of the account, and leaving out of it moreover and more unjustly, the thousands and tens of thousands, and in process of time the millions, who would wear cloth, and shoes, and hats, and want spades and shovels, and sometimes, God help them, drink tea and coffee, and carry over their heads an umbrella, and many who would raise cabbagees instead of corn, &c., &c., &c., ad infinitum. But we have laid this ghost before; and now suppose it out of view, is the benevolent wish of Mr. Greeley possible to be realized? He knows the old saw—you may call spirits from the vasty deep, but will they come?

And suppose he had the power to-morrow to insure them, to create, as it were by magic, a cotton factory in the heart of Illinois, is it to make long cloth for the State, or for the Union, or for the world? If the first, a single mill will suffice for one month in the year, that would give, let us suppose, an average of forty hands the year round. We certainly overstate in this. Well, granting that there are needed four other manufactories with an equal number of hands, which would give us an average of 200 hands, and allowing each a family of three, this would give 300 mouths to make a market for 5,000,000 bushels of corn. Think of that, Mr. Greeley.

But Illinois will manufacture for the Union. Then Massachusetts will refuse to take her goods, or buy her corn. And the Carolinas, too, will say, why not manufacture our own cotton? why not place the consumer side by side with the producer?

But Illinois will be a workshop to the world. If she can, let her; but let it be by protection, and the world will take care of itself. We are done.

Good reader, we bid thee farewell. Another time we may take the affirmative of our own position instead of the negative of our opponent's.

## THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEWER REVIEWED.

IN our last, we gave the first chapter of an article from our Democratic contemporary, professing to be a review of Mr. Carey's works. In doing so, we were in part actuated by the hope, vain as we fear it is likely to prove, that our neighbor might be induced to follow the example and copy our sayings, as we had done with his, thus enabling his readers, for once at least, to see both sides of the question. The second chapter is now given, and with it we renew our proposal that he should copy our remarks thereon, pledging ourselves to do the same by his rejoinder, and thus enable him, if he can, to convert our readers by the strength of his arguments, while fortifying his own in their political faith by exposing the weakness of those of his opponents. It is a fair offer, and should prove to him a tempting one; but we doubt greatly its acceptance, it being the rule of our free-trade, or British-monopoly, friends to keep their readers as much as possible in the dark as to what is said by any but themselves.

Before proceeding to examine either the contents of Mr. Carey's book here reviewed, or the facts and arguments of his reviewer, we desire to have our readers observe how perfectly this second chapter is in keeping with the first, already printed, of this admirable performance. In the one, a question of the highest importance was settled by a dialogue between a couple of negroes, while another and most important one was dispatched by aid of a bundle of potato-stalks. In that now given, Scraggs, Snaggs, and Sambo prove themselves equally useful in settling one great question, and the black hen and her chickens in disposing of another. We presume the editor correctly appreciates the understandings of his readers, and desires to have articles adapted to their capacities, and we have no right to complain if he is of opinion that such a mode of treating a great subject is the one best suited to their tastes.

Before commencing our review of the reviewer, we will briefly state the object of the book here said to be reviewed.

It has been shown that the whole English system which looks to establishing and main-

taining a monopoly of the manufactures and trade of the world, and is known by the name of free-trade, is based upon the supposition that there exist divine laws in virtue of which the return to labor diminishes with the growth of population and of wealth, producing a necessity for dispersion in quest of the rich soils of the earth. It has also been shown that the English school teaches the existence of another law of God, whereby of this diminished *quantity* obtained in return to labor, the land-owner or other capitalist is enabled to claim a constantly increased *proportion*, and, consequently, that the rich become daily richer, and the poor daily poorer and more enslaved; and it is to the almost universal prevalence of this idea in England and France that we owe the great prevalence of Radicalism, in its various forms of Socialism, Communism, and Red-republicanism. That such should be the case is not extraordinary, for the teachers of this system assure their hearers that wages can rise only at the expense of profits, and profits only by the reduction of wages, and that thus the true interests of the laborer and capitalist, the land-owner and his tenant, are invariably opposed to each other. It is, therefore, a mass of discords; for which reason we presume it is, that it is so strenuously advocated by the free-trade party represented by our Democratic contemporary, who advocated the invasion and plunder of Mexico, and who now sneers at the idea of aiding Ireland by peaceful means, assuring his readers that "if it be ours to speed the bolt of justice," we should, "in God's name, go right straight about it."\* His "voice is still for war," and he is ever to be found ready to commit wholesale murder in the name of God. That he should be so is due to the fact that he has been educated in the English school, which teaches that war, famine, and pestilence are the modes appointed of God for restraining population within the limits of subsistence.

Mr. Carey teaches, on the contrary, that the Divine laws, when properly expounded, tend to the production of harmony and

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\* See page 234, *ante*.

peace—equality and freedom—and that “all discord is harmony not understood.” He shows that the real law of distribution is directly the reverse of that taught in the English school, and that as population and wealth increase the return to labor increases, with constant increase in the laborer’s *proportion*, and that therefore the interests of all—individuals and nations—are to be promoted by the adoption of measures tending to the maintenance of peace and the promotion of the growth of wealth. The British system teaches the opposite of the great law of Christ. It would have each man do unto his neighbor as he would *not* have that neighbor do to himself, and therefore perhaps it is that it is so strenuously supported by our contemporary, who glorifies himself and his country in relation to our recent warlike deeds. The American one teaches that individuals and nations prosper precisely in the ratio of their obedience to that law; and as the British system looks to war and murder, it is scarcely matter of surprise that Mr. Carey and his doctrines should be unpopular with the learned Thebans engaged in the effort to sustain it.

In accordance with the idea that individuals and nations can thrive only at the expense of their neighbors, Great Britain has endeavored to secure to herself power to tax the nations of the world, by establishing a monopoly of the machinery for transporting and converting the raw produce of the earth, and the perfection of that monopoly is what is sought to be accomplished under the mask of free trade. She prohibited manufactures in Ireland, and denied to that country the exercise of the right to exchange its products except through the medium of English ports, English ships, and English merchants. She interdicted manufactures in this country, and thereby drove our forefathers into Revolution. She prohibited the export of machinery or of artisans to any country of the world. That done, it became important to prove that other people would only be impoverished by engaging in manufactures, and that in acting in obedience to her laws, they were doing that which was most for their own interest. Then it was that the systems of Malthus and Ricardo were invented, by aid of which it was shown that the farmers and planters of the world were great gainers from being *compelled* to forego the proximity of the artisan and the

manufacturer, and to send to her all their raw products, to be transported in her ships, converted in her looms, and returned again in her ships to the place of production, *minus* four fifths deducted for the maintenance of the British system of ships, colonies, and commerce. By the theory, it was the most fertile soil that was occupied by the colonist, and the more men dispersed themselves over the world in quest of such soils, the richer they would grow, and therefore Britain was rendering them an important service in interdicting them from the purchase of machinery that might lead them to give some of their labor to the making of cloth or iron. The theory was a good one, but it had a serious fault; and that was, that it was untrue. The more men dispersed themselves over the world—the more they were compelled to dispense with the habit of association with their fellow-men—the poorer they grew; for the farmer was everywhere compelled to exhaust his land by sending from it all its products, returning to it none of the manure, while losing all the cost of transportation back and forth, and wasting far more labor than would have been requisite for the conversion of his produce into the forms fitting it for consumption. The result is seen in the fact, that every country subject to the system has been, and is, becoming daily poorer—as witness Ireland, India, the West Indies, and Portugal. Every where, consequently, there is from day to day more felt the necessity for protection against a system so unnatural and so destructive; and wherever protection is adopted, wealth is seen to grow, as witness Germany, late the customer, but now rapidly becoming the rival of England in the markets of the world. In this country we have had two periods of protection, each of four years’ duration, but the system being denounced as “a waste of national capital,” and “a war upon the labor of the world,” Mr. Carey was induced, as he states in the first chapter of this work—*The Harmony of Interests, Agricultural, Manufacturing, and Commercial*—to examine into the operations of the last thirty years, with a view to ascertain whether under it there was an increase or diminution in the power of the laborer to obtain the necessaries, comforts, and conveniences of life.

“The one party insists [says Mr. Carey] that protection is ‘a war upon labor and capital,’ and that

by compelling the application of both to pursuits that would otherwise be unproductive, the amount of necessities, comforts, and conveniences of life obtainable by the laborer is diminished. The other insists that by protecting the laborer from competition with the ill-fed and worse-clothed workmen of Europe, the reward of labor will be increased. Each has thus his theory, and each is accustomed to furnish facts to prove its truth, and both can do so while limiting themselves to short periods of time, taking at some times years of small crops, and at others those of large ones, and thus it is that the inquirer after truth is embarrassed.\* No one has yet, to my knowledge, ever undertaken to examine all the facts during any long period of time, with a view to show what have been, under the various systems, the powers of the laborer to command the necessities and comforts of life. One or other of the systems is true, and that is true under which labor is most largely rewarded; that under which the laborer is enabled to consume most largely of food, fuel, clothing, and all other of those good things for the attainment of which men are willing to labor. If, then, we can ascertain the power of consumption at various periods, and the result be to show that it has invariably increased under one course of action, and as invariably diminished under another, it will be equivalent to a demonstration of the truth of the one and the falsehood of the other. To accomplish this has been the object of the inquiry in which I have recently been engaged."

He then proceeds to show what have been the different revenue systems of this period, and what has been the power of consumption in regard to coal, iron, cottons and woollens, flaxen and silken goods, sugar, tea, coffee, and various other commodities, domestic and foreign. Thence he goes on to examine into the effect of each system upon immigration, upon internal commerce as manifested by the increase or decrease of tolls upon the principal rail roads and canals, upon the power to maintain external commerce as manifested by the power to build ships and by the amount of imports, and finally upon the revenue and expenditure of the Government. The inquiry is a most extensive one, as our readers will readily perceive, and the result is that of showing, and in the most conclusive manner, that the power of consumption and the power to maintain commerce, internal and external, have in all cases grown with great rapidity under a system of efficient protection, while they have, as invariably, declined with each

and every approach towards the subjugation of the country to the monopoly system of Great Britain, which it is the object of our democratic reviewer to sustain.

The results of his investigation are thus stated by Mr. Carey :—

"Before proceeding further, I would urge upon the reader a careful examination of these tables, bearing always in mind the precise position of the question that is to be discussed. It is *admitted* by all that protection tends to increase the domestic production of the commodity protected. That, therefore, does not require to be proved. It is *asserted* that protection tends to raise the price of the protected article and to diminish the power of consuming it, whereas the removal of protection diminishes its cost and increases the power of consumption. That is denied, and *that it is which requires to be proved*. If this assertion be true, then the power of consumption must diminish with protection. We see, however, that the consumption of iron, of coal, of cotton, and of wool, increased with great rapidity in the years between 1830 and 1834, and in those from 1843 to 1847. If it be true, the quantity of men and things passing on the roads and canals, and the number of exchanges to be performed in our cities, should diminish with protection, whereas they increased with great rapidity in both of the above-named periods. If it be true, then it must reduce the wages of labor, and thus diminish the inducements for foreigners to come among us and occupy our vacant lands, whereas immigration increased with great rapidity under both protective tariffs. If it be true, then it must diminish our power to trade with foreign nations, and the inducements to build ships, whereas shipping grew with great rapidity in both those periods.

"If, now, we examine the period between 1834 and 1843, it is impossible to avoid being struck with the fact that the power to consume foreign products not only did not increase as domestic production diminished with the approach to free trade, but that it was actually less in quantity than under the system of protection. The building of furnaces and rolling-mills was stopped, yet we consumed less foreign iron than before. So was it with cotton goods, the import of which fell from above *fifty* millions of yards down to *eight* millions. We killed off our sheep, but the importation of foreign cloth diminished. We prevented increase in the domestic consumption of cotton, but shipping did not grow with the increased necessity for depending on foreign markets. We adopted a course that we were assured would raise the wages of labor, but immigration ceased to grow. So is it now. The building of cotton-mills is stopped, but our whole import of last year, in which we incurred a debt of twenty-two millions, but little exceeded a pound of cotton per head. We have closed furnaces and rolling-mills, but we consume far less iron than before. We have abolished the system that was regarded as "a war upon labor and capital," yet immigration is diminishing, and there is no demand for capital. Steam-engines are idle, and there is no demand for new ones, except for a

\* A person employed in the preparation of Government statistics inquired, on being asked to prepare some tables, what was to be the policy to be proved. "Why," said the other, "could you prove both sides?" "Equally well," said he.

few steam-vessels. Railroad tolls are diminishing, and steam-boats on the Western waters are idle. Iron is low in price, but it is not wanted. So is coal. So are cottons and woollens. So is almost every description of merchandise. The power of consumption is diminishing, because the demand for labor and capital has largely diminished.

"The power of the people to pay taxes for the support of Government is dependent upon their power to consume commodities that are taxed, and if protection diminished wages, it must of course diminish revenue; but when we examine the facts, it is shown that, notwithstanding a great increase of the free-list, the revenue increased under the tariff of 1828, and fell off so much afterwards that the Government was compelled almost to beg for loans in the markets of Europe. With the tariff of 1842 it grew rapidly, but with that of 1846 it is diminishing in actual amount per head, notwithstanding the purchase of more than twenty millions of goods on credit in a single year. If that debt were now called for, the revenue of the current year would not exceed that of 1842.

"The question to be settled is: 'Does the power to import grow with the diminution in the power to produce that follows the withdrawal of protection?' If it does, the facts must prove it. There is no question that the power to produce iron and cloth grows with protection. That is, as I have already said, admitted by all. Were it not, the facts prove it. The burden of proof lies, then, with the opponents of protection. To establish their system they must show that the power of production and consumption grows now as it grew three years since, and that it grew from 1835 to 1843 as it grew from 1830 to 1834."

Why should this be so? Why should the power to consume foreign merchandise grow with increase of duties? The answer is to be found in the fact that production grows under protection, and *the power to consume* grows with, and is dependent upon, *the power to produce*. The farmer who raises his own corn and potatoes will probably have some to spare with which to purchase cloth and iron, but the farmer who is obliged to buy food for his family will be likely soon to see his children in rags, and his plough in the hands of the constable. The nation which makes its own iron and its coarser cloths will have much to spare with which to purchase silks, but the one which purchases iron and coarse cottons will have little to spare, even for them. That such is the case may be seen by an examination of any country of the world. Under the operation of the tariff of 1842, the domestic production of iron grew from 200,000 to 800,000 tons, the domestic consumption of cotton grew from 268,000 to half a million of bales, and the domestic consumption of wool grew in almost like proportion, while the

domestic production of coal grew from one to three millions of tons, and production in every other department of industry grew with wonderful rapidity; yet we had more food, cotton, and tobacco to export than in any former period, the consequence of which was a vast increase in the demand for ships, and in the power to purchase commodities abroad. In the period immediately preceding the enactment of that tariff, known to all as the period of free trade and almost utter ruin to all the interests of the nation, the power to export our own products and to pay for foreign ones, and the demand for ships, diminished precisely as the domestic production of coal, iron, and cloth diminished. To explain why this has been, and must be, so—to give the rationale of the facts—is the object of Mr. Carey's subsequent chapters, in which are examined the modes in which protection operates upon the farmer and planter, the laborer and the capitalist, the operative and the master manufacturer, the ship owner and the large and small trader, the slave and his master, &c. &c.; and the result is a more thorough examination of the principle upon which protection is based, and a more complete demonstration that *protection is the true and only road to perfect freedom of trade*, than had ever before been given to the world.

Improvement in the condition of man depends upon the increase or decrease in the power to obtain food, clothing, and the other comforts and necessities of life. Increase in the power to obtain machinery to aid in the production of food, clothing, and fuel, is manifested by increase in the power to consume iron. These powers increase under the protective system, or they do not. *If they do*, there must be increase in the power to produce commodities to give in exchange for food, clothing, and iron, and as with every increase in the *amount of production* there is an increase in the *proportion* going to the laborer, it follows that there must be an increasing tendency towards equality and increase in the power of self-government, or democracy. *If they do not*, then the reverse must be the case, and protection must tend to deteriorate the condition of the laborer, to render him more dependent upon the capitalist, and to diminish his power of self-government. Here was a question of great interest for a *democratic* reviewer, and we might fairly have expected to see it ex-



amined with a gravity proportioned to the scientific claims of our opponents, and also proportioned to its own high importance. We pray our readers to bear in mind that these reviewers represent all the politico-economical science in the country—that portion of the community which treats as “fallacy” all that we are accustomed to believe, and regards ourselves as merely the representatives of the “obsolete ideas” of less enlightened times—and then to peruse, if even for a second time, the chapter prefixed to this article. They will there see that the great question of increase or decrease in the power to consume food, cloth, and iron—the true test of the condition of a people—is not even mentioned, and that the reviewer has limited himself to furnishing a vast quantity of figures in relation to the power to import foreign merchandise, the whole question of the well-being of the democracy being held to be quite secondary to that of the increase or decrease in the quantity of merchandise transported. Our contemporary thus blindly adopts the idea of the British monopoly school that a nation *must* be prosperous provided it employs ships and wagons which produce nothing, even though the people who should follow the plough, strike the hammer, and drive the shuttle, be deprived of employment, and compelled to dispense with food and clothing, as is the case with those of Ireland and India. In perfect keeping with the profundity of this examination is the beauty of the illustrations of the views of its author. Snaggs, Scraggs, and Sambo, negroes we suppose, are placed on the bench of justice for the purpose of deciding whether high wages do or do not tend to produce immigration from less favored lands; and the black hen and her chickens are introduced for the benefit, as we presume, of the grown children who yet believe that *freedom of trade* is to be attained by securing to Great Britain a *monopoly* of the manufactures and trade of the world.

The absence of every thing like freedom of thought among the advocates of what is called free trade is among the most remarkable circumstances within our knowledge. The great blunder of the whole Manchester system of political economy is that of insisting that the labor of the man who *carries* the grain is not only as productive of the necessities and comforts of life as that of the man

who *produces* it, but even more so; the work of transportation being more advantageous than that of cultivation. Hence arises the very vulgar error that the prosperity of a nation is to be measured by the quantity of things that pass backward and forward. If India be decimated by repeated famines and pestilences, consequent upon the enormous taxation of England, the amount of its exports in payment of those taxes is produced as evidence of the prosperous condition of the people. If the people of Ireland be compelled to invest all their accumulations, small though they be, in the English funds, because of the absence of employment for them at home, their exports are increased thereby, and the amount of exports is produced as evidence of the improved condition of the country. If we become impoverished, and consume less of our own home-made cloth, the exports increase, and that increase is produced as evidence of our prosperity. All this is certainly absurd as well as false, and yet our free traders copy slavishly the ideas of the Manchester school, and persist in seeing in the amount of transportation the sole evidence of the improved or deteriorated condition of our people. It is really time that they should begin to think for themselves; but that they can never undertake to do while they continue to sustain a system which requires that they shall *dodge* every difficult question, and fly from all free discussion.

The real and great question—that of the power of consumption—*could not be met*. To have attempted it would have involved a necessity for admitting that the power to consume cloth, iron, and other manufactured commodities, *always increased under protection*, and always diminished with its withdrawal. It was therefore necessary for our reviewer, as it is for all his tribe, to limit his examination to the little details of foreign trade, the smallest and least important portion of the commerce of the nation, although in their eyes the most important. An increase of \$361,000 in the import of spices, and of \$25,000 in that of oil-cloth, is deemed worthy of note,\* but an increase of the domestic production of iron to the extent of 600,000 tons, worth, in the various forms in which it was consumed, fifty or sixty millions of dollars, could not provoke the

\* See page 332, *ante*.

slightest remark. His business was with the quantity carried, and not with the quantity consumed; and an increase of the latter, four-fold though it was, and marking the vast improvement in the condition of the people, was deemed unworthy the attention of this representative of all the political science of the country.

Having limited himself almost entirely to the consideration of the imports and exports of the country, dodging the questions of production and consumption, we might reasonably suppose that, in so contracted a field of inquiry, safety might be found in stating fairly and honestly the facts of the case. Far different, however, was it. To make the true facts square with the Manchester theory was entirely impossible. Nevertheless, the theory was to be sustained, and to accomplish that object the facts had to be distorted, as we shall now have occasion to show. In doing so, we repeat our disclaimer of any desire to charge our re-

viewer with the intention to make statements that he knew to be false. His first chapter almost satisfied us that he himself had never read the book he was reviewing, and his second has confirmed us in that belief. He appears to us to have been made the dupe of some wily advocate of the British-monopoly system, who has furnished him with extracts and calculations upon which he was to write the commentary; and we therefore freely acquit him of all charge of any knowledge of the contents of the books, the review of which he has manufactured.

Mr. Carey's proposition in regard to foreign trade is, that it grows with the growth of the power of domestic production, and diminishes with its diminution; that, therefore, the power to purchase from, *and to pay*, foreign countries for their productions, increases with protection, and diminishes as protection diminishes. In illustration of this he has given us the following table of imports:—

	Total.	Annual average.	Per head.
1821 to 1829 - - - - -	\$503,000,000	\$56,400,000	\$5.00
1830 - - - - -	55,500,000		4.32
1831 - - - - -	81,000,000		6.10
1832 - - - - -	75,500,000		5.51
1833 - - - - -	88,000,000		6.20
1834 - - - - -	103,090,000		7.08
1835 to 1841 - - - - -	\$854,000,000		
Deduct debt incurred, - - -	170,000,000	684,000,000	97,700,000
1842 to 1843, (21 months, ending June 30.) - -	145,000,000	82,000,000	4.48
1843-'44 - - - - -	96,000,000		5.3
1844-'45 - - - - -	101,000,000		5.6
1845-'46 - - - - -	\$110,000,000		
Add debt and back interest paid, - - -	5,000,000	115,000,000	5.75
1846-'47 - - - - -	\$138,000,000		
Do. - - - - -	5,000,000	143,000,000	7
1847-'48 - - - - -	\$131,600,000		
Deduct debt incurred, - - -	8,000,000	121,600,000	5.88
1848-'49 - - - - -	\$134,700,000		
Do. - - - - -	22,000,000	112,700,000	5.19

"The facts derivable from an examination of the above accounts [says Mr. Carey] are as follows:—

"First. That the amount received from foreign nations in exchange for our surplus products largely increased during the existence of the tariff of 1828.

"Second. That the amount so received diminished greatly after the Compromise Bill began to become operative.

"Third. That the amount so received from foreign nations was still further and largely diminished under the strictly revenue clauses of that bill, and that the tendency was downward when the system was changed.

"Fourth. That the amount so received increased

rapidly under the tariff of 1842, attaining nearly the same point that had been reached under the tariff of 1828, and that in both cases the tendency was still upwards when the system was changed.

"Fifth. That the amount so received diminished in the year 1848.

"Sixth. That the amount of debt incurred in the last two years must tend to produce a further diminution in future ones."

Mr. Carey's object in this table is clearly to exhibit the growth or diminution of the power to *pay* for foreign merchandise, and

to show that *that power* grows under protection, while under the opposite system it diminishes to so great an extent that we are compelled to run largely in debt, until at length bankruptcy closes the scene. It suits the reviewer's purpose, however, to keep that idea out of view, as will be seen by an examination of the table of imports that he has supplied. It is the rule of the monopoly, or free trade, party to dodge every difficult question, and it is in their successful execution of "the artful dodge" that they prove their title to exclusive scientific knowledge.

The average import prior to 1829—30 having been five dollars per head, Mr. Carey has here given the exact amount, per head, in each of the five subsequent years, closing with the fiscal year in which the compromise tariff came into operation, with a view to show the equal and regular character of the foreign trade, constantly growing as the power to *produce* increased under the action of the protective tariff of 1828—the last year being nearly forty per cent. greater per head than the average of the nine years of the first period. This mode of examination, however, did not suit our reviewer. He preferred to lump the whole and take the average, which he puts at \$5.30, for the purpose of amusing his readers at the cost of his author, Mr. Carey having described this "beggary increase" as a large one. In doing this he must certainly have counted largely upon the unsuspecting character of his readers, or upon their total incapacity to calculate for themselves, as he thereby rendered himself liable to the charge of making a wilful and gross misstatement. The average import of those years, as correctly given by himself, was \$80,600,000, and the average population, as given by Mr. Carey and adopted by himself, 13,698,000. Dividing one of these quantities by the other, we obtain as the average \$5.88 per head, being an increase of no less than 17.60 per cent. *under a system that was to destroy our foreign trade.* It suited him, however, to make it \$5.30, giving an increase of only six per cent.; and so he has done, and yet he has had the hardihood to use the words "palpable fraud" in speaking of Mr. Carey! It is painful to be compelled to expose to the world such a course of conduct on the part of men claiming to possess so much scientific knowledge, but having entered on the work of exposure we must proceed.

In the paragraph "immediately preceding the one containing this gross misstatement," Mr. C. is sharply reprimanded for stating in round numbers the average of the first period at \$56,400,000, instead of "\$56,444,444 and a fraction." Little things are great to little men. We have frequently heard of "Satan reproving sin," but have rarely seen it more perfectly exemplified.

Why this extraordinary misstatement was *needed* we now propose to show. One of the objects of the book is to show the quiet, beautiful, and regular growth of internal and external trade, as the productive power grows under the system of protection, the average increase in the five years having been 17.60 per cent., while that of the last of those years was no less than *forty* per cent—thus affording evidence that further increase might fairly be looked for, and was indeed to be counted upon as certain to take place. With the compromise came a succession of changes of the most extraordinary kind, imports being immense in one year, falling off in another, then rising, and then falling again, showing the extraordinarily uncertain and ruinous character of trade as we became more and more linked with England, and more and more compelled to aid in the maintenance of her monopoly system. The average of this latter period is given by Mr. Carey, and it is shown to be far below the point which our foreign trade had reached in the last year properly belonging to the tariff of 1828, having been only \$6.02, or almost precisely the average of the years of that tariff; showing, therefore, that there was really no increase, although *the special object* of the compromise was that of increasing the foreign trade. To compare these years with 1833—4 would not suit the reviewer's purpose. To compare them with the true average would suit him little better; but to compare them with the *manufactured* quantity, \$5.30 *would* answer, because he would thereby be enabled to exhibit a growth of *fourteen* per cent. under the compromise, against one of only six per cent. under the tariff of 1828; whereas, the true figures were 17.60 under the system that was, as we were told, to destroy foreign commerce, and only 2.6 under one that was, as we were assured, to increase it rapidly. We pray our readers now to turn to the remarks of the reviewer about Mr. Carey's "honesty," and then estimate for themselves that of our contemporary.

• The reviewer objects to Mr. Carey's arrangement. The reason of the latter for the course he has pursued we now give in his own words :—

"It will be observed that I have placed the year 1829 in the first period, and 1834 in the second. It is not the passage of an act that produces change, but its practical operation, and the first year of the existence of a new system is but the sequel of that which is passing out. When protection is given to the makers of cloth and iron, mills and furnaces are not built in a day, nor are they abandoned as soon as protection is withdrawn.

"In the tables that I shall now offer for consideration, I have pursued, as nearly as possible, a uniform course, commencing each period at the time at which the system might fairly be deemed to become operative, to wit : at the close of the fiscal year following the one in which the law was enacted. If error, then, exist at the commencement of the period, it will find its compensation at the close, and thus justice will be done to all."

This is in accordance with common sense. Nature requires time for the performance of all her operations.\* The skilful practitioner knows that it is not the act of swallowing the medicine, but the working of it that effects the cure. The quack alone would promise an instant cure. Mr. Carey's proposition is, that the power to purchase depends on the power to produce things to be given in exchange for those that it is desired to obtain, and that the power to produce increases or diminishes gradually as one or the other system of policy is pursued. The reviewer insists that the power of purchase depends upon the *will* to do so, and that if duties are high we will not purchase foreign commodities, however able we may be to pay for them, whereas if duties are low we will buy, even although the nation may be bankrupt.

He therefore insists that every thing must be reckoned from the passage of the law ; that the exhaustion of 1842-3, consequent upon the operation of the compromise tariff must be charged upon the tariff of 1842, and that the prosperity of 1846-7, con-

sequent upon the working of the latter tariff, shall go to the account of that of 1846 ; and thus it is that this eminently scientific person sets aside all the laws of nature, and establishes the entire supremacy of those established by man. So be it. We are willing to meet him even on that ground, first calling to his mind that the proposition we desire to establish is, that protection is the true and only road to perfect freedom of trade ; that under a system of efficient protection the foreign trade would grow so rapidly as to render necessary an effort to keep down the revenue by freeing every thing that could be freed without injury to domestic production ; and that ultimately, and speedily too, cloth, iron, and all other protected articles would cease to need protection, leaving Congress at liberty, if it would, entirely to abolish custom houses, and the system of import duties. The correctness of this view was fully established under the tariff of 1828. The revenue increased so rapidly that it became indispensable to reduce it, and coffee, tea, and many other articles were made free of duty, *a consequence of protection* ; and yet, as our readers have seen, this very fact is claimed as a triumph of his peculiar doctrine by this disciple of the Manchester school. It is really time that our opponents should define to themselves their position. We do not ask them to do so to us, for that would be, we fear, a task beyond all human power. In 1833 the duties were to be reduced that the revenue might be diminished, and in 1846 they were to be reduced that it might be increased. In 1846 they were to be reduced that consumption might be increased. Consumption has greatly diminished, and yet we are told of the *triumphs of free-trade policy*. The triumph will probably be greater when we shall have closed half of our remaining mills and furnaces, and brought back the consumption of iron and of cloth to the point from which it started in 1842. We would be greatly pleased if they could be induced to explain to us what they expect, and stand by their explanation for a year or two at least ; but all hope of any such evidence of scientific knowledge is, we greatly fear, entirely vain.

The proposition of the reviewer is that imports increase as duties diminish. If this be true, it applies most particularly to those commodities upon which highly protective

\* "La Providence," says M. Guizot, "ne s'inquiète de tirer aujourd'hui la conséquence du principe qu'elle a posé hier ;—elle les tirera dans les siècles, quand l'heure sera venue ; et pour raisonner lentement selon nous, sa logique n'est pas moins sûr. La Providence a ses aises dans le temps ; elle y marche en quelque sorte comme les dieux d'Homère dans l'espace ;—elle fait un pas, et des siècles se trouvent écoulés."

duties were established by the tariff of 1828, and he has fortunately furnished us with a table\* that enables us to decide the question. We copy from this table the following statement of the amount of merchandise imported, and average of duties thereon, adding ourselves the population and the amount per head :—

	Average duties, on those subject to duty.	Average amount of such mds. imported.	Population.	Amount per head.
1829 to 1833 - - -	39½ per cent.	\$74,600,000	13,091,652	5.69
1834 to 1835 - - -	33½ “	66 889,000	14,962,415	4.66
1840 to 1841 - - -	31½ “	55,935,000	17,560,082	3.18
1842 - - -	24 “	69,534,601	18,051,499	3.85

In the first, tea, coffee, and silks are included, so far as concerns the first three years of the period. In the others they are excluded. We therefore take the three latter ones, which prove that the consumption of cloth, iron, and of protected articles of foreign production, *diminished with the reduction of the duties*. The third period is less by almost one third than the second, although the duty is admitted to have been slightly reduced; but how the reduction should have amounted to only two per cent. we are unable to imagine, the actual reduction provided for by the law having been at that time four tenths of all the excess over twenty per cent., whereas in the second period there had been but a single reduction of one tenth under the compromise act. The fourth period is slightly in excess of the third, which is explained by what the reviewer himself tells us of the effect produced on trade by the anticipation of changes. The almost certainty of the passage of the act of 1842, produced large imports in the few months that preceded its enactment, and but for the excess thus produced, they would not have reached in 1841–2 even three dollars per head. Let him deny this if he can. The books of almost every importing merchant will prove the fact.

We had been previously told by this most scientific reviewer that it was wrong to compare 1830 to 1834 with the period from 1821 to 1829, because “the latter extended back into a remote time when the resources of the country were almost in their infancy,” but here this excuse cannot operate. The growth of the years from 1829–30 to 1833–4, was almost regular, from a total of \$4.32 to \$7.08 per head, but under the compromise the tendency was downward, until at

length in 1841–2 the total import\* was but \$100,162,087, from which if we deduct the re-exports, we shall have from ninety to ninety-five millions, or about five dollars per head, being almost exactly the same average as that of the period from 1821 to 1829, that “remote time” in which “the resources of the country were in their infancy,” and yet the duties had been reduced from 33½ to 24 per cent. for the sole purpose of promoting this import trade. From 1833–4 to 1841–2, the resources of the country *should* have been more “developed,” the nation having enjoyed the *advantage* of a gradual progress towards the beautiful system called free-trade, that would have warranted us in finding the amount doubled instead of being reduced almost one third. Will our reviewer do us the favor to explain why it was that external commerce increased so rapidly under the tariff of 1828 as to make it necessary to free from duty coffee, tea, and silks, and why it was that it diminished so rapidly under the tariff of 1833 as to compel us to go back to protection? We should be much pleased if he could favor us with one that would pass current in his politico-economical school, and by which he would agree to abide, if only during the time required for its examination.

We have thus seen that by the reviewer's own figures the power to import duty-paying commodities diminished with the diminution of protection, and with the closing of the mills and furnaces of the country. With 1842, the system changed, and the average of duties payable on dutiable goods was raised, as the reviewer himself informs us, to 33½ per cent. Did the power to import diminish? On the contrary it grew steadily,

\* The reader is requested to observe that the figures in the above table refer only to the imports of duty-paying merchandise.

\* See page 331, *ante*.



the average import of duty-paying goods having been 71,000,000, even according to the reviewer's own mode of statement, the correctness of which may be judged by the following facts. In the fiscal year 1841-2 there were large importations in anticipation of a rise of duties, and the necessary consequence was a diminished amount of importation for the first few months after the passage of the law. In the first half of 1846-7, every thing imported not immediately required for consumption was warehoused, and imports of all kinds were kept back until the new law should go in force. The reviewer objects to Mr. Carey's mode of arrangement because it provides a compensation for these things, preferring to take the days and the hours of the existence of the law, although he cannot but know that it produces error to the extent of at least fifty millions of dollars, or a million per month of the period. With all this error, and taking the average, as insisted upon by the reviewer, we obtain for the import of duty-paying goods, 71,000,000 per annum, or \$3.60 per head, against \$3.18 in 1840-41. In the last of these years the import of cotton and woollens was almost double, and of iron greater by twenty percent. than in the first of them. All this our contemporary must have perfectly well known, and we do hope that in his next tables he will endeavor to be more fair and honest. He says that protective duties diminish the power to maintain trade. If so, why did trade grow so rapidly under the tariff of 1842? He says that the British monopoly system tends to increase the power to maintain trade. If so, why did trade diminish so rapidly under the compromise? We pray him to explain.

The reviewer fails to accomplish his object, even by his own mode of arranging the figures, the effect of which is to throw not less than fifty millions of dollars of the real foreign trade of this period into those immediately preceding and immediately following it. That such was the effect he knew, or he did not know it. *If he did*, then his object must have been to mystify and deceive his readers. *If he did not*, then his want of knowledge should disqualify him for further discussion of such questions. We beg him to select for himself the horn of this dilemma most suited to his taste.

In the view thus far given of the working of the tariff of 1842, we have omitted all

reference to the fact that during the existence of the compromise we had incurred a debt of two hundred millions; that in its last year we were unable to pay even the interest upon that debt; that the first two years were merely years of preparation; that during the period of its existence we sent to Europe property amounting probably to thirty millions for the payment of back interest, and thus diminished our power to import; that in the last year we had paid up the back interest, and had resumed the payment of current interest to the extent of probably ten millions per annum, thus still further diminishing our power to import. Let these things be added to the amount that was imported, and it will be seen to how vast an extent our power to purchase *and pay* grew as with the operation of the tariff of 1842 our power of production increased.

The system of 1828 was in the direction of real freedom of trade. Under its most beneficent operation, tea, coffee, and many other articles were freed from all duty. That of 1846 was a move in the opposite direction, many commodities being subjected to duty that were free under that of 1842. An examination of the reviewer's table shows that under it the free goods imported have been less by about twenty millions than under that of 1842.

The total imports of the year 1845-6, the first in which we could be considered to have even moderately recovered from the effects of the compromise tariff, amounted to \$110,000,000, and if we estimate at that rate the forty-three months of the tariff of 1846, ending June last, we shall have \$394,000,000. The average excess of population has been about eight per cent., which would give \$32,000,000 more, or a total of \$426,000,000. Our reviewer states the whole import of the forty-three months at \$582,000,000 and some "fractions" that we do not care to count, and thus the excess of import is \$156,000,000, giving him all the advantage of the year of prosperity, 1847, when, *as he knows well*, the tariff of 1846 was rendered almost wholly inoperative by the high prices produced by the speculative condition of affairs in England. Of this \$156,000,000, the potato rot alone gave *forty millions*, and we have gone in debt for the balance. We have worn the cloth and used the iron, but have yet to pay for it, and this the reviewer knows. Not a dollar can be shown of real increase

in the power to maintain trade, even although the reviewer has arranged the tables to suit himself, at a cost of at least \$50,000,000 to the tariff of 1842.\* Under that tariff each year went ahead of its predecessor, while the most that can be said of its successor is that it has rendered foreign commerce stationary, preparatory to its diminution as in the closing years of the compromise tariff.

The reviewer objects to bringing our foreign debts into consideration. He says that "except Mr. Carey, there is not a man in the Union who could not trace those debts to far other causes." Indeed! We presume then, that he, as the exponent of all the political science of the Union, can enable us to trace out those causes, and can explain why we *always* go in debt under the Manchester system, and *never* under the real free-trade one, based upon efficient and complete protection. If he will not, we will do it for him. When we make coarse cloth we can buy and *pay for* fine cloth. When we make pig iron we can buy and *pay for* silks. When we import coarse cloth and pig iron we become too poor even to pay for them.

The increase of 1830-34 over 1821-30 could, said the reviewer, readily be accounted for. The latter was "a remote period," and "the resources of the country were not developed." How was it in that from 1846 to 1850? Were they more or less developed than in 1833-4? Why then is it that under this beautiful *free-trade* system our actual import, per head, is less than it was then? It then reached *seven dollars* per head, and so it did in 1846-7; and *all the goods were paid for*, and this is the quantity actually retained for consumption, the re-exports being deducted. This would give for the period now under consideration an amount of more than 560,000,000, whereas our reviewer can make out a total of only 582,000,000, from which are to be deducted the large amount of re-exports,\* probably 40,000,000, and the immense debt that we have contracted, and upon which we have now to pay interest. Will he oblige us by an explanation of the reason why the inter-

vening years of development under the Manchester system show a decrease, while, under the protective system, the increase in our foreign trade is so nearly regular?

We desire now particularly to call the attention of our readers to the "artful dodge" of our reviewer in avoiding all reference to the question of the power of consuming cloth, iron, and other commodities under the different systems. The home production of iron grew, as we have stated, in the period of 1843 to 1847, from 200,000 to 800,000 tons, and it was all consumed and readily paid for. The manufacture of cottons and woollens, and the production of grain, sugar, wool, and hemp grew with a like growth, and yet we not only paid our back interest, but we resumed payment not only of the interest on our foreign debts, but even of the debts themselves, and imported more than we had ever done before. In vain will the reader seek in the article of this *Democratic* reviewer for facts so important to an inquiry into the effect of these different systems upon the condition of the people. All he can see is how much we import; how much we contribute to the support of the British system. Provided that be supported, his object will be accomplished, and his poor friends, the Democrats, may go without food, cloth, or iron, for all the interest that he appears to take in that, the real and great question.

In strong contrast with his indifference to this question, is the remarkable interest that was required to induce the collection of the important information about spices, oil, cloth, &c., as given in the table at page 332. In that are embraced tea, coffee, and fruits, and immediately following is furnished a table of the quantity of "taxed and untaxed goods" imported in 1832, '3, and '4, by way of exposing the "temerity" of Mr. Carey in claiming 1833-4, the year in which the compromise bill went into operation, as subject to the regime of 1828. The unfortunate reviewer has forgotten that we advocate protection as the road to freedom of trade, and that it was because of the vast development of the resources of the country under the tariff of 1828, that we were enabled to repeal the duties on tea, coffee, and fruits. *That repeal was the great triumph of the protective principle*, and he cannot but know that it was so. Had the tariff of 1828 been maintained, the trade in

\* Owing to the manner in which the reviewer has arranged his table, we are unable to obtain the amount of foreign merchandise exported for the corresponding periods. Those of the last fiscal year exceeded thirteen millions.

four fifths of the commodities we import, and probably all, would be now as free as is that in tea and coffee. We beg of him to read the books he has reviewed, and try to satisfy himself that such is the case. Until he shall do so, we trust he will not have the "temerity" to undertake the manufacture of further tables.

Under the tariff of 1828, there was an increase, as has been seen, of 17·6 per cent. in our foreign trade, while the domestic trade grew with great rapidity. With the reduction of duties foreign trade declined, and the domestic trade was prostrated. Under the tariff of 1842, the foreign trade increased, and the domestic production grew with a rapidity never before known. Under the tariff of 1846, the foreign trade, except so far as depends upon the power still remaining to us to purchase on credit, has become stationary. Progress is then the characteristic of the American system, and immobility followed by decline that of the British one. Why it is so is easily seen. The power to trade depends on the power to produce, and the latter grows with protection while it diminishes with its withdrawal.

The professed object of the tariff of 1846 was to increase the power to consume cloth and iron. Has it done so? Has it not diminished it? Has it not even diminished the actual quantity consumed, notwithstanding the great increase of population? We pray our contemporary to answer these questions.

We come now to the question of immigration, in regard to which Mr. Carey's views are thus given:—

"Were we now importing a million of people, the shipping required for that purpose alone would be 830,000 tons, and freights to Europe would be almost nominal, for great numbers would go altogether in ballast. Whatever tends to increase the bulk of the commodities imported tends equally to diminish the cost of transportation, and to increase the export of the products of the farmer and planter. If we imported raw silk, we should import Frenchmen to manufacture it, and coffee for them to drink, and the ships that imported the silk, the men, and the coffee, would cheaply transport cotton or cotton cloth. If we import gutta percha, we obtain it from one who desires to buy

cloth, and to whom cloth can then be cheaply sent. If we import gutta percha goods, we obtain them from men who have cloth to sell, and to whom cotton cannot be cheaply sent. If we desire, then, to increase our commerce and our navigation, the object is to be accomplished by the adoption of measures that will bring the loom to take its place by the side of the plough. The harmony of the agricultural, manufacturing, and shipping interests would here appear to be complete.

With such an importation of men, there would be an annual addition of 1,000,000 with whom we would have perfect freedom of trade, uninterfered with by custom-house officers, sailors, or ships. At the end of ten years, there would be thus made an addition of twelve or thirteen millions of persons, who would consume twice as much cotton as is now consumed by the whole people of Great Britain and Ireland. The harmony between the views of the free-traders and those of the protectionists would thus appear to be almost perfect. The more the subject is examined, the more obvious does it become that the *only* road to perfect freedom of trade lies through perfect protection."

Here was a question of considerable importance to a free trader and a Democrat, both of which our reviewer professes to be. If protection tended to raise the wages of labor, it could not fail to increase commerce, increase the demand for ships, extend the area of free trade, and also to impart to millions of Europeans the advantages of improved physical and moral condition, and self-government. Under these circumstances, it would seem to be entitled to grave consideration; but the reviewer belongs to the sect whose Bible is contained in the single line, "Buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest one," and he has nothing but ridicule to bestow upon the "simple-hearted" author who looks to the improvement of the moral and physical condition of the human race.

We have now to call the attention of our readers to a fact that will enable them clearly to estimate the reliance to be placed on any statement of our reviewer.

Mr. Carey has furnished a table of the growth of SHIPPING, with a view to show that it always grows with protection, and with the consequent growth of immigration, and diminishes as protection diminishes, and as immigration falls off. It is as follows:

	Total shipping built. Tons.	Per thousand of population.	Steamers built.	Per million of population.
1821 to 1829, average,	90,000	8	1823-29 35	3.1
1830,	58,000	4.5	37	3
1831,	85,000	6.4	34	2.6
1832,	144,000	10.5	100	7.2
1833,	161,000	11.4	65	4.6
1834,	118,000	8.1	68	4.7
1835 to 1841,	108,000	6.6	92	5.7
1842-3,	91,000	5	108	5.3
1845,	146,000	7.5	163	8.5
1844, (nine months,)	103,000=137,000	7.2	163=217	11.4
1846,	188,000	9.4	225	11.5
1847,	243,000	11.8	198	9.7
1848,	316,000	15	175	8.3
1849,	256,000	11.8	208	9.6

We see here a large increase in the years from 1830 to 1834, followed by a gradual diminution until we reach 1843, after which the rise is very rapid.

The facts here given are so conclusive as not to admit of question. They are therefore *dodged*, and the reviewer says nothing about the shipping. He takes, however, the paragraph above given, and joins it on to the next succeeding one, which relates to immigration, and attaches the two to the table of immigration, for the purpose of making Mr. Carey contradict himself within half a dozen lines, as will be seen by reference to his article.\* The trick is ingeniously performed, and well calculated to deceive his readers; but what shall we say of the honesty of such a proceeding, and particularly on the part of a man who is perpetually crying out fraud and deception, on the strength of his own unceasing perversion of words and figures, for the purpose of proving that which cannot be proved? The whole *thing*, miscalled a review, would be appropriately named after the old farce, *The Budget of Blunders*, or, the Budget of something worse than blunders. We pray our readers to read the two paragraphs, and then determine for themselves if it were possible for a man with the table of shipping before him, to imagine even for a moment that he had made an honest quotation.

The difficulty with our contemporary was, as it appears, "to tell where exposure was to commence." With us, the case is different, the difficulty being to tell where it is to end. We look in vain throughout his whole article for a single frank, fair, and honest statement as a set-off to the errors, accidental or intentional, that have been pointed out; but it would be easy to add to the number of those errors did we desire longer to trespass upon the patience of our readers with the examination of such a paper as the one we have now copied for the purpose of

enabling them to see and understand for themselves the arguments of the leaders of the Free-Trade League. We presume, however, that they have already had enough of this political economist, who has yet to learn the meaning of the word *Rent*; this free-trader, whose *beau ideal* of *freedom of commerce* would be realized in the adoption of measures tending to secure to Great Britain a *monopoly* of the trade and commerce of the world; this *Democrat*, whose system looks to sustaining the moneyed *aristocracy* of Britain at the cost of the farmers and planters of the world; this friend of equal rights, who believes in the existence of divine laws, by virtue of which the rich must be made richer and more powerful, and the poor poorer, and more enslaved; this philosopher, who finds in the negro *quarter* and the hen-roost appropriate illustrations of his views in regard to human progress. We therefore take our leave of him with a single word as to the future. We have treated him most leniently in affording him the opportunity to determine upon which of the horns of a very disagreeable dilemma he will hang himself, but he must not calculate upon a repetition of such leniency. If we find him again trespassing in the same manner, he shall have Lynch law. We will hang him him up ourselves, without judge or jury.

In closing this article, we desire to call the attention of our readers to Mr. Carey's views of the comparative merits of the two systems, as thus given at the close of his work:—

"Two systems are before the world; the one looks to increasing the proportion of persons and of capital engaged in trade and transportation, and therefore to diminishing the proportion engaged in producing commodities with which to trade, with *necessarily* diminished return to the labor of all; while the other looks to increasing

\* See page 333, *ante*.



the proportion engaged in the work of production, and diminishing that engaged in trade and transportation, with increased return to all, giving to the laborer good wages, and to the owner of capital good profits. One looks to increasing the quantity of raw materials to be exported, and diminishing the inducements to the import of men, thus impoverishing both farmer and planter by throwing on them the burden of freight; while the other looks to increasing the import of men, and diminishing the export of raw materials, thereby enriching both planter and farmer by relieving them from the payment of freight. One looks to giving the *products* of millions of acres of land and of the labor of millions of men for the *services* of hundreds of thousands of distant men; the other to bringing the distant men to consume on the land the products of the land, exchanging day's labor for day's labor. One looks to compelling the farmers and planters of the Union to continue their contributions for the support of the fleets and the armies, the paupers, the nobles, and the sovereigns of Europe; the other to enabling ourselves to apply the same means to the moral and intellectual improvement of the sovereigns of America.\* One looks to the continuance of that *bastard* freedom of trade which denies the principle of protection, yet does it out as revenue duties; the other to extending the area of *legitimate* free trade by the establishment of perfect protection, followed by the annexation of individuals and communities, and ultimately by the abolition of custom-houses. One looks to exporting men to occupy desert tracts, the sovereignty of which is obtained by aid of diplomacy or war; the other to increasing the value of an immense extent of vacant land by importing men by millions for their occupation. One looks to the *centralization* of wealth and power in a great commercial city that shall rival the great cities of modern times, which have been and are being supported by aid of contributions which have exhausted every nation subjected to them; the other to *concentration*, by aid of which a market shall be made upon the land for the products of the land, and the farmer and planter be enriched. One looks to increasing the necessity for commerce; the other to increasing the power to maintain it. One looks to underworking the Hindoo, and sinking the rest of the world to his level; the other to raising the standard of man throughout the world to our level. One looks to pauperism, ignorance, depopulation, and barbarism; the other to increasing wealth, comfort, intelligence, combination of action, and civilization. One looks towards universal war; the other towards universal peace. One is the English system; the other we may be proud to call the American system, for it is the only one ever devised the tendency of which was that of *ELEVATING* while *EQUALISING* the condition of man throughout the world.

"Such is the true mission of the people of these United States. To them has been granted a privilege never before granted to man, that of the exercise of

the right of perfect self-government; but, as rights and duties are inseparable, with the grant of the former came the obligation to perform the latter. Happily their performance is pleasant and profitable, and involves no sacrifice. To raise the value of labor throughout the world, we need only to raise the value of our own. To raise the value of land throughout the world, it is needed only that we adopt measures that shall raise the value of our own. To diffuse intelligence and to promote the cause of morality throughout the world, we are required only to pursue the course that shall diffuse education throughout our own land, and shall enable every man more readily to acquire property, and with it respect for the rights of property. To improve the political condition of man throughout the world, it is needed that we ourselves should remain at peace, avoid taxation for the maintenance of fleets and armies, and become rich and prosperous. To raise the condition of woman throughout the world, it is required of us only that we pursue that course that enables men to remain at home and marry, that they may surround themselves with happy children and grand-children. To substitute true Christianity for the detestable system known as the Malthusian, it is needed that we prove to the world that it is population that makes the food come from the rich soils, and that food tends to increase more rapidly than population, thus vindicating the policy of God to man. Doing these things, the addition to our population by immigration will speedily rise to millions, and with each and every year the desire for that perfect freedom of trade which results from incorporation within the Union, will be seen to spread and to increase in its intensity, leading gradually to the establishment of an empire the most extensive and magnificent the world has yet seen, based upon the principle of maintaining peace itself, and strong enough to insist upon the maintenance of peace by others, yet carried on without the aid of fleets, or armies, or taxes, the sales of public lands alone sufficing to pay the expenses of government.

To establish such an empire—to prove that among the people of the world, whether agriculturists, manufacturers, or merchants, there is perfect harmony of interests, and that the happiness of individuals, as well as the grandeur of nations, is to be promoted by perfect obedience to that greatest of all commands, 'Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you,' is the object and will be the result of that mission. Whether that result shall be speedily attained, or whether it shall be postponed to a distant period, will depend greatly upon the men who are charged with the performance of the duties of government. If their movements be governed by that enlightened self-interest which induces man to seek his happiness in the promotion of that of his fellow-man, it will come soon. If, on the contrary, they be governed by that ignorant selfishness which leads to the belief that individual, party, or national interests, are to be promoted by measures tending to the deterioration of the condition of others, it will be late."\*

\* Russia is now raising by loan five millions of pounds sterling to pay the expenses of the war in Hungary. The farmers and planters of the Union are the chief contributors to this loan.

\* Harmony of Interests, page 228.



## THE CROWNING OF QUASHEE:

## A CORONATION COMMEMORATION.

—  
BY POMPEY SAMBO,POET LAUREATE TO HIS SABLE MAJESTY THE MOSQUITO KING.  
—

## I.

ONCE a great and famous city  
 Of old Europe, Rome by name,  
 Casting off its feudal fetters,  
 Girded on the robe of Fame;  
 People's voices rose in anger  
 'Gainst the tyrant barons, proud,  
 And a voice above the clangor  
 ('T was a Smith's) addressed the crowd;  
 And he said, "Tell me, ye Romans, who 'll be Tribune of the State,  
 Who so well the laws can honor as who did the code create?"

## II.

"None so good as he who made them,  
 And ye Romans I herewith  
 Name Rienzi—King, or Tribune!"  
 So spake Vecchio, the Smith.  
 And a shout, like human Etna,  
 When volcanic peoples pour  
 Their lava-voiced defiance  
 O'er the sides they propp'd before,  
 Arose, and shut the clear air out with density of breath:  
 "Live Cola di Rienzi; we will follow him to death!"

## III.

And bells shook with their merry peals  
 San Angelo's proud dome;  
 And standards waved while on him fell  
 The Tribuneship of Rome;  
 And men-at-arms and bishops join  
 The crowd of hearts that roll,  
 Bearing, like waves, Rienzi to  
 The famous Capitol.  
 And close he barred the city gates, (so says historic lore,  
 And when the nobles came, he cried, "Who 's knocking at my door?"

## IV.

But ye who thirst for school-boy tales,  
 Or study *Forum* looks,  
 May read the full account of this  
 In Bulwer's, Mitford's books;

In Petrarch, Gibbon, Sismondi,  
 De Cerçeau, and, in short,  
 The best I think 's the German one,  
 Von Felix Papencordt,  
 Printed at Hamburg; and who likes to praise Rienzi, may—  
 But to a nobler far, my friends, I dedicate my lay!

## V.

You have read of coronations  
 In the old and later time;  
 Of Semiramis the gorgeous,  
 And of Persian kings sublime;  
 You have heard of Sardanapalus,  
 Assyrian courts among,  
 And of William, crown'd at Hastings,  
 While the sword on helmet rung;  
 Of Tudor's making Bosworth field a blood-surrounded throne;  
 And of Bruce's solemn crowning 'mid the hardy Scots at Scone.

## VI.

You have read of magic Turkey,  
 When it gives celestial sway;  
 Of perfumed mosques, and putting there  
 Young maids in *Harem's* way;  
 Read the pompons ceremonial  
 Of Napoleon's crowning hour;  
 How glad France shook when Boney took  
 The crown with despot power;  
 And all the earth has read with mirth Victoria's crowning *fête*:  
 But these are straws, for fools' applause, to that which I relate!

## VII.

Hail, O Muse! who erst sat over  
 Homer's Iliads, while I sing  
 In immortal strains trochaic,  
 Of Mosquito's gracious King!  
 And you, Muse, who sittest over  
 Turkey's bard, immortal Bosh,  
 Aid me while I crown the scion  
 Of the royal race of Quash.  
 Robert Charles Frederick Sambo, Britain's ally, Prince of Rum,  
 Grant "protection" while thy poet now tattoos thy kettle-drum.

## VIII.

Doctor Smyth and Doctor Pritchard,  
 You may stretch your digits out  
 From your noses, at Agassiz,  
 Who hereafter ne'er can doubt.  
 Ghosts of Blumenbach and Cuvier,  
 You may dance in Hades now,  
 For I've made a grand discovery  
 To prove you right, I vow:  
 Ay! prove to all philosophers both living and deceased,  
 "The Unity of Races" in one monarch's loins at least!

## IX.

For the blood of John Bull ranges  
 In my royal Sambo's veins,  
 And the dusky stream of Afric  
 With the vengeful tide that 's Spain's ;  
 And ruddy hue of Mexico,  
 With hate of pirates bold ;  
 And skipper's race from Deutschland—  
 Vagrant blood of Viking old !  
 With creole greed, a world-wide breed, and negro's lazy limb,  
 For of those climes his fathers were—find me a king like him !

## X.

On the solemn April morning,  
 Sambo first received the crown ;  
 Crowded in the valiant Caciques  
 To Balize, hence famous town.  
 There was rum from old Jamaica,  
 Whiskey toddy from the Isles,  
 And anticipating red lips  
 Grinning wild and thirsty smiles ;  
 And the cheer that hailed Rienzi was a nursery squall to that  
 Which usher'd in the crownéd head knocked in a three-cocked hat.

## XI.

Oh for pen of sacred poet,  
 To describe with Willis' knack  
 The Chatham street habiliments  
 Of these gentlemen in *black* !  
 Oh for artist's eye of color,  
 To describe those color men,  
 Or the whole force of a Garrison  
 In an abolition *pen* !  
 Or were I e'en a *Long*-fellow, that black of lightsome leg,\*  
 A kindred race would grant my face, that brass which now I beg.

## XII.

In the court the sable nobles  
 With approval "yah" and grin ;  
 Rows of teeth, like half-moon crescents,  
 Shine o'er each receding chin.  
 Here struts Jake : a sailor's jacket  
 Clothes his legs, for arms designed—  
 Clothes his bursting calves of olive,  
 And is buttoned up behind ;  
 From his waist a sword is dangling, and though every step he takes  
 Rends his leggings, still he loves to hear the noise his scabbard makes.

## XIII.

Here a Herculean shoulder  
 Smiles through dislocated seams ;  
 There a pantaloonly Cacique  
 In an oil'd-coat fondly dreams

\* Henry Long, the *fugitive slave*. No connection of the other *Longfellow*, the *fugitive slave* maker of Boston.

Queen Victoria is his sister ;  
 And yon chief with noble mien  
 Thinks his captain's coat *sans* skirting  
 Hides what never should be seen ;  
 And an epauletted major gives his naked friend a sneer,  
 Feeling *tall* in Hessian top-boots and a cap of grenadier.

## XIV.

Here a noble far less modest  
 Might draw from me some remark,  
 But the white guests will remember,  
 Save themselves, all there was *dark* ;  
 And though *spectacles* were plenty,  
 Still e'en second sight would fail  
 To see aught but *darker ages*,  
 Girt with British true *black mail*.  
 At times they made me think of (and I'm sure you'd think so too)  
*That* transcendental writing which I ne'er saw rightly through.

## XV.

Lo ! the King invites attention—  
 His majestic scarlet coat  
 Glowing o'er his scanty check shirt  
 Tightly buttoned to the throat.  
 Though his legs reject the trouser,  
 And of boots he wears but one,  
 Still is his the kingly figure  
 That I love to gaze upon.  
 Now see how he smiles around him, easting *perfume* on the air,  
 As he runs—like Broadway dandy—his blest fingers through his hair.

## XVI.

Round the jolly Rum is quaffed, till  
 Chiefs and nobles yell and lurch  
 In allegiance, while the pageant  
 Seeks the coronation church.  
 There a chair stood by the altar,  
 Where sat down the man I sing :  
 "Rule Britannia !" said the chaplain,  
 And sung out, "God save the King !"  
 And the black-guards cried, "God save the King, great ruler of the sod,"  
 And they danced like conquering devils in this fallen house of God.

## XVII.

Never king was more delighted  
 Than our Robert Charles Fred. ;  
 He twirl'd his digits to his nose,  
 And "yah'd" at all was said !  
 And straightway all his nobles then,  
 Partaking of his bliss,

Out—"yah'd" the King: "Oh, such a day  
Was neber known as dis."

And then they ate, and drank, and sung, and kissed the *fair* ones all;  
And the pleasures of free nature crowned with bliss the royal ball.\*

## XVIII.

And is my King not mighty King  
As ever King of yore?

Doth he not now Honduras hold,  
San Juan, San Salvador;  
Balize, and Costa Rica, too,

And swears he won't give o'er,  
Until his dreaded standard shrouds  
The Isthmus, shore to shore?

The temper fades from Yankee blades where'er his flag's unfurled,  
And soon *my* King shall to him bring the commerce of the world! †

## XIX.

Now some may sneer, and some may jeer,

At this modern civilization,  
And some may laugh who the moral quaff  
From this kingly coronation.

As they eye their pipe, they may pipe their eye,  
At this doleful state of things;

And the one may joke, and the other smoke  
O'er the glorious trade of Kings:

But I say the worst, the more doubly curst, are they who let it be;  
So, hurrah for the King of Mosquito, boys! and three cheers for his bard—  
that's me!

\* The following picture of the court, coronation, and courtiers, is painted by an English hand, and we may be certain there is in it "nothing extenuate nor ought set down in malice." He says:—

"On the previous evening cards of invitation were sent to the different merchants, requesting their attendance at the court-house early in the morning. At this place the King, dressed in a British Major's uniform, made his appearance; and his chiefs similarly clothed, but with sailors' trousers, were ranged round the room. A more motley group can hardly be imagined. Here an epaulette decorated a Herculean shoulder, tempting its dignified owner to view his less favored neighbor with triumphant glances," &c. \* \* \* After proceeding to the church and being duly crowned, the following note is made of the royal Sambo by the same pen:—"His Majesty seemed chiefly occupied in admiring his finery, and after his anointing, expressed his gratification by repeatedly thrusting his hands through his thick bushy hair, and applying his fingers to his nose; in this expressive manner indicating his delight at this part of the service." After which all parties adjourned to a school-room, "where these poor creatures all got intoxicated with rum—a suitable conclusion to a farce as blasphemous as ever disgraced a Christian country."—*Dunn's Central America*.

It is with no little gratification that the Poet Laureate of so mighty a monarch as his Majesty of Mosquito can adduce testimony of so indubitable and English a character to "back up" the glories of which he sings, as the foregoing paragraphs. In fact, to take a liberty (but that is nothing in poetry when nations take such large ones) with a late verse of Mr. Longfellow's, I might say,

"In the English books I've quoted,  
Of a late and pirate time,  
You will find in prose the legend  
Which is here set down in rhyme."

† His Majesty is about constructing a ship canal across the Isthmus; that is his principal reason for spreading the Mosquito standard over that territory, and promising to allow his sister Victoria's *Bull* to dance in the *China* halls of the celestials, and throw the followers of Confucius into confusion.



## HON. WILLIAM WRIGHT,

OF NEW-JERSEY.

(WITH A PORTRAIT.)

WILLIAM WRIGHT, the subject of this sketch, was born at Clarksville, Rockland county, in the State of New-York, within a few miles of the Jersey line, in 1794; and is now in his 57th year. His father was a graduate of Yale College, an educated physician, and a gentleman in the true sense of the term. He died in 1808, leaving his son, then but fourteen years old, an orphan, and with no other patrimony than an honest name. At the period of his father's death he was pursuing his studies, preparatory to a profession, at the academy at Poughkeepsie; but, deprived of his means of support by his father's death, it was necessary for him to abandon his studies, and adopt measures to obtain his subsistence by some more industrial pursuit.

He was accordingly placed by his uncle with Anson G. Phelps, Esq., now one of the most respectable and wealthy citizens of New-York, (and who could very appropriately apply to himself those beautiful and expressive words of Job, as recorded in the Scriptures of Divine Truth, "*The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy,*") to learn the trade of a saddle and harness maker. The industry and vigor of his character were here shown; for, besides supporting himself, he was able to save, by the end of his term, the sum of three hundred dollars. With this sum, which was the foundation of the large fortune he subsequently acquired, he repaired to Bridgeport, hired a small store, and soon began to develop those mental resources which have placed him at the head of the manufacturing interests of the section of country where he resides. He remained in Bridgeport for seven years, engaged in extending his business; and in 1822 removed to Newark, N.J., where he has since resided, and where the principal manufacturing establishment, with

which he has been ever since connected, is located.

From his large interest in the extended trade and manufacturing business of the city of Newark, his strict integrity, and his extended information, he soon became one of its most valued citizens. He declined, however, all official position, until in 1839, '40 and '41, he was successively elected Mayor of the city, without opposition.

In 1843 he was brought forward by the business interests of one of the strongest manufacturing districts in the Union, as a suitable candidate for its representative in Congress. He was duly elected, and represented the Fifth District of New-Jersey in the Twenty-eighth and Twenty-ninth Congress, where his intimate acquaintance with the commercial and manufacturing interests of the country rendered him a most valuable member. While in Congress he was scarcely ever found absent from his post; and his votes and acts proved him a true representative of the interests of his district, and of the Union at large.

On his declining a re-nomination to Congress, in 1846, he was regarded throughout the State of New-Jersey as the most eligible candidate for Governor which the Whig party could select; and at the Whig State Convention, held in 1847, he was nominated for that office by a large majority on the first ballot. Unexpectedly to the Whig party, whose standard-bearer he had become, an insidious opposition was manifested by a small number of Whigs during the canvass which succeeded; and yet, small as was this number, it was of serious importance in a State so evenly balanced as New-Jersey. The result of the contest, though gallantly fought, was the defeat of Mr. Wright; but it did not in the slightest degree weaken the confidence of his friends, or his strong position in the

State. It was well known from the commencement that the contest was doubtful, and that the slightest defection rendered it hopeless; yet the vote given him was a flattering testimonial from the working Whigs, of their entire sympathy with him as a Whig, and their estimation of him as a man.

In the character of a liberal benefactor, few men in the Union can surpass the subject of our sketch. In all departments of education, among all religious denominations, he has munificently expended the fortune which his ability and prudence had acquired, by steady perseverance in honest and honorable pursuits. It has ever appeared to be a pleasure to him to do good with the ample means with which Providence has blessed him. He has not locked up his money in his coffers, but has distributed it broadcast, to relieve the destitute, to aid the enterprising but poor mechanic, to promote the cause of education, of morals, and of religion. He has ever been the warm and steadfast friend of the industrial classes, and in no one instance has he ever departed from that policy which secures their rights and promotes their interests. He is in private life a courteous, well-bred gentleman, and marked in all his dealings by the strictest integrity of action.

The position of Mr. Wright in New-Jersey is one of a commanding character. At the head of the manufacturing interest—

his interests strongly identified with the full protection of American industry—his large resources heavily invested in the internal improvements of the State—he seems naturally to possess a powerful influence. Few men are better acquainted with its manifold resources, or have more liberally co-operated in their profitable development. This is with him not simply the result of business speculation, but is the effect of an enlarged and vigorous conception of the true uses of property and wealth. Uniting the practical education of business-life to an attentive observation of political affairs—combining the experience of the manufacturer with that of the legislator—his judgment ripened by intercourse with the best statesmen of the country, it is natural that he should exert a decided influence in any party.

New-England and the Middle States have furnished, within a few years, a number of this class to the National Councils, and they have been uniformly regarded as among the ablest, in their practical views of the policy of the Government.

We trust that such individuals, wherever found, may be truly ranked in our estimate of public men. It is not always the most brilliant speaker that deserves the highest honors, but rather he whose services to his country have been measured by their practical good. In the ranks of such men few can more justly claim pre-eminence than Hon. William Wright, of New-Jersey.

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#### P A R O D Y .

HAIL, *Politics!* thou power reserved!  
 In chase of thee what crowds hae swerved  
 Frae *honesty*, and sunk enerved  
 'Mang heaps o' *papers*;  
 And och! o'er aft thy joe's hae starved  
 Mid a' *their capers!*

## LONGFELLOW'S POEMS.\*

THESE poems, taken as a whole, form a book at once tasteless, tedious, and uninteresting. We had once some hopes of Mr. Longfellow as a poet, but his book has, unfortunately, spoiled all—has even spirited away the partiality we had entertained for some of his fugitive poems which chance threw in our way some years since, and which, now that they are thrown in company with the pithless train before us, have somehow lost their former hold. Familiarity, it is said, breeds contempt; and if the truth of the old proverb is doubted, we need only refer, in proof, some *lang syne* friend of this author, who, like myself, may have been momentarily won to an *American* poet by some stray lines travelling the newspaper rounds,—we need only to refer such, we say, to the elaborated production now in our view; and if he can so tax his patience and his taste as to read through both volumes, we are quite sure that he will doubt no longer. We know that this is a very harsh sentence, but there is consolation in knowing also that malice is not the prompter. There are, on the contrary, strong reasons why we could have wished to admire and praise Mr. Longfellow's poetry. He is, in the first place, an American; and this, of itself, is a sufficient cause to induce regret that his book of poems has fallen so very far short of that standard which, in our judgment, must be fully compassed, if one would attain to even passing excellence in this hallowed art. It is greatly to be lamented, indeed, that our land should have been, thus far, so barren in this respect; and the mystery is, how to account for it? The harvest is plentiful—themes are not wanting—minstrelsy is challenged on all sides. The Indian history, wandering through the checkered fortunes of a thousand different tribes, abounds richly in the lore of tradition. The charms of nature, whether in the association of primeval forests, of scenery wild, majestic, and beautiful, of lakes and rivers

overflowing with legendary interest, are every where displayed through a region extending from latitudes of unbroken winter to perennial spring and tropical suns. History teems with numberless events—thrilling, vivifying, enchanting—which are linked with poetic inspirations, and which belong more properly to verse than to prose. Romance and reality, both, dallyingly open their storied arms, and invite a foray on their luxuriant possessions. The wondrous tales of the Mexican Conquest—the lovely and touching story of Pocahontas—the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers—the wild legends of King Philip's heroism—the Salem witches—and many other incidents which might be named, all afford tangible material with which to weave a poet's chaplet. The poetry shines in every page of the old chroniclers' quaint books, from Bernal Diaz to Captain Smith and Cotton Mather. No pedantry, no tasteless detail can distort or smother the enlivening features of song, which gather shape and symmetry as we turn each succeeding leaf.

Here, then, is ample ground—ample inducement; but genius, so far, is the thing yet lacked. So far, indeed, as prose is concerned, master artists have been engaged in the work. Prescott, Irving, and Cooper have gone over the field, and illumined the path to poetical elicitation. Their works have clothed history with a fascination that the sons of song, whose province it more properly is to gather the romance of early time, may well envy, and has thrown all attempts at minstrelsy completely in the background. What Goethe and Schiller have done for Germany—what Camoens did for Portugal—what Moore has done for Ireland, and Walter Scott for Caledonia, these illustrious writers, though no poets, have accomplished for our country. All human beings, of whatever clime or tongue, long for some information about past times in their history, and are delighted with narratives which present

\* Poems. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. In two volumes. A new edition. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields.

pictures to the eye of the mind. To this may be traced the origin of ballad poetry and of metrical romance; and the man who possesses the genius to embellish the scanty but treasured memorials of early-day scenes and events, will always be highly esteemed in his own generation, and almost revered by a grateful posterity. To this enviable fame, no one in our country has yet preferred a successful suit. The materials languish in neglect, and have nearly gone to decay. Our rhymers are full of every other kind of poetry save that which alone is open to them. They are eternally inditing silly verses about every-day silly things—are lavishing pretty words in the sickly attempt to retouch and embellish Scriptural incidents—making sonnets about flowers, and cigar-girls, and pigeon-nests; or else, like Mr. Longfellow, are running a wild-goose chase to catch up insipid fragments of German or Swedish verse, for which the reading portion of their own countrymen care about as much as they care for a translation of Merlin, or a reprint of Henry the Eighth's Defense of the Roman Church. And yet these venal pretenders are called *poets*, have admiring coteries, assume a puny arrogance of air and manner, and, now and then, flaunt over to England, that, after begging a reluctant moiety of praise from one or two writers anxious to court American favor, they may prop their petty productions by exhibiting a transatlantic puff.

"These are the themes that claim our plaudits now,  
These are the bards to whom the Muse must bow."

We may here quite aptly observe, in this connection, that among the aphorisms admitted by general consent, and inculcated by frequent repetition, there is none more famous than that compendious monition: *Gnothi seauton—be acquainted with thyself*. In general, we are far more willing to study others than to study ourselves; and hence it so frequently occurs that men, seduced by incautious self-admiration or by the flattery of weak friends, so often mistake their calling and their gifts, and blindly run counter to their destiny. Men of good common sense, and of unquestionable talent, are sometimes as apt as their inferiors to fall into this common error. On no other ground can we account for Mr. Longfellow's poetical adventurings. No one can doubt but that he

is a man of practical sense, of very considerable talent, and of high and enviable attainments as a scholar; yet we see the strong evidences of nature's inconsistency in his condescension to father poems which might have *graced* the Dunciad, and which, for bad taste and tame composition, might stand a comparison with the shallowest specimens of the American school. Indeed, this gentleman, highly accomplished though he may be in other respects, seems to be fatuitously possessed with the idea that whoever can make words rhyme, or arrange words in strange and fantastic measures by square and rule, may aspire to minstrelsy; that a man may become a poet by a simple act of volition. This same hallucination has, we suppose, given birth to the thousand and one scrambling and puny contestants who have ventured to attune their crazed, discordant lyres, and to set up for being recognized as *American* poets. The observer has only to witness, momentarily, this selfish, elbowing strife of frantic aspirants—each, like the hackmen who infest hotels and dépôts, crying and huckstering for the floating penny—to find out the secret of our deficiency as regards true poetical development. It thus stands disgustingly revealed to his vision, and, of course, excites most unmitigated contempt. No wonder that the muse should shrink from competition with the rampant and vulgar herd!

Now, we should have thought that Mr. Longfellow's ripe scholarship would have effectually unfolded to him the dangers and the miseries of poetasting in the absence of natural endowments, and have also convinced him that Horace uttered no untruth in declaring that a poet is born, not made. Indeed, we incline to think that the Roman bard, when inditing the following advice, was seeking to forewarn just such unwary aspirants as the author of whom we are speaking:—

"Ludere qui nescit, campestribus abstinet armis,  
Indoctusque pilæ discive trochive qui-scit,  
Ne spiæ risum tollant impunè coronæ:  
Qui nescit, versus tamen audit fingere! Quidni!  
Liber et ingenuus, præsertim census equestrem  
Summam nummorum, vitioque remotus ab omni.  
Tu nihil invitâ dices faciesve Minervâ;  
Id tibi judicium est, ea meus: si quid tamen olim  
Scripseris, in Metii descendat judicis aures,  
Et patris, et nostras; nonumque prematur in  
annum,  
Membris intus positis, delere licebit  
Quod non edideris; nescit vox missa reverti."

If Mr. Longfellow had been less learned than he is; if he had been gifted with no talent more likely to lift him to eminence; if, longing for fame, he could have addressed himself to nothing else as a mean of attainment than reckless poetical errandries; if, in fine, he had not opened a pathway to literary renown through the surer medium of classic and dignified prose, there would be more excuse for his presumption in throwing before a critical and discriminative public the rickety verses of the two volumes now under review, and we, in common with many others, might have been inclined to exercise more amiability and charity. As it is, we have before us the picture of an accomplished and astute Professor turned topsyturvy by a poetic mania, and evidently laboring under the inflictions of a diseased and morbid ambition. The least censorious would be hard put up to find a palliative for this rhyming furor in one from whom better things might have been expected; for it requires no ordinary effort to suppress a feeling of contempt that tastes, otherwise so well adapted, should thus have been perverted to idolatrous oblations at the shrine of a mongrel deity, no more akin to the true goddess of verse than was the spurious creation of Prometheus to a real man. Mr. Longfellow may, we think, gratefully thank his stars if, after these feeble offerings to the muse, he shall escape the just vengeance which overtook this bold usurper of Jove's functions.

The first of these volumes opens with a prelude, as the author calls it, to a series of poems entitled "Voices of the Night," and is not altogether unpleasant; indeed we are not quite certain but that it is the prettiest composition to be found in the whole book. It certainly approximates much nearer than any other piece to real poetry, of which the following stanza is a partial evidence:—

"The green trees whispered low and mild,  
It was a sound of joy!  
They were my playmates when a child,  
And rocked me in their arms so wild!  
Still they looked at me and smiled  
As if I were a boy."

We desire not to be hypercritical with our author, and we will say that the *sentiment* of the stanza is tinged with true poetry, though we must insist that the stanza itself is not so harmoniously worded as the idea might have warranted.

The author is represented as the hero; who, after giving us an introduction to himself, tells of how he wandered into the heart of a venerable forest, communed with the trees and the air, received a call to write poetry, and then winds up by informing us that he is restricted to writing only solemn lines. We can assure the reader that the restriction is not broken. The whole work is sickled over with the snuffling cant of the conventicle, sometimes bordering on a sort of versified litany or *Te Deum*.

The first Voice is a Hymn to the Night, consisting of six stanzas, set to some particular metre with which we happen not to be acquainted. As a specimen, we quote the three last, italicizing what we consider especially flat and puny:—

"From the cool *cisterns* of the midnight air,  
My spirit drank repose;  
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there—  
From those deep *cisterns* flows.

"O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear  
What man has borne before!  
Thou layest thy *finger* on the *lips* of care,  
And they complain no more.

"Peace! peace! *Orestes-like* I breathe this prayer:  
Descend with broad-winged flight,  
The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the most fair,  
The best-beloved Night!"

Next in succession comes a Psalm of Life—dull and common-place enough—which reminds us, as to measure, of the mystic chant of Meg Merrilies, beginning—

"Twist ye, twine ye, even so," &c. &c.

But the half-demented old gipsy indulges a strain at once wild, striking, and rhythmical; whereas, the Psalm is deficient in every respect, and we cite a stanza in proof:—

"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way;  
But to act, that each to-morrow  
Find us farther than to-day."

The first line is as bad as it can be—not only bad taste, but bad grammar; for we have two nouns nominative most unmusically and incorrectly qualified with a negative each, and then connected by a conjunction. Poetry is not passable when, by disjoining the rhythm, it will not make good prose; and this being so, we cannot see how Mr. Longfellow will ever reconcile his two negatives.

We cannot pause to find fault with each



of this series as they come; but the fifth in the succession is so strangely unique, so flimsy, and so peculiarly of the heteroclitical species, that, in justice both to the author and to our criticism, we feel bound to transcribe it entirely; only asking the reader to notice the *nonchalance* with which rhyme is taken up and then dropped, tacked on or shaken off to suit the idea, evoked or discarded as caprice may suggest, or as invention may hold out. It is entitled, "Footsteps of Angels:"—

"When the hours of Day are numbered,  
And the Voices of the Night  
Wake the better soul, that slumbered,  
To a holy, calm delight;

"Ere the evening lamps are lighted,  
And, like phantom grim and tall,  
Shadows from the fitful *firelight*  
Dance upon the parlor wall;

"Then the forms of the departed  
Enter at the open door;  
The beloved, the true-hearted,  
Come to visit me once more.

"He the young and strong, who cherished  
Noble longings for the strife,  
By the roadside fell and perished,  
Weary with the march of life!

"They, the holy ones and weakly,  
Who the cross and suffering bore,  
Folded their pale hands so meekly,  
Spoke with us on earth no more!

"And with them the *Being Beateous*  
*Who unto my youth was given,*  
More than all things else to love me,  
And is now a saint in heaven.

"With a slow and noiseless footstep  
Comes that messenger divine,  
Takes the vacant chair *beside me*  
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

"And she sits and gazes at me  
With those deep and tender eyes,  
Like the stars, so still and *saint-like*,  
Looking downward from the skies.

"Uttered not, yet comprehended,  
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,  
Soft rebukes, in blessing ended,  
Breathing from her lips of air.

"Oh, though oft depressed and lonely,  
All my fears are laid aside,  
If I but remember only  
Such as these have lived and died!"

Surely nothing more insipid, lifeless, unoriginal, was ever put off for poetry! What though a moiety of soft sentiment dwells in the idea—and Mr. Longfellow does not lack for *ideas*—how tantalizing it is to shroud

and smother the same in a congealed mass of stale, shilly-shally rhymes!

The "Midnight Mass for the Dying Year," we must candidly pronounce to be really pitiful and drivelling. We give below the three first and the middle stanzas:—

"Yes, the Year is growing old,  
And his eye is pale and bleared:  
Death, with frosty hand and cold,  
*Plucks the old man by the beard,*  
*Sorely—sorely!*

"The leaves are falling, falling,  
Solemnly and slow:  
*Caw! caw! the rooks are calling,*  
*It is a sound of woe,*  
*A sound of woe!*

"Through woods and mountain passes  
The winds, like anthems, roll;  
They are chanting solemn masses,  
Singing, '*Pray for this poor soul,*  
*Pray—pray!*'

\* \* \* \*

"To the crimson woods he saith,  
To the voice gentle and low  
Of the soft air, like a daughter's breath,  
'Pray do not mock me so!  
Do not laugh at me!'"

With this poem ends the first series. We come next to the "Earlier Poems;" and we will here venture to suggest that it is a pity the author's poetical aspirations could not have been satisfied at this point, and with these juvenescent achievements. His fame as a writer would then have been without a shade, and we should have been spared the present undertaking; for although there is, as might be naturally expected, some silly sentimentalizing among them, there is yet much to admire in these youthful offerings to the Muse. The following verses, taken from the poem of "Woods in Winter," possess much harmony and sweetness:—

"When winter winds are piercing chill,  
And through the hawthorn blows the gale,  
With solemn feet I tread the hill,  
That overbrows the lonely vale.

\* \* \* \*

"Where, twisted round the barren oak,  
The summer vine in beauty clung,  
And summer winds the stillness broke,  
The crystal icicle is hung.

\* \* \* \*

"Alas! how changed from the fair scene,  
When birds sang out their mellow lay,  
And winds were soft and woods were green,  
And the song ceased not with the day."

These poems, as we are, indeed, frankly told in the preface, were written in the hal-

cyon period of life—the bright and balmy years of youth. It is the season when the spirit of poetry stirs within every bosom. The humble ploughboy, even, feels the inspiration, though he may never attune the sentiment and bring it into being; and as he roams the flowery fields, and inhales the freshening breath of early spring, words of song float dreamingly through his untutored senses, infusing into his soul the healthful incense of bright hopes, to cheer the dull monotony of more real scenes. The same feeling pervades, to a much greater extent, the inmate of the academy or the college—who, imbibing daily the glowing imagery of the classic writers, and feasting the young mind on choice dainties culled from the rich garner of ancient and treasured lore, gives vent to inspiration by clothing opening life with the genial garb of poesy, mingling with its real scenes the lively impressions of excited fancy, which are only erased when remorseless time first lays its cold touch on the heart to awaken it to a sense of the world's drudgery. Hence, we suppose that there is scarcely one graduate out of every hundred who has not, at some golden moment of this shining period, blotted a lady's album or his own scrap-book with some fugitive, heartfelt offering to the Muse, which, even in long after years, will be found to own some sentiment allied with purer days, and to be possessed of some merit interwoven with the dawn of thought, and fresh from recesses of the heart which then knew not the world's corrosive blight. Most men, instinctively aware of these illusory temptations, stop with their early effusions, well knowing that, though almost every person may thus be impressed with poetic impulses, it is not decreed that every man shall be a poet born. Others, unwarily seduced by these gaudy phantasmata, and foolishly persuading themselves that "the Land of Song" lies before them, swim along heedlessly with the current, until, all at once, the limpid waters of the fountain are swallowed up in that muddy abyss where so many frail barques, with their frailer pilots, have gone to wreck and ruin.

This, we gather from his "Prelude," has been the case with Mr. Longfellow, who, if not already stranded on these friendless shores, will, unless he shall take timely warning, ultimately perish among the wild and desert wastes of this unfathomed ocean.

And if, in the course of these further remarks, we shall draw from his after productions such specimens as may serve to bring him to his proper senses, or that shall wean him from these will-o'-the-wisp pursuits, and set him again on the open plain of his true element, we think his readers, yet remembering with pleasure the interesting pages of *Hyperion*, will thank us for the deed, no matter how roughly it may have been achieved.

To effect this, we must now pass on from these early-day offerings, and pause for a while amid the soulless pages of his "Translations." We are not sufficient scholars to undertake to scan the merits of his German, French, or Spanish renderings; and, as concerns these, therefore, must content ourselves with the single observation, that we never before met with a more barren and bleak foundation on which to begin the labor of translation, than we behold in the poems selected on this occasion. But there is one, purporting to have been rendered from the Anglo-Saxon, which evinces such genuine devotion to crazed drivelling, that we can scarcely credit the fact that the work is from a source of unquestioned erudition. The piece is entitled "The Grave," and to satisfy the reader that we have not been unjustly harsh, we shall quote, as amply sufficient to answer the purpose, the two first stanzas, premising that we are wholly unacquainted with the measure:—

"For thee was a house built,  
Ere thou wast born;  
For thee was a mould meant,  
Ere thou of mother camest.  
But it is not made ready,  
Nor its depth measured,  
Nor is it seen  
How long it shall be.  
Now I bring thee  
Where thou shalt be;  
Now I shall measure thee,  
And the mould afterwards.

"Thy house is not  
Highly timbered,  
It is *unhigh* and low;  
When thou art therein,  
The heel-ways are low,  
The side-ways *unhigh*.  
The roof is built  
Thy breast full nigh,  
So thou shalt in mould  
Dwell full cold,  
Dimly and dark."

We think the reader will agree with us that this can be called nothing else than

gibberish—a sort of jabbering incantation, that makes one involuntarily couple with the most solemn of subjects a feeling of ridicule. But, turning over some few pages, we find that such is not alone confined to the Anglo-Saxon minstrelsy; for Mr. Longfellow has eviscerated its mate from a relic of German poetry, attributed in the original to Klopstock. It is to be hoped, for the memory of Goethe and Schiller, that the American version is not literal; for, although the Italy of Horace and Virgil produced also a Bavius and Mævius, we yet hope that, in this enlightened age, the same soil has not produced the author of *such* strains along with the venerated fathers of German song. The title of the poem is “The Dead,” and we quote it entire, as follows:—

“How they so softly rest,  
All, all the holy dead,  
Unto whose dwelling-place  
Now doth my soul draw near!  
How they so softly rest  
All in their silent graves,  
Deep to corruption  
Slowly down—sinking!

“And they no longer weep,  
Here, where complaint is still!  
And they no longer feel,  
Here, where all gladness flies!  
And, by the cypresses  
Softly o’ershadowed,  
Until the Angel  
Calls them, they slumber.”

We are really no little astonished that this learned gentleman should thus audaciously venture to trifle and dally with the patience of partial readers. American literature will never be reared on a dignified and solid basis, if its votaries be too amiably indulged with such idle flippancies, and allowed thus, with impunity, to incorporate as poetry the merest balderdash, having not the faintest approach to either sense or harmony. And while we are willing to recognize Mr. Longfellow as, in many respects, a worthy representative of our dawning national literature, we, at the same time, must seriously protest against that increasing leniency which suffers him quietly to excavate or invent nonsense only to swell out a volume intended to be shelved as a specimen of American poetry.

The Translations are succeeded by the Ballads. That of the “Skeleton in Armor” is well conceived, and is not altogether without either merit or extrinsic interest. It is

founded on the fact that, some years ago, a skeleton was disinterred near Newport, clad in broken and corroded armor. The author has connected this with an antiquated Danish structure near by, and framed quite a legend out of the materials thus afforded; which, however, we regret he did not choose to tell otherwise than in verse. But the “Wreck of the Hesperus,” although very tame and common-place now and then, is yet, we think, much the best of the series, and partakes strongly of the genuine ballad tone throughout. To justify ourselves with both the author and the reader, we shall venture on quoting the entire poem, leaving clear thus every chance to confirm or to refute the correctness and justice of the judgment we have meted out to it:—

“It was the schooner Hesperus,  
That sailed the wintry sea;  
And the skipper had taken his little daughter  
To bear him company.

“Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,  
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,  
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds  
That ope in the month of May.

“The skipper he stood beside the helm,  
His pipe was in his mouth,  
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow  
The smoke now west, now south.

“Then up and spake an old Sailör,  
Had sailed the Spanish main:  
‘I pray thee, put into yonder port,  
For I fear a hurricane.

“‘Last night the moon had a golden ring,  
And to-night no moon we see!’  
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,  
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

“Colder and louder blew the wind,  
A gale from the north-east;  
The snow fell hissing in the brine,  
And the billows frothed like yeast.

“Down came the storm, and smote amain  
The vessel in its strength;  
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,  
Then leaped her cable’s length.

“‘Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,  
And do not tremble so;  
For I can weather the roughest gale  
That ever wind did blow.’

“He wrapped her warm in his seaman’s coat,  
Against the stinging blast;  
He cut a rope from a broken spar,  
And bound her to the mast.

“‘O father! I hear the church-bells ring;  
O say, what may it be?’  
‘Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!’  
And he steered for the open sea.

- "O father! I hear the sound of guns;  
O say, what may it be?  
'Some ship in distress, that cannot live  
In such an angry sea!'"
- "O father! I see a gleaming light;  
O say, what may it be?  
But the father answered never a word,  
A frozen corpse was he.
- "Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,  
With his face turned to the skies,  
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow  
On his fix'd and glassy eyes.
- "Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed  
That saved she might be;  
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the waves  
On the lake of Galilee.
- "And fast through the midnight dark and drear,  
Through the whistling sleet and snow,  
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept  
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.
- "And ever the fitful gusts between  
A sound came from the land;  
It was the sound of the trampling surf,  
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.
- "The breakers were right beneath her bows,  
She drifted a dreary wreck,  
And a whooping billow swept the crew,  
Like icicles, from her deck.
- "She struck where the white and fleecy waves  
Looked soft as carded wool,  
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side,  
Like the horns of an angry bull.
- "Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,  
With the masts went by the board;  
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank:  
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!
- "At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,  
A fisherman stood aghast,  
To see the form of a maiden fair,  
Lashed close to a drifting mast.
- "The salt sea was frozen on her breast.  
The salt tears in her eyes;  
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,  
On the billows fall and rise.
- "Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,  
In the midnight and the snow!  
Christ save us all from a wreck like this,  
On the reef of Norman's Woe!"

A few pages further on, Mr. Longfellow favors us with another and more distinctly marked specimen of that outlandish metre with which his book abounds. What earthly motive can prompt him to turn off as poetry such miserable, prolix, drawling stuff, we cannot imagine; nor are we, or, we suppose,

any other mortal man, able to understand the bent of a taste which, although highly cultivated in some respects, can coolly go to work and disentomb from a Swedish literary charnel-ground so despicable a production as "The Children of the Lord's Supper." We venture the assertion that no ordinary reader can extract from it the first novel or interesting thought, the first pretty expression, the first engaging sentiment, the first approach to any thing like poetry. It is tasteless, tedious, and trifling, from beginning to end—leaving the mind unimpressed but with disgust, or with wonder that such flippant jargon should ever have been revived.

The piece purports to be translated from the Swedish of some prelatical diatribist, whose mind, we should imagine, was about as barren of poetical impulse as the bleak hills and ungenial soil of his native land are of aught that contributes to the sustenance of life. We shall subjoin a few lines by way of example:—

- "Lo! there entered then into the church the Reverend Teacher.  
Father he light and he was in the parish; a  
Christianly plainness  
Clothed from his head to his feet the old man of  
seventy winters.  
Friendly was he to behold, and glad as the heralding angel  
Walked he among the crowds, but still a contemplative grandeur  
Lay on his forehead as clear, as on moss-covered grave-stone a sunbeam.  
As in his inspiration (an evening twilight that faintly  
Gleams in the human soul, even now, from the day of creation)  
Th' Artist, the friend of heaven, imagines Saint John when in Patmos,  
Gray, with his eyes uplifted to heaven, so seemed then the old man;  
Such was the glance of his eye, and such were his tresses of silver.  
*All the congregation arose in the pews that were numbered,*  
But with a cordial look, to the right and the left hand, the old man,  
Nodding all hail and peace, disappeared in the innermost chancel."

Such is the stale, puling verbulosity which Mr. Longfellow adopts, and attempts to put upon his readers as poetry. We protest. It is by no means our disposition or intention to abet that silly furor which seems to possess many who, ascribing to this author all the qualities of a poet, witlessly

admit as poetry that which is not even receivable as good prose. Without pausing, however, to dwell on the general imperfections of the lines we have quoted from this effusion, we shall only notice those which the reader will have remarked are specially italicized. We should think Mr. Longfellow might be puzzled to reconcile a similitude of the kind above marked. If "contemplative grandeur" lay on the old preacher's head no *clearer* than a "sun-beam" on a "*moss-covered* gravestone," we are of the opinion that the sign was not very distinctly impressed; for, of all sheltering in the world, a thick cover of moss is the most impenetrable. This, however, is about on a par with the very tame description of the old man's entrance into the church, where the author is so hard run for the wherewith to fill out his line, that he obligingly acquaints us with the fact, that the *pews* were "numbered,"—leaving it somewhat doubtful, by the way, whether we shall infer this mere *fact* from the expression, or whether he intends to convey that it was only that part of the "congregation" which sat in "numbered pews," that had the good manners to *rise* when the pastor entered.

If Mr. Longfellow does sincerely and really set any store by this flat portraiture of a village pastor, it is to be lamented that his taste is so low as not to have been frightened by the contrast with that most lovely and inimitable picture of the same personage found in Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." To enable the reader readily to mark the difference betwixt poetry and its counterfeit, we take the liberty, to save reference, of copying a few lines from that beautiful and admired poem:—

"Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,  
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;

There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,  
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.

A man he was to all the country dear,  
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;  
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,  
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wished to change his place;

Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,  
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;  
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,  
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.

\* \* \* \* \*

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,  
And e'en his failings lean'd on virtue's side;  
But in his duty prompt at every call,  
He watch'd, and wept, he pray'd and felt for all;

And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,  
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,  
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,  
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

\* \* \* \* \*

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,  
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;  
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,  
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.  
The service pass'd, around the pious man,  
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;  
E'en children follow'd with endearing wile,  
And pluck'd his gown to share the good man's smile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,  
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distress'd;

To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,  
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.  
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,  
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,

Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

We delight, as doubtless does the reader, to glide lingeringly along with soft, melodious cadences like the above, and while nestling in the music of smooth-flowing words, to float placidly down the limpid current of these genial and inspiring sentiments. We will not be cruel and unamiable enough to invite a too strict comparison with Mr. Longfellow's unhappy attempt to draw a like picture.

What shall we say of Mr. Longfellow's poems on slavery? Here, too, he is treading in the footsteps of a most illustrious predecessor—putting forth a feeble effort to share the laurels of Montgomery. Perhaps, if we were mischievously inclined, we might here cite, alongside the modest name of our author, that of quite a *noted* competitor in the same race. It must not be forgotten, especially in sunny climes, that a lately *Americanized* writer, not content to rest on the achievements of his "Richelieu" and his "Gipsy," would fain essay a rhyming tilt in the very *sentimental* tournament where Montgomery had flashed his maiden sword. Mr. Longfellow may, we think, well afford to congratulate himself that he is thus shielded by so redoubtable an exemplar in the lists of flimsy imitation.

The slavery poems are prefaced with a somewhat pompous, serene-tempered note, telling us that they were written while at sea; and that the first verses, addressed to Dr. Channing, who had just written his book about slavery, were no longer appropriate,



since the death of that eminent gentleman. Being thus speciously charged, we were, quite naturally as one may imagine, very considerably impressed as to the character of the production about to be read. The opening stanza, however, brought us, very unwelcomely, down several steps:—

"The pages of thy book I read,  
And as I closed each one,  
My heart, responding, ever said,  
'Servant of God, well done!'"

To say the least, this was coming at his subject in quite a point-blank, somewhat too unpoetical manner; though we doubt not that its *benediction* would have been very encouraging to Dr. Channing, had he been alive to see and read it. There is besides in its tone a positiveness, an abruptness, which is always inelegant and ungraceful in metrical composition.

We have next quite a spiteful ebullition of rhythmical invective:—

"Go on, unti' this land revokes  
The old and chartered Lie,  
The feudal curse, whose whips and yokes  
Insult humanity."

There is, if we do not greatly misjudge, something else than mere *poetical* sentiment involved in this fierce denunciation, to which some, who live in parts of "this land," might quite reasonably object. Indeed we are not so sure but that these lines to Dr. Channing might come within the meaning of certain laws enacted by States of this Union to prevent the circulation of certain mischievous documents. There is, at least, more of *feeling* in its tone and expression than prudence might warrant; and because Mr. Longfellow chooses to come among us as a votary of Apollo, we are not therefore stopped from guarding against the bad tendencies of his poetry. But we are loath to believe that any mischievous effect was intended; and though we might have been better pleased to have found his book *prudently* retrenched of this one poem, we desire not to be understood as endeavoring to affix any improper *motive* on so amiable a writer.

"The Slave's Dream" is prettily conceived, but in view of so prolific and suggestive a subject, very indifferently and tamely executed. There is, however, much of

genuine spirit in some of the stanzas, as, for instance, the following:—

"Wide through the landscape of his dreams,  
The lordly Niger flowed;  
Beneath the palm-trees on the plain,  
Once more a king he strode,  
And heard the tinkling caravans  
Descend the mountain road."

We cannot dwell on each poem of the series; but passing over much fanciful and silly jeremiading, we pause a moment or two to notice the one called "The Witnesses." Montgomery, in his celebrated poem of the "West Indies," has the following eloquent and stirring lines, in speaking of sunken slave-ships:—

"When the loud trumpet of eternal doom  
Shall break the mortal bondage of the tomb;  
When with a mother's pangs the expiring earth  
Shall bring her children forth to second birth;  
Then shall the sea's mysterious caverns, spread  
With human relics, render up their dead:  
Though warm with life the heaving surges glow,  
Where'er the winds of heaven were wont to  
blow,  
In sevenfold phalanx shall the rallying hosts  
Of ocean slumberers join their wandering ghosts,  
Along the melancholy gulf that roars  
From Guinea to the Caribbean shores.  
Myriads of slaves, that perished on the way,  
From age to age, the shark's appointed prey  
By livid plagues, by lingering tortures slain,  
Or headlong plunged alive into the main,  
Shall rise in judgment from their gloomy beds,  
To call down vengeance on the murderers' heads."

Now for Mr. Longfellow, as he essays to attune his lyre to similar lofty strains:—

"In ocean's wide domains,  
Half buried in the sands,  
Lie skeletons in chains,  
With shickled feet and hands.

"Beyond the fall of dews,  
Deeper than plummet lies,  
Float ships, with all their crews,  
No more to sink nor rise.

"There the black slave-ship swims,  
Freighted with human forms,  
Whose fettered, fleshless limbs,  
Are not the sport of storms.

"These are the bones of slaves;  
They gleam from the abyss;  
They cry from yawning waves,  
'We are the witnesses!'"

We shall not sport with Mr. Longfellow or his admirers by invoking a comparison at this point; but we will say that he must possess a goodly share of courage or of self-

esteem, to put forth *such* lines in the very face of those we have quoted from Montgomery, and from which, doubtless, the idea of "The Witnesses" was unguardedly borrowed. But, apart from comparison, we are seriously bothered to make sense of Mr. Longfellow's expressions and references; for who on earth can possibly understand how ships can "float" in an ethereal element, "beyond the fall of dews,"—"deeper than plummet lies," and where they can "no more sink nor rise." This, we think, all will conceive, is truly incomprehensible. It brings to mind an anecdote quite *appropos*, which may, perhaps, afford Mr. Longfellow some defense for his senseless paragraphs, on the score of precedent.

The great Edinburgh publisher, Constable, while reading over a manuscript poem by the "Etrick Shepherd," which had been submitted to him, tartly observed, on reaching some obscure sentence, "Deil's in it; but I canna tell what you mean by this!" To which Hogg artlessly replied, "Hout, tout, man, that is na strange, for I dinna ken, sometimes, what I mean mysel'!"

The poem of "Evangeline," in the second volume, is most excessively dull, stiff, and tiresome. We cannot say one word in its favor, and only wonder how a reader can beat his way through its long succession of prosing lines—lines much more apt to induce a comfortable *siesta* than to excite admiration. It is the lengthiest production of the two volumes, except perhaps the Spanish Student, and is composed to the same mumbling, unmeaning measure as "the Children of the Lord's Supper," while it is, if

possible, even more barren of ideality. We cannot get our consent to transcribe any portion of it, lest we might by *such* repeated intrusions effectually worry out the reader's patience. Nor can we so reconcile it with our present undertaking as to dwell any longer on the second volume. It is of like sort with the first; perhaps, if there be any difference at all, even less creditable to the author.

We shall close our notice of Mr. Longfellow by remarking very briefly on the "Spanish Student." This, in our opinion, is a work of much intrinsic worth, and evinces talent of a high order. It is piquant, racy, full of spirit and vivacity, and contains much pretty composition—never rising, perhaps, into the powerful, yet never falling into the common-place. The plot is quite artistically conceived, and the dramatic features are fully developed and well delineated. The character of Preciosa is most gracefully and handsomely drawn; and Crispa is not, in her department, less happily portrayed; while Victorian and his rival bring out the full contrast of right and wrong. It is to be regretted that our author was not content to rest his ambition with this achievement, and that he could not have reconciled it to himself to leave out of his book all else but this single production—looking for a permanent fame more to those works by which he doubtless sets far less store. In fine, it is quite grateful and refreshing, after having found so much fault with Mr. Longfellow, though justly so, as we think, that we are enabled thus to bid him so kindly a farewell.

LONGWOOD, Mr.

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## THE HUMBLE REMONSTRANCE

OF

## STEEL SCISSORS,

AN OVER-WORKED AND ILL-USED MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN PRESS.

(FORWARDED BY FAVOR OF BELLEROPHON BROWN, ESQ.)

I REGRET to appear before the public in the character of a complainant; nothing but the extremest distress could prompt me to make my grievances the subject of this open exhibition. But I have borne much, and borne it long. I am worn almost to a shadow with long-protracted, severe, and unremitting labors, unrelieved by a single spark of intellectual enjoyment.

I begin to wax feeble in the joints, and persons who have observed me closely, think they perceive in my shrunken shanks and grey head the unmistakable tokens of a premature old age. I am, I believe, a worthy object of relief; and I proceed to make my appeal. I appeal, I may say, in behalf of a large connection; for there cannot be less than ten thousand of my brethren who daily gnash their teeth in servitude throughout this free republic; and some of them (can they be blamed?) with so spiteful a clash, that, on a still day, you may hear their united click, like the buzzing of locusts, all over the land.

I come of a good family. My grandfather was a farmer of the name of Spade, (not the slightest relation to the jack of spades, but an honest straightforward person,) who, the moment he came of age, and of a size suitable to the union, formed an alliance with a lady of the name of Wood, (intimately related to those hearty fellows, the Greens.) My mother was a Chisel or a Gouge, I could never learn precisely which; for, to tell the truth, a slight stain creeps in here upon the family escutcheon, and has left the armorial bearings of our house a little dimmed and disordered. At any rate, the original stock was good, whatever impurities may have become casually mixed with it in the course of generations. For myself,

the first distinct recollection I have of this world, is, that I found myself lying in a basket, in a wooden building, in the town of Springfield, Massachusetts—that I was christened Scissors, (which name I still bear,) and that at an early period of life, I was sent away from home to live with an old lady who kept a small thread and needle shop in Division-street. She was a good, quiet old lady, who read her Bible and always had a spare copper for the poor. I cannot deny but that the old needle-woman treated me kindly. She never required me to perform any other duties than the ordinary attendance on the counter, in the daytime, to measure tapes and calicoes to her customers. In the evening, it was my business to trim the lamps—not the neatest or most elegant of employments; but it was an honest one, and as it increased the light and comfort of the house, I never cared much that I did grease my fingers a little.

This course of life, simple, humble, and blameless as it was, was not to last long: one day the good old lady died—her effects shortly after (I spent a lonesome time of it shut up, by myself, in the darkness and solitude of the little store—poor orphan that I was!) passed into the hands of a cloth-merchant who was her chief creditor and administered upon her affairs. Behold me now, still, I may say, in the innocence of childhood, thrown upon the very highway of business, and associating daily with a gentleman of high reputation, a member of the church, and (as I learned, by being taken to the place of worship on a certain afternoon by my new employer, by a curious accident, which I need not stop to explain) one of the deacons who carried the plate. I became acquainted with a great many curious mat-

ters while I remained at the cloth-merchant's, the one-half of which would not be believed, if I were to tell it. One circumstance occurred so often, that I cannot avoid mentioning it, for it is the chief recollection of that period of my career. Whenever the cloth which was sold was measuring out to a customer, my master was in the habit of giving me a sly nudge, which caused me to slip my hold, and *under-measure* the article, in all cases: sometimes to the extent of several dollars in value. In the course of a busy day's trade, it would amount to a very handsome sum; and my employer, as he counted his cash and closed his ledger, would fetch me a lively poke in the ribs (so to speak) which made me jump again. The world changes with all of us! I had never been entirely at my ease (considering the lessons of moral deportment I had learned at the old needle-woman's) with the merchant; but as his love of money, and, consequently, his requisition of my services grew the more the longer I was with him, I saw no prospect of a termination to those irksome services, when, one dark night—I remember it well—I slept in the store, and there was a little shaky glimmer of light from a quarter-moon in one of the window-shutters—I, together with the entire contents of the money-drawer, was seized, and without a moment for remonstrance, dragged into the street and hurried on board a vessel lying at the wharf; in a twinkling the sails were spread, and, long before I could recover from my astonishment, we were scudding before the wind far out at sea. My first discovery on the dawning of light in the morning was, that I had for fellow-passenger my late master's head clerk; my second, by a conversation I overheard in the cabin, that the ship we were on board of was bound on a piratical cruise. You can readily understand, in what followed, that there were many things not altogether congenial to a temper like mine. We visited many countries, and I had a fine opportunity to sharpen myself by travel, and acquire that last polish and elegance, which, it is said, travel alone can give; but, on the other hand, I was an enforced witness to scenes, which, at this late day, even make me tremble in my very joints. I look back to one circumstance only with unmixed satisfaction—the assistance I rendered in preparing a bandage to bind up the wound of a beautiful young lady, who was injured

in a skirmish with a government ship, from which our vessel took her captive.

How I got back to dry land once again, and came into my present engagement, connected as it is with some very curious developments of human nature and rather queer traits of character, I shall not relate, further than to say, that I am now, after going through so much, and when, one would suppose, after a life of active service, I might have acquired an honorable release for the residue of my days, in the employ of the editor of a newspaper—a man who seems to have made a vow to never allow me a moment's rest. From morning till night, it's trot, trot, trot; click, click, click; Scissors here, Scissors there; What's become of Scissors?—where's Scissors?—what have you done with Scissors? (as if somebody from pure spite had meditated putting me out of the way.) And although my employer is mainly indebted to my activity for bread for his family, he is accustomed to treat me after the most cavalier fashion, hustling me about without the slightest respect; although I will acknowledge that I have known him at times take me by the hand and contemplate me with a look which certainly seemed to partake of affection. This would happen, however, only when he was contriving some fresh work for me—then to it again, trot trot, trot; click, click, click!

I speak now more particularly of my services upon "the daily"—this, vexatious as it is, I could endure; I am willing to yield so far to the wicked customs of the world as to be ready, at the prompting of my master, to pitch into any other newspaper—large or small—foreign or domestic—to spare neither age nor sex—in my wild forays. All is fish that comes to our net; but the mischief of it is, I am no sooner relieved from "getting out" the daily, than I am summoned to lend a hand in the preparation of a monthly magazine, (of which my worthy employer has also charge,) and the fashion in which he sets me to tumbling the foreign reviews, monthlies, and weeklies—cutting their back-strings—slicing whole chapters and books by the armful, sometimes makes me feel as if I must give out for sheer lack of strength. I have more than once exhibited symptoms of a stand-still or a total break-up; in which case, master merely gives me a knock on the head, and threatens me with the grinder if I don't look out what I'm about!

You would perhaps think, here is an end of his troubles: Scissors, poor fellow, has at last on his back quite as much as any one poor pair of mortal shoulders can bear. Be not too sure of that, my anxious friends! Do you know the brother of my employer, that industrious and Herculean compiler of school-dictionaries, geographies, grammars, etc. etc.? Would you believe it, the brute has compelled me to study German; and scarcely a day of my life passes, that I am not head-foremost in some thumping quarto, with its grating consonants and throat-tearing gutturals, which set my very teeth on edge when I think of it. In a word, (to make a short story of my troubles,) I am on the constant go, I may say, from morning till night; and even when darkness falls upon the house, and one would really suppose that I was to get a little rest, there is still no peace; for it unfortunately so happens that there is a moon-struck apprentice, (who wears his hair at length, and his collar rolled down upon the nape of the neck,) who lodges in a little closet—some, perhaps, would call it a room—just off the printing office, and who, being badly taken in the very dead of night with what he mistakes for poetical pains or spasms of inspiration, rushes out of his cot, and seizing me by the shoulders, begins in the most maniacal fashion, (and yet I fancy the rogue knows well enough what he is about,) pushing me rudely about among the old heaps of newspapers in every direction. By my aid, taking a line here and a line there, (he has a skill in “taking out” a line, which he may have acquired from his business as a compositor,) with the practised dexterity of a surgeon in removing a bone, or an oculist a mote from the eye, and patching them cunningly together, he succeeds in making a sort of coverlid of verses, to which he affixes his name, has the whole printed, and, without the slightest reference to my services in the matter, sends them abroad in the world as his own, sole, unaided achievement. In such villainy am I compelled (by the force of circumstances) to be an accomplice! But I observe whenever, in company, the subject of poetry is brought up, and I happen to be in the room, the young knave steals a look at me, and quivers, like one suddenly seized in an ague-fit. Now, my friends, is there no relief for me from this horrid bondage? Am I to wear

out all the poor remainder of my days in this dog’s-work?—mixed up with all sorts of wickedness, blasted and blighted and rusted, without a possibility of recovering the pristine purity and fairness of my nature? Am I to consort with jobbers and pirates, with snippers and snappers for ever? I do not (understand me!) object to employment. Heaven knows, I come of a family of working people! (My grandfather, Spade, was accounted as faithful a hand as ever labored on a farm; and I know, from authentic sources, that my mother’s father, Old Chisel, was a clever workman, although at times a little eccentric.) But, to speak my mind plainly, I feel that I am not fulfilling the fair and faithful destiny for which I was born. I have fallen, I feel, into very low and wicked ways. Won’t some body help me out? Is there no philanthropist of a generous heart, no man of ample means and liberal understanding, to give me a better sphere? I am willing to fill any decent situation; and if I were thrown upon the world to-morrow, I believe I could earn an honest living. I may be asked: What do you consider yourself fitted for, and what sort of employment would be agreeable to you? How would you like to engage yourself to a young seamstress of our acquaintance? Excuse me, I’d rather not: I have already seen misery enough for one life time. Would it suit you to be a grocer’s assistant? What, to snip twine and slither brown paper! Pardon me, my good sirs; there is my cousin Shears, a sturdy, big, broad-shouldered fellow, just the boy for *your* business! Journey-work for a barber—how would that do? Thank you!—that is somewhat nearer to the mark. Talking of the head, you must remember I have spent my best days in connection with the public, and in striving (under adverse circumstances) to minister to their intellectual improvement. I would like to go on in that pursuit, but in a different fashion. I still desire, if the general good seems to demand it, to continue an honorable and honored Member of the American Press. And if some kind, high-minded, intelligent, and philanthropic person will but buy my time and release me from my present irksome connections, I promise to serve him to the best of my humble abilities. Well, Mr. Scissors, what can you do, with satisfaction to your own conscience, and advantage to



your future employer? I will only now promise to make myself generally useful. Only ask me to do what becomes a gentleman, an honest man, and a decent member of society, and you may direct to me (where

I am always to be heard from) at any one of the newspaper offices, publishers or booksellers, of the United States, care of B. Brown, Esq.

Respectfully yours,  
STEEL SCISSORS.

## THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND IN A MINORITY.

THE Church of England counts 10,160,000 of population, who conform nominally to its rules and tenets.

The *other* churches count 17,100,000, who refuse to conform.

The Church of England claims, notwithstanding, to be *the* Church of England, Scotland, and Ireland, in which countries all this difference exists against it.

In Ireland the great majority are Catholics; yet here, too, the people, in mass, are obliged to submit to "Church of England" taxes.

In Scotland the great majority are Scotch Presbyterians, and in that country aristocratic members of the minority Church ("of England") claim to regulate the affairs of the Scotch Church.

This "Church" so largely in minority in Great Britain and Ireland, is barely a majority in England proper; eight and a half millions being the number of Conformists, and eight (millions) the number of non-Conformists, and the difference against the so called "Church of England," and the other churches increasing steadily and with great rapidity in numbers from year to year.

The experience of all governments in all ages, reduced to a science by the ablest and wisest minds, has established the rule that great powers in a State are then only dangerous to its internal peace when they are unrepresented in its government.

If the Christian Church is recognized as a power in the State, as it is in England, Scotland, and Ireland, its various elements must be fully and adequately represented in the government, or it is in continual danger of revolution, through the active hatred of those churches, like that of Scotland, and the Catholic of Ireland, which remain unrepresented.

In America we have escaped the danger of unequal representation, by refusing to recognize any "Church" as a political power: in this we have acted not from choice, but from necessity.

We have refused also, with one exception, to admit the social or aristocratical power, founded on individual differences of men, as an element in government; and hence the impossibility of exciting social revolutions in the United States. Wherever such differences do exist, and are recognized, as in the Southern States, it is found necessary to allow them a representation in the Central Government. The slave is represented by his master.

The rejection of these two elements of authority, the social and religious, from the system of our government, was not understood to be a theoretic movement on the part of the founders of the Constitution; they had no choice to do otherwise. Small jarring churches, and small mushroom aristocracies, were of necessity left unrepresented, and because all were equally rejected, they have occasioned no serious disturbance.

In Great Britain, on the contrary, social power and church power are admitted as elements of national sovereignty. The monarch is not only an executive head of law, but is the first grade of social difference, the dispenser of reputation, wealth and influence. All the grades of nobility, wealth, and social eminence are in the gift of the sovereign, in virtue of an idea of personal difference, or individual superiority, as an element of public power, of which the sovereign is the incarnation or mysterious representative. Such at least is the idea of the powerful minority, and they are supported in it by the dread of revolutions and appeals to the people; appeals to the

crown are much less doubtful in their issue.

The number of persons recognized as aristocracy, and whose honors and privileges depend upon royalty for their existence, does not perhaps exceed 40,000; but they hold the best lands, and govern the best tenant-ries, and have the largest body of dependants, and relatives of all grades, living by their favor, of any class in Great Britain. They are consequently—in a country like England, unwarlike, effeminate, and disarmed—a very powerful body, and admitted of necessity among the governing powers.

Aristocracy is probably a more enduring element of government in England than Church power. Aristocracy is equally and more than well represented, and it endeavors on all sides to maintain its position by the pretence of liberality, and the show of popularity. In the course of revolution the Established Church goes first by the board, aristocracy and royalty follow. As a proof of this we cite the following particulars, published in the *London Sun*, and quoted by the *New-York Tribune*. The statistics above are from the same.

The Lord Chancellor has the patronage of 800 livings. The two Universities of 700; the Colleges of Eton and Winchester of 60; various noblemen and gentlemen of 6207.

The body of the "Church" called "of England" is thus seen to be an establishment for the especial support and benefit of the aristocracy and gentry. They have the privilege guaranteed them by law of filling the vacancies of the ministry; and the only power that stands between them and this right is that of the Bishops appointed by the crown, and themselves members of the House of Lords.

The presentations to livings are probably the right arm of the English aristocracy, as it secures them the enthusiastic support of the Church, so called, "of England."

This sect of clergymen, supported on one side by the aristocracy, and on the other by acts of Parliament, which enable them to collect their salaries by process of law from all persons alike, without distinction of creed, is of necessity a conservative body; perhaps the most conservative in the world; nay, it is the well-spring of all conservatism in Church and State, and the preventer of revolution, and of every species of progress or intelligent reform. It is not to blame

for this; human nature is weak, but especially salaried human nature, with the sword of Damocles above its head.

The conservatism of this declining power may be estimated by the following items:

The salary of the Bishop of London is some \$300,000 per annum; and yet who, for good or for evil, knows any thing of this "conservative" lord, whose power and income are equal to a small principality?

Three other bishops have salaries equally preposterous; and the twenty-five minor bishops are restricted within the narrow limits of \$30,000 a year each; which we are to suppose is an afflicting poverty, to be endured with a conservative resignation.

The most extraordinary item of all in the cost of this vicious establishment is the exaction of \$20,000,000 in tithes and revenues, which is paid over in various sums to five thousand aristocratical non-residents,—persons who consume the salaries, without performing the duties of clergymen. Five thousand idlers are turned loose upon the community, with incomes averaging \$5000 a year, to exert, we suppose, "a fine moral and conservative influence upon the upper and middle classes."

This Church, called by Lord John Russell "the most tolerant Church in the world," says the *London Sun*, "has lately made a display of its tolerance and pious conservatism, by carrying the chairs away by force out of a Quaker meeting-house, at Houndsditch, to pay some one of her clergymen with."

Now, in America, what should we think of a Methodist or Baptist clergyman, who, under pretence that his was the true Church of the county or village, should make a descent upon the "Episcopal meeting-house," and carry off all the footstools and velvet cushions? Suppose the custom of the country sanctioned this, would it not be a wicked custom? and would not a popular "revolution" in behalf of "toleration," ending in the ducking of the scoundrel Methodist or Baptist, however well "established" he might boast himself, be a very pardonable offense?

If "a people," such as we intend by "a people," in America, namely, a population of intelligent persons, with the full consciousness of individual freedom in them, existed in England, Church and Aristocracy would disappear like a shrivelled scroll; but we too often forget that in England, instead of "a

people" they have only a plebs, a plebeian rout, unarmed, ignorant, vicious, and servile, out of which the more intelligent labor with might and main to escape upwards to a clearer and more comfortable social medium.

It is evident to common sense, that the unrepresented Church powers, Catholic and Protestant, in Great Britain, must in time demand a representation in the government; or the American plan must be adopted of a "separation of Church and State."

The words "separation of Church and State in Great Britain" have a terrible significance, and contain nearly all the consequences of a modern Republican Revolution.

The first and least important step in such a separation might be the exclusion of the Bishops from the House of Lords. The consequences of this would not be immediately evident.

The second might be a reduction of their salaries; and the third a removal of the power of presentation from aristocratical hands; which would destroy the present powerful social connection between the sect so called "of England" and the aristocracy.

The aristocracy would naturally give themselves no farther trouble about any particular sect of religion excepting the one to which, from choice or education, they might happen to belong. Each nobleman would pay a chaplain of his own sect, as in the good old times of the Reformation.

The powerful interest of the old sects in the conservation of the State being destroyed, it would begin to seek popularity for its own support. Catholic clergymen would be

supported by Catholics, Protestant by Protestants.

That the present aristocratic Constitution of Great Britain could maintain itself without the conservative aid of an Established Church is not generally believed. If the ascertained laws of Revolutionary progress will apply to Great Britain, the Church, so called, "of England" must soon lose its hold upon the government; but whether this movement of Revolution is to be the first in order, or whether an extension of the franchise will precede it, is esteemed to be a point of much uncertainty. The great fact, that the aristocratical Church has fallen into a minority, and must go out of power, is the one to which we wished more especially to direct the attention of our readers. Some of them will naturally ask, If the voluntary system is ever adopted, and the presentations to livings removed from aristocratical hands, how many persons can then be counted members in the Church, so called, "of England?" If the Dissenters and the Catholics now outnumber the Established sect, with all the advantages of land, wealth, patronage, and fashion in its favor, what would be the relative proportion with those advantages removed? Would not the Church, so called, "of England," collapse on a sudden into a frightfully small minority? And if such is the fact, how far are its opinions or its conservatism as a political power entitled to respect even in England, much less in America, where government is merely organized liberty, revolution in permanence?

## MR. MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER.

### PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY ON ITS TRAVELS.

At a late visitation of "eminent men," legislators and others, to the various public institutions in and about the city of New-York, the Mayor made an English Poet, M. F. Tupper, visible at the Institution of the Blind. The following is from the *Tribune*:—

"Mr. Tupper was introduced to the pupils and the audience by his Honor, the Mayor, as a distinguished English poet, and the author of 'Proverbial Philosophy.' Mr. Tupper said he did not expect to be thus called upon, and should not attempt to make a speech. *He was not prejudiced against Americans, for he looked upon them as Englishmen.* He would, instead of making a speech, deliver a few verses written by himself. *They were composed some time since in London, and a copy of them was solicited by Mr. Lawrence, our distinguished representative, who lived in a style of princely magnificence in London, and they were published in this country before his arrival.* If he could not remember them all, the audience would forgive him. The poem was entitled 'The Union, written by a Unit.' He gave the first verse, and the remainder appeared to have escaped his memory, but, after a determined effort, they came back and he was enabled to complete the recital."

How condescending, and how pleasantly and autobiographically egotistic of Mr. Tupper, "English Poet and Philosopher," to recite his own doggerel; to carry his own dunghill about with him to crow upon. We hope he has "more of the same sort left," for no doubt he will have to "go round," and

will be expected to go through the performance before many very select audiences. They must be excessively amusing, and it will have a run from the novelty. Only think, a Proverbial Philosopher amusing! It must have been a treat to see a "philosopher" making a "determined effort" to overtake some fugitive stanzas which "*appeared to have escaped.*" Why they should leave his mind we are at a loss at present to imagine; they must be *his*, for we do not know any other mind so stupidly unpoetical as to conceive such a piece of sermonized jingle.

What a pity the pupils could not see the antics of this "English poet and philosopher." There would be no danger of their ever becoming anti-national. Nothing is so good as the force of example. This, however, does not hold good with Willis and the other small-talk writers of the press. They are better anti-national as they are; for they have the doubtful honor of being in earnest, while if they espoused the right side they would be hypocrites. They would disgrace a good cause, while as it is their connection only ratifies a bad one.

Sympathy is a more dangerous disease than we were aware of. We all know the effect produced (as the story goes) on a sympathetic, sober man, by the presence of a drunkard. We are told that it was too much for poor sympathy, and he consequently became drunk. From our childhood we have read this story constantly in the papers, put there, we suppose, as a warning to youth, "not to look on drunkards" with sympathy; but notwithstanding the credence attached to its constant appearance in the said way, (for, as the song says, "It must be true, I read it in the papers,") we always doubted the fact. But Mr. Tupper's late conduct on visiting the Lunatic Asylum on Blackwell's Island knocks our doubts of years into a metaphorical "cocked hat," and not only argues but proves the power of sympathy in a remarkably strong and interesting light. Like the effect produced on the sober man by the appearance of the toper, the presence of the lunatics was too much for Mr. Tupper.

"Why, Martin, law! how changed you are; not the domestic-hearth-loving being you used to be—how noisy you are getting! how valiant!" said a particular friend of Mr. Tupper's to him on reading the following in the *Morning Herald* of the 25th March:—

"On Mr. Tupper's introduction he said: 'I have not prepared a speech—all that I have to say is that *I love you.* I have come over the Atlantic ocean to say *I love you.* You have some faults which I do not mean to flatter; but you deserve to be called *Englishmen.*' (Cheers, mingled with suppressed murmurs.) I find no difference. I have crossed the ditch, and I find you are Englishmen at the other side. (Cheers and hisses.) Yankee Englishmen, I mean. (Cheers and laughter.) I wish to write a book about you.

"A Voice—Not in the Dickens style.

"Mr. Tupper—I want to tell the truth about you. I WILL PROTECT YOU, though I am aware you do not need protection. I find England as great here as at home. I have come into the land of orators and statesmen. I want to say a few words about this institution. I have come among you—(Interruptions, with cries of 'Go on,' amid which Mr. Tupper sat down, while a horn was sounding in vain for silence)."

"My dear fellow, good Martin, is this true?"

"Yes," replied M. F. T.

"You're mad, by G—!"

"No, 'pon my life; but I've been looking at the lunatics, and——"

Unless Mr. Tupper was overcome by the sight of the madmen, we do not know how to receive his insulting and unbecoming speech. How English a piece of kindness it was to come over the ocean to tell us he loved us! Bulwer says the same thing, while he is immortalizing himself as a pickpocket on a gigantic scale.

The mountebank Thompson came with the like intent, and we are pleased to see that his overtures have been met with due appreciation. His telegraphic exodus from Springfield proves that dead cats are often much more formidable than live ones, and that a diseased egg can often "doubt a man up" better than a "game chicken." We hope Mr. Tupper does not mean to follow in the paths of these gentlemen. If he does, we think he will find that his receptions will prove (he is fond of proverbs) that "practice makes perfect."

Has Lord Palmerston, seeing how admirably his protectorate is succeeding in Central America, sent out Mr. Tupper (Heaven save the mark!) to be the lord protector of the United States?

"I will protect you," says my Lord Tupper. What a burst! Vanity was at a high pressure when that was let off. It must be a source of solid pleasure to Mr. Tupper, in his private reflections, that he was not permitted to proceed, and we trust he may profit by the fact, and not allow himself to be carried any farther in a course of disreputable notoriety by the recurrence of such scenes. Every foreigner is modestly welcome to our shores; the laws protect strangers: but when they sink the gentleman in the mountebank, then it is our duty to inform them that we do not allow such proceedings to go without a critical reproof, and against every thing absurd, disgusting, or positively injurious in such a public display, we feel bound to enter protest.

Mr. Tupper will be made a fool of by the few persons who aspire to a place in the book he is going to write on America. The little reputation he has will be crushed, and any good-nature in the man will be pressed out of him, toadying and being toadyed in turn. He will be led to believe he is a poet, which, notwithstanding Mayor Kingsland's discovery and Senator Stanton's "distinguished" patronage, we beg disinterestedly to doubt. Poetry is not *proverbs* or *sermons* cut up into set lines and walking on a certain number of feet.

Mr. Tupper and the public are equally (to use an intensely British phrase) *sold* by these paltry publicities. If travelling Englishmen, of some literary reputation, wish to retain it, they should beware of holding it up to contempt: the less often they say, "I have come among you," the better. "I have come among you," quoth he! Lord, what a simpleton!

## MISCELLANY.

## A GREAT NOVELTY ;

To Wit :

## CORRUPTION IN THE STATE LEGISLATURE OF NEW-YORK.

THE good people of New-York have been laboring for several days under a grand fit of astonishment and horror, at the discovery the most novel and original—a discovery of an attempt at corruption in their Senate! A late representative from the city of New-York, inspired by a pure and patriotic enthusiasm, has with a commendable diligence raked together and published in the *Herald* some shocking particulars, which we commend to the attention of all State legislators and their constituencies. The mischiefs of corruption in a State Senate are not confined to the State itself. Every body knows that, by the nature of our governments, as the State Governments are, so will the Central Government be. It is the force of example then that we are to fear; lest by any possibility the hitherto unsullied purity of our *National* (?) Senate and House of Representatives may by sinister example, in some faint, imperceptible shadow of a degree, be contaminated! Frightful possibility! Suppose, for example, the virtue of a national legislator, under strong temptations, were to give way; suppose he were actually to *sell* a vote or his support of a bill;—should we not immediately hear the crack of doom? Would not the Union incontinently fall to pieces? For is not 'virtue,' glorious 'virtue' the foundation of Republics; and if the foundation were to crack, would not the nation fall?

Money, it is said, was paid to legislators to prevent the passage of a bill against gambling! Dreadful and deplorable novelty! How thankful we ought all to be that virtue and the law have at least one stronghold left, that the Central Power of the Union is *sound* and *pure*. Happy people!—glorious in the majesty of a pure, vigorous, and incorruptible Central Legislation!

MODERN MODESTY.—We read: "It is said in the *Messaggiere* of Modena, that the naked statues in the churches at Rome are to be covered, from motives of modesty. Canova's Genius of Death in the monument to Pope Clement is to be thus adorned, and the many little cherubs which abound in various churches are no longer to be left in a state of improper exposure. The immodest pictures are also to be improved." What is meant by "improving" immodest pictures, we leave our readers to find out. But surely Catholicity has forgot its soul when it becomes worse than Iconoclastic, merely maudlin sentimental, "covering up little cherubs in a state of improper exposure!" Our readers will remember the answer of Napo-

leon to one of the ladies of his suite, who remarked on the indecency of these very statues, that the "immodest idea was not in the marble, but in the mind of the observer." Nevertheless, we will tell a better story than that. A friend of ours, an artist of some eminence, had once occasion, in his youth, to instruct a young lady in the art of drawing from life; and to begin, he directed her notice to a plaster cast of the nude figure known as "Hercules leaning on his club," which had been for years innocently resting on a pedestal in a corner of the parlor of the mansion in which she lived. The first lesson progressed well, nor did the plaster create greater alarm on that occasion than it had done while standing merely ornamental in its corner. On returning, however, to give his second lesson, our friend discovered the young lady modestly sitting at her drawing table with eyes intent on the little statue, about whose white waist there hung suspended in graceful folds, an impervious and picturesque curtain, being a small red cotton pocket handkerchief, the property of the lady's maid. We recommend the device to Pio Nono, and "the Genius of Death."

MULTUM IN PARVO.—If the population of the United States is 25,000,000, including all ages and colors, and the imports of the year 1850 are \$150,000,000,—though there is little doubt, by smuggling and "*ad valorem*," i. e. false valuations they will come nearer \$200,000,000 in worth,—every man, woman, and child in the United States will have paid six dollars to foreign merchants and manufacturers. The payment will be made in money and in provisions, flour, &c., in a proportion not well ascertained.

This tax or tribute is paid chiefly on manufactured articles, such as can easily be made in America, and upon products which can easily be grown upon our own soil. The entire expenditure, excepting about \$10,000,000, paid for materials which cannot now be grown or made upon American soil, is paid by our people to enable other nations, but chiefly England, to drive us out of all the markets of the world. A part of the profits of this enormous taxation maintains the English steam navy, pays the salaries of the English Free-trade ministers, the cost of armies in India, and the murderous armed police of Ireland. A yearly subscription of not less than Five Dollars a year for every man, woman, and child in America is paid out, directly or indirectly, for the maintenance of the British Empire.

Now there are not fewer than two millions of industrious and able artificers in America, living in forced idleness, or digging the earth for a scanty subsistence, to the detriment of the true American farmer, who could produce at least one hundred dollars annually more than they do, in the kinds of



labor suited to their knowledge and capacity. Full a million more could be profitably employed in the production of food and raw material, to be used by the two millions of artisans well employed.

Three millions of persons, now either bankrupt, idle, or badly employed, would add, if well employed, at least \$300,000,000 to the annual income of the nation.

An armed steamship costs about \$500,000. For \$50,000,000, a hundred powerful steam-vessels can be built. For \$100,000,000 annually a steam navy of one hundred vessels can be kept afloat, in such strength and order as to defy the combined French and English squadrons. With such a navy, which would cost every man, woman, and child in the United States \$3 32, a commercial system could be kept up all over the world that would compel England to share the market which she now monopolizes, and break up that frightful system of extortion and aggression upon which she now depends for the support of her manufactures and for her ability to tax and frighten America. She would be driven off the continents of North and South America. She would be checked in her designs upon the Chinese. She could be compelled to evacuate or liberate the East Indies. She could make no wars nor commercial treaties until the people of America gave her leave to do so. America would dictate terms for the defence of the liberty of all nations.

The five dollars a year paid by every man, woman, and child in America for the support of the British Commercial Empire, would be invested in profitable industry, and give employment to the entire idle or impoverished population, native or immigrant, of the United States. An enormous and cheap supply of manufactures and produce would be the consequence, yielding a grand surplus to be sent away and sold in foreign markets. The profits of such a trade, so defended, would come back to us in the shape of money, and all the elegancies and luxuries of other nations and climates. An immense commerce, five-fold our present trade, would be the consequence. Every mode of industry, every kind of enterprise would be employed. The people would be rich, proud, and happy. The Republic of America would be not only the first power, but absolutely the *ruling power* of the earth. No nation would dare to make war upon it. All this and more may be accomplished by mere legislation. But at present England legislates for America, and Congress dares not do anything for the people because they have no steam-navy. SHAME—SHAME!!

TRAVELLING ENGLISH NOBLEMEN IN AMERICA.—The *New-York Herald* of January 4th reports a lecture delivered by Lord Morpeth at the Leeds Mechanic's Institution in England. The Hall was densely crowded, and his Lordship was welcomed with unbounded enthusiasm, which we may take as an indication of popularity at least. Of course a great number of very distinguished persons were present at the lecture. Lord Morpeth is now Lord Carlisle. According to his own representa-

tion, his Lordship's visit to the United States was a kind of political rustication, or leave of absence. Various reasons have been assigned for his visit. Our own private belief is that Lord Morpeth came here in a double capacity: first, as a private gentleman, for health and amusement, and second, as an English humanitarian statesman, to spy out the land, and see what it could do and what might be done with it. He travelled through twenty-two States, kept a journal of his progress, and lectures from the journal. His Lordship has so vast an abundance of words, it is difficult to give the matter they signify without great labor of sifting; and, indeed, the lecture itself is so dull and sleepy a performance, so thoroughly superficial and devoid of ideas, after reading it the critic is fitter for a nap than for anything else. His Lordship landed in Boston; he describes the city with all the dullness and without any of the minuteness of the Guide Book. His affection for Boston is evident; he expresses it. He observed the Bunker's Hill Monument—the old elm tree at Cambridge, beneath which Washington drew his sword to take command of the national army. He dwells upon the English character of Boston. He remarks that Mr. Justice Story was an enthusiastic admirer of his country; but that Mr. Story also had a great admiration for Lord Hardwicke and other English lawyers. He qualifies his praise of Mr. Story with the remark, that when he was in the room few others could get in a word. He gives the usual description of Dr. Channing in his last days. In brief, he saw the notabilities of Boston. He took notice of the public schools of Boston. The only topic upon which his Lordship is absolutely enthusiastic is that of the waiters at the Tremont House, who were all, he says, Irish and English. He remarks that American railway cars have stoves in them, which is very convenient. "New-England," says his Lordship, "produces chiefly ice and granite." After describing the city of Albany he remarks, "What can be more striking or stirring, despite the occasional rudeness of the farms, than all this life, enterprise, and energy swelling up in the desert?"

He notices that some of the towns are called by Roman, others by Indian names. He says, he thought his arrival at Niagara very exciting, and immediately enters upon a description of a stage coach which is very long. He then enters upon a description of his sensations at Niagara, which were very much like those of other men. In short, everything that one finds in the newspapers in summer time, except their spirit and animation, may be found in Lord Morpeth's lecture. Upon the whole, it is the most exquisitely dull of all travellers' descriptions. His Lordship is an abolitionist. He winds up with a violent and bitter denunciation of slavery. He thinks, however, that America may, in future generations, do much for the liberty of man and the glory of God. His dullness, blandness, prosiness, humanitarianism, English prejudice, and imperturbable insolence and self-sufficiency do so thoroughly qualify him for the office, we doubt not he will one day become a member of the English Cabinet, perhaps Premier. He is "as tedious as a king;" you can no more be witty upon him than you can upon a pudding.

APPLICATION OF IRON TO RAILWAY STRUCTURES. —It was to investigate the subject of the application of iron to railway structures that a Commission was appointed, consisting of Lord Wrottesly, Professors Willis and Hodgkinson, Captain James, and Messrs. George Rennie and William Cubitt, with Lieut. Galton as secretary. At starting, the Commission endeavored to make themselves acquainted with all the experiments which had been already made on iron by engineers; and on this point they state (*London Athenæum*):—

"From the information supplied to us, it appears that the proportions and forms at present employed for iron structures have been generally derived from numerous and careful experiments, made by subjecting bars of wrought or cast iron of different forms to the action of weights, and thence determining, by theory and calculation, such principles and rules as would enable these results to be extended and applied to such larger structures and loads as are required in practice. But the experiments were made by dead pressure, and only apply therefore to the action of weights at rest. As it soon appeared, in the course of our inquiry, that the effects of heavy bodies moving with great velocity upon structures had never been made the subject of direct scientific investigation, and as it also appeared that in the opinion of practical and scientific engineers such an inquiry was highly desirable, our attention was early directed to the devising of experiments for the purpose of elucidating this matter."

To ascertain the effects of moving weights, a well-devised apparatus was constructed in Ports-

mouth Dockyard, and a very extensive series of experiments made by Captain James and Lieut. Galton. "The results which they obtained were equally new and important, developing for the first time the fact, that *a given weight, passing rapidly along a bar, produces a 'greater deflection in that bar, during its passage, than it would have done had it been suspended at rest from the centre of the bar.'*" Thus, for example, when the carriage loaded to 1,120 lbs. was placed at rest upon a pair of cast iron bars nine feet long, four inches broad, and one and a half inches deep, it produced a deflection of six tenths of an inch; but when the carriage was caused to pass over the bars at the rate of ten miles an hour, the deflection was increased to eight tenths, and went on increasing as the velocity was increased, so that at thirty miles per hour the deflection became one and a half inches, that is, more than double the statical deflection. Since the velocity so greatly increases the effect of a given load in deflecting the bars, it follows that a much less load will break the bar when it passes over it than when it is placed at rest upon it; and accordingly in the example above selected, a weight of 4,150 lbs. is required to break the bars if applied at rest upon their centres; but a weight of 1,778 lbs. is sufficient to produce fracture if passed over them at the rate of thirty miles an hour.

The Commissioners properly insist, therefore, on the importance of giving to all railway structures an amount of solidity far superior to that which is found by experiment or calculation sufficient to support as a dead weight the heaviest loads that can ever travel over them.

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

*The Jesuit; or the Amours of Captain Effingham and the Lady Zarifa: A Drama, in Three Acts.*  
By THOMAS W. WHITLEY. New-York. 1851.

"This is, really and truly, a goose of a book; or, if any body wishes the idiom to be changed, a book of a goose." So wrote the celebrated and classic wit, Dr. Maginn, on one of the books of a certain Nathaniel Parker Willis. We thank the Doctor for the sentence quoted, for it expresses our idea exactly of the so-called drama before us. To follow up his opinion, he says, "There is not a single idea in it, from the first page to the last, beyond what might germinate in the brain of a washer-woman." Our sentiments exactly on the "Jesuit."

It is a strange fact that small minds are celebrated for "nothing in particular," save the great amount of vanity they are able to contain; and lest Mr. Whitley (by any of those self-conceiting and self-pacifying arguments which vanity takes refuge in) might for a moment imagine he is as tall (in a literary point of view) as Mr. Willis, because we have without any trouble placed the same cap on both their heads, we at once beg to

take his conceit by the forelock, and wake him up to the fact that he is not. He must stand alone. He is unapproachable in his way. Stupidity at times is so ridiculous as to be laughable; but this pamphlet has not even that doubtful commendation. It is so stupidly stupid as to be tiresome. Well it is for the author of the "Jesuit" that the ancient practice of the gods wreaking their vengeance on offending mortals has fallen into disuse; else would the goddess of the dramatic art have given him (without much difficulty) the fate of Midas, or drowned him—not in the classic Styx, anticipative Mr. W., there are too many poetic reminiscences thereabouts—but in a butt of congenial ass's milk. The ablest physicians recommend it for consumption.

In plot, dialogue, character and action, this drama has the distinctive marks of being meagre, commonplace, unnatural and stupid. Even the title is excessively stupid. Any thing so ultra smacks of illiberality, bigotry to say the least; and for a drama such a title was ridiculous, for persons who do not agree with the sect "Jesuitical" would derive no pleasure from seeing what

they dislike taking up the two or three hours they wish to devote for instruction or amusement in the theatre. It was evidently written and called so for claptrap, but unfortunately, or fortunately, it has fallen into the pit its writer so untheatrically left too open. The author cannot be an American, or he would have liberality. He is not an Irishman, or he would have wit. He is not a Scotchman, or he would have common sense. He is not a Frenchman, or he would have vivacity. Not a German, or he would have solidity. Not an Italian, or he would have ease. But he is, we think, an Englishman, from the caricature he attempts to draw of an Irishman, and from the rancorous feelings which must have prompted him to waste otherwise valuable time on such an unworthy production.

We are aware that wholesome chastisement, coming from a respectable quarter, often confers temporary notoriety, or even consideration, on worthless and insignificant things. We know this; and if we shall be instrumental, by the advantageous position we hereby give him, in changing Mr. Whitley's false taste and unsound feelings for the future, we shall in no wise object to all the benefit this criticism may confer on him.

*Letters from the Continent.* By M., the Arkansas Correspondent of the Louisville Journal. New-York: D. Appleton. 1851.

This admirable volume might have been titled, with great propriety, the "Exodus of Cant." Of all books of travel we have for a long time (perhaps ever) read, it is the only one which has dared to go out of the beaten track of sketchers, tourists, and health-seekers. This is not so evident in regard to places, as to the descriptions of places. In this book you will not find a fulsome echo of the latest work on the same route, made up from foreign guide-books, or the opinions of titled English aristocrats whose thoughts have no weight save dulness, and who annually follow the steps of Childe Harold, aping the "gloomy," and fancying they are, each and all of them, either a Byron or a Byronic hero. You will not find such in this book, but you will find straight-forward and candid opinions and descriptions of the lands and people through which our author passed, written in a racy, piquant, and truly American vein. The letters from Paris, Constantinople, Cologne, Liverpool, and London, are remarkable for their truth, wit, and the national, the true republican, eye through which our author views what passes around him. Those from London are especially true, and ought to be welcomed by every American as the first truthful picture that has been given to them by an observant countryman—one who writes candidly, not drawing on his imagination or the imagination of English writers on their own country, but noting down his experience of John Bull and the people who do homage to that "almighty" personage. Americans who look around them and on the world through English spectacles, would do well to look into this book, and we think they would soon come to our conclusion that their glasses have been green. And by Americans of the flunkey class,

reading these letters, would see to what society he aspires who apes English manners; and if his manhood has no higher ambition, then truly, him we wish not to enlist.

*The Annual of Scientific Discovery.* Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1851.

This very useful repository, edited by David A. Wells, A. M., and Geo. Bhs., Jr., ought to obtain a place in the collection of every student, literary man, and those who are anywise interested in the march of science of the present time. It is a complete Year Book of Facts in Science and Art; exhibiting the most important discoveries and improvements in mechanics, useful arts, natural philosophy, chemistry, astronomy, meteorology, botany, mineralogy, geology, antiquities, and zoology, (we must not leave that out in this age of animals,) with a list of recent scientific publications, patents, important papers, reports, and obituaries of eminent scientific men. The book is handsomely printed, with a portrait frontispiece of Professor Benj. Silliman.

*Protestantism and Catholicity Compared, in their Effects on the Civilization of Europe.* Written in Spanish, by the Rev. J. BALMES. Translated from the French. Second Edition. Baltimore: Murphy. 1851.

This is a fair translation of Balmes' celebrated work, which engrossed so much attention in Europe. That it will command consideration on this continent, is evident from the fact of its already having attained a second edition. Balmes' style is forcible, eloquent, and comprehensive. In his preface he says: "Among the many and important evils which have been the necessary result of the profound revolutions of modern times, there appears a good extremely valuable to science, and which will probably have a beneficial influence on the human race,—I mean the love of studies having for their object man and society. The shocks have been so rude, that the earth has, as it were, opened under our feet; and the human mind, which, full of pride and haughtiness, but lately advanced on a triumphal car amid acclamations and cries of victory, has been alarmed and stopped in its career. Absorbed by an important thought, overcome by a profound reflection, it has asked itself, 'What am I? Whence do I come? What is my destination?'"

"What am I? The European Democrat would answer: I am the likeness of God, kept in perpetual childhood by the social ban of kings and princes who, shrouding society with the remnant of feudal usage, present me for every modern Herod to deal promiscuous slaughter upon. 'Whence do I come?' From the region of darkness and imbecility. 'What is my destination?' Light and freedom and manhood."

This is the true view of "the revolutions." It is needless to say that Balmes argues, and it is thought profoundly, for the spread of civilization by Catholicity. We could not, in a short notice, enter into an argument with his elaborate work, and therefore shall leave it with the remark that it

possesses a very remarkable interest for both the Protestant and Catholic student of the progress of civilization in Europe, and the effects of these religious principles thereon. The work is well and cheaply gotten out in a good octavo form, by the well-known Baltimore publishers.

*Classical Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography, Mythology, and Geography.* By WM. SMITH, LL.D. Revised by CHARLES ANTHON, LL.D. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

Dr. Anthon's classical reputation is a sufficient guarantee that this work will be found all that the student and general reader can require.

*History of the United States of America.* By RICHARD HILDRETH. Second Series, Volume I. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1851.

The first volume of the second series of Mr. Hildreth's continuous History of America, has been issued as above in a neat library shape.

It is the object of this work to give a complete and detailed account of the United States in their social, political, intellectual and economical aspects, during the exceedingly agitated and interesting period of the first generation succeeding the adoption of the Federal Constitution.

The three volumes, by the same author, on our colonial and revolutionary history, must be considered as merely an introduction to these.

This period of thirty-two years not only possesses a great deal of dramatic unity, but also admits of a division into three acts, each a sort of whole by itself, and each embraced in a separate volume.

The first volume, now presented, opens with a full account of the state of feeling and prevailing views in the different States at the moment of the organization of the new national government, showing the origin of that division of parties by which the country ever since has been more or less agitated, and the echo at least of which still resounds in our ears.

Nor is less attention paid to the exterior relations of the United States with the neighboring Indian tribes, with Britain, Spain, and France; relations which, after the breaking out of the French revolutionary war, came to furnish the great turning points of American politics.

The doubtful relations with the various Indian tribes, especially the war with the Northwestern Indians, the Whisky Rebellion in Western Pennsylvania, the gradual distinct formation of parties, and the personal character and individual aims of the principal leaders, together with the most remarkable transactions in the particular States, furnish interesting episodes to this narrative.

*The Manhattaner in New-Orleans; or, Phases of "Crescent City" Life.* By A. OAKLEY HALL. New-York: J. S. Redfield, Clinton Hall. 1851.

For a gloomy noon in December or a heavy afternoon in June, we could desire no better companion than Mr. Oakley Hall and his Crescent City life

reminiscences. His is a perfect diarrhoea of gossiping and piquant recollections and descriptions of places, persons, and occurrences in and about the "Calcutta of America," as he not inappropriately terms New-Orleans. His is any thing but "bald and disjointed chat," and save that he made us search Webster's Dictionary in vain for some of his expressions, our time with him was hearty, good-tempered, and instructive.

*The Celestial Telegraph; or Secrets of the Life to come, revealed through Magnetism.* 2 vols in 1. J. S. Redfield, Clinton Hall, publisher.

We have glanced over this work, and we think it will afford some amusement if not profit to the reader. At page 142 of the second volume, we find the following:—

"When deceased persons appear, is it the body in which we have known them on earth that appears?"

"No."

"Then why are they so much alike, and dressed as they were among us?"

"Because, otherwise, it would be impossible to recognize them."

Now, this doctrine is by no means a new one. We remember when a boy, in the city of Charleston, to have heard of a negro woman who had been in a trance for several days, and when she came to she was asked by an old aunty,

"Way you been?"

She replied, "In Hebben."

"Well, tell me, den, who you see dare?"

"Why, ah!—I see old massa; he was dress up in he soger clocs, hab a cock-hat on he hed, an a bran new sord by he side. Kye! I tell you wat, he look smart as ebber I see um on gen'ral review day. I see old missus too: he dress up in a elegant dress, wid spangle all ober he dress, and a splendid torta-shell comb in he head. I tell you wat, old missus look quite smart: he look jist like he look when young missus gin dat weddin' party."

"Well now, Mom Sussey, look yar: old aunt Peggy he bin ded sence you bin in de trance. You see eny ting ob him?"

"Oh, git out, nigger!—dont bodder me! I bin dare sich a leetle time, I haint hab a chance to go in de kitchin!"

*Picturesque Sketches of Greece and Turkey.* By AUBREY DE VERE, Esq. Philadelphia: A. Hart.

These few chapters of travel are finely contemplative and philosophical, as well as picturesque and intelligent. There is also an air of honesty and earnestness that, combined with the unpretending yet finished style of the author, give a charm to the work that is as rare as it is fascinating. If we add to these peculiarities a mind well stored with the glorious classic times of which the scenes described are the monuments, a fine taste for art, and an imagination peculiarly susceptible of poetical influences—what better guide would one want for an intellectual excursion into the



wonderful land of ancient art and eloquence and undying song?

Other peculiarities of the book than those mentioned, we may convey the best idea of by two quotations. We give them also for their intrinsic interest.

#### THE TEMPLE OF THE WINDS.

"It is a fortunate circumstance that among the monuments of antiquity which have escaped the spoiler's hand at Athens, are some of a character so singular that if they had perished (and a touch might have destroyed them) nothing would have remained to give us an idea of what they had been. One of these is the 'Lantern of Demosthenes,' another is the well-known 'Temple of the Winds'—a small octagon tower of exquisite proportions, the alternate sides of which are graced with projecting porches supported by pillars, while aloft the eight Winds expand their wings, floating forward with fluent hair, and holding in their hands the urns of benignant dews and showery influences, by which the seasons are tempered to the use of man. This building, which contained a water-clock in communication with the fountain Clepsydra, was originally surmounted by a Triton revolving on an axis, and sustaining in his hand a wand, the point of which drooped over the emblem of whatever wind was blowing at the time. On the side of the building still remain the lines which, like those traced on our dials, marked the hour by the shadow cast from the styles above. This building is a beautiful instance of that architectural tact which turns every practical need to account. It would be a dangerous model in the hands of a copyist, for the least alteration in its proportions would probably spoil its effect, and the slightest misapplication would make it ridiculous. One can hardly hope that it has hitherto escaped being travestied: if, indeed, it has ever been made to surmount a Greek portico, and do service as the spire of a meeting-house, there has at least been a moral significance in this application of the 'Temple of the Winds.'"

The following, touching Lord Byron, is very interesting:—

"Mr. F. \* \* \* \* joined the Greek cause, to which he continued faithful during the whole of the war. In our discussion on that subject, he told me many interesting anecdotes of Lord Byron, with whom he was intimately acquainted. What he may think of him as a poet, I do not know; but he entertains the highest respect for the powers which Lord Byron exhibited as a man of action and of business. His temper and his shrewdness (as he assures me) were equally admirable; and whenever a quarrel arose between the native chiefs, the matter was referred to him as an arbitrator. He had always tact enough to allay heart-burnings, and his energy was of a nature so eminently practical that not a few of the vaporers around him found themselves hard at work when they had only thought of a little agreeable excitement. What a pity that he was so prematurely cut off! Who knows but that he might have displayed a high military genius—an attribute which includes so much of imagination as well as of intuition, that it must be in some

measure allied with the poetic faculty. Whether, however, he had failed or succeeded, how much might not the severities of a few campaigns have done to re-invigorate his enervated system, purge away his vanity, and shake him out of the self-love which imprisoned him! Byron has never been done justice to, and perhaps never will be. In his day he was extravagantly over-praised; and after he had become the 'spoiled child of the public, whom he had spoiled,' his errors were with as little discrimination exaggerated; a violent access of virtuous indignation, with which the public is periodically visited, concurring with its natural inconstancy. His works were, one and all, premature—forced in the hot-bed of a too fervid popularity. His severer critics forgot how adverse his fortunes were to his true greatness. They ask, 'Had he not rank, wealth, fashion, fame, beauty,' &c. &c.? No doubt he had; but these are only the elaborate nothings that cheat a great design—the petty entanglements that check free movements. Genius, like virtue, wears its leathern girdle, and feeds on scanty fare; is flung upon faith for support, and follows the guidance of a remote hope; in other words, has not its portion in the present, that it may lay up store for a remoter day. Those who run in flowing attire, not succinct, and on the soft field, not the race-course, cannot put out their full speed. Considering the eminently practical nature of Byron's intellect, as well as the rhetorical character that pervades much of his poetry, and which so singularly combines the impassioned eloquence of Rousseauean with the declamation of Pope, it is likely that if he had steadily devoted himself to public life, he might even have become a parliamentary leader. His temperament, however, would not have allowed of such a devotion."

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*Wallace: A Franconian Story.* By the Author of the "Rollo Books." New-York: Harper & Brothers.

Jacob Abbott's works are always welcome visitors to the young folks around the hearth. The series of which the present volume is the second, partakes of the usual interest which a domestic tale, neatly written, and with a good purpose, presents.

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*The Moorland Cottage.* By the Author of "Mary Barton." New-York: Harpers. 1851.

We just read enough of this book to say, that it is a plainly but pleasingly-written story of domestic *Life in England*. We most likely would have read it through, but fortunately a friend informed us that it was "touched not a little with the spirit that is manifesting itself of late in the social condition of the English people." We immediately put the book down, after thanking our friend, and affirming our conviction that it was worse than folly to busy ourselves with the reprint of a social and political tale of English life, not spirited enough to be amusing as a tale, nor reliant enough for a political tract, while the gouty



state of our own government demanded all our political attention. We should look at home.

Land of our fathers, in thine hour of need,  
God help thee, grieved by the passive creed!

As the poor pheasant, with his peaceful mien,  
Trusts to his feathers, shining golden-green,  
When the dark plumage with the crimson beak  
Has rustled shadow from its splintered peak;  
So trust thy friends, whose idle tongues would charm  
The lifted sabre from thy foe's arm,  
Thy torches ready for the answering peal,  
From bellowing fort and thunder-freighted keel!—HOLMES.

*American Institutions and their Influence.* By ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE. With Notes by the Hon. JOHN C. SPENCER. New-York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

This is the first volume of De Tocqueville's celebrated "Democracy in America." This portion of the work was originally published as it is now presented, and is a complete and succinct essay on the institutions of our country. On its appearance it was universally welcomed, and admitted to be the best, "if not the first systematic and philosophic view of the great principles of our Constitution which has been presented to the world." It was the intention of the publishers to present De Tocqueville's entire work in a condensed, abridged, and cheap form to the American public; but finding that to condense would be to destroy, inasmuch as our author's opinions and illustrations are so admirable on every branch of the subject he touches, they determined to issue the volume before us (as it originally stood) complete, in a commodious and cheap form, awaiting the public will to guide them in the publication of the succeeding volume. It is unnecessary to state that the second volume will be in anxious demand by all readers of the first.

The editor is more than usually well qualified for the task intrusted to him. "Having had the honor of a personal acquaintance with M. De Tocqueville while he was in this country; having discussed with him many of the topics treated of in this book; having entered deeply into the feelings and sentiments which guided and impelled him in his task, and having formed a high admiration of his character and of this production, the editor felt under some obligation to aid in procuring for one whom he ventures to call his friend, a hearing from those who were the objects of his observations." The notes of Mr. Spencer will be found to elucidate occasional misconceptions of the translator. It is a most judicious text-book, and ought to be read carefully by all who wish to know this country, and to trace its power, position, and ultimate destiny from the true source of philosophical government, Republicanism—the people. De Tocqueville, believing the destinies of civilization to depend on the power of the people and on the principle which so grandly founded an exponent on this continent, analyzes with jealous

care and peculiar critical acumen the tendencies of the new Democracy, and candidly gives his approval of the new-born giant, or points out and warns him of dangers which his faithful and independent philosophy foresees. We believe the perusal of his observations will have the effect of enhancing still more to his American readers the structure of their Government by the clear and profound style in which he presents it. This edition is suitable for the library as well as general reading.

*Foreign Reminiscences.* By HENRY RICHARD LORD HOLLAND. Edited by his Son. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

These reminiscences will be found very interesting, as they consist of personal recollections and anecdotes; accounts of political intrigues and general observations of the persons and events that signalized the mighty drama with which the present century was opened.

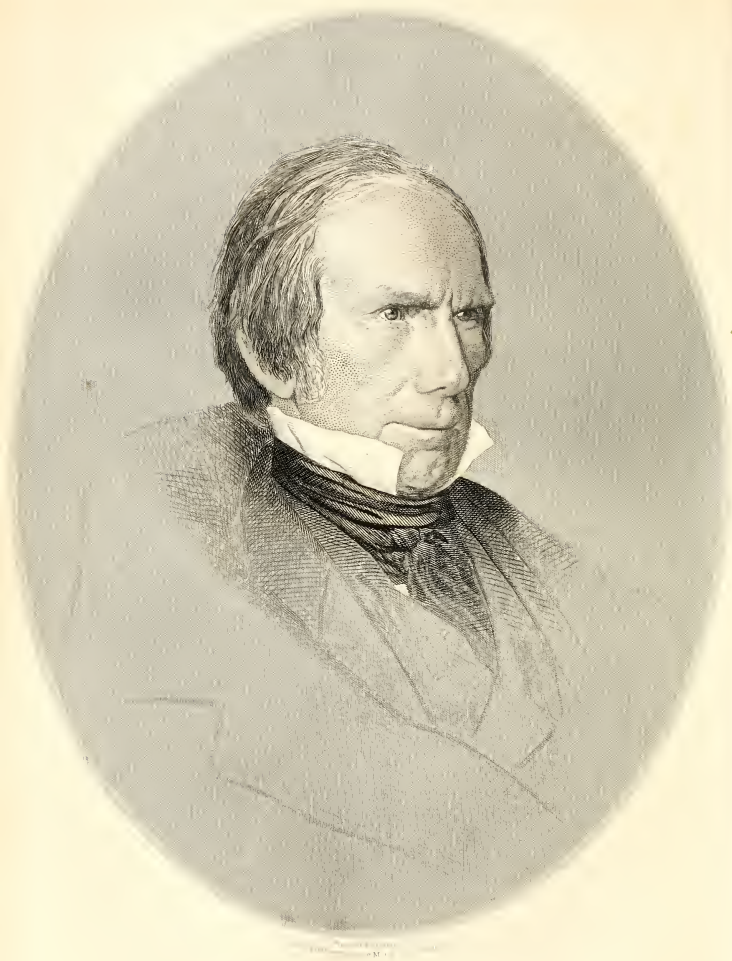
Associating intimately with many of the principal personages of the times, he draws characters from his own observation; and notwithstanding all that has been written on those times, this is a contribution that must command attention.

*Lavengro: The Scholar—The Gipsy—The Priest* By GEORGE BORROW, Author of "The Bible in Spain," &c. New-York: Geo. P. Putnam.

The author of this book has made himself so famous by his previous publications, that we need not dwell upon his genius or his style. His books are of that adventurous personal and graphic character that are most fascinating to the general mind. The one before us is full of strange adventure, wild and picturesque scenery, both of places and people. Has there ever been a man of literature, that so entered into the spirit of, and identified himself so completely with *vagrancy*? If Mr. Borrow *has done with* the Gipsy tribes of Europe, we *invite* him to those of America. What a field there is for him among our western wilds and along the Oregon and California *trails*, marking the habits and manners of that strange nomadic race "the *pioneers*," for ever "moving" westward, westward, half their lives living in their wagons in the wilds. And varying these by excursions among the Indians on the way, he might make one of "*the books*"—such an one as our friend Putnam delights to put on his best Kingsland paper, secured as it would be by copyright from all dishonorable or envious interference.

By the way Tom Hyer has offered, we see, to any Englishman that will fight him, \$3,000. We wonder if Tom's martial ardor has not been aroused by reading this book, (so full of the ring,) and if he does not mean the challenge for our author?





H. Clay

# THE AMERICAN REVIEW.

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## THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.

NOTWITHSTANDING the entire freedom of thought and speech which in this Republic we theoretically possess; notwithstanding the varieties of forms and opportunities existing for the discussion of the great and the small questions that arise among us; the numerous halls of legislation that are dotted over the entire surface of the nation, as well as the great central Congress of the whole; the newspapers "thick as the leaves in Valambrosa;" primary meetings and political assemblages of the people; pulpits, lecture-rooms, and unrestricted book publication; and notwithstanding a certain general intelligence, and aptitude for thinking, speaking, and writing, a calm observer must be struck with the rarity of instances in which an important question, if arising within the arena of political strife, is considered with a breadth of thought adequate to its thorough elucidation. What are the causes of this national deficiency? In the first place, we are too one-sided as individuals, and too "*many-sided*" as a people. Each one is born into or attaches himself to a sect, clique or faction; and every region has its predominant local dogmas and tone of thought. Each one therefore is apt to have a preconceived theory, or a local prejudice, which more or less interferes with a wide and liberal view of any question which touches the whole nation, or the discussion of which embraces general principles. In the next place, there may be too incessant

discussion for deep thinking. The stimulus to declamation is sympathy; and the staple of declamation is appeals to feelings, to prejudices, to interests. Wise thought and consistent logic visit genius in other spheres. The daily press is too incessant in its demands for well-considered thinking, and too local in its very nature, and all its attachments, for unbiased consideration. That form of periodical literature which is the best for such modes of presenting subjects as we are lamenting the want of, and which we have endeavored to contribute to, in the establishment of this Review, is interfered with too much by the flood of foreign rivals; to assume as it ought this its proper function among us. Other causes of the evil we allude to exist, but we need not at present name them. It will be seen, we may remark, that it springs from the abuse of some of our most valuable privileges, and is only another illustration of the imperfection of all human systems.

Now we would not have it inferred from these observations that we do not think this nation arrives at the truth of questions that arise within it, or that it does not as rapidly advance in the settlement of principles as others. It does so; but yet it does not outstrip others as it should, considering its unimpeded thought and unshackled press, if there was less of the friction we have described. Truth appears to be only struck out among us in fragments after the conflict of

battle, and finally moulded together for general use after the bitterness of the strife has passed away.

One question there is, the solution of which seems to be hopelessly impeded by these causes—the question, namely: What is the duty of the whole nation, arising under its admitted Constitution, in reference to the subject of Negro Slavery in the Southern States? The passage of the new Fugitive Slave Bill and its enforcement have given occasion for a new discussion of this subject, and have especially stimulated all those influences which we have named, as adverse to the wisest and calmest consideration of important questions. There are some reasons why this should not be regretted, as it presents the question in a more tangible and practical shape than it usually assumes, and enables us to test the declamation it excites by the well-established principles of government, of common sense, and of divine law.

There may be occasions when it is the part of wisdom to decline a controversy involved with collateral issues and impracticable abstractions; but it is not only wise, but manly, to embrace the occasion, when the question is presented in a form that admits of a clear decision by the common sense and common conscience of the world. But before commencing the presentation of our own views of this embarrassing subject, we propose to show the operation of the causes we began by adverting to, in impeding the fair discussion and settlement of the general question, in order that we may bespeak a more candid hearing.

In the first draft of the Declaration of Independence submitted by Thomas Jefferson, the following was among the grievances enumerated: "He (the King of Great Britain) has waged cruel war against human nature itself, violating its most sacred rights of life and liberty in the persons of a distant people who never offended him, captivating them and carrying them into slavery in another hemisphere, or to incur miserable death in their transportation thither. This piratical warfare, the opprobrium of infidel powers, is the warfare of a *Christian* King of Great Britain. Determined to keep open a market where MEN should be bought and sold, he has prostituted his negative for suppressing every legislative attempt to prohibit or to restrain this execrable commerce.

And that this assemblage of horrors might want no fact of distinguishing dye, he is now exciting those very people to rise in arms among us, and to purchase that liberty of which *he* has deprived them, by murdering the people upon whom *he* has obtruded them; thus paying off former crimes committed against the *liberties* of one people with crimes which he urges them to commit against the *lives* of another."

This may be too strong a statement of the case, and no doubt was considered so, as it was not inserted by Congress in the Declaration as adopted. Still, it is undeniable that the introduction of slaves into the colonies was especially patronized by the English Government, and maintained by repeated acts of Parliament. And also, "being openly countenanced by the Dutch in their municipal charter and corporate societies, slavery was forced upon the American Colonies."\* "In nearly every instance," says Dr. Stevens, "the earliest legislation in each colony was directed to putting down such a species of labor. Virginia early discouraged it, and during her colonial existence, passed laws imposing duties on slaves imported into the colony, thus virtually prohibiting them." Mr. Madison says, "The British Government constantly checked the attempts of Virginia to put a stop to this infernal traffic." "South Carolina soon passed a law prohibiting their further importation."† It was rejected by the King in council, who declared the trade "beneficial and necessary to the mother country."

"Massachusetts, the first State in America which directly participated in the slave-trade, and that, too, though a member of one of the Boston churches earnestly rebuked the traffic, imposed duties upon negroes imported, and aimed at other efforts; but as late as 1774, when the Assembly of Massachusetts passed an act 'to prevent the importation of negroes and others as slaves,' Governor Hutchinson refused his assent, and dissolved the Assembly; because to sanction it would have violated his instructions. The royal orders to Governor Wentworth, of New-Hampshire, directed him not to give his assent to, or pass, any law imposing duties on negroes imported into New-Hampshire. Slaves were introduced into Pennsylvania by William Penn; and though before he died he did somewhat to meliorate their condition, 'he died a slaveholder.'

"But what could the remonstrances of colonies or the labor of individual philanthropy accomplish,

\* Stevens's History of Georgia, chap. ix.

† Ib. p. 286.



when kings, and queens, and cabinets, and cities, and Parliaments, and associations, for two hundred years, were the patrons and participants in this evil traffic? The treaty of Utrecht, in 1711, constituted Her Britannic Majesty Queen Anne, and His Catholic Majesty Philip V., the crowned slave-merchants of North America; the Queen agreeing in the space of thirty years to bring into the Spanish West Indies one hundred and forty-four thousand negroes, to the exclusion of every other slave-trader; and in her speech to Parliament the following year, she boasted of her plan in thus obtaining for English subjects a new slave-market in the Spanish West Indies.

"In 1729, Parliament, at the recommendation of the King, granted supplies for keeping up the slave-traders' posts in Africa; and in 1745 a British merchant embodied the views of the mass of the English people when he entitled his tract, 'The African Slave-Trade, the great Pillar and Support of the British Plantation Trade in America.'"

Such was the general origin of the institution in the colonies, and the sentiments that existed in relation to it; but in the case of Georgia, the Trustees in England, who held the government of that colony, prohibited the introduction of negroes. They persisted for many years in this prohibition, contrary to the repeated remonstrances and exertions of the colonists themselves; and finally yielded to the representations and the apparent necessity of the case. What those representations were, and what high names lent their sanction to them, the following extracts from Stevens will show:—

"Not only was this decline visible in Savannah, but it existed in every part of the province, as is evidenced by the magistrates, who in a letter to Mr. Martyn, Secretary of the Board, state 'that the whole inhabitants of Augusta, who have had negroes among them for some years past, declare that if they cannot have that liberty they will remove to the Carolina side; and many of late seeing us strenuous to see the Trustees' orders fulfilled, express themselves in the same strain.'

"Thus this colony, once the pride of the philanthropic, the object of so many hopes, and the theme of so much eulogy, was pining in misery, and gasping for vitality, even under the eye of its great founder, and within seven years of its first establishment.

"One of the remedies proposed was, to use their own language, 'the use of negroes, with proper limitations, which, if granted, would both occasion great numbers of white people to come here, and also to render us capable to subsist ourselves, by raising provisions upon our lands, until we could make some produce fit for export, in some measure to balance our importations.' In

opposition to these tenets counter petitions were drawn up at Darien and Ebenezer, the former dated January 3d, 1739, the latter March 13th, 1739, strongly disapproving their introduction, and urging the Trustees to persist in their refusal."

He quotes the Reverend Mr. Habersham as saying:—

"I once thought it was unlawful to keep negro slaves, but I am now induced to think God may have a higher end in permitting them to be brought to this Christian country than merely to support their masters. Many of the poor slaves in America have already been made freemen of the heavenly Jerusalem, and possibly a time may come when many thousands may embrace the gospel, and thereby be brought into the glorious liberty of the children of God. These and other considerations appear to plead strongly for a limited use of negroes; for, while we can buy provisions in Carolina cheaper than we can here, no one will be induced to plant much."

*Free trade*, it would appear by this extract, compelled the relinquishment of the original policy. Hon. Colonel Heron writes, May, 1748:—

"It is well known to every one in the colony that negroes have been in and about Savannah for these several years past; that the magistrates knew and winked at it, and that their constant toast is 'the one thing needful,' by which is meant negroes."

The celebrated George Whitfield, who was establishing his Orphan House, at Bethesda, Georgia, says:—

"Upwards of five thousand pounds have been expended in that undertaking, and yet very little proficiency made in the cultivation of my tract of land, and that entirely owing to the necessity I lay under of making use of white hands. Had a negro been allowed I should now have had a sufficiency to support a great many orphans, without expending above half the sum which has been laid out. An unwillingness to let so good a design drop, and having a rational conviction that it must necessarily, if some other method was not fixed upon to prevent it—these two considerations, honored gentlemen, prevailed on me about two years ago, through the bounty of my good friends, to purchase a plantation in South Carolina, where negroes are allowed. Blessed be God, this plantation has succeeded; and though at present I have but eight working hand, yet in all probability there will be more raised in one year and with a quarter the expense than has been produced at Bethesda for several years last past. This confirms me in the opinion I have entertained for a long time, that Georgia never can or will be a flourishing province without negroes are allowed."

\* Stevens's History of Georgia, p. 268.

These historical references will serve to

present a general view of the origin of slavery in these States. It will be seen that it was never established or advocated by the colonists as an institution good in itself, but objected to, and only admitted on compulsion when it appeared necessary to their existence.

We quote now from the *Southern Quarterly Review* for January, 1851, the following passages, as confirmatory of the uniformity of these sentiments: "Indeed, for a long time, even our own people were disposed to admit our inferiority in this respect, and were used to base their apology for slavery mainly upon the ground of the present impossibility of abandoning it;" "and thus many, if not most slaveholders, gradually adopted the oft-repeated assertion, and were wont to admit in argument that our system was in all points inferior to others, and could only be maintained on the plea of necessity."

Such were the opinions and acts of the South as represented by their great men in former times. Let us now contrast them with the modern doctrines, inculcated with all the earnestness of conviction by some.

The views and arguments of General McDuffie, Governor Hammond, Mr. Calhoun, &c., we need not quote. They are fresh in the minds of all. Mr. McDuffie contended that Republicanism itself cannot exist permanently without the institution of slavery. The laboring population, "the hewers of wood and drawers of water," he thinks, are unsafe depositories of political powers and rights. The other authorities we have named hold, we believe, the same thing. But as we have not at hand the means of quoting the language of these gentlemen, we will turn to the article in our able Southern contemporary, from which we have already quoted for a summary of the opinions we are trying to represent. "The investigation (the writer calls it) is of comparatively recent date, but its results are of vast importance. It has effected a revolution in the intelligence of the South which places the system upon an impregnable position. It has been examined from every point of view, and we believe that every examination has increased its value. We are satisfied now that we are right—right politically, industrially, socially, and above all, religiously."

After showing its superiority over every

other relation of labor and capital, and the constant advantages to accrue to both parties, but especially the slave, by it, the writer exclaims, "What limits can be set to the admiration for a system which bids fair to do so much!"

These quotations and observations will be sufficient to show that there has a new set of opinions, doctrines, and arguments grown up in the South. They are held, we know, chiefly in one State, and are known as the South Carolina doctrines; but they are comparatively new, and may extend themselves. What is the cause of this change? Previous to any external pressure, we have seen that these opinions did not exist at the South; *à priori*, therefore, there is reason to believe that some connection exists between that pressure and these opinions. We believe it to be the general sentiment that that connection is positive—*cause and effect*. The "Abolitionists" are responsible for it. They have been unjust, one-sided, and unphilosophical. They have represented the slaveholder as *wilfully* unjust and wicked. Men whom their neighbors, even their slaves, know to be gifted with every Christian virtue and every human charity, they have maligned and denounced in the most opprobrious terms. Every one not carried away by their fanaticism has felt this to be injustice, and, indeed, irreconcilable with common sense. All know that men may be morally pure and honest while practising that which others may consider wrong. And no man positively knows for his brother man what is right and what not in complicated cases. "Judge not, that ye be not judged."

Self-preservation, (or what seemed to them to be such,) being the first law of nature, compelled them to defend themselves. Metaphysical subtleties being the chief weapon of attack, they resorted to the same weapons for defense; and in that section whose mind was impregnated by the genius of a great master of the sophisms of metaphysics, the result is as we have shown. The difficulties of the subject have been increased, and its solution retarded. Since the attack on the institution has been made from without, it has come to be defended as good *per se*, and we have seen no progress made towards a modification of their systems by the Southern States, no comparisons of opinions by those who have the fullest prac-

tical knowledge of the difficulties, dangers, and wants of the case. "Thanks to the energy," says the *Southern Review*, "with which these false positions were pressed upon us, we were at length driven to the necessity of investigating the subject from its very depth; we were forced to think for ourselves." Such has been the consequence of this one-sided, narrow-minded, and unreasonable method of treating a question involving serious difficulties and momentous consequences. If the abstract view of the question which the Northern extremists take is indubitably correct, even then the method adopted is impolitic and unwise, retarding the healthy action of sound principles on the minds of those who alone have it in their power to act practically in the matter. The question of the true relationship of races, intellectually, morally, physically, and economically, is undoubtedly a difficult one, and by no means yet settled. Historically, and may we not say providentially, the two most opposite exist here within a government based upon the abstract rights of the whole species. This form of government, the ultimate result of the highest intellect and purest conscience of man, being a self-government, declared and defined by public and common law as rules to be submitted to by all, requires necessarily a certain amount of intelligence, virtue, and even statesmanship, in every individual of the commonwealth. Now, within this government,—a government only consistent with the highest development,—introduced by unnatural and violent means, we have a race the lowest of the species, the least developed. How are we to act with regard to them; and how are we to bring them into harmony with our system? Let those transcendent minds who have arrived at the solution of all the questions involved in these, who penetrate the designs of the Deity in causing these differences of race, adapting them to differences of climate, as if geographical lines were to bound principles, at least compassionate those groping yet for the truth amid the vast and antagonistic teaching of History, of Physiology, of Metaphysics, and show us the way by steps, rather than by dogmatic assertions of conclusions.

But we have perhaps said enough to prepare the way for the more immediate purpose of this article, which is to set forth our views of the doctrines to be held and en-

forced with regard to the Fugitive Slave Law. It is peculiarly the province of the great Whig party—the party that has been called by European statesmen the *doctrinaire* party of the Union, and which settles the principles upon which on the whole the government is conducted, whether in or out of power—it is the province we say of this party, that has always been sound on the abstract principles involved whilst admitting the limitations of existing and historical facts, to proclaim, define, and defend the true doctrines which *must* govern in the case. We do not mean that the party has any thing new to add to its creed to apply here. It has well-established principles that cover it in all its length and breadth. Its pervading idea, what is it but the conservation of those principles by which all laws, if we may so speak, are legitimately enacted or repealed—the resistance to that disorganizing spirit that it has always opposed as an element of the opposite party?—an element which it has always seen is the one that liberty and sure progress has had the most to fear from in this country, because it has known that the principles upon which the government is based are such as without any violence, revolution, or bad faith, can meet all evils and effect all improvements within the proper scope of political action. It has resisted all violence and irregularity whenever they have appeared, and time has justified its faith in the pure principles of sound republican conservatism. To this party, therefore, we appeal in the case before us: first, because we know that the Republic must look to *it* in all cases of real danger; and secondly, because men of station and renown within its ranks, and papers professed exponents of its doctrines, have swerved from their allegiance to this cardinal virtue of their party—faith in law. What now is the "*Fugitive Slave Law*?" Is obedience to it compatible with the principles of the great party whose character we have above attempted to indicate, and binding upon all conscientious citizens? To the first of these questions: We have seen that slavery was established in various States of this Union by the enactments of the mother countries who founded the colonies, and in one, Georgia, where it was resisted by the home governors, it was introduced by the importunities of the colonists, who supposed it essential to their existence. Its roots,

therefore, whether for good or evil, are laid deep in the soil of these States. It has grown up and become interwoven with all their institutions, social and political, and, as we have seen, has got to be defended by one or two of them as a vital element in the State, whilst the rest regard it as an extremely delicate and difficult question, requiring the utmost circumspection in its treatment. Not knowing how otherwise to manage it, or from the absolute necessity of the case, it was recognized by the compact or Constitution by which all the States agreed to confederate and become one nation; and one of the duties of the non-slaveholding State in reference to the institution and the States retaining it, was defined and commanded by the following article: "No person held to service or labor in one State under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due."

There seems to be the strongest reason to believe that, without this provision, the Constitution which has conferred such benefits, not only on this country, but on the world, could not have been formed. But whether it could or not, it *was* formed with it, and it is part and parcel of it, as much as any other provision embodied therein, and is therefore binding until abrogated in the legitimate manner prescribed for such purposes. To violate or to obstruct the operation of it is bad faith, and to evade it, want of manliness and courage. The parties objecting to it should proceed legitimately for an alteration of the Constitution. If they do not, or dare not do this, we are justified in suspecting them of ignorance of the first principles of sound republicanism, or of dishonest attempts to gain popularity by pretenses to superior virtue.

That the recent law of Congress made for the practical enforcement of this provision is "Constitutional," there can be, in our opinion, no sincere difference of opinion. It is declared by one of the best judicial authorities, Judge Nelson, in his recent charge to the Grand Jury of New-York, to be identical in principle with the act of 12th February, 1793, made by a Congress, several of whose members had been distinguished in the Convention that framed the Constitution, and "which was passed at the earnest re-

commendations of the Governors of *Pennsylvania* and *Virginia*, between whose States a difficulty had arisen in the surrender of a fugitive slave;" and thus the law would appear to be not only proper, but necessary to both North and South, in order to regulate the proceedings of those who were to have occasion to act under the provision of the Constitution in question.

Now this former law, thus identical with the new one in principle, has been tested by the only legitimate test, an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States, and has received the confirmation of that Court in the case of *Prigg vs. the State of Pennsylvania*; and is thus virtually made part of the Constitution of the country, no more to be denied than the existence of the original article itself. This most obvious view of the case, so plain to the common sense of any one who will simply look at the matter, Mr. Seward and Mr. John Van Buren have seen fit to deny in their recent letters. We regret this most profoundly, both for their own sakes and the quiet of the country. For they have surely committed themselves to a position utterly untenable, destroying all their moral force as legislators or expounders of law, and involving themselves perhaps for ever with disorganizing factions. Without going into more detail respecting the law, or expressing any opinion as to its abstract justice or expediency, we would simply state that Judge Nelson, in the charge to which we have referred, minutely examines all the provisions of the law, and pronounces the opinion that no guaranteed rights are infringed by its details. The North of course must be consulted in such an enactment, lest some of its provisions should infringe upon some of their "peculiar institutions;" but within this limitation whatever was necessary to carry into practice the provision of the Constitution the South have a right to demand. To deny them this right is to break the compact ourselves. Seceding would be a misnomer, for they would be virtually free from the bond of the Union. Such, then, is the law. And now to the other question: Is obedience to it compatible with the soundest principles of politics and the most abstract rights?

This question of course could not arise in reference to a law so legitimately and clearly enacted as we have shown the one in ques-



tion to be, were it not that the *subject* of the law was a matter opposed to the moral convictions of some portion of the community.

But does a difference of opinion as to the thing enjoined by a law justify resistance? Assuredly not; for the person opposed to a law, and against whose will it has been enacted, should consider himself, if called upon to act on the subject at all, as acting by compulsion, and therefore not morally responsible; whereas resistance to regularly enacted law is undoubtedly, in a Republic, the highest of crimes, except in such extreme cases as no one can pretend this is; for in all cases, as Burke says, "The speculative line of demarcation, where obedience ought to end and resistance must begin, is faint, obscure, and not easily definable. It is not a single act, or a single event which determines it. Government must be abused and deranged, indeed, before it can be thought of; and the prospect of the future must be as bad as the experience of the past. When things are in that lamentable condition, the nature of the disease is to indicate the remedy to those whom nature has qualified to administer in extremities this critical, ambiguous, and bitter potion to a distempered State. Times and occasions and provocations will teach their own lessons. The wise will determine from the gravity of the case; the high-minded from disdain and indignation at abusive power in unworthy hands; the brave and bold from the love of honorable danger in a generous cause: but with or without right, a revolution will be the very last resource of the thinking and the good." This most wise and eloquent sentence, the earnest utterance of the most philosophical statesman of modern times, had reference to resistance to the decrees of a monarchy. Its truths were the actuating principles of the venerated founders of this Republic, as witness their long remonstrances and their final "*Declaration*." Yes, these, the wisest, purest, sternest asserters and defenders of human rights and individual freedom, felt the limitations of their individual judgments, felt the almost sacredness of existing authority, and the tremendous responsibility of constructing anew a power, whose authoritative mandate was to be the guide and defender of individual liberty and security, and the final arbiter, even in cases of conscience operating on the public weal. And by the

Providential (for it must be considered in a no less solemn light) existence among them of the purest heart and wisest head that ever, in the annals of mankind, appeared upon the stage of military and political action, they established in the stead of the government overturned, *this*, the ideal of all sages, the goal of all political endeavor that was ever animated by intelligent and sincere desire for the highest good of the species. They substituted for the monarchical, a government totally different in principle, that was for ever to avoid the inherent defect of irresponsible power, to avoid the necessity for ever of all resistance to law, because that law was to be made and repealed by its subjects themselves. If now such sanction as we have mentioned has been given to the doctrine laid down in the passage we have quoted from Burke, as applicable to *resistance to a monarchy*, who will dare to point out the time of resistance to a government having no arbitrary element in its nature, whilst admitting the rightfulness of any government whatever, or the possibility of man existing in an organized free State? This resistance, covert or open, to the regularly enacted law of the land, because we are in favor of something else,—*we* the minority,—what is it but resistance to the first article of our own political creed as republicans? Who is it that would thus open the dread Pandora box of a free State? They are the men who claim to be the peculiar friends of abstract rights. Blinded by the dazzle of the sun upon which they insist upon fixing their gaze, and the gaze of all they would have to follow, the light that should guide them becomes but a snare for their destruction. And these sophist politicians, who encourage them by mistifying the law with legal subtleties, are we to consider them as blind, or as scheming to rise by creating confusion?

We have not felt ourselves called upon heretofore to discuss in this Review this question directly on its merits, because heretofore it has been kept in the region of speculation, theory, and discussion. At last, however, it appears to be assuming the tangible shape of resistance, and men looked up to as guides are (intentionally or not) encouraging treason to our Constitutional obligations. It is our duty therefore to attempt to embody what we know to be the opinion of all sound and patriotic minds in



the Republic. That this overt or covert resistance is something entirely new, and *beyond the professed principles of the most ultra abolition organizations or organs*, may be a startling proposition to some who have unthinkingly lent themselves to the work; but we shall demonstrate to them in a few words that so it is. The following is the preamble to the Constitution of the New-England Anti-Slavery Society:—

"We, the undersigned, hold that every person of full age and sane mind has a right to *immediate* freedom from personal bondage, of whatsoever kind, unless imposed by the sentence of the law for the commission of some crime. We hold that man cannot, consistently with reason, religion, and the eternal and immutable principles of justice, be the property of man. We hold that whoever retains his fellow-man in bondage is guilty of a grievous wrong. We hold that a mere difference of complexion is no reason why any man should be deprived of any of his natural rights, or subjected to any political disability. *While we advance these opinions as the principles on which we intend to act, we declare that we will not operate on the existing relations of society by other than peaceful and lawful means, and that we will give no countenance to violence or insurrection!*"

And the second article of the Constitution is as follows:—

"The objects of this Society will be to endeavor, *by all means sanctioned by law, humanity, and religion*, to effect the abolition of slavery in the United States; to improve the character and condition of the free people of color; to reform and correct public opinion in relation to their rights, and obtain for them equal civil and political rights and privileges with the whites."

The American Anti-Slavery Society, established in 1833, declared its objects to be—

"The entire abolition of slavery in the United States. While it admits that each State in which Slavery exists has, by the Constitution of the United States, the exclusive right to legislate in regard to its abolition in that State, it shall aim to convince all our fellow-citizens, by arguments addressed to their understandings and consciences, that slaveholding is a heinous crime in the sight of God; and that the duty, safety, and best interests of all concerned require its *immediate abandonment, without expatriation*. *The Society will also endeavor, in a constitutional way, to influence Congress to put an end to the domestic servitude, and to abolish slavery in all those portions of our common country which come under its control, especially in the District of Columbia, and likewise to prevent the extension of it to any State that may hereafter be admitted to the Union.*"

And other objects of the Society were stated thus:—

"This Society shall aim to elevate the character and condition of the people of color, by encouraging their intellectual, moral, and religious improvement, and by removing public prejudice; that thus they may show, according to their moral and intellectual worth, an *EQUALITY* with the whites of civil and religious privileges; *but the Society will never, in any way, countenance the oppressed in vindicating their rights by resorting to physical force.*"

In the address put forth by them in the year 1835, they say:—

"We hold that Congress has no more right to abolish slavery in the Southern States than in the French West India Islands. Of course, we desire no national legislation on the subject. We hold that slavery *can only be lawfully abolished by the Legislatures of the several States in which it prevails*, and that the exercise of any other than moral influence to induce such abolition is *UNCONSTITUTIONAL*. We believe that Congress has the same right to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia that the State Governments have within their respective jurisdictions; and that it is their duty to *efface so foul a blot from the national escutcheon*. We believe that American citizens have the right to express and publish their opinions of the Constitution, and laws, and institutions of any and every State and nation, and *we mean never to surrender the liberty of speech, of the press, or of conscience.*"

In an address of the Anti-Slavery Society of Massachusetts, signed by W. L. Garrison and twenty-three others, is the following, to the same effect:—

"We are accused of interfering in the domestic concerns of the Southern States. We would ask those who charge this to explain precisely what they mean by interference. If, by interference, be meant any attempt to legislate for the Southern States, or to compel them by force or intimidation, to emancipate their slaves, we at once deny any such pretension. We are utterly opposed to any force on the subject but that of conscience and reason, which are mighty, through God, in the pulling down of strongholds. *We fully acknowledge that no change in the slave laws of the Southern States can be made unless by the Southern Legislatures. Neither Congress nor the Legislatures of the free States have authority to change the condition of a single slave in the slave States.*" \*

It will be seen from these quotations, that all these societies—societies that are considered as embodying all that is most fa-

\* For these quotations (used for a different purpose) we are indebted to the *Southern Quarterly Review*, published in Charleston. We mention this to call attention to the fact, that the South do not suppress or keep out of sight the opinions of even the extremists of the North, as they have sometimes been charged with doing.

natical on this subject—in these, their most solemn declarations, repudiate the idea of any treason to the Constitution or resistance to the law. Let them answer to their own consciences now, if any of them have violated these declarations and pledges?

That resistance to the law we are discussing is going beyond the pledged position of the abolitionists themselves, we think has been made obvious, by what we have said, touching the constitutionality and propriety of the act, and the quotations just made from these their principles, put forth by them as the result of their most serious deliberations, when, if ever, they laid aside feelings to express the decisions of their reason. If these declarations and promises were made only when the crime they repudiated seemed beyond their reach, knowing that they had no possible power to operate against the institution in the States, it would appear still more odious, to take the first occasion when their principles could be tested, to violate them. Whatever of respect their sincerity of purpose may have heretofore excited, will surely be utterly destroyed by this bad faith, and palpable weakness. That the purpose of those who resist the law is down right, acknowledged treason, witness the following from the resolutions passed by the recent Anti-Fugitive-Slave-Law Convention held in Boston:—

“*Resolved*, That every provision in any constitution or statute, which commands the commission of a crime, is both morally and legally void; and no judge, magistrate, officer, or private person, is under any legal obligation to obey such provision, but when called on to act under it, is bound to disobey it, and assist in frustrating its operation.

“*Resolved*, That since liberty, in the words of the Declaration of Independence, is an ‘inalienable right,’ and the right of every slave to his freedom is always and every where perfect, slaveholding, which robs men of this inestimable birthright, is the greatest of crimes.

“*Resolved*, That if the Constitution, in its true meaning, required the surrender of fugitives from slavery, the provision for that purpose would be utterly void in law, because requiring the commission of a crime.”

How utterly abominable and dangerous, under the circumstances of the case, are such sentiments as these! How entirely inconsistent with the possibility of government! There must be either organized society or anarchy. Organized government must be either of one man, of a few, or a government of the majority. Neither of

these are infallible, however pure may be their intentions; nor are they always capable of carrying out their best designs, from the existence of what really are, or are supposed to be, immovable obstacles. All governments are entitled to these considerations; how much more that in which all participate,—a Republic of universal suffrage; for the protection of all; established by a Constitution furnishing such wise legislative and executive machinery, for the prevention of crime in the individual, or to avoid the “*commanding of crime*” by itself, as has never before been seen among men. Should this government err, it has provided for its own fallibility by legitimate modes of correction. Should it command a crime, it asks no *passive obedience* in any real sense, but allows of discussion, of agitation, and of voting against, without restriction. But that it may not be a mere shadow and delusion, it cannot allow every wild theorist, or even the sagest and best men, in their individual capacity, to resist its mandates, on the plea that their conscience will not allow them to obey. They have, it is true, the *sacred right of martyrdom*, and to that they must resort, if they would not incur the guilt of doing an evil that good may come—an evil that may be a thousand times greater than the one they would correct. For the rest, their fiery zeal and burning speech are but the “*torch of Erostratus*,” with which they would destroy this most beautiful fabric erected for the oppressed of all the earth, that they may glut their morbid appetite for fame. They aspire not to the crown of martyrdom, but consider their “*right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness*” and *praise* inalienable under any circumstances. To them and to all we commend the following wise and eloquent sentences, the conclusion of the discourse of the Rev. Dr. Adams:—

“That decision being given, and the law proved to be law—you ask again what is your duty on Christian and ethical principles, in reference to a law which you dislike. I answer unhesitatingly, obedience to law, till such time as you can make it sure that the evils which that law entails so far overbalance all the good which obedience to law secures, that you are justified in resistance, for the sake of a surer, a higher, and a greater good. We do not say that the law itself may not be distasteful to your sensibilities; we do not say but that you may regret the necessity of its enactment; we do not forbid you to deplore the circumstances which gave it existence; we do not forbid you to

use all proper means to substitute a law which is better; we do not deny the right of private judgment, nor the right of resistance, nor the right of revolution; but in God's name, we do insist, before that last right be resorted to, and as you would justify your resistance on Christian principles, that you should convince yourself and convince others, that the benefits to be secured by resistance or revolution are vastly greater than any which follow acquiescence under constitutional order and security. To this narrow point we must come at last. You must not begin with natural rights and abstract rights, and push them in a blind, headstrong manner, in straight lines; for society is organized with a modification of our natural rights; and the advantages of a well-organized and well-governed social state are secured by the sacrifice of individual interests and personal preferences; and the question is, whether this state and order of things is not better than the resolution of society into its original elements, (if such a thing were possible,) each individual being left to assert and defend his own rights, in his own way, and by his own strength.

"Our Divine Lord beheld the sufferings of his countrymen under Roman oppression. Jewish taxation was farmed out in a way to occasion the Jewish nation unprecedented suffering. The Pharisees, desiring to entrap him, asked whether it was lawful to pay tribute to Cæsar. 'Of whom,' asked he in calmest majesty, 'do you take tribute; of children, or of strangers?' They say, 'Of strangers.' Then, replied he, are the CHILDREN FREE. But he did not take his stand on this natural right and refuse the tribute. Acquiescence even in an unjust law was better than any advantage which could be attained by a premature, inopportune, and abortive resistance. So he sent to the sea and procured the coin for himself and his disciples. A beautiful illustration, we must all admit, of the great law of Christian expediency. Let the best thing be done, that can be done, in given circumstances.

"Certainly it is your *right* to eat meat, but for 'meat do not destroy the work of God.' The absence of all imperfection, of all defect, is more than can be demanded of any thing human. But do not destroy life for the sake of remedying blindness, deafness, or lameness. Do not demolish the temple for the sake of repairing a defect in its façade. Do not break the costly vase because of an unseemly stain on its surface. Do not overturn law and government to remove an incidental evil. If the evil, in your sober judgment, in your calm and religious reason, is so vast, so accumulative, so progressive, as to throw into shade all the benefits which accrue from a government administered according to charters and constitutions, the course before you is plain. The right of resistance is yours. The right of revolution is yours. But BEWARE THAT YOU DO NOT MAKE A MISTAKE. Interests too vast, too solemn, for ourselves and the world, are at stake, to justify rashness. In other matters you may trifle; but you must not trifle here. Mistakes elsewhere may be innocent; but they are not innocent here.

"Do evils of such helpless, hopeless, overshadowing enormity exist in our own country, and under

our own government, that resistance, the 'last resource of the thinking and the good,' is necessary! Evils there are. But are they of such a character as to overbalance the good? Slavery is an evil. We allow no man to surpass us in our utter detestation of the system. It existed in the country when our stern-souled fathers were called to frame the government. It existed by no choice or fault of theirs. When deliberating as to the formation of a Constitution, they were compelled to recognize the existence of an evil which they deplored; just as in using steel for a lever, you must allow for its natural properties, its permanent elasticity—the good notwithstanding the evil, when that evil is unavoidable and incidental. They have transmitted to us a priceless heritage, though the evil still inheres. Would to God that it never had existed. But can we soberly, intelligently, and religiously decide that it is so great, intolerable, and incurable, that we are justified in defying law, tearing the Constitution, revolutionizing the government; risking the advantages enjoyed by us and our children, for the sake of its removal?

"Every man, I think, will pause ere he rushes on such a decision. Circumnavigate the globe; where do you find a government better than our own; one which better answers the ends of government? Go to Madrid, to Vienna, to Constantinople, to Rome, to Petersburg, to Rio Janeiro, to Mexico, and be thankful for your own chartered, free and liberal government. It is the product of long history, of ancient events, ages of human experience. The roots of it lie back in the eventful scenes of other centuries. The scholar's lamp, the patriot's scaffold, the martyr's cell, the Christian's prayers, all the hopes of good men in ages past have been converging, in the sweeping current of history, to the production of these liberal yet secure institutions in which we rejoice. I see the forms of our own fathers, wise in counsel, valiant in deed, Christian in purpose, who won for us the battle, and bequeathed to us the heritage. I see the ministers of God, whose spirits walked on every field of conflict, and whose prayers and preaching brought down the sanctions of religion to a cause which never could have triumphed had it not been good. All these come thronging back, peopling the air, as if incapable of enjoying their repose while any uncertainty overhangs the fruit of their sufferings and toils. I see the eyes of millions from every part of the world turned towards us, eagerly watching the great experiment of self-government. I see the exiled and the sad from every land hastening for shelter to our shores; finding liberty, home, and hope, beneath the protection of wholesome laws. I see the unparalleled blessings which Divine Providence has conferred upon us in the past, the present, and which open before us in the future. I see a nation of freemen, stretching from State to State, from sea to sea; free thought, free labor, free religion, a free Bible; schools, homes and churches; a nation involving in its success the hopes of the world. Then I turn my tearful eye to that dark spot in our history—that great mystery of Providence; but I seem to see 'the stars in their courses fighting' against it. I feel that the evil is subordinate and incidental, not pri-

mary and intentional; and comparing evil with good, the smile of gladness will shine through the tears of my regret. I cannot, I dare not, I will not take the torch of Erostratus and apply it to a temple which is the wonder of the world, and a glory unto God. I will wait. I will hope. I will pray. My faith in God bids me be calm, patient, hopeful; believing that trials will consolidate our institutions, wisdom and goodness will perfect them, and that, with God's blessing, they will stand for us, for our children and children's children, a beneficent shelter and guardianship for an intelligent, industrious, contented, united, Christian people, to the end of time."

After this it will become us to draw to a close our somewhat hasty observations. We have attempted to call attention to the sectional and one-sided manner in which this question is discussed North and South. We have tried to indicate the limit of individual and national responsibility for the existence of the cause of the evil from which these difficulties spring. We have shown that a fanatical and inconsiderate opposition to it has begotten a fanatical defense of it. The Constitution, we have seen, acknowledges it, and in one particular carries it into every State bound to its authority. A law has been made to define and regulate the manner of obedience to this peculiarity of the Constitution. We have shown that this law, as long as it is such, must be obeyed. This simple statement of the case seems to render unnecessary the space we have devoted to the subject; but the common-sense view of the case has been obscured by the violence of sectional and *factional* discussion; and the question, being a "case of conscience" as well as "a case of law," has, it is not to be denied, some difficulties which require careful elucidation. We have shown, we think, however, that no intelligent, unprejudiced, or truly patriotic man, can have any question as to his duty in the case. The existence of the government on which all his hopes, and the best hopes of his race, depend, demands, we have shown, his allegiance to law.

Now, although this summary of our article would appear to indicate a subject the principles of which are above and beyond the lines of party divisions; yet, as we have intimated, the country must look for its safety, in the crisis created by this question, to the *party of law and order*. To all who profess their allegiance to this party, therefore, we have appealed. The principles from which we have reasoned have always dis-

tinguished it, and *must continue to do so*, or all that has given stability to this great experiment of government, or certainty to the final triumph of liberty every where, will have passed away as a delusion.

Uniformity of action and *sentiment* as to the *subject* of the law, has been attempted to be set up as necessary to the cohesion of the party throughout the different sections of the country. This is an utterly impracticable delusion, and could only be entertained by those ignorant of the national character and the principles involved, or who are making use of the very pretense of nationality for sectional ends.

Differences of opinion as to the character, consequences, &c., of the institution of slavery must be allowed to exist—always have existed, and will exist probably for several generations to come. We cannot continue as one nation, much less as one party, unless we can "agree to disagree" on the abstract points involved in this subject; yet, as we have shown, there *is* a vital principle dividing the two parties on which we have fought the battle of constitutional stability and sure progress on other fields, and which applies here with more than usual import. If, among the principles that distinguish the Whig party, we were called upon to select that which might be considered its soul—the immortal part—that which will never permit it to die, even if broken into fragments—we should name its adhesion to the prescribed constitutional and legal forms of establishing measures, and of effecting or resisting changes in existing ones. Its whole history is pervaded with this idea. We may refer, as examples, to the removal of the deposits from the Bank of the United States question; the Rhode Island rebellion; the disorganization movement in the State of Ohio; the disregard and resistance made in some of the States to the last electoral law of Congress; the Repudiation question; and at the present moment its battle in the State of New-York, against the outrageous arrest of legislation by the minority of the Senate. Here then we find a principle by which we can and must test the party allegiance of all sections and all individuals. To this each must sacrifice their sectionalisms, their predilections, and their private preferences for men or measures; confident that this will carry us safely through this, as it has every other difficulty, and ultimately establish the truth,



whatever it may be, on fixed and immovable foundations.

And that we may avoid the natural impediments to this consummation, we may conclude as a warning to *all* with the words of the great Bacon:—"FOR THE WISDOM OF A LAW-MAKER CONSISTETH NOT ONLY IN A PLAT-FORM OF JUSTICE, BUT IN THE APPLICATION

THEREOF; TAKING INTO CONSIDERATION BY WHAT MEANS LAWS MAY BE MADE CERTAIN, AND WHAT ARE THE CAUSES AND REMEDIES OF THE DOUBTFULNESS AND UNCERTAINTY OF LAW; BY WHAT MEANS LAWS MAY BE MADE APT AND EASY TO BE EXECUTED, AND WHAT ARE THE IMPEDIMENTS AND REMEDIES IN THE EXECUTION OF LAWS."

## V E R S E S

WRITTEN ON THE WALLS OF BOLOGNA, IN ITALY:

MUCH ADMIRIED BY TRAVELLERS AND OTHERS WHO HAVE BY CHANCE MET WITH THEM.

Si tibi pulchra domus, si splendida mensa; quid inde?  
 Si species auri, argenti quoque massa; quid inde?  
 Si tibi sponsa decens, si sit generosa; quid inde?  
 Si tibi sunt nati, si prædia magna; quid inde?  
 Si fueris pulcher, fortis, divesve; quid inde?  
 Si doceas alios, in qualibet arte; quid inde?  
 Si longus servorum, inserviat ordo; quid inde?  
 Si faveat mundus, si prospera cuncta; quid inde?  
 Si prior, aut abbas, si dux, si papa; quid inde?  
 Si felix annos regnes per mille; quid inde?  
 Si rota fortunæ te tollit ad astra; quid inde?  
 Tam cito, tamque cito fugiunt hæc, ut nihil inde:  
 Sola manet virtus, nos gloriificabimur inde.  
 Ergo Deo pare, bene nam tibi provenit inde.

### TRANSLATION.

What, if the stateliest buildings were thine own?  
 What, if the choicest fruits thy table crown?  
 If thou hast heaps on heaps of gold in store,  
 And each succeeding year still adding more?  
 What if thou hadst the fairest, kindest wife,  
 To be the sweet companion of thy life?  
 If thou art blessed with sons, a large estate,  
 And all around magnificent and great;  
 What if thou'rt comely, valiant, rich, and strong,  
 And teachest others in each art, each tongue;  
 If thou hast numerous servants at command,  
 All things in store and ready to thy hand;  
 If thou wert king, commander of a nation,  
 Full thousand happy years, without vexation;  
 If fortune raised thee to the highest strain  
 Of grandeur, wealth, and dignity—what then?  
 Soon, very soon, all ends and comes to naught;  
 Virtue alone 's the greatest glory sought.  
 Obey th' Almighty's will: from hence arise  
 All happiness within; in this all glory lies.



## "PENDENNIS" AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

If every fiction writer did his work as well as the author of *Pendennis*, we should give up all other kinds of reading, and take to novels. Mr. Thackeray understands the world, and what is equally important and much more difficult, he understands himself. He writes very much as Fielding would have written, had he lived in an age of newspapers and railroads; no less contemptuous of fashionable absurdities, no less a good hater of every thing that deserves to be hated; fully as keen, as sly, as good-humored. Fielding's novels were exactly suited to his age, and Thackeray's are no less adapted to ours—praise which can be extended to the productions of very few of his contemporaries. In fact, the latter is, with perhaps two exceptions, the only man living who knows how to write a novel.

Writing—filling up a given number of sheets—is very easy; and perhaps it is easier to write a "fashionable novel" than any thing else. Patience and a penny-a-line will accomplish wonders in this department of literature especially, and if to have produced a novel were to be famous, we should not, a year hence, have an ordinary individual amongst us. As it is, hardly a day passes but some "great American novelist" starts up on one side or the other, heralded by the intensest blasts of "able and impartial critics," who, in spite of the wealth of Webster's Dictionary, seem to want language to express their admiration of the new-born prodigy. To-morrow, the wonder and the book are forgotten, and other geniuses and other developments of "ripe scholarship," "profound insight into human nature," and "daring and dexterous philosophy," take their place. Meanwhile, in the intervals, we are required to acknowledge the transcendent powers of Reynolds, Dumas, and a dozen others of the melo-dramatic and gas-light school, whose only skill lies in touching up flaring pictures, in which all the men are bold, handsome, and devilish, and all the women beautiful and immodest. As for the virtuous characters thrown in to re-

lieve the grouping, so mawkish and weak are they that one lacks patience to ridicule them. Indeed, it is quite a superfluous piece of labor to laugh at creatures whom the author made for nothing else than butts, and whom he was sure no mortal would imitate.

The novels, however, which the masters and misses of a moral community are allowed to read, and which are warranted to contain "nothing that can offend the taste of the most fastidious, or bring a blush to the cheek of the most refined modesty," are of much readier growth than the extra-Byronic productions just hinted at. To write the latter, one must know something of both the day and the night side of the world, and must have a free command of strong colors; while to fill many three-volumed sets of the former, requires nothing but an efflux of words—a redundancy of commonplace. Every novel must have a hero, therefore you are entitled to yours; and as no one limits you in your selection, you may take the best the market affords. You can easier make him handsome than ugly, therefore let him be an Adonis. Nothing more convenient and natural than to give him a fine house, and plenty of cash in his own hands or those of his guardian. If you cannot make him witty out of your own resources, cram him with a jest-book, or the repartees in Congreve, or give him a fund of sentiment which will necessarily render him melancholy, and then no one will expect him to be otherwise than magnificently dull. In your heroine you have if possible more boundless latitude. An ugly hero might be endured, but a plain heroine never. Riches, brilliancy, fascination, deep dark eyes, "chiselled" features, a swelling form,—let her be the incarnation of all these. Then your plot—what more simple? Every body likes to read about love, so yours shall be a love story. Your matchless embodiments become enamored each of the other; there are obstacles sudden and fearful in their course toward happiness. You create stern

and unrelenting fathers, who have designed the pair to different embraces. You suppose one or more uncles who look on grimly, or always oppose the weaker party. Then you fill in with cousins, rivals, and confidants; threats and reconciliations; pages of rapture and sentiment, of agony and bliss; and wind up orthodoxly with a wedding and universal contentment. And after all this, you take breath, and find that to be a "distinguished novelist" isn't really as difficult as some critics would make it out to be; and very possibly you come to the conclusion, that if you had the time, you might publish as many and as good novels as *G. P. R. James*, in which opinion, if you are of average common sense, we heartily coincide.

The masculine good sense of Bulwer has but just escaped this easy and vapid round of love-ridden commonplace. Christopher North calls Bulwer "the foremost man of all the world;" and bating a little Scotch enthusiasm, and a slight predilection for the bantlings of his own Blackwood, his remark is well said. None but a very well-seasoned man could have written the *Caxtons*, which is as great in its way as the diplomatism of the other Bulwer, who is so kind as to ease us Americans of all the difficulties of governing ourselves. But in the case of our baronet-author, turn back a volume or two, and read those half-dozen fictions entitled the *Pelham* novels. Discover if you can the reasons—if indeed there were any reasons employed—which induced a man of strong mind, great information of books, hand-in-glove sympathy with such bold satirists as Fielding and Smollett, and an extensive acquaintance with all sorts of men and women, to fill so many endless sheets with sentimental nonsense, which would have grieved the type-setters of the *Minerva Press*. There was so much of freshness and wit in these novels, so much of keen perception and strong satire, that they could not help becoming famous; but their attemptedly "fine passages," which were neither few nor far between, "out-Heroded Herod," and burlesqued the romances that turned the head of poor Don Quixote. Purer, more unspeakable twaddle was never seen in the rejected manuscripts of a magazine scribbler. Gradually the author became wiser, and changed his tune. He began to write in the strain in which men "drive

bargains and make love."—real love, and not the imaginary Cupid of perfect, and perfectly silly, puppets. Common sense and ambition have made him at last a novelist of whom the English ought to be proud. Bulwer in 1851 knows how to make a novel what it should be, and unless he is vainer than we think a man of his mind and years can be, he looks back on the rhapsodies of his earlier productions with more contempt than the most contemptuous critics.

Thackeray and Bulwer—who next? who is the other exception to our wholesale condemnation of aspiring novelists of the "last half of the century?" We had almost said Dickens, but we repent of being so lenient in our judgment. Dickens is not equal to a first-rate novel. We will not say of him, as the wiseacre remarked of Sheridan, that "he has some talent!" Dickens is a great writer, a very great writer, and his faults lie more on the side of excess than deficiency. It is his great difficulty that he will not be satisfied with the eyes which Nature has given him. He looks about him through magnifiers—sometimes through a microscope. He mistakes caricature for satire, and when he ridicules any thing, he heightens it into an impossibility before he asks us to condemn it. He proposes to put us out of conceit with a tight-fisted and arrogant man of business, and he gives us as a specimen that unheard-of devil, *Ralph Nickleby*. He essays a pleasing contrast, and we are suffocated with those benevolent old idiots, the *Brothers Cheeryble*. His favorite heroes are for all the world like those "nice young men" who are the boast of their aunts in the country. His plots are beneath notice. In half of his fictions he makes no pretensions to such inconveniences. Dickens is the prince of sketchers, the great apostle of incident, the arch-master of low comedy. As for his pathos and philosophy, the less we say about them the better. Dickens has done the world a great deal of very practical good, and we hope he will live long to enjoy his reward, and do more. And without laughing one whit less with *Mr. Pickwick*, or shaking our fist less wrathfully in the face of *Uriah Heep*, we may say, as we said a few lines back, that Dickens has not yet shown himself equal to a first-rate novel.

What are we to say about the "great unknown" author or authoress of *Jane*

Eyre and Shirley? Simply that his or her productions are the most clever monstrosities that ever amused or excited a novel-reader. They beggar probability and nature with so bold a front, one thinks it scarcely worth while to quarrel with them. Every body has read them, has been struck by their clear, strong style, by their dissections of morbid mental anatomy, and by their utter disregard of all the laws which critics have been accustomed to hold sacred. The drift of their narration reminds us of nothing more than those chapters of private life we sometimes see in the newspapers, entitled, "Truth Stranger than Fiction," in which it is set forth how a man murdered his wife to marry his grandmother, or how an heiress eloped with a mysterious stranger who afterward proved to be the coachman, or how a nobleman fell in love with a basket-girl and elevated her to his titles and distinctions; all of which might be made the basis of very matter-of-fact, very startling, and very unnatural novels. Such heroines as Jane Eyre and Shirley never lived, and we venture to say never will live. So of the other characters, the Moores, the Yorkes, the St. Johns, whose distinctive traits will readily suggest themselves to the reader. Yet, after all, "Shirley" and "Jane Eyre" were very readable books. Reading them was like looking at a menagerie of wild beasts and chimpanzees. Raree-shows are all very well occasionally; and one or two such books as "Jane Eyre" could have been easily tolerated; but a small fry of imitative writers took the hint of success, and deluged us with "autobiographies" and "confessions," that in extravagance and "powerful passages" threw their great originals quite into the shade. Perhaps the most ridiculous of all these parodies is a book called the "Initials," which is entirely made up of would-be strong scenes between a hero and heroine. There is a stupid German who is in love with the heroine, and a stuper younger sister who is in love with the hero; and matters become a little tangled. Finally a compromise is effected, and the German takes the younger sister, leaving the heroine and hero to get married as soon as they please. Of such mis-created fictions we hope we have seen the last; but unfortunately our hopes are stronger than our expectations. We are quite sure that we shall witness many more of them.

There is no such nonsense in "Pendennis." It is a book of the world emphatically. You may put on your hat at any time and dive into the cellars of this metropolis, or into the dingy counting-rooms of our warehouses and stores, or mount into the "sky-light parlors" in which our needlewomen, and solitary artisans, and lesser journalists work and live, or visit those catchalls of a shifting society, our boarding houses, and you will find just such men and women as Thackeray tells you of. The characters in "Pendennis" deal very little in abstractions of any kind; they neither sentimentalize about love, nor talk Platonic metaphysics at one another, nor discourse upon matters in which no mortal feels any interest. To condense what we would say in a word, they are natural without being commonplace. And to represent characters in this manner is, we think, the perfection of writing.

The most unreadable book we ever saw was a selection from Scott's novels, entitled "Beauties of Waverley." The tediousness of that very common volume, the "Beauties of Shakspeare," is proverbial. And in reading reviews, every body skips the "selected passages," which, however, every reviewer considers himself in duty bound to insert. This unreadableness of isolated passages is perfectly natural. It would be much stranger if any body could read them. In pure literature, continuity—completeness—are every thing; and with loss of connection, there ensues want of power to interest. And therefore books of selections, and reviews which are nothing but remarks on extracts culled out here and there from a novel, or a poem, or an essay, are the driest food ever offered to the mental palate. Macaulay is the most readable reviewer of the day, simply because he takes leave of his authors at the title-page. Perhaps this is an abrupt apology for not using our scissors on "Pendennis;" but we hope the reader will pardon us for fearing to trespass on his taste and his good-nature.

A single word by way of amends for thus leaving the style and story of Pendennis to the reader's own time and inclination. It is a little odd that in three of the best fictions of the day, the Caxtons, David Copperfield, and Pendennis, authors—journalists—should be principal characters. Bulwer is half sarcastic and half pitying towards

his hero-author, Mr. Caxton; Dickens pushes his imaginary journalist on the road to honor and emolument with a heartiness that shows quite clearly his own ideas as to the profession of literature: Thackeray is more discouraging than either; and we think he is right in representing authorship as more hazardous and unremunerative than his contemporaries are willing to allow. There are scores of reasons why an author may work hard, and write well, and yet be poor. His trade is one in which supply is always greater than demand; and consequently at the outset he encounters increased labor at a diminished remuneration. In the majority of the departments of business in which men engage, profits have a tendency to increase geometrically; but an author's pay per page is apt to remain stationary; and after twenty years' labor he may be able to write less in a given time than when he commenced putting pen to paper. He is constantly embarrassed by the competition of amateurs, who may often write as well as himself, and are willing to write an occasional article for nothing but the pleasure of seeing themselves in print. His habits beget irregularity, and often a morbid and destructive habit of reverie. The proprietor of even the smallest amount of moneyed capital feels that even while he is idle his stock is working for him; but the author, like

the day laborer, loses ground every moment he is unemployed. We are speaking of the men who write for their bread, and who are dependent upon their brains for their dinners, not of those few privileged and truly enviable authors whom luck has raised above the necessity of work. Authorship, as a means of subsistence, ought to be made discouraging; and we are grateful to influential writers for showing it as it is. It will be time to recommend the profession when it needs recruiting.

Men of literary tastes may enjoy literature and write books without transforming the muse into a slave to their daily necessities. A few golden prizes are not sufficient to counterbalance the blanks which most of those who invest in the lottery of letters must inevitably draw. And without attempting to detract in the least from the value of those rewards which the successful author enjoys, or underrating the nobility of that ambition which prompts to sound and manly labors in literature, we may be permitted in all honesty to repeat the sentiment which Mr. Thackeray has inculcated in perhaps a more convincing dress, that the man who is favored with neither fortune nor patronage should consider seriously and with open eyes before he sets out in the difficult and unremunerative path of practical authorship.

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## ROBERT SOUTHEY.\*

IN our February number we brought Southey's life down to a very peculiar point in his literary career,—the publication of "Madoc." Whatever the critics may say, we know that Southey considered this as his greatest achievement; and we remember, on one occasion, he emphatically declared, that he should only wish to have inscribed on his tombstone, that he was the author of "Madoc."

The most casual reader cannot fail to have remarked the singular compound of action and re-action, or diction and contradiction, under review, although, to a very close observer, no idiosyncrasy is more clearly traceable in its continuity than that of Robert Southey. Notwithstanding the startling changes in his career, they are as logical as the rapturous steps of Pindar.

In April, 1805, "Madoc," his favorite poem, was published, but met with no great success: two months after its publication, not one half the edition was sold. Nothing pleased Southey better, even in his later years, than to praise this long and tedious poem. It has, however, fine, eloquent passages, but the soul of poesy is wanting. There is a fine, simple, heroic dignity in the tread of his verse, but the inner spirit is a mere reflection.

In the autumn of 1805 he paid a visit to Scott at Ashiestiel. Of his complete isolation we may gain a notion from an extract in a letter to his brother, Lieut. Southey, dated Dec. 5, 1805:—

"From November to June not a soul do we see, except perhaps Wordsworth once or twice during that time! Of course it is my working season, and I get through a great deal."

We cannot refrain from copying Southey's own account of his daily routine:—

"My actions are as regular as those of St. Dunstan's quarter boys: three pages of history after

breakfast, (equivalent to five in small quarto printing,) then to transcribe and copy for the press, or to make my selections or biographies, or whatever else suits my humor, till dinner-time; from dinner till tea I read, write letters, see the newspaper, and very often indulge in a siesta, for sleep agrees with me. \* \* \* Well, after tea I go to poetry, and correct, and re-write, and copy till I am tired, and then turn to anything else till supper. And this is my life, which, if not a very merry one, is as happy a one as heart can desire."

In 1806 he commenced his "Curse of Kehama," notwithstanding the ill commercial success of "Madoc," which is thus announced in a letter to Cottle:—

"'Madoc' has not made my fortune. By the state of my account in May last, that is, twelve months after publication, there was a balance due to me (on the plan of dividing the profits) of £3 19s. 1d." \* \* \* "In spite of the slow sale of 'Madoc,' I cannot but think that it may answer as well for the year's ways and means to finish the 'Curse of Kehama,' and sell the first edition, as to spend the time in criticising other people's books."

In 1807, Southey edited, out of pure kindness, Kirke White's Remains, and prefixed a memoir, written in that clear style for which he is so justly famous,—as Coleridge said one day: "Southey never interferes with his subject; his language is so clear, you never think of the author,—only of the subject. This is a great merit." This labor of love led to a correspondence with Kirke White's brother Neville, which was destined to prove of life-duration.

In March, 1807, his friend Wynne succeeded in obtaining for him a pension of £200 per annum, which enabled Southey to relinquish the allowance which he had received since his marriage from Wynne. Propriety in money matters was one of Southey's great virtues, and materially added to the uniform respect with which he was treated by his friends. It is a point in which literary men are too apt to be careless.

\* The Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey, LL.D. Edited by his son, Rev. Charles Cuthbert Southey. New-York: Harper & Brothers.



Towards the close of 1808, Sir Walter Scott, in a fit of indignation with Jeffrey, who edited the *Edinburgh Review*, not only withdrew his name and contributions from that celebrated organ, but resolved to start an opposition. After consulting with Longmans, the *Quarterly Review* was announced, and Southey regularly engaged to contribute. Gifford was appointed editor, and a fitter man in many respects could hardly be found. This was an event of great importance to our poet, as it regularly brought him in £400 per annum, till his reason left him. This was a very seasonable help to him, as a family grew now rapidly around him. In March, 1809, he writes to his friend Duppa: "I have now three girls living, and as delightful a play-fellow, in the shape of a boy, as ever man was blest with. Very often, when I look at them, I think what a fit thing it would be that Malthus should be hanged!" The son to whom he so tenderly alludes was Herbert, whose death, in his twelfth year, Southey keenly felt.

Connected with this affectionate allusion to his young, and then only son, the very next letter in this volume, dated April 23, 1809, and addressed to Walter Savage Landor, contains an account of a narrow escape the boy had of his life from a sudden attack of croup in the night. The whole letter is so remarkable, that we regret our space will not allow us to quote it.

Next month he lost his youngest girl, Emma. Southey had great fortitude; this is apparent even under the most trying of his afflictions.

The following year brought Southey another addition to his income, in the shape of an engagement with Ballantyne to edit the *Annual Register*, for which he was to receive £400 a year. There was however much hard work to be done for it, and considering the conscientious manner in which he always performed his engagements, it was well earned. He was however not destined to enjoy this very long, for after two or three years, owing to the heavy loss upon the work, it was discontinued. This defalcation made him think of another work, and he fortunately selected the "Life of Nelson," the most charming of all his prose writings. He also prepared his "Roderick, the Last of the Goths," for publication, working away however steadily at reviews, histories, &c.,

as usual. Indeed, Southey is a singular instance of what system, rigidly adhered to, will accomplish. We may as well name, for the information of the curious, that the "Life of Nelson" brought £300 to the author's treasury.

The singular effect produced in England by our isolated victories in 1813, are amply illustrated in the letters between Southey and his friend Bedford. The latter, in writing to the Laureate, had said: "Sharp is just arrived from Lisbon; he has been in America, where he went on board the Macedonian and the United States. He says the captured ship was pierced through and through, while in the American vessel scarcely any had been lodged. Our ship seems to have been very badly fought; the captors declared that they found many of the guns with the cartridges put in the wrong way."

Southey, in his reply to this, (May 26, 1813,) says:—

"Tom is made quite unhappy by these repeated victories of the Americans, and for my part, I regard them with the deepest and gloomiest forebodings. The superior weight of metal will not account for all. I heard a day or two ago from a Liverpoolian lately in America, that they stuff their wadding with bullets; this may kill a few more men, but will not explain how it is that our ships are so soon demolished, not merely disabled. Wordsworth and I agreed in suspecting some improvement in gunnery, (Fulton is likely enough to have discovered something,) before I saw the same supposition thrown out in the *Times*. Still there would remain something more alarming to be resolved, and that is, how it happens we injure them so little. I very much fear there may be a dreadful secret at the bottom, which your fact about the cartridges points at.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I do not know that the Captain of the Macedonian was a tyrant. Peake certainly was not; he is well known here, having married a cousin of Wordsworth; his ship was in perfect order, and he as brave and able a man as any in the service. Here it seems that the men behaved well, but in ten minutes the ship was literally knocked to pieces, her sides fairly stayed in; and I think this can only be explained by some improvements in the manufactory of powder, or in the manner of loading, &c. But as a general fact, and of tremendous application, I verily believe that the sailors generally prefer the enemy's service to our own. It is vain to treat the matter lightly, or seek to conceal from ourselves the evil. Our naval superiority is destroyed."

In September, 1813, Southey paid a visit to London, where he received an offer of the Laureateship on the death of Pye. After

bargaining about the odes, &c., he accepted it. The income was however only £120 per annum, which taxes reduced to £90; so that it did not materially enrich him. During this visit he was introduced to Byron at a dinner at Lord Holland's.

In a letter written the next year, we have a curious opinion from the pen of the Laureate. It is in a letter to Wynne: "I was a republican. I should be so still, if I thought we were advanced enough in civilization for such a form of society."

Strange as it may seem, a long acquaintance with Southey's writings, his history, and his associates, justifies our opinion that he never laid aside his republicanism, although it was part of the business of his life to seem to go against it; just as a butcher or a surgeon may seem to have abjured humanity, because the one kills animals, and the other performs operations involving human suffering. This opinion is confirmed by many quiet but unmistakable evidences of this under-current of feeling scattered through his writings, but more especially in his intimate correspondence.

No sooner had the battle of Waterloo thrown the Continent open to travellers, than Southey, like the rest of the English, tired of being confined so long in their school-room, the little foggy island, rushed over to Belgium to gaze upon the battlefield which had overthrown the most terrible foe the British had ever had. He also no doubt, had his eye to the composition of a poem on the subject. His letters from the Continent, read now, are too full of the subject, and too much tinged with the English feeling, to please one at this "time o' day." One of the most touching things in the whole volume is the letter describing his return. It places Southey in his best and strongest light, as a domestic man. Little did the fond father think how soon the storm was to come!

He had rejoiced over the downfall of Napoleon with an almost insane joy. He thought not of the pangs of that mighty heart when separated for ever from the son he so doted on; and lo! on the seventeenth of April his own boy, his Herbert, was torn from him in his twelfth year, after a short illness.

How nobly Southey bore this, the correspondence before us shows; but we happen to know that the Laureate was a changed man

after that hour. He uttered his heart's truth when he said: "Thank God, I can control myself for the sake of others; but it is a life long-grief, and do what I can to lighten it, the burthen will be as heavy as I can bear!" And in a letter to Wordsworth he says: "The head and flower of my earthly happiness is cut off for ever." When it is borne in mind that he had educated the child himself even from his very alphabet; that since he had been four years old he had been almost the constant companion of his father, sitting in his study and amusing himself without interrupting his studies, some conception, though faint, may be gathered of the association of idea existing between them.

The next year brought to our Tory Laureate a vexation he little dreamed of—the surreptitious publication of his youthful bantling, "Wat Tyler." This had been written by Southey when he was very young, and irritated by many personal annoyances into a "highly anarchical" state of mind. The manuscript had been offered to a revolutionary publisher who was in prison for his violent Jacobinism, and it had remained in his hands ever since. Southey had long since arrived at the conclusion that it was destroyed; his astonishment and annoyance were therefore extreme when it was publicly announced as being in the press, as "Wat Tyler, a Poem by the Poet Laureate!" Many of his friends considered it as an infamous forgery, but Southey manfully acknowledged his bantling, and then endeavored to get an injunction restraining the publishers from selling it, but without effect, the Lord Chancellor declaring it was too radical to justify protection,—one of the most singular doctrines of that singular old crocodile-crying bigot. It is certainly the most spirited poem of the Laureate's. Indeed, Southey, Coleridge, and Wordsworth seemed to lose the best part of their genius when they abjured republicanism.

This year the editorship of the *Times* newspaper was offered him, which he wisely declined. Rushing from England as though to get out of the way of his unhappy "Tyler," he took a tour on the Continent, and made the acquaintance of the glorious scenery of Switzerland; he returned in the autumn to the usual routine of his occupations.

The next year was taken up with his "Life of Wesley," which caused much dis-

cussion. Southey had a tolerably correct notion of what would be thought of this book when he said: "For the bigot I shall be too philosophical; for the libertine, too pious; the ultra Churchman will think me little better than a Methodist; the Methodists will wonder what I am!"

The Laureate had now reached his forty-fifth year. He was anxious to make some better provision for his family, and he therefore closed with an offer to dispose of his interest in the Edinburgh Annual Register. He valued at this time his books as worth £1500; his copyrights as worth as much more, £1500; life insurance £3000. This was all that twenty-five years of hard labor, at the highest prices, had been able to secure to him. This is a sad picture beside the ledger of a millionaire merchant.

The next two years were spent in much the old way,—the same writing, the same reading, the same reviewing, and the same seclusion. He had at last finished his "History of Brazil," and sent it to the printers. One of the labors of his life was thus "under satisfactory way;" this relieved his mind much. In 1819 his son Cuthbert was born, to replace the loss of that sweet boy Herbert, whose death had so severely desolated the heart of the poet.

Notwithstanding his incessant reviewing, he found time next year to give his "Colloquies" to the public; a work which contains many bold and noble thoughts, surrounded by much false reasoning and exploded doctrine. There always seem to be two currents in Southey's soul, each exerting against the other a quiet but continuous motion. At one time we have opinions republican; then a touch of the monastic, which is quietly drifted into the orthodox channel by some felicity of common thought, which is at the best but a doubtful link in the logical chain. We especially recommend his "Beguinage Scheme," as detailed in page 385.

In 1821 Southey published the most questionable of all his works, the "Vision of Judgment." It is difficult to speak of this work with any seriousness or temper: if a serious poem, it is blasphemous; if not, profane. Byron's celebrated Parody is redeemed by its wit. Southey's for once was hopelessly dull; even his learning, instead of steadying his flight, only hung lead upon his wings, and gave a downward tendency to

his career. That it was a dishonest poem, we do not believe. Southey had no doubt a distorted idea of George the Third; his insanity, his blindness, his age, all helped the delusion. His fancy gave the crowning finish to the absurdity, and hence that *chef d'œuvre* of dulness, the Laureate's hexameters. This poem however, we think, conclusively proves what we have repeatedly expressed in this review, that Southey had no real sense of devotion. He was a good, honest man, a conventional Church of England man, who, really believing that George the Third was the head of the Church, of course came to the logical conclusion that the head of the Church could not be damned; and therefore he felt it to be his duty to sing his advent to heaven. Byron, however, ought to have known better, for he was a poet, and one of great and original genius.

As a proof of the Laureate's love for formulæ, we may point out the singular bias he always displayed to choose for biographies, men who had made great alterations in the outer form of things: Wesley, George Fox, Cromwell, present a few instances. His love of history is also in a lesser degree a confirmation of this peculiarity of mind; even his love of politics can be traced to it.

Our space will not allow us to follow Southey so particularly during the remaining years of his life; nor indeed is it necessary, for, as he has himself remarked, day by day and year by year he followed the same unvarying round of labor, diversified only by occasional visits to London and the Continent. His longest flight from his nest was a trip to Holland in 1825. Here he became personally acquainted with Madame Bilderdijk, who had translated his Roderick into Dutch verse, and who had introduced herself to his notice the previous year by forwarding him a copy accompanied by a very interesting letter.

He repeated his visit the next year, and spent a pleasant time, unknowing that his return was to be signalized by the death of his youngest child, Isabel. She died Sunday, 16th July, 1826; and from this blow may be dated the ill-health of his wife, who soon afterwards became a confirmed mild lunatic. A letter which Southey wrote on the evening of the funeral to his three remaining daughters, Edith, Bertha, and Kate, is full of fine fatherly feeling, and cannot be too deeply studied by households that know the

frail tenure by which life is held. It is difficult to reconcile Robert Southey the husband, friend, and father, with Robert Southey the bitter political and religious partisan.

This year he had an honor thrust upon him, which he wisely declined: he was returned to Parliament for Downton; but an exact estimate of his own powers made him strenuously resist the temptation.

We must make room for a short description of Southey's person from the pen of his son. When we knew him he was towards his decline, but we can readily believe all that follows:—

"In appearance he was certainly a very striking looking person, and in early days he had by many been considered as almost the *beau idéal* of a poet. Mr. Cottle describes him at the age of twenty-two as 'tall, dignified, possessing great suavity of manners, an eye piercing, a countenance full of genius, kindness, and intelligence;' and he continues, 'I had read so much of poetry, and sympathized so much with poets in all their eccentricities and vicissitudes, that to see before me the realization of a character which in the abstract so much absorbed my regards, gave me a degree of satisfaction which it would be difficult to express.' Eighteen years later Lord Byron calls him a prepossessing looking person, and, with his usual admixture of satire, says, 'To have his head and shoulders I would almost have written his Sapphics;' and elsewhere he speaks of his appearance as 'Epic,' an expression which may be either a sneer or a compliment.

"His forehead was very broad; his height was five feet eleven inches; his complexion rather dark, the eyebrows large and arched, the eye well shaped and dark brow, the mouth somewhat prominent, muscular, and very variously expressive, the chin small in proportion to the upper features of his face. He always, while in Keswick, wore a cap in his walks, and partly from habit, partly from the make of his head and shoulders, we never thought he looked well or like himself in a hat. He was of a very spare frame, but of great activity, and not showing any appearance of a weak constitution.

"My father's countenance, like his character, seems to have softened down from a certain wildness of expression to a more sober and thoughtful cast; and many thought him a handsomer man in age than in youth; his eye retaining always its brilliancy, and his countenance its play of expression."

What follows concerning the origin and composition of "The Doctor," although diametrically opposite to the account Coleridge was in the habit of giving, is very likely to be the exact fact. Coleridge, we know, originated many works by his conversation, and helped afterwards by his suggestions; but he had so little physical exertion that

all the praise for following them out belongs to the published and working author, whatever his merit as the impregnator might have been:—

"His course of life was the most regular and simple possible, and, indeed, in his routine he varied but little from the sketch he gave of it in 1806. When it is said that breakfast was at nine, after a little reading, dinner at four, tea at six, supper at half-past nine, and the intervals filled up with reading or writing, except that he regularly walked between two and four, and took a short sleep before tea, the outline of his day during those long seasons when he was in full work will have been given. After supper, when the business of the day seemed to be over, though he generally took a book, he remained with his family, and was open to enter into conversation, to amuse and to be amused. It was on such times that the most pleasant fireside chattings and the most interesting stories came forth; and indeed, it was at such a time (though long before my day) that *The Doctor* was originated, as may be seen by the beginning of that work and the Preface to the new edition. Notwithstanding that the very mention of 'my glass of punch,' the one, temperate, never exceeded glass of punch, may be a stumbling-block to some of my readers, I am constrained, by the very love of the perfect picture which the first lines of *The Doctor* convey of the conclusion of his evening, to transcribe them in this place. It was written but for a few, otherwise *The Doctor* would have been no secret at all; but those few who knew him in his home will see his very look while they peruse it, and will recall the well-known sound."

Southey's greatest "relaxation" in his mountain home was a pic-nic, and all who have ever seen him in one would hardly recognize the fierce politician and polemic in the happy and "infantine" young gentleman of sixty. He had the same freshness in his conversation which is so great a charm with Leigh Hunt. They seemed incapable of feeling old, however aged they might grow.

After this his greatest rapture was in looking on the outside of his books. He delighted in mechanical order and beauty, and selected all the best bound of his numerous library for his own sitting-room. His house was two small cottages thrown into one. This consisted of many small rooms, and a number of long passages, which he sometimes dignified with the name of corridors.

In October, 1830, he made another journey to London, with the author of Philip Van Artevelt, who had been on a visit to him at Keswick. After a short and uneasy stay at the metropolis, he made an excursion



to Hampshire and the west of England. It was here he had an interview with the Duchess of Kent, and his loyal heart was much gratified by the Princess Victoria then telling him she had read with great pleasure his *Life of Nelson*. Praise from a princess, "heirress presumptive to the greatest Empire in the world," was of course very valuable and delightful. He also paid a short visit to his future wife, Caroline Bowles. After this trip he for the first time for twenty years revisited Bristol. Towards the end of January he was again at his old favorite desk, in the full flow of his accustomed pursuits.

In a letter dated 1st Feb., 1831, he confesses to more weakness than we could have given him credit for; he here boldly avows his belief in the absurd report that a conspiracy was on foot to destroy the King and Ministers; an absurdity believed in only by Sir Claudius Stephen Hunter and other old women rightly wearing the aldermanic gowns.

He now began to feel very uneasy concerning the Reform movement, and betrays more alarm than the occasion warranted. We must quote part of a letter dated May 14, to show how entirely the *phobia* had bitten him:—

"I saw Lord — this morning: he said 'we are going to wreck;' and I was shocked to see how ill he looked—twenty years older than when I dined with him at Croker's in December last. It is not bodily fatigue, but anxiety, that has produced this change; the clear foresight of evils which are coming in upon us with the force of a spring-tide before a high wind. Every one whom I see or hear from is in worse spirits than myself, for I have an invincible and instinctive hope that the danger will be averted by God's mercy. In the present state of the world nothing seems to proceed according to what would have been thought likely. Who, for example, could have expected that France would not have been at war before this time, or that Louis Philippe would have been still on his uneasy throne? Who would have supposed that Russia would have been defeated in its attempt to suppress the Poles? or that Austria could have put down the insurrection in Italy? I say nothing of the madness which king, cabinet, and people have manifested at home, because they really seem to be acting under a judicial visitation of insanity. But I am almost ready to conclude that we shall weather this storm, because all probabilities and all appearances are against it. Some unexpected event may occur; the war for which France has been preparing upon so formidable a scale may break out in time, and in a way which will render it impossible for our ministers to remain at peace;

or such a revolution may be effected in that country as will frighten the king and ministry here into their senses. Some death may take place which may derange the administration; some schism may make it fall to pieces; the agricultural insurrections and the burnings may begin again, and act in prevention of a revolution which would otherwise inevitably follow; or, perhaps, the cholera morbus may be sent us as a lighter plague than that which we have chosen for ourselves."

The "dreadful state" he was in at the *nobleman looking old* is very characteristic. Would he have expressed as much anxiety had the entire peasantry of England been stricken to a premature decay? We fear not.

Another peculiar, and very unpleasant phase of his nature, is displayed in the following extract from one of his letters:—

"Have you seen the strange book which Anastasius Hope left for publication, and which his representatives, in spite of all dissuasion, have published? His notion of immortality and heaven is, that at the consummation of all things, he, and you, and I, and John Murray, and Nebuchadnezzar, and Lambert the fat man, and the living skeleton, and Queen Elizabeth, and the Hottentot Venus, and Thurtell, and Probert, and the twelve apostles, and the noble army of martyrs, and Genghis Khan and all his armies, and Noah with all his ancestors and all his posterity—yea, all men and all women, and all children that have ever been or ever shall be, saints and sinners alike, are all to be put together, and made into one great celestial eternal human being. He does not seem to have known how nearly this approaches to Swedenborg's fancy. I do not like the scheme. I don't like the notion of being mixed up with Hume, and Hunt, and Whittle Harvey, and Phillpotts, and Lord Althorpe, and the Huns, and the Hottentots, and the Jews, and the Philistines, and the Scotch, and the Irish. God forbid! I hope to be I myself; I, in an English heaven, with you yourself—*you*, and some others, without whom heaven would be no heaven to me."

Although Southey was not a very jocular man on these subjects, let us hope he was joking here; at all events, we prefer Leigh Hunt's retort to Wordsworth, who was talking somewhat Calvinistically one day to the poet of Rimini—which drew from the latter a declaration "that he would infinitely prefer being damned *with his fellow-creature* to being saved *by himself*;"—a sentiment for which we honor him!

In 1834 his daughter married, which, Southey said, "would afford him room for more books."

We are now about approaching the most painful trial of his life—the insanity of his



wife. We will however quote her son's words :—

"But these plans were destined to be sadly and suddenly disconcerted for the time. I have before alluded to the weak and nervous state of my mother's spirits; and of late, total loss of appetite and sleep had caused serious apprehensions, which were, alas! too well founded; for, just as we were on the point of departing, the melancholy truth became apparent that she was no longer herself. It is, perhaps, rash to endeavor to search into the causes of these mysterious visitations of Providence; but it may, I think, fairly be alleged, that an almost life-long anxiety about the uncertain and highly precarious nature of my father's income, added to a naturally nervous constitution, had laid the foundation for this mental disease; and my father himself also now felt and acknowledged that Keswick had proved, especially of later years, far too unquiet a residence for her weakened spirits, and that much company and frequent visitors had produced exactly the opposite effect to what he had hoped. Her immediate removal seemed to offer the best hope of restoration, and this step was at once taken."

But here we must pause to call the reader's attention to Southey's own account of this terrible bereavement. For forty years they had been almost inseparable: mark how cold and callous is the tone of his letter to a friend announcing this desolating fact :—

"I have much to be thankful for under this visitation. For the first time in my life, I am so far beforehand with the world that my means are provided for the whole of next year, and that I can meet this additional expenditure, considerable in itself, without any difficulty. As I can do this, it is not worth a thought; but it must have cost me much anxiety had my affairs been in their former state.

"Another thing for which I am thankful is, that the stroke did not fall upon me when the printers were expecting the close of my naval volume, or the Memoir of Dr. Watts. To interrupt a periodical publication is a grievous loss to the publishers, or, at least, a very serious inconvenience."

We wish to be charitable, and therefore, without another word of comment, leave the matter in our readers' hands.

In 1835 he had an additional pension of £300 per annum granted by Sir R. Peel.

In 1837 his wife died. His eldest daughter, Edith, consequently assumed the management of his household.

Southey had, some years before, become acquainted with a literary lady, a Miss Caroline Bowles, very clever, and the author of some readable volumes. After a correspondence, which led to an offer, they were

married; and the lady, who was an old maid, and ought to have remained so, being fit for nothing else, went home to the happy domestic hearth, Greta Hall. For the first time in Southey's life, domestic quarrels were heard in his house. Edith was a talented, lively young woman, little disposed to be lectured by a mother-in-law, whom she considered as an intruder; and after severe imputation and recrimination, his son Cuthbert and his daughter resolved to leave their father's house.

The new Mrs. Southey was a clever authoress—there her merits stopped. She was fonder of putting the point to an epigram than to a dispute—of fanning the flames than extinguishing them; and between these hostile fires the Laureate's mind wavered, and, after a short struggle, gave way; he never recovered the shock, and for the rest of his life, the once clear-headed, vigorous-minded author was a harmless imbecile! Justice bids us state, that the chief cause of this unhappy event, his second wife, made the only reparation in her power, by faithfully fulfilling the duties of a guardian and a nurse,—a poor compensation for so grievous a wrong, *but a just retribution for her unamiable nature.*

Mr. Wordsworth related to us, that he had noticed a change in Southey, for which he was at a loss to account; he never suspecting the real nature of the awful visitation, till one day when he met the Laureate walking *without his hat*, at some distance from his home. This led the bard of Rydal to suspect a loss of reason, as he well knew what a stickler for appearances Southey had ever been, even to the very minutest points.

We will not linger over this miserable picture. He was perfectly quiet, although his mind had entirely gone. Docile as a machine, he would sit for hours in his old study, intently gazing on a book, frequently *upside down*, as the case might be. Now and then the force of habit came over him, and he would take up a pen and mark on a piece of paper some incoherent words, more frequently mere hieroglyphics, without any meaning attached to them. He knew nobody—seldom opened his lips—occasionally smiled; but his favorite pursuit was walking up and down his library looking with "lack-lustre eyes" at his books, which had been so long the chosen treasures of his heart.

He died 21st March, 1843, and sleeps at

the western end of the beautiful church-yard of Crosthwaite.

In person, Southey was tall and spare; his nose "hawky," being the most striking feature in his face, excepting his eye, which was always prominent, and occasionally fierce and staring; his forehead was well formed, and his hair, once raven black, very gray. This was as he appeared to us the day before he started on his last trip to the Continent, in 1840: we think he was then bound to Spain, with his son Cuthbert. He was courteous, yet brusque; and owing to his seclusion, there was a *mauvaise honte* about him somewhat out of place in a Poet Laureate.

We have to a certain extent foreshadowed our opinion of Southey at the commencement of this review. We did it advisedly, that the reader might accompany us throughout our short sketch, either confirming or rejecting our estimate. We have only a few remarks to make now, and shall briefly consider him as a man, poet, historian, critic, and biographer.

As a man, Southey was emphatically virtuous, benevolent, prudent, self-denying, and *super-eminently* domestic. Slow in making friendships, they were rooted when once formed. Ever ready to grant prudent help to deserving persons, he never solicited aid without an imperious necessity, and then he endeavored to fulfil the obligation most religiously. His house was a shelter to several of his poorer relatives, and his kindness to Mrs. Coleridge was unremitting.

Regular in his own habits, and exact in fulfilling his own duties, he made no allowance for the frailties of others of more genius or different temperament, and less prudence. In this we more particularly allude to his conduct to Coleridge, for whose domestic misery he was to a certain extent responsible, as he had persuaded that singular compound of inconsistencies to marry, when he had himself emphatically, in a written communication to his future brother-in-law, declared that he had no intention of leading Miss Fricker to believe he was attached to her. Southey also knew that a prior and mutual affection existed between Coleridge and Miss Wordsworth, (the great poet's sister;) he therefore ought to have more charitably and kindly judged the greatest genius and the greatest infant of modern times.

We should not have made these remarks, but a recent article in an English Review has so unjustly laid the whole blame on Coleridge, that we feel called upon to place the question in its true light.

A life of Coleridge is yet to be written, in which justice shall be done to all parties: to the unamiable, virtuous, but vulgar minded wife; the weak-willed and infirm purposed dreaming poet; and the clock-work Laureate, who talked to Coleridge as though he were a cheesemonger. This, however, we take to be Southey's most indefensible point.

As a poet, his chief excellence consists in a perfect command over the English language, which enabled him to describe precisely what was necessary to forward his plan, whether gorgeous illustration or elaborate description. His longer poems abound with admirable specimens of every kind of description, whether of the passions or of mere historical events; but we miss those electric flashes which show the original poet. He is great in all the external appliances of poetry; he is wonderfully learned and ingenious, rather than a poet of genius; he models everything perfectly, but he does not *create*; he writes all that can be written *about* any poetical subject, but the faculty of making a new subject, or treating an old one in a new light, does not belong to him: he has no *vivifying* power; he cannot create a soul under the ribs of Death.

Some of his inscriptions are faultless, so far as language is concerned; but we find nothing original; it is only the best well-known thought, tersely and elegantly phrased. This is a great merit, we cheerfully concede, but it is not original genius.

To a certain extent this want militates against him as an historian, and prevents him taking the first rank. History requires as much philosophy as poetry, not in creating, but in resuscitating.

Industry can collect *facts*; sagacity can *collate* them; judgment *select* the most probable; *practice* can put them into simple language, and an educated mind *draw inferences*: but it requires the man of genius to make the "dry bones live," to repeople the past, and effectually reproduce the men of other days. An historian without this faculty is merely an old almanac maker! But if Southey has not grasp and comprehensiveness of intellect sufficient for the

gigantic grouping of history, he is wonderfully fitted for biography. Unable to sketch the nation, he succeeds admirably in the man; unable to design or group a great historical picture, he paints a portrait to the life; and this we think is consistent with his whole character. He is domestic, not national, and has not the faintest claim to be considered cosmopolitan.

As a critic, he is copious and appreciative, except under some great disturbing influence, when of course, like other men, he is more the partisan than the judge. Where, however, he gives his author fair play, few men so thoroughly go into a subject as he does. Still the great deficiency is apparent; he passes over, as though he had not the faculty to recognize, all those more subtle and mysterious evidences of the highest order of genius. He is more fitted to expound Walter Scott's poems than those of either Coleridge, Shelley, or Browning. Like a surgeon, he anatomized the material more than he expounded the spiritual; he relished *Kirke White* more than *Tennyson*.

As a politician, notwithstanding his wish to see the masses prosperous, he had too little

faith in human nature, and too little knowledge of mankind *in action*, to render him fitted to give advice, except upon particular questions. He resembled a physician who attempts to strengthen a weak limb, or cure a local disease, by only operating upon that special part of the body, instead of invigorating the whole system, and restoring the part by making the whole frame healthy.

Still he was conscientious, and while we cannot avoid lamenting the weakness which induced him to permit the "son of Cispin" to alter his articles, we can hardly expect him, considering his necessities, to thunder in that narrow-minded man's ears, "Ne sutor ultra crepidam."

He was a virtuous, but not great man; a kind one, but not a philanthropist; a pleader, not a philosopher; a soldier, not a general; he could preach sermons, but not write texts; he was *the great part* of a great poet, a great historian, and a great politician; but he was not the entire one of the smallest of each of that class. Such was Robert Southey, the correspondent and acquaintance of Scott, Coleridge, and Wordsworth, but not the friend or sympathizer of either.

## B A B Y L O N .

THE sun goes down on Shinar's blooming plains,  
And while afar from Aram's\* rocky heights  
His mellowing glances linger with delight,  
Vineyards and flocks and herds; acacia groves,  
Willow, and tamarisk, and lofty palm;  
And fields of ripening corn, and lotus flowers;  
And winding streams—Euphrath† and Hiddekel—  
Are flushed with gold. The brooding air is soft  
And balm as was the joyous breeze that played  
In Eden's sacred bowers. Now sally forth  
Peasant and prince, grandsire and prattling child,  
Strong men, and matrons grave, and maidens fair,  
And lusty youths—Assyria's noblest pride;  
Flute, viol and dulcimer, and cymballed feet,  
And pealing voices, tell of merry hearts,  
All open wide to catch the sunny smile

\* "Aram—the Highlands—was the name given by the Hebrews to the tract of country lying between Phœnicia on the west, Palestine on the south, Arabia Deserta and the river Tigris on the east, and the mountain-range of Taurus on the north."—*Kitto, Cyc.*, Vol. I, p. 197.

† Gen. ii. 14. Hebrew, *Phrath*.

That heaven to earth sends greeting.  
 Yet list: afar from Chebar's\* reedy banks  
 A wail of sadness floats upon the breeze;  
 Judea's captive daughters there have hung  
 Their voiceless harps upon the willow boughs,  
 And sat them down to weep for Zion's fall.

The night has come—the night on Babylon—  
 The grand and solemn night! On Belus' tower†  
 See now the Sabæan‡ watchers take their posts,—  
 Their eyes upturned upon the circling heavens,  
 To them familiar more and far more dear  
 Than scenes of earth,—discoursing with the stars:  
 "Come forth now, one by one, majestic train  
 That sweep the ample forehead of the sky;  
 Arcturus§ with thy sons, who nightly play  
 With steadfast lustre round the central pole;  
 And thou, Orion, with thy glittering bands;  
 And thou, the Queen of Heaven,|| the brightest far  
 Of all the planetary Five,¶ who speak  
 To us of times and seasons, days and years,  
 And give the future to our cogent grasp.  
 Ye are our gods; beam forth upon us now  
 Your guiding rays, Spirits that mediate  
 Between the finite and the infinite,  
 Bright emanations of that Mystic Power,  
 Unseen, and unapproachable, that hides  
 Beyond; great Source of light; itself all light,\*\*  
 Eternal, inexhaustible, ineffable,  
 Whose pregnant efflux fills the universe  
 With energy,—creative—*it* alone."  
 The moon looks down upon the stately Queen  
 Of empires. Dome on dome, and tower on tower,  
 Uprising huge to heaven; embattled walls  
 Like hills with forests crowned, with mighty gates  
 Of ever-during brass; and obelisks††  
 That sleep against the sky; and palaces  
 With roofs overlaid with gold, whose portals wide  
 Are watched by sphinxes grim, or gryphons fierce,‡‡  
 Or wingèd beast colossal, with the face  
 Of human kind—from alabaster hewn;  
 Gardens and wooded heights and blossoming trees,  
 And sparkling founts suspended in mid-air  
 By labor vast,—her silvery light reveals.  
 With eager step the haughty monarch leaves  
 His golden throne, to bathe his fevered brow

\* Ezekiel i. 1-3.

† Herodotus says: "The priests of Belus devoted themselves to the study of Astronomy, and for this purpose the temple was crowned by an astronomical observatory."—*Kitto*, Vol. I, p. 268.

‡ A name applied to the ancient star-worshippers of Western Asia.—*Ibid*. Vol. II, p. 743.

§ Job xxxviii. 32.

|| Venus. Jer. vii. 18; xlv. 17. Layard's *Nin.*, Vol. II, p. 346.

¶ "The greatest attention is given to the five stars called planets, which they name interpreters; for to those who study them carefully they foretell events."—*Diodorus Siculus*, ii. 30, 31.

\*\* "The Creative Spirit was set forth by them under the image of an eternal, inexhaustible fountain of light."—*Kitto*, Vol. I, p. 406.

†† Layard's *Nineveh*, Vol. II, pp. 139, 170, 348, 349.

In the cool night air, ease his wearied mind,  
 Unquiet, and by meditation deep  
 Of plots, and conquests, and resolves, o'ertasked.  
 Now out upon the loftiest tower he stands  
 Erect, and quaffs the od'rous breeze that bears  
 Him tribute from Damascus' flowery vale.  
 How swells his mighty heart with joy and pride,  
 As o'er the glittering scene outreaching wide  
 His roving eye runs gladly, till its gaze  
 Fails in the distance of the far-off haze.  
 And now he rests; there falls upon his ear  
 In strains of grateful melody a voice  
 That soothes the monarch's mind, and *speaks his soul* :

"No longer, no longer shall Amytis\* sigh  
 To bring her loved hills of Ecbatana nigh;  
 For the land of the Mede with its forests of pine  
 No splendor or beauty hath equal to thine.

"O monarch most mighty, around thee arise  
 The fruits of thy triumphs sublime to the skies;  
 Thy sceptre transcendent bears magical sway,  
 Since Nature thy mandate has learned to obey.

"O monarch most mighty, no gods are like thine,—  
 Astarte,† and Nisroch,‡ and Belus divine,  
 And Nebo,§ and Nergal, and Rhea whose feet  
 The serpent and lion in harmony greet.

"No more can the boasted Jehovah withstand  
 The storm of thine anger—the might of thy hand.  
 His temple of Zion is razed to the ground,  
 Its vessels of gold in thy temples are found.

"Through thy dungeons the kings of Judea now roam;  
 By thy rivers her maidens are sighing for home.  
 Here the princes of Egypt and Tyre bend the knee,  
 The kings of the earth are too feeble for thee.

"O monarch most mighty, repose from thy care,  
 And calmly the honors of majesty wear;  
 The glory of Babylon never can wane,  
 The house of thy kingdom shall ever remain."

The song is hushed; the winds have ceased to sigh,  
 And in the silence of the midnight hour,  
 Afar from haunts of men, with glaring eye  
 And matted hair and naked limbs, all torn  
 By thorny reed and sedge and clinging brier,  
 A madman creeps along Euphrates' stream.¶

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

\* The hanging gardens were constructed by Nebuchadnezzar at the wish of his queen Amytis to possess such elevated groves as she enjoyed on the hills around her native Ecbatana.—*Kütto*, Vol. I. p. 270.

† The Phœnician "Ashtaroth," Judges x. 6.

‡ 2 Kings xix. 37.

§ Nebo is supposed to have been the symbol of the planet Mercury; Nergal (2 Kings xvii. 30) of Mars.

¶ Dan. iv. 28-33.



Sun, moon, and starry spheres, who never tire  
 Upon your track of splendor in the sky,  
 Wheel on your shining chariots through the void;  
 Wheel on, and bring Jehovah's chosen ones,  
 The keepers of his pent-up vengeance, near.

Armies of the living God,  
 Brandishing the smiter's rod,  
 From the mountains of the North,\*  
 Send your trampling legions forth;  
 Come from Minni's towering height,||  
 Girded for avenging fight;  
 Come, with quivers well supplied,  
 Elam's sons from Ulai's tide;†  
 Come, with burnished spear and shield,  
 Persians, to the battle-field;  
 Come upon your milk-white steeds,  
 Eagle-winged, victorious Medes.§  
 Armies of the living God,  
 Set in phalanx deep and broad,  
 Up, with speed of light, away,  
 Make of Babylon a prey.  
 Like the swelling of the sea,  
 Rolling on to victory  
 Over Shinar's ravaged plain,  
 Rush the eager hosts amain.  
 Sentry now to sentry calls,  
 Round the close-encompassed walls.  
 Let the archer bend his bow  
 Stout against the scoffing foe;  
 Let him make his arrows bright  
 For their swift, unerring flight.  
 Louder grows the sound of battle,  
 Darts on brazen armor rattle;  
 Iron mace through helmet crashes,  
 Sword with spear in fury clashes;  
 Engines huge with voice of thunder  
 Cleave the battlements asunder.  
 Dry the fountains of the deep  
 Through the open channel leap;  
     Break the gates of brass,  
     Let the conquerors pass.  
 Hasten to the palace gates,  
 Where the impious monarch waits,  
 King and prince and concubine,  
 Revelling in dance and wine,  
 Where the finger on the wall  
 Traces proud Assyria's fall.  
 Let the eye no pity show,  
 Let the heart no mercy know,

\* Jeremiah l. 3, 9, 41.

† Jer. li. 27. A contraction for Armenia. A trace of the name Minni appears in Josephus (*Ant. i.* 3-6,) who, quoted from Nicholas of Damascus says, "There is a great mountain in Armenia, over *Minyas*, upon which it is reported that many at the time of the Deluge were saved."

‡ Dan. viii. 2. Isa. xxii. 6.

§ Jer. li. 11. Their horses were entirely white, and of extraordinary height and beauty.

Let the fiery surges run,  
 Do to her as she hath done.  
 Dash her young against the stones ;  
 Fill her streets with dying groans,  
 Put her mighty to the sword ;  
 'Tis the vengeance of the Lord.  
 Come and sit thee in the dust,  
     Silently in darkness sit ;  
 Own thy desolation just,  
     While the shadows o'er thee flit ;  
 Glory, strength and beauty gone,  
 Fallen, fallen Babylon !

O Time, thou spoiler of the nations ! spread  
 Wide o'er the sad and silent city now  
 Thy raven wing. On crumbling arch and wall  
 Let lions roam, and stealthy jackals cry,  
 And satyrs dance, and slimy serpents hiss ;  
 Hyena fierce, and owl of mournful note,  
 And cormorant and fiery scorpion dwell.  
 Bring down her tottering towers, and bury deep  
 In the embracing bosom of the earth  
 The secret "chambers of her imagery,"  
 The wondrous trophies of her power and pride.  
 In ages hence, from distant western climes,  
 The sons of nations yet unborn shall come  
 To break the silence of her sepulchre,  
 And set the long-imprisoned captives free.

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'Tis done ! Wild roamer of the desert sands,  
 Haggard, uncouth, untutored Bedouin,  
 Look down and see how your unconscious feet  
 Have revelled o'er the cities of the dead.  
 Bend low, and gaze upon the sculptured piles  
 Thick set with characters mysterious,  
 And chambers, on whose alabaster walls,\*  
 With ivory inlaid, and bordered round  
 With fresco-flowers and mouldings tipped with gold,  
 In gorgeous hues undimmed by time, are traced  
 The records of a nation's history.  
 Behold ! these are Jehovah's witnesses,  
 Upspringing from the dark, oblivious night  
 Of ages gone, to tell your swarthy sons  
 How true, how great, how terrible is God !

A. R. W.

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\* See Layard's description of an Assyrian palace, vol. II., pp. 207, 208.

## POLITICAL POETS:

WALLER AND MARVELL.

EDMUND WALLER and Andrew Marvell ! wits, poets and politicians ! together distinguishing the same royal court, the one as its ornament and honor, the other as its ornament and shame : history has booked their names together, and it is not for us to separate their fames. Poets and politicians both, 't were well if we could say partisans and patriots also ; but the facts forbid the s in either case, for *Marvell* was *singular*, and being a marvel in more ways than one, shared not his zeal or integrity with his elegant contemporary—we may not say rival. Observe wherein they resembled each other, and how they differed. Both were wits, but after unlike fashions. Waller's was the elegant impudence of Brummell ; Marvell's the honest, anti-humbug humor and philosophic court-foolery of Sydney Smith. Waller sacrificed his principle to his interest for a *bon mot*, and played upon words and popular credulity with the same *elaborately* contemptuous self-possession ; Marvell made daily sacrifices of himself, from matters of most trifling mere convenience to studied schemes of wildest ambition—sacrifices of all pardonable longing and the ready prize of smiling, generous opportunity, to sturdy truth, and the pious earnestness of patriotism—and all for a jest. A King could not purchase Marvell with gold and political distinction ; Waller's interest and intellect were to be easily secured by any flimsy promise of momentary gratification for his political pride or his personal vanity. Cromwell died, and immediately appeared Waller with a finished panegyric of fulsome flattery wrought in very elegant verse. The Commonwealth became naturally defunct. "Every dog has his day," and so had Charles II., who was welcomed at the foot of the throne with a sweet copy of congratulatory verses by ever-convenient Waller. But the stanzas to the Restoration were critically inferior to the Cromwellian eulogy, and the mad-cap monarch was "hurt." Waller's ready wit supplied the consolation. "Poets, Sir," said he, "ever succeed better

in fiction than in truth." Charles was satisfied. Marvell, the incorruptible, was representing in Parliament, for the modest consideration of two shillings *per diem*, the goodly constituency of the goodly town of Kingston-upon-Hull. His voice in legislative halls was the voice of simple sincerity and truth, and good men pursued the sound. His pen was a nimble rod wherewith, in fearless, stinging satire, he chastised the licensed fashionable profligacy and insolent measures of the gay cavaliers. So his Majesty would fain have purchased him for his own table, and accordingly commissioned Lord Danby, his treasurer, ready provided with purse and court-diploma, to seek out Hull's inflexible honesty, and persuade him, with a choice appeal couched in right courtly phrase, to let himself be bespoken on the terms already provided. Marvell's reception of the King's commissioner was hospitable and cheerful. Anticipating the honor of the visit, he had already provided amusement for his distinguished guest, and having patiently endured his delivery of the royal message, called in an attendant to testify to his pecuniary independence, and the ample *provision* supplied by a generous constituency for his support, by showing that he had made a full dinner for three successive days on a leg of mutton ! Every one knows the rest—his enjoyment of the Lord Treasurer's discomfiture, and how, when he had withdrawn, he sent to a friend to borrow a guinea. *Query* : Did he really need the guinea, or was this merely a trick to make an historical anecdote ? So much for the wit of the *wealthy* member from Hull.

The Muses favored the two legislators with like partiality ; but the poetical faculty which adorned the one appeared in the other "with a difference." The poetry of Waller is essentially *artificial* ; its merit is the excellence of high art in accurate imitation, elaborate execution, brilliant polish, faultless finish. 'Tis the work of the engraver, not of the designer ; of the chiseller of a statue,

not the moulder; 'tis a daguerreotype, not a miniature. Waller is to a true poet what a mere copyist is to a painter; what Benvenuto Cellini was to Michael Angelo. His poetry is heartless, soulless; without truth or tenderness. 'Tis a simpering city belle, made up by a milliner, and all ready to "die of a rose in aromatic pain;" not a bouncing milkmaid, all in a glow of lusty panting health. On the other hand, the poetry of Marvell is truthful and sincere. There is in it much of simple, unaffected sentiment, and the artless earnestness of kindly feeling. There is perhaps in the sentiment of it more elegance than force, and it lacks in great measure that refined finish of skilful execution which distinguishes the verses of Waller. But then, in compensation, it possesses eminent *naturalness*, which the effusions of Waller sadly want. The poetical faculty in Marvell is rather an ornamental accomplishment, superadded to his graver and more enduring claim to distinction, the claim of staunchest patriotism and abandoned partisan devotion, unchangeable as Truth itself.

Except by William Hazlitt, perhaps, his poetical performances are not decidedly esteemed sufficient foundation for the structure of fame which Time has erected to his memory. His verses are such as a good and very kindly and well-meaning man would make. They are eminently tender and pure, such of them as can be so qualified; for perhaps those which are merely political are among the best, as they are, undoubtedly, the *most*: political squibs; happy and amusing versions of current court scandal; careless shafts of satire for passing follies; stinging rebuke for arbitrary imposition, or pointed ridicule for prevailing quackery, of whatsoever nature it might happen to partake. Such, for the most part, are the politico-poetical themes of the member from Hull.

In illustration of these remarks, and to establish their critical correctness, we supply some specimens from the poetical compositions of the two subjects of our sketch. Waller's lines "On a Girdle" have been every where quoted, and are already sufficiently familiar. So, also, with his exquisite "song,"

"Go, lovely rose!  
Tell her that wastes her time and me,  
That now she knows,  
When I resemble her to thee,  
How sweet and fair she seems to be," &c.

Another "song," however, will be new to many readers:

"Say, lovely dream! where couldst thou find  
Shades to counterfeit that face?  
Colors of this glorious kind  
Come not from any mortal place.

"In Heav'n itself thou sure wert dress'd  
With that angel-like disguise;  
Thus deluded, am I blest,  
And see my joy with closed eyes.

"But ah! this image is too kind  
To be other than a dream;  
Cruel Sacharissa's mind  
Ne'er put on that sweet extreme.

"Fair dream! if thou intend'st me grace,  
Change that heavenly face of thine;  
Paint despised love in thy face,  
And make it t' appear like mine.

"Pale, wan and meagre let it look,  
With a pity-moving shape,  
Such as wander by the brook  
Of Lethe, or from graves escape.

"Then to that matchless nymph appear.  
In whose shape thou shinest so;  
Softly in her sleeping ear  
With humble words express my woe.

"Perhaps from greatness, state and pride,  
Thus surprised, she may fall;  
Sleep does disproportion hide,  
And, death-resembling, equals all."

All who have read Mrs. Jamison's "Loves of the Poets," (and they must be few who have not,) know who is the "Sacharissa" mentioned here. Waller had been wedded to a rich heiress of London, (he was himself master of an income of three thousand pounds,) who died the same year of her marriage. *Instantly*, Waller, with his own peculiar gallantry, donning his gayest court suit, ("the trappings and the suits of woe" were not for Rochester's "Corypheus of court wits,") went a-wooing of Lady Dorothea Sidney, ("Sacharissa," eldest daughter of the Earl of Leicester,) no doubt "whistling as he went, for want of thought," Herick's "Gather ye rose-buds, while ye may!" Unfortunately "Sacharissa" was not available. She happened, haplessly for our smitten swain, to be possessed of some "silly modicum of sense." She was not to be won by the voice of the charmer, "charm he never so wisely" in the groves of Penshurst. She said him "nay," and married the Earl of Sunderland.

Here is some of the wit he wasted, whilst  
his "delusion" endured :—

" AT PENHURST.

" While in this park I sing, the listening deer  
Attend my passion, and forget to fear ;  
When to the beeches I report my flame,  
They bow their heads, as if they felt the same.  
To gods appealing, when I reach their bowers  
With loud complaints, they answer me in showers.  
To thee a wild and cruel soul is given  
More deaf than trees, and prouder than the  
heav'n !

Love's foe professed ! why dost thou falsely feign  
Thyself a Sidney ? from which noble strain  
*He*\* sprung, that could so far exalt the name  
Of Love, and warm our nation with his flame ;  
That all we can of Love or high desire,  
Seems but the smoke of amorous Sidney's fire."

\* \* \* \* \*

" This last complaint the indulgent ears did pierce  
Of just Apollo, *president of verse* ;  
*Highly concerned* that the muse should bring  
*Damage* to one whom he had taught to sing :  
Thus he advised me : ' On yon aged tree  
Hang up thy lute, and hie thee forth to see,  
That there with wonders thy diverted mind  
Some truce, at least, may with this passion find.'  
Ah ! cruel nymph ! from whom her humble swain  
Flies for relief unto the raging main,  
And from the winds and tempests does expect  
A milder fate than from her cold neglect !  
Yet there he'll pray that the unkind may prove  
Blest in her choice ; and vows this endless love  
Springs from no hope of what she can confer,  
But from those gifts which Heav'n has heaped on  
her."

Long years had lapsed since the penning  
of these very verses, and the Countess of  
Sunderland had fallen into "the sere and  
yellow leaf," when, on some occasion encounter-  
ing her poetical suitor "aforetime," she  
demanded to know (no doubt in memory of  
decayed coquetry) when he would make for  
the Countess such sweet and pleasant verses  
as "long time ago" he was wont to dedicate  
to his peerless "Sacharissa." "Whenever,"  
replied adroit Waller, with a *let-that-pass*  
air becoming the occasion, "whenever the  
Countess shall have acquired the youth and  
grace and beauty that was Sacharissa's." Here  
is a question suggested for the consideration  
of a Ninon, or a De Staël, or a Lady Mary  
Wortley, or a "Lady of Fashion," or an  
authoress of "Etiquette, and the Code of  
Conversation": Was *compliment* intended  
or conveyed in Waller's answer ? This  
ready-witted adaptation of himself to con-  
tingent circumstances was an instance of the  
quality of Brummellism which distinguished

him in an eminent degree, and which every  
where discovers itself in the course of his  
political career, being easily donned for all  
court occasions.

Of the poems of Marvell, those which are  
exclusively political were necessarily most  
popular in his own day. In those times of  
partisan turbulence, oddly jumbled with court  
wit, careless gallantry, and reckless, unscrup-  
ulous, indiscriminate libertinism, a mere  
laughing lover cut but a sorry figure at  
best. To be sure, verses merely amatory  
were produced in plenty, and of sufficient  
tenderness ; but then, these were but formal  
*tenders* of fashionable compliment, and their  
artificiality was safely understood. Men  
then, as women now-a-days, moved in circles,  
coteries, *cliques* ; and each wit of the hour,  
any inventive producer of lively verses, was,  
for the nonce, acknowledged Coryphæus of  
some little set. Each happy hit at any pass-  
ing political absurdity, each racy version  
of some present *circular* scandal, had its  
willing pedlars, notable people who were "in  
the joke," and eager to provide for its pub-  
licity. Of such squibs as these Marvell was  
a prolific producer. By their means he  
achieved unparalleled popularity with the  
Commonwealth party, and in the estimation  
of the gallant cavaliers, some reputation for  
formidability as an intractable arch-round-  
head. Nevertheless, it was not as a licensed  
lampooner, and no better, that the bluff old  
patriot figured. His was graver sport. To  
be sure, he played somewhat *widely* with  
the lash of his wit, on this side and on that,  
*tipping* an absurdity in a tender part with a  
taking grace ; but then all was done with a  
good-humored air, and all *pro bono publico*.

Still, apart from political purposes, Marvell  
produced many verses of rare excellence  
which have easily lived down to our day,  
and, thanks to the careful nursing of Hazlitt  
and Leigh Hunt, even yet retain their wonted  
health and vigor. Hazlitt bestows enthusi-  
astic commendation upon "the power and  
sweetness" of Marvell's verse, but seems to  
despair of convincing the public against its  
will, and despite its preconceived prejudices.  
He furnishes, for proof of Marvell's merit,  
these very elegant lines

" TO HIS COY MISTRESS.

" Had we but world enough and time,  
This coyness, lady, were no crime.  
We would sit down and think which way  
To walk, and pass our long love's day.

\* Sir Philip.



Thou by the Indian Ganges' side  
Shouldst rubies find: I by the tide  
Of Humber would complain. I would  
Love you ten years before the flood;  
And you should, if you please, refuse  
Till the conversion of the Jews.  
My vegetable love should grow  
Vaster than empires, and more slow.  
An hundred years should go to praise  
Thine eyes, and on thy forehead gaze;  
Two hundred to adore each breast;  
But thirty thousand to the rest:  
An age at least to every part,  
And the last age should show your heart.  
For, lady, you deserve this state;  
Nor would I love at lower rate,  
But at my back I always hear  
Time's winged chariot hurrying near;  
And yonder all before us lie  
Deserts of vast eternity.  
Thy beauty shall no more be found;  
Nor in thy marble vault shall sound  
My echoing song: then worms shall try  
That long-preserved virginity;  
And your quaint honor turn to dust,  
And into ashes all my lust.  
*The grave's a fine and private place,  
But none, I think, do there embrace.*  
Now, therefore, while the youthful hue  
Sits on thy skin like morning dew,  
And while thy willing soul transpires  
At every pore with instant fires,  
Now let us sport us while we may;  
And now, like amorous birds of prey,  
Rather at once our time devour,  
Than languish in his slow-chapp'd power.  
Let us roll our strength and all  
Our sweetness up into one ball;  
And tear our pleasures with rough strife  
Through the iron gates of life.  
*Thus, though we cannot make our sun  
Stand still, yet we will make him run.*

In some lines entitled "Thoughts in a Garden," suggested by the quaint device of a "flower-dial," the following passage, luscious as bursting grapes, and refreshing as water-melons, occurs:—

"What wondrous life is this I lead!  
Ripe apples drop about my head;  
The luscious clusters of the vine  
Upon my mouth do crush their wine;  
The nectarine and curious peach  
Into my hands themselves do reach;  
*Stumbling on melons as I pass,  
Insnares with flowers, I fall on grass.*"

And elsewhere, speaking of Providence, he says:—

"He hangs in shade the orange bright,  
Like golden lamps in a green night,  
And does in the pomegranate close  
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows.  
He makes the figs our mouths to meet,  
And throws the melons at our feet."

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But we must proceed to consider Marvell and Waller in their offices of political poets. It must be remembered then that both were not *partisans*, for Waller was not one, save in so far as he found his party in himself. They could not be at all times political opponents, so long as Waller, invariable only as he was Waller, continued to pendulate, let Marvell be never so inflexible and tenacious, and at no time to be bought, begged or borrowed for the use of royalists. Marvell was the recognized oracle of the popular party. His speeches and writings furnished political maxims for the adherents of Cromwell and upholders of the Commonwealth. Waller was the veriest time-server and sycophantic waiter on the powers that be, ready to be any thing in the ecstasy of being in favor, and holding prosperity in higher estimation than honesty. Waller was the nephew of John Hampden, yet the world of factional turbulence has scarcely produced another such mere professional traitor. His mother, however, (Hampden's sister,) was a rabid royalist, and is said to have soundly rated Cromwell for his share in the death of Charles I. When Judge Crawley was impeached for his opinion favorable to the levy of ship-money, Waller conducted the prosecution against him, and 20,000 copies of his speech on that occasion were bought up by "the people." Yet, very shortly afterwards, he was implicated in a plot to surprise the city militia, and was detected in arranging to admit the King's forces. For this he was tried, and sentenced to one year's imprisonment and a fine of £10,000; and nothing can equal the abject meanness, pitiful poltroonery, and wretched prostitution of every sentiment of honor which he discovered in his apology to Parliament and the people. Waller sat for the town of Hastings in Charles II.'s first Parliament, and throughout that reign represented different constituencies. From his wide and open field of political experience, Waller desisted afar off the fate of James II.; and when that reckless monarch was about to throw the national Church and the Constitution into "confusion worse confounded," prophesied of him that he would be "left like a whale upon the strand." Waller was born in 1605 at Coleshill, in Hertfordshire. Shortly before his death, he purchased a small property there, that "he might die, like a stag, where he was roused." This was well in him, and more worthy than

was his wont. One is almost persuaded to pardon the meanness of his past life for the sake of its close. This praiseworthy ambition of his eleventh hour, however, was not to be gratified. He died at Beaconsfield, in 1687, and in the churchyard there he lies hard by to Edmund Burke. Rare company for each other are they, there under the mould!

Andrew Marvell was a rare good man. He inherited many excellences from his father, and, like a good and faithful servant, he abundantly multiplied those "talents of trust." Of this same father of his a curious (may we term it *pleasant*?) story is related. He was a clergyman, residing in Hull; and on one occasion, proceeding to Lincolnshire to marry a youthful couple, he embarked with the lovers in a small boat. The weather was calm, and the water quiet, but old Marvell had an anticipative feeling of danger. Nothing alarmed by the promise of quick death presently, on the contrary seeming strangely cheerful, he threw his cane ashore as he entered the boat, crying out, "Ho! for Heaven!" The boat sank, sure enough, and all were lost together. There is something very beautiful in all this. His parting gift to the familiar shore, and his brave affection and fidelity for his young friends, have in them something of modest martyrdom and the gentlest heroism. His son, Andrew, received his education at Cambridge, and having completed his studies there, and been graduated, he early proceeded to avail himself of the advantages of travel. It was at Rome that he met with Milton, and there an acquaintance, which afterwards was matured to friendship, political and personal, was easily established between these two. After having been secretary to the embassy at Constantinople, Marvell was selected by General Fairfax to instruct his daughter in languages. It was while thus employed, or immediately upon the completion of this duty, that Milton, who had lately been presented with the unsolicited appointment of Latin Secretary, obtained, through the interest and kind offices of his friend the Secretary Bradshaw, Marvell's appointment to assist him. Milton's friendly interest was afterwards richly repaid by Marvell, who at the Restoration co-operated with Davenant to procure for Milton, who had rendered himself dangerously obnoxious, a share in the general amnesty. Shortly previous to the Restoration,

Marvell was chosen to represent the town of Hull, and he was the latest English member who received a regular *per diem* from his constituents. The Messrs. Chambers, remarking upon this fact, have appended this note to their article on Andrew Marvell, (*Cyclopædia of English Literature*): "The ancient wages of a burgess, for serving in Parliament, was 2s. a day; those of a knight for the shire, 4s. They were reduced to this certain sum the 16th of Edward II. We have seen the original of an agreement between a member and his constituents, dated September, 1645, in which the former stipulated to serve 'without any manner of wages or pay' from the mayor, aldermen, and burgesses of the town. The excitement of the civil war had increased the desire of many to sit in Parliament." Marvell's character as a parliamentarian was right elevated and noble. He was eminently pure and upright, a man of inflexible integrity and earnest purpose of right. All parties honored him, and his own idolized him. As a speaker, Waller surpassed him far in eloquence, but as a patriot, he had not his peer. His death in 1678 was singularly sudden and unlooked-for. No previous illness gave warning of its approach. For some time after, various suspicions as to its cause were floating abroad, and there were many who believed that he had been poisoned. The corporation of Hull voted an appropriation for a monumental memorial to be raised in his honor, but there were vetoes in those days, and the vote was vetoed by the Court. But what of that?

"I know he is not dead; I know proud Death  
Durst not behold such sacred majesty."

We will now supply some specimens of the political poetries of these two rare worthies, and so conclude. First, as in order of arrangement here, we give some stanzas of Waller's "Panegyric to the Lord Protector." It is too lengthy to quote entire:—

"While with a strong and yet a gentle hand,  
You bridle faction and our hearts command,  
Protect us from ourselves, and from the foe,  
Make us unite and make us conquer too;

"Let partial spirits still aloud complain,  
Think themselves injured that they cannot reign,  
And own no liberty, but when they may  
Without control upon their fellows prey.

"Above the waves as Neptune showed his face,  
To chide the winds, and save the Trojan race,  
So has your Highness, raised above the rest,  
Storms of Ambition, tossing us, repressed.

"Your drooping country, torn with civil hate,  
Restored by you, is made a glorious state;  
The seat of empire, where the Irish come,  
And the unwilling Scots to fetch their doom.

"The sea's our own; and now all nations greet,  
With bending sails, each vessel of our fleet;  
Your power extends as far as winds can blow,  
Or swelling sails upon the globe may go.

"Heav'n, that has placed this island to give law,  
To balance Europe, and its states to awe,  
In this conjunction doth on Britain smile,  
The greatest leader, and the greatest isle!

"Whether this portion of the world were rent  
By the rude ocean from the continent,  
Or thus created, it was sure designed  
To be the sacred refuge of mankind.

"Hither the oppressed shall henceforth resort,  
Justice to crave, and succor at your court;  
And then your Highness, not for ours alone,  
But for the world's Protector shall be known.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Still as you rise, the State, exalted too,  
Finds no distemper while 'tis chang'd by you;  
Chang'd like the world's great scene, when with-  
out noise  
The rising sun night's vulgar lights destroys.

"Had you, some ages past, this race of glory  
Run, with amazement we should read your story;  
But living virtue, all achievements past,  
Meets envy still to grapple with at last.

"This Cesar found; and that ungrateful age,  
With losing him, went back to blood and rage;  
Mistaken Brutus thought to break their yoke,  
But cut the bond of union by that stroke."

What politic impudence, this reminding  
Cromwell of Brutus!

"That sun once set, a thousand meaner stars  
Gave a dim light to violence and wars;  
To such a tempest as now threatens all,  
Did not your mighty arm prevent the fall."

In the next stanza he proceeds to contrast  
the Roman Senate with the English Parlia-  
ment on a like occasion, and Rome's dire  
catastrophe with England's sudden prosper-  
ity; and concludes with—

"As the vex'd world, to find repose, at last  
Itself into Augustus' arms did cast,  
So England now does, with like toil oppressd,  
Her weary head upon your bosom rest.

"Then let the Muses, with such notes as these,  
Instruct us what belongs unto our peace.  
Your battles they hereafter shall indite,  
And draw the image of our Mars in fight."

We will now give Marvell's treatment of  
the same subject; and herein we have an

admirable *study* of the distinction between  
the true and false of sentiment, in written  
matter of any sort:

"AN HORATIAN ODE UPON CROMWELL'S RETURN  
FROM IRELAND.

"The forward youth that would appear,  
Must now forsake his Muses dear;  
Nor in the shadows sing  
His numbers languishing.

"'Tis time to leave the books in dust,  
And oil the unused armor's rust;  
Removing from the wall  
The corslet of the hall.

"So restless Cromwell could not cease  
In the inglorious arts of peace;  
But through adventurous war  
Urg'd his native star;

"And, like the three-forked lightning, first  
Breaking the clouds wherein it nurst,  
Did through his own side  
His fiery way divide.

"For 'tis all one to encourage high,  
The emulous, or enemy;  
Or with such to inclose  
Is more than to oppose.

"Then burning through the air he went,  
And palaces and temples rent;  
And Caesar's head at last  
Did through his laurels blast.

"'Tis madness to resist or blame  
The face of angry Heaven's flame;  
And, if we would speak true,  
Much to the man is due,

"Who from his private gardens, where  
He lived reserv'd and austere,  
(As if his highest plot  
To plant the bergamot,)

"Could by industrious valor climb  
To ruin the great work of Time,  
And cast the kingdoms old  
Into another mould!

"Though Justice against Fate complain,  
And plead the ancient rights in vain—  
But those do hold no break  
As men are strong or weak.

"Nature, that hateth emptiness,  
Allows of penetration less,  
And therefore must make room  
Where greater spirits come.

"What field of all the civil war,  
Where his were not the deepest scar?  
And Hampton shows what part  
He had of wiser art.

\* \* \* \* \*

"And now the Irish are ashamed  
To see themselves in one year tamed;  
So much one man can do,  
That does best act and know.

"They can affirm his praises best,  
And have, though overcome, confest  
How good he is, how just,  
And fit for highest trust.

"Nor yet grown stiffer by command,  
But still in the Republic's rents,  
How fit he is to sway,  
That can so well obey!

"He to the Commons' feet presents  
A kingdom for his first year's rents,  
And, what he may, forbears  
His fame to make it theirs.

"And has his sword and spoils ungirt  
To lay them at the public's skirt;  
So when the falcon high  
Falls heavy from the sky,

"She having killed, no more does search,  
But on the next green bough to perch,  
Where, when he first do e s lure,  
The falconer has her sure.

"What may not then this isle presume,  
While Victory his crest does plume?  
What may not others fear,  
If thus he crowns each year?

"As Cæsar, he, ere long, to Gaul,  
To Italy an Hannibal,  
And to all states not free  
Shall climacteric be.

"The Pict no shelter now shall find,  
Within his party-contour'd mind;  
But from this valor sad  
Shrink underneath the plaid,

"Happy, if in the tufted brake  
The English hunter him mistake,  
Nor lay his hands in near  
The Caledonian deer.

"But thou, the war's and fortune's son,  
March indefatigably on;  
And, for the last effect,  
Still keep the sword erect.

"Besides the force it has to fright  
The spirits of the shady night,  
The same arts that did gain  
A power, must it maintain."

This, in a merely literary sense, is a very noble and elegant eulogy. In addition, from our knowledge of the author's character, it is but just to judge it honest and sincere. Holland was the enemy of the Commonwealth, and harbored and comforted the out-cast King; therefore it was obnoxious to Marvell, who has made a very whimsical, almost absurd, satire upon it, which should be familiar to all who have ever heard the name of the author. It is only necessary to hint at it here. He styles Holland "the indigested vomit of the sea;" "so much earth as was contributed by English sailors (or *pilots*? this last is better, because more contemptuous) when they heav'd the lead!" and says, "the Dutch, with mad labor, fished the land ashore,"

"And dived as desperately for each piece  
Of earth, as if 't had been of ambergrease."

"How did they rivet, with gigantic piles,  
Through the centre their new-catched miles!  
And to the stake a struggling country bound,  
Where barking waves still bait the forced ground!"

"Yet still his claim the injured ocean laid,  
And oft at leap-frog o'er their steeples play'd;"

"The fish oftimes the burgher dispossess,  
And sat not as a meat but as a guest;"

"And oft the Tritons, and the sea-nymphs, saw  
Whole shoals of Dutch served up for cabillau."

"Who best could know to pump an earth so leak,  
Him they their lord, and country's father, speak.  
To make a bank was a great plot of state;  
Invent a shovel, be a magistrate."

And other such; but we must have done with these rare worthies. Of politicians of the passing day, their story will serve to instruct a gracious few, and amuse the graceless many. Surely, history, personal, political, or literary, no where presents another instance of such sustained symmetrical contrast.

## DONA PAULA ;

OR,

THE CONVENT AND THE WORLD.

A TALE OF PERU.

## CHAPTER I.

## THE ANGELUS.

It was a warm evening towards the end of the pleasant month of January—No, reader, this is no misprint ; January is a pleasant month in some parts of the world, and the venue of our story is laid in the southern hemisphere.

It was a warm delightful evening ; the lingering day was on the point of melting into twilight ; the eternal trade-wind moved lazily through the streets and squares of Lima, flapping its wings still moist with the snows of the Andes, fanning the fainted air, and making it a luxury to breathe the breath of life. On such an evening, we beg the reader to repair with us to the City of Kings, the lordly capital of Peru—only in imagination, however : would to Heaven it were otherwise.

The fair Limenians\* had just sallied out for the evening *paseo*, vespers, an ice on the plaza, or the serious business of love-making.

\* *Limenians*.—We have adopted this word in speaking of the inhabitants of Lima almost upon our own responsibility alone. We have seen it and heard it used but very seldom, and never by paramount authority. Writers seem to have followed no rule but their own caprice in that respect. They employ indiscriminately the epithets *Limayan*, *Limanese*, *Limanos*, and such like derivatives, without having either custom, analogy, or any other excuse whatever to offer, except this, that there is no one adjective which has thus far obtained exclusively in the case. We have made choice of the word at the head of this note for several reasons. Its termination has an English sound, an obvious recommendation. It resembles the corresponding term in Spanish, which is *Limeño* (pronounced *Limenio*.) And finally, its formation proceeds according to the analogy that governs in similar cases.

There had been no *toro* fight that day ; and slowly had the tedious hours crept on despite the usual resources of Peruvian idleness, lispings scandal, smoking *puros*, drinking maté, (a habit imported from Buenos Ayres,) and lolling and rocking in the indispensable grass hammock that just swung clear of the stone floor. The streets were filling with *sayas y mantos*, that picturesque and convenient costume of the ladies of that region. Blessed *saya y manto* ! Were Phidias to live again, and deity in marble the myth of Amorous Intrigue, certes he would drape his statue in that delightful dress. So uniform and similar to each other were the charming black phantoms that flitted past, delicate though not aerial, but graceful and languid as the dancing girls of old Ionia, that the mother could not have recognized her daughter, though her own needle had sewed every stitch of every seam and ploughed the silken furrows of the elegant disguise. Reader, did you ever lose your wits at a masquerade ball, in attempting to follow some particular black domino through the crowd of black dominos ? If so, remember your bewilderment, and learn to pity a Limenian husband if he chance to be jealous ; though—Manco-Capac be praised—the element of jealousy seldom enters into the character of the gentlemanly Peruvian.

But to return to our story—for we have a story to tell—the streets of Lima, on a fair evening of January, 183—, were filling with a throng of bustling mortals, bent on the busy pursuits of idleness. Under one of the arcades of the *Plaza Mayor*, several young men stood in a group, sipping *frescos*



*de pina* for a pretext, but really and evidently engaged in the arduous toil of killing time. They were all foreigners; some wore the British, others the American navy uniform; one, somewhat taller than the rest, was conspicuous no less for his fine figure and pleasing, manly countenance, than for his citizen's dress, which contrasted with the gold bands and glittering buttons around him.

It was difficult to venture, with any degree of probability, any surmise whatever as to the nationality of the latter. His features and form had something of the North American cast; but he had a slight accent when speaking in English, not that Yankee peculiarity which Mr. Cooper and other *English* authors are so fond of pointing out, but an unaccountable foreign intonation difficult to be located. He was not a native of Peru, for his fluent Castilian was free from all provincialism; whenever he addressed a few complimentary remarks to passing señoritas, he lisped like a true Madrilene, although a practised ear might have detected that in his pronunciation which declared that he was not a Spaniard by birth. In truth he was one of those cosmopolites who have taught themselves foreign tongues, until they have lost, in a measure, the idiomatic peculiarities of their own.

"Saint Clair," cried an American midshipman, addressing this personage, "when is that steamer of yours going to astonish the natives of these parts?"

"She will soon arrive, my boy; why do you ask?"

"Because I have invited the girls for an excursion to Chorillos on board of her; we are to have the Vallejos, the Recaverras, and all the rest of the fashion."

"Well, Crocket, I should advise you not to appoint a day."

"Why so?" unsuspiciously demanded the young man. "Don't you think she'll be in pretty soon?"

"Yes, my boy; at least I hope so; but that is not the reason: you might get quarantined, you know. You remember the sailing match."

The young man addressed as Crocket, a curly-headed young middy, joined in the laugh which this remark elicited at his expense, although it alluded to a circumstance which had mortified him not a little. Owing to some youthful misdemeanor, his last lib-

erty day had proved a day of penance, which he had passed gazing ruefully through the starboard bridle-port of the unwieldy transport ship which represented the American flag in the harbor of Callao, whilst his friends, in fast cutters and with ladies and music on board, were beating against the fresh trade-wind, racing for the expense of a sumptuous dinner at San Lorenzo.

They were still laughing—for the author of the joke had that very afternoon shown himself the liberal proprietor of a champagne of superior brand—they were still laughing, when there "hove in sight," to use the phraseology of our new acquaintance, a most voluptuous figure attired in the national gear of the country. As usual, the folds of the *manto* were drawn over the head and features so as to allow but one eye to appear—but what an eye! The diamond glittering on the pretty hand which held the jealous veil, threw no such flashes as that bright black eye. The lower edge of the saya, gathered quite tightly, displayed such tiny feet as Lima alone can boast, while the artful and coquettish motion of the figure contrived to give, through the ample drapery, such promise and vague indications of the perfection of female proportions, that Canova, had he been there, would have made a pilgrimage to the summit of Chimborazo for the sake of copying from such a model.

"Christopher Columbus!" ejaculated Crocket. This was a nautical oath peculiar to himself. Though wild to excess, the youth had principles of his own, and seldom indulged any very profane interjections.

"A ve-ry pret-ty girl," languidly drawled forth a young lord with a single epaulet, plying his quizzing-glass not ungracefully.

"Fine craft that," growled a red-faced, gray-headed lieutenant in H. B. M.'s Navy, who thought it unseamanlike to allow an opportunity to pass of bringing in Neptunian metaphors—"Fine craft that, and a capital figure-head."

"Saint Clair," resumed the young American officer, "did you see that look? Hist, there goes another. She is after you, my fine fellow. Heave short, my boy, and make sail in chase."

Saint Clair had too good an opinion of his precious person, and withal too much sagacity in such matters, not to have noticed the look; and the flattering inference of his young friend was the more readily enter-

tained, that he already knew by experience how many kind things the eye of a *señorita* can speak in the City of Kings.\* Perhaps also he had business elsewhere, and was not sorry of a pretext to part company. At all events, he lost no time in following the technical directions of his sea-faring companion.

"No following," cried Saint Clair, as he started in pursuit.

"Honor bright," answered Crockett. "Come, gentlemen, let us go and try our luck at *monté*."

Not the bee-hunter, who *lines* the industrious little insect he pursues through the forest trees—not the Indian warrior, who dogs the mocassin prints upon the autumn leaves, ever displayed more perseverance and ingenuity than Saint Clair in tracking the game he was now chasing. Nevertheless, so many *sayas y mantos* rustled under the *portals* and in the open square, and so similar were they all to that of his innamorata, that several times he lost sight of her. Once he was on the point of giving up his enterprise, when he caught a glance of a jewelled little hand playing carelessly with the black folds of a *sayá*.

We dare not say that she beckoned to him; but certain it is that she displayed the jewel upon her hand at an opportune moment, and when her pursuer seemed to hesitate whether to proceed or turn back. The ladies will appreciate the nicety of our distinction, and perhaps furnish us with some delicate phrase to express the precise shade of our meaning. Saint Clair, however, did not stop to settle punctilios. No sooner did he mark his prey than he sprang forward to overtake it; but, at that very moment, the great bell of the Cathedral commenced tolling, the military band before the palace struck a solemn strain, and suddenly, as if by one accord, every being upon the plaza knelt down. It was the signal for the *Angelus*,† and therefore, men, women, and chil-

dren—men with guilty winnings still ringing in their hands, men who carried concealed weapons and were very ready to use them—women, who were hurrying to fulfil promises better left unkept—children, the too forward

description rather falls short of the truth. We have witnessed similar scenes time after time in the City of Kings. Fortunately we are enabled to transcribe a passage in point from a highly respectable authority:—

"Every morning at a quarter to nine, the great bell of the Cathedral announces the raising of the Host, during the performance of high mass. Immediately every sound is hushed in the streets and squares. Coachmen stop the carriages, riders check their horses, and foot passengers stand motionless. Every one suspends his occupation or his conversation, and, kneeling down, with head uncovered, mutters a prayer. But scarcely has the third solemn stroke of the bell ceased to vibrate when the noise and movement are resumed; the brief but solemn stillness of the few preceding moments being thus rendered the more impressive by contrast. The same incident is renewed in the evening between six and seven o'clock, when the bell sounds for the *Angelus*, (*oraciones*.) The Cathedral bell gives the signal by three slow, measured sounds, which are immediately repeated from the belfries of all the churches in Lima. Life and action are then, as if by an invisible hand, suddenly suspended; nothing moves but the lips of the pious, whispering their prayers. The *oracion* being ended, every one makes the sign of the cross, and says to the person nearest him, *Buenas noches*, (good night.) It is regarded as an act of courtesy to allow another to take precedence in saying, 'Good night,' and if several persons are together, it is expected that the eldest or the most distinguished of the group should be the first to utter the greeting. It is considered polite to request the person next one to say *Buenas noches*; he with equal civility declines; and the alternate repetition of 'Diza Vm,' (you say it,)—'No, señor, Diza Vm,' (no, sir, you say it,) threatens sometimes to be endless.

"The effect produced by the three strokes of the Cathedral bell is truly astonishing. The half-uttered oath dies on the lips of the uncouth negro; the arm of the cruel Zambo, unmercifully beating his ass, drops as if paralyzed; the chattering mulatto seems as if suddenly struck dumb; the smart repartee of the lively Tapada is cut short in its delivery; the shop-keeper lays down his measure; the artisan drops his tool; and the monk suspends his move on the draught-board: all with one accord join in the inaudible prayer. Here and there the sight of a foreigner walking along indifferently, and without raising his hat, makes a painful impression on the minds of the people."—*Travels in Peru*, by Dr. J. J. Von Tschudi.

As to the concluding remarks of the learned doctor, we would here state that it altogether depends on the mood of the populace whether the sight of indifferent foreigners "merely makes a painful impression," or provokes a riot. To the honor of "our flag" be it said, we have never

\* *City of Kings*. (*Ciudad de los Reyes*.)—Lima has obtained this high-sounding appellation from the simple fact that it was founded on the day of the Epiphany, in 1534.

† *Angelus*.—Some of our readers may feel disposed to question the accuracy of our description of a scene which Lima actually presents twice every day in the year. We grant that to the untraveller American it may present at first view an air of strangeness and improbability. Nevertheless our

plants of that tropical hot-bed—all knelt down, with one movement and one inspiration—all knelt down and bowed their heads, because it was the hour and the custom ; and, our word for it, not a lip was there that did not utter some prayer with what sincere fervor habit and education can inspire.

All were kneeling upon the plaza except Saint Clair. With form erect and eager eyes, he forgot the scene around him ; he had but one thought, that of discovering the name and residence of the fair señorita with the bright diamond ring and the brighter black eye. Presently the scandal of his standing up while so many devout Christians were prostrate, began to attract general attention among the kneeling hundreds in his immediate vicinity. First an indistinct murmur broke upon the solemn silence of the hour, then the murmur grew into imprecation and open menace.

“ *Sangre de Dios*, down with the foreigner,” cried many a voice, whilst many a *puñal* gleamed in the uncertain light. Saint Clair heard and saw ; but he was by nature a bold man ; and now that he had, as he feared, missed one adventure, he felt no particular objection to a scene, however dangerous, that seemed likely to furnish him with a pretext wherewith to disguise his defeat. Therefore, without heeding the ill-boding exclamations around him, he stood up more prond and erect than ever, with a smile of defiance upon his curling lip.

“ For Heaven’s sake, señor,” whispered a voice at his elbow, which in spite of the growing tumult he heard quite distinctly, “ for Heaven’s sake, señor, kneel, and do not look at me.”

Subjugated as by a charm, the young man obeyed without demur ; glancing, however, as he knelt, he caught a view of the features of the speaker. It was now almost dark ; but in that short moment, thanks to the light of a stall near by, the image of those features graven itself in his heart never to be effaced. Her silver voice was still ringing in his ear, and, mentally, he repeated her last words, “ kneel and do not look at me.” Strange to say, the bold, dashing Saint Clair, a skeptic in all holy things, he who but a moment before was following that same maiden through the crowd with no further thought than to beguile an idle hour and to achieve an adventure that he might boast of—Saint Clair felt himself as under the empire of a spell. With something like a religious feeling, he bowed his head as the rest did ; mechanically he repeated, in lieu of prayer or orison, the simple words of entreaty which a voice so sweet had uttered ; still more mechanically, and as it were against his own will, he obeyed the injunction implicitly ; almost meekly he bowed his head and never ventured to look at her ; and when, with the rest of the crowd, he sprang to his feet, she was nowhere in sight.

## CHAPTER II.

### BEING A CHAPTER OF SPECIAL PLEADING.

Plaisante justice qu’une rivière ou une montagne borne ! Vérité en deçà des Pyrénées erreur au delà.

PENSEES DE PASCAL.

VERILY we who, from inclination or want of experience, do shun the Domestic Novel, and prefer those subjects which give us an opportunity of displaying our travelled lore—

verily we tread upon dangerous ground. Our path lies over quicksands, and pitfalls on either hand beset us innumerable. There is about as much likeness between the manners of the Peruvians and our own, as there

seen an American thus deliberately outraging the feelings of the hospitable Peruvians. Our people seem to have an innate respect for the manners of other nations. They often follow the maxim of “ When you are in Rome,” &c., to the extent of even appearing to conform with any custom not disreputable in itself. We will not venture to say that they bend the knee in the open streets of Lima when the Host is passing or when

the bells toll for the Angelus, but they at least raise their hats and assume a respectful attitude. Those foreigners who parade their superb and bigoted arrogance, and purposely, as it were, insult the popular feeling by “ walking indifferently along,” those foreigners, although they may speak our language, come from a far different corner of the globe.

is in the landscapes of the two countries. You might as well compare the Catskill to Chimborazo, or Union Park to Plaza Mayor, as to expect that the standards of right or wrong in vogue under either climate will agree—the Peace Congress not having as yet legislated to any practical purpose.

Therefore fear we that in transporting the reader to the City of Kings, we have done little to dispose him to view our personages with an unprejudiced eye, unless we can likewise persuade him to shift for a while his meridian of propriety.

The white Creoles of Peru are now bearing the legitimate consequences of the crimes of their ancestors. The companions and early successors of Pizarro have handed down to their descendants an inheritance which the latter must long retain. The lordly estates of the old Spaniards have in a great measure disappeared, but the pride of rank and the pride of wealth have survived the causes which produced them. The Creoles no longer form an exclusively privileged class, but the indolence and vanity which exclusive privileges engender still do and long must remain characteristics of their race. The chivalrous and half-barbarous prowess of their military forefathers no longer makes their land the classic ground of romantic adventures; but the habits of despotism, the scorn of letters, and the incapacity for self-improvement still mingle as a taint with the very blood in their veins. The murderous spirit which assailed the empire of the Incas with the dagger, the axe, and the brand, may still be traced, not in deeds of arms, but at the *toro* fight and the *coliseo de gallos*. In fact, the fierce conquerors of Peru, could they now rise from the grave, might still trace their own portraits, miniature-softened, in their descendants, but would smile in scornful derision to behold their own sublime vices so dwarfed and stunted in their posterity.

Yet have they their redeeming traits, these Peruvian Creoles, among which stands prominent temperance, that negative virtue, together with a pleasing and graceful urbanity, a courtly yet dignified refinement of manner, the result of Andalusian affability grafted upon Castilian hauteur. Like their virtues their faults are of a somewhat passive character. Indolent and extravagant, fond of show and pleasure, yet incapable of labor even under the stimulus of poverty, they

present a lamentable picture of heedless profligacy. Their enervating climate, their sultry noons and delicious nights, the unstable earth which rocks daily under their feet, seem to prompt and encourage their reckless disregard of the morrow and their incurable apathy. Uncertain of another sun, they enjoy each day as a respite snatched from the earthquake. The fate of Pompeii has partly visited them more than once, and daily threatens them even now. Therefore, like the gay votaries of pleasure who danced by the Vesuvius' side, they seem anxious quickly to squander a life so uncertain. Is it strange that the land of Atahualpa should have retrograded instead of making progress under a republican form of government,—that form which, above all others, requires public virtue, individual energy, and steadiness of purpose?

On the other hand, the women of Lima present in many respects an obvious contrast to their countrymen. They are shrewd, scheming, bold, and often energetic. The extent of influence which they have achieved for themselves would almost realize the visions of George Sand. Generally gifted with intellects of a superior order, though wholly uncultivated, they excel in conversation, repartee and all the social talents. Their sarcasm is proverbial for keenness. There is no walk of life which they do not invade. In politics, in commerce, and even in war, they often display unrivalled aptitude. Ostentatious and fond of glitter like their lords, they stop at nothing to gratify their love of pleasure. They brave and dare the utmost extremities. Under the impenetrable veil of their national disguise, they boldly visit, unattended, the gambling-house, and lose or win large sums with all the composure of the accomplished caballero. No dread of consequences deters them from the pursuit of any objects they have in view, and if some measure they still observe in their conduct, it is less because they fear scandal than because they love mystery.

We pause in this our general description of the fair Creoles of Lima, to acknowledge the many exceptions to which it must necessarily be subject, and to advert to the fact that Lima has actually furnished one female saint to the Roman Catholic calendar.

To proclaim adequate praise of the personal attractions of these beautiful creatures, would require a thorough union of all the



sister arts. Our unassisted pen can but sketch a few outlines. They have all that fascination of elegant deportment and graceful bearing which poetry has so long attributed to the women of Andalusia. Their dark eyes evolve the most luminous flashes; their cheeks are uniformly pale, but the warm tint of their fair complexions requires not the relief of color; their teeth are invariably perfect, and their sweet lips present in their outlines an expression of mingled caress and sarcasm, flattery and wit, which may be considered as one of their most effective weapons in that warfare which one half of the human race is constantly waging against the other half. Their forms are in a vast majority of cases admirably symmetrical. They pride themselves more particularly on the smallness and proportions of their slender little feet. An enthusiastic French author, travelling in Spain, falls into rapture at the beauty of Andalusian feet, and in his ecstasy resorts to *la finesse du cheval Arabe* for his comparisons. Were he to come to Lima, he would probably be driven to the lama for a simile, or rather cast off all similes in despair. The ladies of Lima are quite conscious of their possessing this favorite point of beauty, and contrive all manner of artifices to set it off. In the most familiar intimacy, on the most trivial occasion, they may be found, half dressed perhaps, but displaying those rich silken integuments of their nether extremities which our modest pen must not name, and which China manufactures—rich return freight erewhile of the semi-annual galleon—for the Peruvian and Mexican markets. Even when rocking in their grass hammocks, they manage to parade one delightful little foot over the side of that comfortable couch. When they pronounce upon the claims of rival beauties—one of their most habitual topics of conversation—be sure that whether their verdict be praise or censure, the foot of the party under criticism always has to undergo a strict and rigid cross-examination. Of a foreigner's claims to loveliness, they are apt to dispose with a pretty toss of the head, and an unanswerable argument *ad pedem*: "She has an English paw," they will say, and pout their scornful lips—*una pataza inglese*. If a lady of condition chooses to sally forth alone on a night adventure, she will remorselessly veil her beautiful face, disguise her graceful form in a tattered *saya*; of her eyes she will allow

but one to see or be seen, close muffling the rest of her face with perhaps the most aristocratic of faded mantles; all this she may do, but she will watch before going out that her foot is closely fitted in the richest of white silk, and many a mode she will devise upon the way to show as much of it as possible, artfully picking her way where the whole way is clear, and, a-tip-toe, guarding her white satin shoes from imaginary quagmires.

Again we have adverted to the delightful disguise of which we have spoken before. Travellers have described it over and over again, so that it requires no illustration at our hands. One fact, however, we must mention in connection with it. The graceful, picturesque, charming, mysterious *saya y manto* no longer (alas!) belongs to the present. It scarcely exists but as a relic of the past. The husbands of Lima, with denunciations in one hand and Parisian bonnets in the other, have fairly driven it from the place. Formerly a stranger, stopping with his friends at a hotel in Lima, if gifted with an adventurous turn, need but look about him awhile and dart away in pursuit of the first *saya y manto* he perceived with sufficient *disinvoltura* to engage his attention. He might pursue the enticing mask through the defiles of the City of Kings; and if after a long walk he was disappointed in any way—as for instance when the opening *saya* disclosed a faded visage of three-score, or a still more provoking tormentor, after a long test of his pedestrian abilities, slammed a pitiless door into his ridiculous face—he need but saunter about the town, and then return to his hotel, where he might relate to his friends any adventure he had the wit to concoct,—true foundation, believe us, of many a charming adventure which adorns many a page of Peruvian travel. But now-a-days, so fallen is that rich apparel, so forsaken by the better classes, the foreigner addicted to experimental romance may with all safety give chase to its wearers without being compelled to invent the catastrophe.

We have said enough, albeit little we have said, to prepare our readers for a mode of things essentially differing from the status at home. If, for instance, we felt inclined to animadvert upon certain peculiarities of the Peruvian clergy, to show how they share in the general corruption, and neglect all of their charge except its temporalities; if we



were to speak of their innumerable *nephews* and *nieces*, their fighting cocks, their falconries, their exactions, their political intrigues, and their general ignorance, we should have to swell into a volume this chapter on Peruvian ethics. But these and such like circumstances need but be alluded to in explanation of the fearful degeneracy and corruption which has come upon the descendants of the haughty Castilians. As a matter of course, many of the conventionalities wherewith society has in other climates propped up the frail edifice of public virtue, are disregarded here. The marriage tie in particular is shunned by all but certain classes, with whom questions of rank or property make that yoke an unpleasant necessity. In the place of that relation another has sprung up, much resembling that strange domestic institution which the Roman law defines and sanctions by a name once considered proper enough, but now a term of reproach. Here this uncertain social contract prevails without specific legislation, and is known by the name of *compromiso*, (engagement,) or marriage *detras de la iglesia*, (behind the church.) It involves no scandal, no degradation of either party, and invests the fair one with much of the standing of a wife. Females seem to evince but little repugnance to a *compromiso*; and with cause. Not unfrequently these loose bonds, tightened by habit, age, and progeny, are ulti-

mately riveted by the Church into the chain of matrimony; and so sanguine feel these women of accomplishing this result, that few are found unwilling to enter the preliminary state. They make conditions however, stipulate terms before surrender, are artful, dressy, and very expensive; but faithful—*sic dicitur*. In a contract of this kind, all the advantage would appear, at first sight, to be on the side of the male animal; and so it is in a great measure. Yet by dint of craft, patience, and a species of manœuvring which we will leave our fair readers to define for us, the women of Lima so endear themselves to their unconscious captive, so thoroughly coil themselves around his heart, that victory seldom fails to remain with them.

Thus much we have deemed it necessary to state, in order to warn our untravelled reader not rashly to pronounce judgment, if in these our pages aught should be related at variance with his own standard of decorum. Let him remember that he is abroad. Let him fancy that he is with us on a trip to distant lands. He need no more wonder at tropical usages and ways than tropical vegetation. Haply the manners of the country are somewhat startling and novel; so are cocoa-nut trees and bananas. In other words, if he wishes to journey pleasantly, let him leave all the luggage he can at home, and not travel, like an Englishman, with a bundle of prejudices upon his back.

### CHAPTER III.

#### BEING A RETROSPECTIVE CHAPTER.

BELoved reader—beloved, since thou hast purchased this our book—hast thou ever been the dupe of a good impulse? As an instance, hast thou ever, of a dark night in the autumn, been appealed to in some thoroughfare by a plaintive voice that solicited bread for a sick father, a widowed mother, or several orphan children? Hast thou, in the plenitude of thy benevolence, unbuttoned thy great-coat to fumble for the votive shilling? And after relieving distress so pitiable, much musing the while and ruminating the after taste of charity, hast thou watched, peradventure, and seen the glad proprietor of thy largess limp into the nearest gin-palace, unequivocally preferring

the staff of life in its liquid and potable state? Dost thou remember the feeling of deep disgust wherewith, on such an occasion, thou didst spitefully rebutton the garment aforesaid, vowing never again to heed the counsel of a generous heart? If all this ever did occur to thee, O reader, as to us it hath, then mayest thou entertain some faint conception of the rage of our hero, when, upspringing to his feet, he found our heroine was gone.

Yea, reader, this tale boasts a hero and a heroine. Of the latter we shall say nothing in this place, reserving entirely to ourself the privilege of causing her to reappear when and wherever we elect. Of the for-

mer, while he stands on the plaza, biting his lip and stamping his foot, we have now occasion to say a word. We have already given to understand that he was somewhat tall, somewhat good-looking; let us add that he was about thirty years of age—too old, we fear, for an orthodox hero; but the truth must be told. He was very bold, very shrewd, very fond of adventure—too fond, indeed, for it was whispered in some well-informed circles that he was nothing but an adventurer. We have good reason to know that he was a Frenchman by birth; but unlike many of his countrymen, he did not seem to think that this accident conferred upon him any particular distinction. Indeed he was a true cosmopolite in the spirit; having then lately—and we half love him for it—shot in a duel Don Manuel Iota y Griega, for some remarks that reflected upon the universal Yankee nation.

Who he was, and whence he came, were questions much mooted in Lima; but no satisfactory conclusion had ever been reached. We, who now might, prefer not to throw any light upon his previous career: first, because it is wholly immaterial to the further development of the story; and principally, because we have a fondness for our hero, and feel averse to saying, without good cause, aught that might raise a prejudice against him.

His history, however, since his arrival at Lima, any gossip in that city could give; and as it is short, we will here insert it. Once upon a time, dropping as it were from the clouds, he stopped unheralded at the principal hotel of Lima, where he engaged a sumptuous apartment, and lived in style. To the horror and despair of Tour, the black cicerone, he asked no questions, required no guide, no valet-de-place, but went about the streets, inspected the curiosities, and took rides, like one who knew the place well, and could pilot himself. As he made no visits, sought no acquaintance, yet dressed very well, and staked a handful of ounces on the *caballo* of spades with aristocratic indifference, public curiosity naturally began to take the alarm, and many were the surmises that soon floated upon the surface of society in connection with his name. The most fanciful hypotheses were indulged, the wildest theories set up; and we are not sure that our hero himself would not have been submitted to a downright course of North

American cross-examination had he not fortunately, and without an afterthought, shot Don Manuel in a duel,—a feat which rather raised him in the estimation of that fickle public, and effectually prevented the question direct. But as soon as it became rumored that the mysterious stranger was accredited to Messrs. Alsop & Co., and that those gentlemen discounted his drafts, it is amazing how decidedly the public tide began to set in his favor. Points that heretofore had appeared dark or dubious in his character or his origin, now became so clear as to require no further investigation. His society was courted, cards and notes of invitation were showered upon him, together with small pink communications of a still more flattering import. How charitably we feel inclined towards those who do not seem likely ever to require any favors at our hands.

Such was the standing of our hero when tidings reached Lima that a decisive battle was about to be fought between the candidates for the Presidency. This has been for years a favorite mode of determining a Peruvian election. For instance, a President having once exhausted the patronage of the Government is pronounced to have reigned long enough. Then, without any, the slightest regard to the unexpired term of his office, the influential men, *i. e.*, those out of power, begin mustering their strength for a new election. A party of *montañeros* is organized, and the first mule-load of ingots that happens to venture out of the mining district without sufficient escort, is pounced upon and made the basis of a revolutionary exchequer. An army is then raised, and the election carried *nem. con.*, unless the incumbent or some other candidate can manage to strip a church of its ornamental gold and silver, or in some other manner provide wherewith to feed his troops. Should the latter prove the case, a battle ensues; without much bloodshed, however, except when, as sometimes happens, the *rancheros* or *filles du regiment* who follow either camp elect to take a part in the affray; and then many a scratched face and nasal hemorrhage testifies the valor of those fierce Amazons.

When Saint Clair heard that a battle was about to be fought, he ordered his servant to saddle his charger, a splendid animal of the Chili breed, whose curvets alone had made our hero the envy of many beholders. Soon as Saint Clair reached a point that

commanded a view of the battle-ground, he examined long and critically the position of the two armies, hesitated awhile as to his course, and at last, like one who has solved a problem or taken a satisfactory determination, rode deliberately to the tent of General G——, who was taking his siesta while his wife reviewed the troops.

Our hero offered his services as a volunteer, spread forth certain credentials, was attached to the staff of Mrs. G——, and managed to secure the good opinion of that warlike lady, who thenceforth availed herself of his services on every occasion. At the fiercest period of the conflict, and while the event appeared yet doubtful, he suggested a movement by which the enemy's position might be turned, and leading a small part of the reserve to the charge, succeeded in routing the foe.\* The lady was

\* Our account of a Peruvian battle may appear fabulously improbable to such of our readers as have little knowledge of the "way such things are done" among our South American brethren. We would refer the incredulous, *passim*, to nearly every account which travellers have vouchsafed us in late years. They will find our views much more than endorsed in that charming work of Madame Flora Tristan on Peru,—a book which ought long ago to have been made accessible to the English public. That talented authoress gives a laughable relation of a great battle fought near Arequipa by two competitors for the Presidency, of which she was nearly an eye-witness. One of her relatives was an officer in one of the contending armies; and as she lived within a short distance of the battle-field, she had ample opportunities of learning the truth. It would seem that on this occasion the *rancheras* took a heroic part in the combat, and that the officers of the victorious army had to travel some forty or fifty miles in pursuit of *their* general, who had run away at the commencement of the conflict. They found the conqueror abjectly hid away in an inglorious retreat. The history of the Roman Emperors alone furnishes a parallel for that ludicrous incident. The chronicles of nearly every nation on the globe present instances of soldiers betaking themselves to flight with little or no cause, particularly when they felt no interest in the issue of the combat, or when they doubted the capacity of their leaders, both which considerations operate generally to damp the ardor of the Peruvian ranks, especially in times of civil war. But it is generally observed, that officers at least, through motives of pride, contrive to make a decent show of personal bravery. Nevertheless there is many a "day of spurs" in the experience even of the bravest nations of the world, to which we might point as a "pendant" to the most ridiculous caricature of an engagement which our imagination could possibly draw. In the absence of mythol-

not ungrateful. After the contest, she offered him a command in the army or navy, the deed of a silver mine subject to a British mortgage, or finally any thing that he might demand. Saint Clair most wisely declined those tempting offers, and protested that his only ambition was to be accounted her Excellency's most humble servant. By this moderation he won for himself the golden opinions of a host of applicants who dreaded him as a competitor. Only, when Congress met, he petitioned for and readily obtained a charter of privilege and further facilities for the navigation by steam of the coast of Peru.

There were not lacking those who, even while our hero's reputation stood at its zenith point, ventured to assert that the steamers would never exist except in the charter of Congress, and that the author of the scheme was, to say the best of him, a needy projector, whose only aim was to hypothecate his enterprise and leave the country. For,

gical faith, it is somewhat difficult to account for the strange panic terrors which occasionally seize upon large bodies of men, and hurry them along in heedless flight, reckless of shame, officers and men following each other *ut pecus pecudi*.

It may not be altogether flattering to our national vanity, but it is nevertheless true, that several events in our own history might with propriety be set forth as appropriate companion pieces of the most inglorious of Peruvian or Mexican *hazañas*. To say nothing of others, a laughable feat of arms was performed during the last war with Great Britain, which is too good to be told in plain prose. We have made an epic of it, and beg leave to lay it before our readers. It is every tittle true. Many of the principal actors in the farce are still living and can testify. Besides, it is not altogether unrecked of by that grave matron, History.

## THE BATTLE OF SACKETT'S HARBOR.

### A DOWNRIGHT EPIC.

#### CANTO FIRST.

Thrice wearied Muse of Epic chaunt, sore veteran of the skies,  
From thy well-earned half-pay repose, retreated Muse, arise!

[Oh, no! hold!—this will never do. Our vivacious friend is a most *note*-worthy contributor; but this is unreasonable to take, when we give him of our space so much more than an inch, an *ell* to foist upon us an *epic*! It is so well done, however, that when we get safely through his story, if the symptoms of our readers are favorable, we will administer it to them.—*Ed.*]

after all, what was he but an *extrangero*, a foreigner? As well might an individual of the canine race hope to escape his doom after the cry of mad dog has been raised against him, as that a foreigner should expect to rise to public eminence in any of the Spanish Republics without exciting envy and prejudice. The narrow and bigoted policy of the Council of the Indies has survived the sway of Spain over her colonies. Under the mask of patriotism, every obstacle is thrown in the way of the permanent establishment of foreigners, and then a complaint is inconsistently set up that the latter only seek those shores to enrich themselves, and quickly depart with their gains; as if it were likely that a stranger should form any attachment for a soil where the very qualification which he lacks, that of being a *hijo del pais*, is made the condition of preferment. It is the boast of our country to have pursued a far different course; and much of its growth and prosperity may be attributed to that sole cause.

The Spanish tongue is spoken in the largest, richest, and fairest part of the Continents of America. And co-extensively with that language, anarchy, misrule, political degradation, and insignificance, together with the characteristic hatred of foreigners, may be said to prevail. If the latter are not always legislated out of the country, it is because the popular prejudice is deemed

sufficient to prevent their permanent settlement. Appetite for the plunder which the property of thriving foreigners offers, has excited many a revolution, supplied many a pretender with the means of fomenting civil war. True, the State is ultimately mulcted in heavy damages; but prevision is no characteristic of the statesmen of those climes. Besides, they trust to "the law's delay." They have not sufficient confidence in their tenure of power to expect that the same administration which has committed a wrong will have to atone. Meanwhile foreign capital seeks other channels, local trade languishes, and the country is thrown back for a quarter of a century. So much for the jealousy of foreigners in young empires.

In spite of all his disadvantages, our hero, by dint of firmness and address, supported as he was by high and powerful patronage, and singularly familiar besides with the idiom and the usages of Peru, succeeded in wearying down his opponents, and of surviving the odious appellation of new man and *extrangero*; in good sooth, he commanded at last as much influence and respect as any foreigner ever obtained in that distracted region. At the presidential palace he was always a welcome visitor, so much so indeed, that it was rumored that the favor shown him by the still beautiful Señora G—— did not spring from gratitude alone.

## CHAPTER IV.

### WHEREIN OUR HERO TURNS EAVES-DROPPER.

SUCH was the enviable station which Saint Clair had achieved in the polished city of Lima at the time when our story opens. The reader will remember that we left him accusing his destiny in a fit of rage for that he had, by his own fault, lost all trace of his unknown beauty. There would be no end of recounting the follies which he committed on that memorable night. He strode through the plaza, elbowing every body and critically examining each *saya y manto*. He entered uninvited several dwellings, rang his heavy silver spurs upon the sacred marble of the cathedral, followed several figures clad in black, addressed a few, discovered on one occasion an old woman, on another his

laundress, a Samba who laughed in his face, when, in choice Castilian phrase, he asked leave to raise her manto.

Poor Saint Clair! for the first time perhaps in the course of his wild career, he had followed an instinct not purely selfish: he had so far yielded to considerations of delicacy as to obey the gentle injunction of her who knelt by his side on the plaza; and by so doing he had lost every trace of her. He had followed a generous impulse, and the impulse had misled him.

At last, weary with his vain exertions, and half ashamed of having permitted his disappointment to work so much upon his feelings, he bethought himself of rejoining

his companions, whose good opinion he felt interested in preserving. He had now been wandering about the city for several hours without taking his bearings. He remembered however having crossed Rollo's bridge, and therefore he knew that he was in the suburb of San Lazaro. For a wonder the sky was that night almost without a cloud, and he could see the Southern Cross blazing in the firmament nearly overhead. Guided by that direction as we, in a different hemisphere, might be by consulting the North Star, he sought to retrace his footsteps. A few minutes led him to the Alameda, a beautiful but deserted promenade on the banks of the Rimac.

Here he paused, and muffling himself with his fine lama *poncho*, sat down upon a stone bench. His object seemed to be not so much to rest and collect his excited spirits, as to accomplish some fixed purpose, if one might judge from his occasional marks of impatience and frequent consulting of his watch. He had not been there long when the sound of voices in earnest conversation caught his quick ear. His conscience was not overburdened with scruples; he was not one to hesitate to play the part of a listener, provided he could do so without compromising his outward and apparent dignity. Besides, on this occasion, he was evidently waiting for some one or some thing, and was probably delighted to find an occupation of any kind as a substitute for patience. The sounds appeared to proceed from the bed of the river, a shallow mountain torrent which at this particular spot breaks into many separate streams, divided by small knolls of land, covered generally with rank tropical vegetation. Cautiously Saint Clair crept down to the sandy beach below; silently he advanced, masking his progress as best he could, and at last gained a position where, concealed by a group of banana trees, he could see the speakers and overhear their conversation.

Standing on a small island in the middle of the stream were two persons distinctly visible in the full moonlight. One wore a clerical habit; the other was a short, ill-made youth, dressed with affected care. After reconnoitring, our hero muttered to himself:

"Why, that is nothing but Ramon Casauran, the greatest fop and ugliest monkey in Lima. But who is the priest? I thought I knew all the Dominicans in this town."

The person first described in our hero's

soliloquy was also the first whose voice became audible to the concealed listener. In a somewhat shrill yet mincing and affected tone, he spoke:

"Would it please you, Padre Francisco, to inform me wherefore you chose to appoint this dreadfully damp place for our rendezvous? It would have afforded me much more satisfaction to meet with your reverence at the house of some of your fair penitents."

"I had especial cause," answered the other; "but of this by-and-by; meanwhile I have something of much consequence to impart."

"Speak on," answered the youth, playing with his riding whip and bowing half disrespectfully; "speak on, Father."

"You must know that your beautiful cousin, Doña Paula, has escaped from our hands."

"Escaped! with whom?" eagerly cried the youth.

Saint Clair fancied that the tone in which this question was spoken was expressive of bitter jealousy and disappointed love. The priest replied:

"I do not exactly mean that she has left the sacred walls of Santa Maria de Trujillo for ever. You know, my son, that her novitiate is soon to expire. She insisted previous to taking the veil that she should be permitted to see her father. She threatened if refused to decline before the whole assembled church. Such a scandal could not be permitted. Therefore, after consulting with me, our Lady Abbess consented to her going to Lima, Don Antonio de Silva not being, as you know, in a condition to repair to Trujillo."

Don Ramon had listened with great interest to this account. For a moment he seemed lost in his reflections; at last he addressed the priest:

"I cannot see," he remarked, "what great harm there is in all this."

"Indeed!" sneeringly said the Padre. "I see only this: Don Antonio de Silva is very old. He is very fond of his only daughter. If she sees him, she will prevail upon him in all probability to permit her to leave the convent on the ground of imperfect vocation. In that case, one Don Ramon Casauran, now heir presumptive to a splendid estate, would find himself——"

"Fortunately," interrupted the young man with something like irony in his tone, "most fortunately, it happens that my interest in



this matter is identical with that of our Holy Mother the Church. If Don Ramon loses his inheritance, the convent of Santa Maria will lose a rich dowry, and a certain bond of Don Ramon to Padre Francisco de la Mota will be void for want of performance of the condition precedent. Nevertheless, I am ready and willing to second any efforts you may deem necessary to remedy the evil."

It would seem that there was much force in these remarks, for the priest lowered his head and answered nothing. It would seem also that Don Ramon was conscious of having disposed of the subject, for with an air of bantering raillery he again addressed his clerical listener:

"You have not yet informed me, Padre Francisco, wherefore you appointed this very disagreeable place for our meeting."

"As to that," answered the Padre, "you need but wait half an hour to learn, through your own eyes, the reason of my selecting this spot. You know that the Government has lately been defrauded to an alarming extent by the secret exportation of silver and gold. Heavy rewards have been offered; parties of *serenos* have been stationed to watch every avenue that leads to the seaboard. Nevertheless the nefarious trade is so well organized, that no clue has yet been obtained. Yesterday a Sambo revealed to me that mule-loads of silver-bars were sent down from a secret *dépôt* with which he was not acquainted, and that the bed of the Rimac had been chosen as the only road that was neither suspected nor guarded, probably because it seemed impossible to travel over it. To-night a convoy is to pass this way. Do you understand now, Señor Don Ramon?"

It would appear that Saint Clair had become highly interested in the latter part of this discourse. With what motive we will leave the reader to guess, he drew from his pocket a double-barrelled pistol, and taking deliberate aim, fired directly over the heads of the speakers. Astounded at the report, they betook themselves to flight. Don Ramon Casauran, under-sized and ill-formed as he was, distinguished himself by the rapidity of his motions. Leaping from island to island across the river, he was soon out of sight. But

the priest, entangled in his long robe and closely pursued by our hero, stumbled and fell into a narrow arm of the river. Before he could recover himself Saint Clair's nervous grasp was upon him.

"Misericordia!" screamed the affrighted Padre.

"Silence!" whispered his pursuer. "Answer me one question, and answer truly, or thy lifeless body will float down yonder rapids. Who was the Sambo that told thee of the Rimac's mysteries?"

"El Chato Encarnacion," answered he.

"Well, go thy ways," scornfully rejoined our hero, partly releasing his hold; "but first tell me thy name."

"Francisco de la Mota," stammered the priest, in that convincing tone which terror supplies.

Padre Francisco was too much terrified not to avail himself quickly of the permission. Saint Clair, left alone, turned his steps up the stream. After he had progressed about half a mile in his difficult march, he stopped and searched the dark gorge of the Rimac with an anxious and piercing glance. Presently he saw a blue light flash for an instant and disappear. He repaired to the spot. Three or four mules with muffled hoofs were treading the dangerous defile, led or guarded by twice that number of men. The utmost silence prevailed. A peculiar whistle from Saint Clair brought the whole party to a halt. One of the mule-drivers advanced towards him.

"Where is El Chato?" inquired our hero.

"At Lima, señor, waiting for us," was the response.

"He is waiting there to betray you," said Saint Clair, with ominous calmness. "The wretch has informed. Retrace your steps, and take the road to Miraflores. As to Encarnacion, let him be dealt with according to custom."

These few hurried orders being given, our hero made the best of his way to the bank of the river. Thence through the magnificent solitude of the Alameda, and the bustling suburb of San Lazaro, he gained the far-famed bridge of Rollo, and without any further adventure found himself at the portal where he had left his party.

## CHAPTER V.

## BEING A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF SOME MYSTERIES OF LIMA.

Oui ! l'or n'est qu'une chimère !—ROBERT LE DIABLE.  
Le hazard ce seul dieu qu'adorât son audace.—LAMARTINE.

OUR hero's friends were no longer under the portal; but he knew where to find them. He proceeded at once to a certain well-known establishment, the true name of which any pilgrim to that holy land of pleasure will at once suggest with a smile expressive of many and varied recollections, although we elect to call it by the title of *Bala de Plata*. A flight of stairs and a long narrow passage led Saint Clair to a large room, where a numerous assemblage stood or sat on one side of a green table, whilst, on its other side, a banker and a dealer expounded the oracles of Fate to such applicants as laid their offerings at the deity's shrine, viz., four pieces of thin pasteboard painted with curious Spanish figures, the very counterpart, we believe, of those imported into France to amuse the helpless lunacy of Charles VI. To be explicit, they were playing *monté*, or rather, one of the varieties of *monté*; for this name seems to apply to all the national modes of gambling in Spanish countries. At least, we have never witnessed any game of chance in any American region where the Castilian tongue prevailed, that was not called *monté*, excepting perhaps some lately imported French improvement in the science of play. We would ask etymologists to give us the history of that word, and inform us through what chain of remote analogies it might perhaps trace its origin to the famous papal institutions by which the Court of Rome sought, in by-gone days, to replenish the ecclesiastical exchequer. We mean the *luoghi di monté*, prolific parents, they say, of many a gambling establishment on a larger scale. Why not sponsors also of those humbler stock-exchanges, the *monté-banks*? The room which Saint Clair now entered presented a lively appearance. Several tables, groaning with the weight of choice liquors and all the delicacies of the season, seemed spread as if on purpose to console the unfortunate gambler, or to nerve him to further attempts. Well-dressed females flitted about the room, addressing to each one in

turn a word of flattery or encouragement, whilst the convenient *saya y manto* served to disguise many an aristocratic votary of the attractive deity, Fortune, whose pernicious altars nowhere perhaps are so numerous or so well attended as in cities like Lima, where that worship is prohibited by law.

Saint Clair recognized there all the individuals with whom he had been conversing under the portal, when the occurrence we have related called him away so suddenly. The weather-beaten old lieutenant, whose pay supported a family at home, was there with the rest; but he did not play; he never indulged in luxuries requiring an investment; he stood by a side table, cramming his capacious stomach with the gratuitous viands ready spread before him. He was enjoying a good supper on the strength of his having entered the room with others who played. The young nobleman, on the contrary, sat directly opposite to the banker, with one elbow upon the green cloth, while his other hand was actively engaged in piling up his winnings, or disposing his stakes in some of the various ways, which, though incomprehensible to the new beginner, are full of meaning for the experienced gambler. The young man was visibly quite excited; his quizzing-glass hung useless upon his bosom. He was not at all short-sighted now.

Behind him stood the American midshipman. We know him as yet only by his nickname of *Crocket*, which, being as good an appellation as any other, we will still continue to apply to him. The young man appeared somewhat disappointed. His expressive physiognomy had settled into something like a pout. Still he watched the game, with his hands in his pockets, evidently finding nothing there.

Towards the latter our hero directed his steps, after surveying the anxious faces around him with feelings that the cynic smile upon his lip sufficiently explained.

"You have been losing?" said he, in his blandest tone.

"Only my month's pay," answered Crockett, striving to appear indifferent, though, in spite of his efforts, his manner betrayed vexation.

"Do you feel disposed to make another attempt?"

"No; I'm not in luck to-night. Besides, I don't know where to find the purser just now."

"Well, my young friend, suffer me to be your purser for a short time. Stake this ounce on that king."

The young midshipman acted as he was directed, and to his amazement, by following the instructions of his friend, he found himself a winner to a considerable amount. He followed his Mentor to a side table, and after returning to him the loan he had volunteered—

"Saint Clair," said he, "you must be a witch."

"Not at all, my dear fellow; I am only a man of the world. The main difference between us is, that I have bought experience, and that you are now paying for the first lessons of your apprenticeship."

"Nevertheless," answered the youth, somewhat nettled, "I have to thank you for your loan and your advice."

"I am glad you like my advice, as I have determined to give you some more. My friend,"—here his voice and manner became indescribably impressive,—"*my dear friend, never play.*"

"Thank you; you are very moral to-night." The young man spoke these words in a tone which he attempted to make bantering, but which testified that the remark of our hero had produced an effect. The careless young sailor would have accepted, without wincing, a whole broadside of arguments to the same effect from his captain, or any person whose duty it might be to guide and admonish. But here was a man of the world, a notorious gambler, a dashing character, a votary of pleasure and dissipation; was it he, now turned lecturer, who would warn a friend from the path he himself had followed so long, and if report belied him not, so successfully? A remonstrance from such a source was well calculated to attract attention; there was, therefore, much bewildered astonishment in the young man's tone, as, looking up to his friend, he said, "You are very moral to-night."

"I am not any more so to-night than at any other time," quietly answered Saint Clair. "I have another reason, a worldly reason, for thus advising you: a very young man ought never to play; young men furnish the odds in favor of the bank; they are invariably dupes and victims, until, at their own expense, they sometimes learn to victimize others. My friend, I would wish you to be neither victim nor victimizer—play no more!"

"Why," replied the youth, reddening as he spoke, "do you think that they cheat?"

"I will not pretend to say whether they do or not. For my own part, I always play as if I knew they did. That is the secret of your success to-night. Your stakes were small, and always on a neglected card; it was the banker's interest that you should win every time; yet I dare say that it was all the result of chance alone. Shall we try a glass of Italia punch?"

These last words, added evidently for the purpose of shifting the conversation, were uttered in no very loud tone; and yet, such are the sympathetic affinities which a ruling passion supplies, the gray-headed lieutenant, who was passing at a short distance, caught the words at once.

"Italia punch," cried he, as he came up; "certainly; when mixed ship-shape, Italia punch makes capital grog."

We will here cheerfully endorse the statement of the experienced veteran. We believe that some publicans of the first class in New-York parade, in their lists of potable exotics, the tempting announcement of Italia punch. But we deny that the thing itself, in its genuine perfection, ever was accessible to a New-York public. Let but the right kind of Italia punch be once brewed for the discriminating connoisseurs of Manhattan, and cognac will fall in the market; the three great whiskeys will be at a discount.

It would seem that the Italia punch in question was really "ship-shape," to judge from the large quantities which our friend the lieutenant imbibed; and it would seem, moreover, that its effluvia excited a sort of magnetic attraction, for the same group which we introduced to the reader at the opening of this story was soon gathered around the smoking concoction. Glass after glass was drained; healths were proposed, and witticisms were perpetrated. These we spare our readers, because, all the world

over, young men in their cups generally act precisely in the same manner.

"I have the morning watch to keep," remarked the young nobleman; "I must start at once for Callao."

"Say the word, ship-mate, and we'll get under weigh," hiccoughed the gray-headed veteran.

"Surely, gentlemen," interposed Saint Clair, "you do not dream of riding to Callao at this hour of the night. Crocket, were you going to join these gentlemen?"

"The youngster need not go on our account," remarked his lordship. "We are going though."

"You expose your lives wilfully," answered Saint Clair, who really appeared anxious. "Let me entreat you to stay over night."

"What is it that alarms you?" inquired the youthful midshipman. "For my part, I had rather meet the robbers than otherwise."

"So had we," rejoined the titled officer.

"Meet them and board them," added his technical friend.

At this moment a young man entered the room, and beckoned Saint Clair aside.

"Is it done?" eagerly inquired the latter.

"It is," said the stranger; "I come to ask your further orders."

After a moment's reflection, Saint Clair answered in a whisper:

"Let him be placed where Padre Francisco de la Mota will be sure to see him in the early morning."

Our hero's friends, heated with punch and the excitement of their projected *night-er-rantry*, paid no attention to this *aparte*, and left the room without taking leave of him. The three officers were soon in the saddle, and galloping towards Callao.

They had proceeded but a short distance when a well-mounted horseman overtook them. It was no other than our hero himself.

## CHAPTER VI.

WHEREIN AN OFFICER OF THE BRITISH NAVY GETS HIS NOSE PULLED WITHOUT HAVING OCCASION TO RESENT IT.

SAINT CLAIR, mounted upon his fiery Chilian horse, presented a perfect type of the Peruvian *caballero*. He had adopted the costume and gear of the country in all particulars, wisely judging that fashion should not be arbitrarily uniform, but bend according to the exigencies of the climate, and that the judgment and experience of the natives qualified them to decree what style of dress was best adapted to the local requirements. In pursuance of these principles, he wore on the present occasion a broad-brimmed slouched hat which almost concealed his features, a large *poncho* made of the choice wool of the *lama*, and dyed red; of the same material were his capacious leggins, which buckled high above the knee. His saddle was of that clumsy but convenient make most in vogue in the country; his spurs and stirrups were of massive silver, while his holsters contained the identical pistols which had shot Don Manuel.

Thus accoutred and prepared, he was a most valuable acquisition for our little party, by whom he was greeted as enthusiastically

as Wellington by his countrymen when he returned crowned with the accidental laurels of Waterloo. He found his friends in high spirits and prepared for any encounter. Indeed, such wonderful effects had the Italia punch produced that they seemed desirous of meeting an army of footpads.

It is not our intention that they shall be disappointed. We wish to prepare the nerves of our fair readers for the event, and guard them from undue agitation. Indeed, at the date of our story it would have been deemed an occurrence of extraordinary character, if a party, having announced publicly an intention of taking that dangerous journey at night, had failed to meet with the *montañeros*. The road our party were following was admirably calculated for ambuscade and surprise. It was the decayed phantom of that magnificent avenue laid out without regard to cost by the wealthy successors of Pizarro. For several miles it is bordered by double rows of beautiful shade trees. The traveller might ponder long to find a suitable excuse for such a display of

umbrage in a land where the sun is seldom seen. He might conclude at last that these trees were planted merely for the sake of ornament, unless he were informed that they were laid out by a Viceroy of Peru whose name was Don Antonio O'Higgins, an *Irishman*.

On either hand for a considerable distance from Lima this beautiful thoroughfare is bounded by regular walls which inclose orchards and gardens. But as our travellers proceeded, the road and the country around assumed a desolate appearance. Of the walls and trees that once stood there, nothing was left but suspicious thickets and heaps of rubbish, which furnished the robbers with convenient hiding places. At intervals, thin streams of water crossed the road; scanty vestiges of a vast and comprehensive system of artificial irrigation, by means of which the Incas had succeeded in making the now desolate plain of Lima one of the most productive spots upon the earth. The barbarian neglect of their European successors has suffered this prodigious monument of *scientific* enterprise to become almost useless; but in spite of Time and Gothic recklessness, such was the Cyclopean character of those works, that enough remains to excite the wonder of travellers. And even at this day, it would require but little outlay to make the rich valley of Lima smile again in loveliness, by restoring those structures which would compare favorably with any architectural triumph of Man against Nature. Our travellers had many proofs of this fact before their eyes. Wherever these ill-fed gullies supplied the moisture which the dry though rich soil of that volcanic country unfortunately lacks, you could trace their course through the barren plain in long lines of strong, healthy verdure, showing what labor and care might accomplish for a country which now imports its breadstuffs. Altogether it was as dreary a path as the imagination can conceive. By the imperfect light of the moon, not a building was in sight, nor was it possible to discern the faintest trace of cultivation. The little party had progressed heedlessly, and conversing in a loud tone, some five or six miles of their journey, when they came to a spot admirably calculated for the highwayman's ambush. They had just crossed a marshy ground, formed by the decay of one of these channels which were dug in former

days to distribute the waters of the Rimac through the plain, and they entered a section of the road where the deep sand compelled them to walk their horses; so that their retreat and their advance would, in case of need, prove equally difficult. On either side large heaps of fallen *adobes* from the ruined walls, and clusters of low bushes, threw dark heavy shades in the moonlight; while at the right, and in the direction where the noisy Rimac's voice might occasionally be heard whenever the trade-wind lulled for an instant, the ground was covered with high, tangled vegetation, where a giant variety of the fern species prevailed, and which presented great facilities for a masked advance and a retreat.

Saint Clair requested his friends to come to a halt, and addressed them in a low voice:

"We shall be attacked in the neighborhood of this place, or not at all. Let us be ready. Look to your pistols. See that your girths are tight, and make as little noise as possible."

The fumes of Italia punch had now so far evaporated as to allow a glimmering of reason to find its way into the minds of those Saint Clair was addressing; therefore, without answering a word, but simply obeying through that instinct which teaches men to follow in the hour of need those who are willing and able to lead, they acted as he had directed, and the whole party advanced for a short distance in serried order, when Saint Clair, who was a little in advance, cried out to his comrades to halt.

Again they obeyed, although they could perceive no cause for the command, and our hero rode ahead alone. He had hardly proceeded a few yards, when suddenly each bush and fallen wall, each stone and thicket, revealed a human form, and weapons of different kinds glittered in the moonlight.

"Alta!" cried a loud clear voice, and our hero checked his uneasy steed.

The party in the rear now observed his motions with the utmost anxiety, prepared to offer a stout resistance. Each held a pistol in his right hand, his sword made fast to his wrist by the sword-knot, while they secured themselves in their saddles, expecting the command to charge to come from their self-instituted leader.

Meanwhile they saw Saint Clair coolly rein in his fiery charger, and stand there for



a few instants, a fair mark for many levelled weapons which they saw peering from every hiding spot around him. Presently a man on foot approached him, exchanged a few words with him, and suddenly took off his sombrero and began listening in a most respectful attitude. Saint Clair, on the other hand, maintained a lofty port, and with his riding-whip pointed as he spoke to a certain cluster in the distance. In this direction the man disappeared, and after a few minutes returned, accompanied by a personage on horseback. This individual approached our hero, and the two withdrew together to a short distance, conversing earnestly the while.

It was not long before the stranger issued a command in an unknown tongue, (the ancient language of the Incas,) accompanied by a loud shrill whistle, and suddenly level weapons and armed men all disappeared as if by magic, and shrunk back into their former hiding-places, and the road was silent and deserted as before.

Saint Clair rode back to his party, and informed them that they now had the way clear before them. They were not slow in availing themselves of the privilege, and spurring their horses they galloped towards the ancient city of Callao, whose circular castles began to be visible in the distance. His friends were delighted with their good luck; the nobleman remarked that our hero was "a trump;" the gruff old lieutenant chuckled, and expressed an opinion that he had got "the weather-gage of that squadron." Crocket simply observed that they had been fortunate. He did not praise the diplomacy exerted on the occasion; but although he said little, it was evident that he thought a great deal, for he appeared to treat his former friend with something like suspicious reserve. After the first explosion was over, they began to inquire into the immediate causes of the peaceful retreat of the banditti.

"What did you say to them?" inquired the young British officer.

"What *traverse* did you work?" chimed in the gray-headed sea-dog.

"Simply this, gentlemen," answered their deliverer; "I informed them that you were officers in the British Navy coming from, not going to Lima; and from this circumstance, like men of sense, they inferred, it appears, that you could have nothing left about you that was worth taking."

This reply, despite its ironical tone, seemed to give general satisfaction. Persons in similar circumstances are not given to exercising their causality over much. The gruff lieutenant in particular appeared to be exceedingly pleased. He chuckled over the trick all the way to Callao, commenting upon the event in his characteristic phraseology.

"Sailed under false colors, eh?"—"Showed the wrong papers to the boarding officer"—"Made believe the prize wasn't worth the capture"—"Wonder if the foreigner will charge us salvage?" Such, and many like expressions, which fell audibly from his lips at intervals, showed conclusively how highly he relished the stratagem.

Without further mishap they reached the city of Callao, where falling in with another party of belated revellers, they joined in the intellectual pursuit of putting the town "in stays," as Jack would term it; after which they bribed the guard-boat to leave the young nobleman on board of his ship, admirably prepared, we fancy, to keep his morning watch.

It is no part of our plan to follow the remainder of the party through the incidents of the latter part of the night. We trust and believe that Saint Clair and his youthful friend retired like quiet and moral men to the nearest accessible bed, and there slept off the excitement of the night. But we feel interested in the fortunes of the aged lieutenant, and will follow in his wake until we see him drop anchor.

That experienced sailor no sooner found that his convoy had parted company than he steered for the mole, probably in some vague anticipation of finding there a man-of-war's boat. After making "short tacks" from one end of the street to the other, and "grounding" several times—as he himself expressed it in his low grumbling soliloquy—he "came to" at the head of the mole between two enormous mounds of wheat that lay there without the needless protection of a roof. The necessity of storing grain, our readers will remark, is here obviated from the double fact that it hardly ever rains in this climate, and that there are no birds in the neighborhood that would feed upon the hoarded treasure. Here our weather-beaten friend "cast anchor," as he himself qualified the action of dropping heavily upon the leeward side of one of those hills of wheat.

The accumulated grain, disturbed at its base, immediately obeyed the law of gravitation, and began to slide, until the belated wayfarer, who was already asleep, became entirely covered up.

The sun rose afterwards, and the vigilant sentry who guarded the head of the mole, perceiving something of a red color protruding from the side of one of the conical heaps of wheat under his charge, began to poke it with the end of his bayonet. The thing having manifested some signs of un-

easy vitality under this harsh process, the soldier approached to survey it more closely. He seized the object of his curiosity between his thumb and index, and pulled it with all his might; when, lo! there arose from the avalanche of grain, first the head, then the body, and next the limbs of a human form, following its nose, which was still held by the astonished Peruvian sentry.

And thus it occurred that an officer in the British Navy got his nose pulled without having occasion to resent it.

## CHAPTER VII.

WHEREIN OUR HERO IS PILOTED TO SOME PURPOSE BY A FUNERAL PROCESSION.

WE have expressed a hope that Crocket and the indefatigable hero of these pages had, after a night so full of adventures, sought the repose which they needed so much. But it would seem that, at least as regards the latter, this hope was rather more charitable than well founded. However this may be, the same gray dawn that witnessed the outrage perpetrated upon the proboscis of an officer in H. B. M.'s Navy, saw Saint Clair approaching the walls of Lima.

His countenance, habitually pale, did not seem in the least altered from his exertions of the previous night; and attired as he was in the picturesque riding-dress of the country, he presented on his gay charger his usual dashing appearance.

Yet to judge from the indolent habits of the fair inhabitants of that luxurious city, there seemed but little likelihood of his exciting any admiration at that early hour of the morning, save, perhaps, in the unsophisticated bosoms of sambas and market women.

He now entered the gate and began wending his way through those deserted streets where scarcely a human being was in sight, save here and there a straggling *sereno*, weary with watching over the safety of the slumbering city; or a peasant woman *bestriding* a grave-looking donkey, half sinking under the accumulated weight of the Amazon and her stock in trade of vegetables and poultry; or else the matutinal convict-gang, guarded by an armed inspector, and sweeping the dust of the streets into heaps in readiness for a cart which followed, dragged by other convicts.

This was no hour for pleasure or promenade—no hour even for adventure—no hour for sauntering idly about the streets, pausing at every grated window behind whose bars a female titter is heard, for the purpose of *reguardar la reja*, (looking at the railing,) as the not unusual practice of peeping into a window is pleasantly called in Lima by a considerate use of the figure Metonymy. Neither was our hero abroad thus early on any similar errand. In truth he had ordered some stern business done, and he wished to see with the master's eye that it had been well done.

He now rode in the direction of the convent of San Domingo, one of the richest religious establishments in the country, whose lofty steeple towered above the low houses that line the streets through which he had yet to pass. This is one of those showy structures which, seen from the sea in connection with the white walls and terraced roofs of Lima, produce an effect rarely witnessed except upon the stage.

When he reached the convent, he found a considerable crowd gathered round the entrance door. From the animated gestures of the by-standers, it was easy to perceive that something unusual had occurred. Our hero soon ascertained the particulars, and was rather surprised that an event by no means unprecedented, or even rare in the capital, should have excited so much commotion. The body of a murdered man had just been discovered stretched across the main entrance of the Convent of San Domingo.

The body was that of a poor Indian, and of the by-standers by far the greater number were also Indians. Their countenances, habitually morose and sullen, wore on this occasion an expression of vindictive fierceness. In general they preserved their characteristic taciturnity, although as our hero rode up to the outer edge of the crowd, he overheard some remarks in the sonorous *Quichua*, (the ancient language of the Incas,) expressive of deep feeling and resentful indignation.

The Indian population of Peru is widely different from that on our part of the continent. It retains and cherishes recollections of an aboriginal civilization which the semi-Spanish substitute it now enjoys atones for but indifferently. When Pizarro invaded the dominions of the Incas, he found there a systematic and highly wrought order of society. The Indian monarchs had wielded for ages their absolute sceptre in a manner so searching, yet beneficent, that the whole empire and its inhabitants were reduced to a level with the most perfect and wonder-working machinery. Every act of private life, as well as every public contingency, was regulated by laws skilfully framed to confer the greatest possible comfort to the individual, and at the same time to eradicate the last symptom of independence from the minds of the people. The whole country was divided into districts, where some specific occupation, best suited for the climate and the local genius, was devised and enforced, not so much by penalties as by a strict yet patriarchal method, whose admirable operation Fourier might have envied. The produce of labor was so distributed that want or famine was impossible. Commerce there was none, for no currency existed. Labor, the Incas had discovered, was the sweetener of life, as well as a safety-valve for the bad passions which disorganize society; and therefore they had contrived to accustom their subjects to constant but moderate labor, by means of what has been considered a source of discord and anarchy—agrarianism.

In the mountainous districts where agriculture was impossible, the native flocks of the country were tended by a pastoral population, or the precious metals were extracted from the mines. From the remoter fastnesses, the wild tribes of the forest furnished warriors for the ever-active armies of the Incas; while on the coast range, and

wherever the soil admitted of improvement, colossal structures for artificial irrigation, whose remains are still the wonder of the traveller, converted the dry land of Peru into a beautiful garden. There, in the midst of plenty and content, and provided with all the conveniences and comforts which art can supply, their peaceful subjects realized the dreams of the Golden Age. The whole working of the system gave a practical proof that, UNDER A DESPOTIC GOVERNMENT, the principle of association *can* be applied to social life according to the schemes of sundry modern reformers.

This distribution of labor produced, if indeed it was not suggested by, a corresponding difference in the character of the population. On the coast and on the lower mountains which approach it, in the midst of a rural or pastoral people, the Spaniards met with but little opposition; while the warlike tribes that roamed in comparative freedom over the greater part of the Peruvian territory, have never completely acknowledged the supremacy of the white race. At times since the conquest, the invader's power has penetrated certain interior districts, and cultivated considerable sections under the cover of an armed force, or the still more efficient protection of the mild and persuasive propagandism of the Franciscan monks. But the moment the soldiers were withdrawn, or the fierce and overbearing Benedictines took the place of their gentle predecessors, a sudden irruption of Indians would overwhelm the growing settlement, and leave a hideous ruin in its stead.

Thus the beautiful Montaña of Vitoc has been many times partially redeemed from the wilderness, and suddenly restored to its primeval state. The barbarous system of *Repartimientos* thinned the numbers of the aborigines; the still more rapacious *Mita* reduced them to want; but neither these nor the mortification of defeat have ever completely quelled the Indian spirit. Insurrections and conspiracies without number have, within the last half century, fully attested this fact. The superior discipline of the whites invariably prevailed over their half-naked antagonists. But the latter have recently made immense progress. The long struggle for independence between Peru and the mother country has taught them the use of fire-arms and the secret of their previous defeats. Their mountains abound in materials for gunpowder, and the

day may yet come when the descendants of the Incas will again rule over the land which Pizarro deluged with innocent blood. They preserve perseveringly such remnants of their ancient polity as yet remain amongst them. They venerate the reputed descendants of their former monarchs; they yield a ready obedience to officers whose authority rests only upon tradition and customs. They affect and cherish their old customs; their dances and their songs are all significant of a mournful regret for the past. And in their dress they prefer above all other colors their own *blue* badge of mourning. In fact, after three centuries of degradation and misery, the national sentiment of the Peruvian Indians is nearly as strong as it was when Balboa first spurred his fiery charger into the waves of the Pacific. As yet they are content with nursing that sentiment in silence, their gloomy physiognomies alone expressing the habitual brooding and melancholy recollections of the Helot; but another Tapac Amaru may some day rise among them.

Saint Clair noticed with some anxiety the dark and vindictive countenances of the Indians assembled around the gate of San Domingo. By the side of those melancholy stoics, the gesticulating mulatto and chattering negress presented an obvious contrast. These expressed their feelings with a warmth of manner sometimes affecting, sometimes ludicrous.

"Pobre Encarnacion!" cried one in a dolorous voice.

"Aquel Chato!" cried another querulously; "I always said he would come to that. He went out too much o' nights. He had too many friends among the miners for his own good."

These and similar expressions were silenced by the approach of Padre Francisco, who, issuing from an inner door, began haranguing the multitude in a very authoritative tone, and with manifest disgust in his manner. He concluded a brief speech with sundry

summary orders in relation to the removal of the corpse, and suiting the action to his words, commenced belaboring the bystanders nearest to him, until he had pretty effectually cleared the entrance gate.

This indecent haste compared unfavorably with the decorous demeanor of the spectators as they opened to make way for those who bore the corpse, and respectfully formed themselves to follow in the rear of the procession. Our hero marked the direction of the melancholy march, and when it had disappeared in a cross street, concluded to follow at a distance.

It stopped at the door of one of the most stately mansions in the capital. Saint Clair carefully marked the number. It is no part of our plan to explain his feelings at this particular juncture. None were visible in his outward appearance. Satisfied apparently with his survey, he was about to retrace his steps, when, chancing to look at the upper balcony, he caught a glance of a figure which engrossed all his attention.

It was a beautiful female half concealed behind the gorgeous curtains, and gazing on the scene below with grief and horror vividly depicted upon her expressive countenance.

For several minutes our hero remained looking upon this beautiful apparition with eyes half dimmed by the conflict of various and overpowering emotions. She had not seen him yet, at least he thought so, nor did he wish that she should at this time. His conscious soul would have shrunk under the pure ray of her glance. Conquering his violent agitation by a strong effort of his vigorous will, he turned sadly away, muttering to himself as he rode along:

"This, then, must be Doña Paula—beautiful Paulita! Old Silva is very wealthy. That infernal priest—that profligate Casauran! I will thwart them yet. That this poor Indian should have been her father's dependent—perhaps her own foster brother! There is a fate in this!"

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEREIN THIS TRUTHFUL STORY WAXETH PATHETIC.

No man is more free from this passion (sorrow) than I, who neither like it in myself nor admire it in others.  
MONTAIGNE.

\* \* \* \* \*

CHAPTER IX.

A LOVE SCENE.

Chi può dir com' egli è in picciol' fuoco.  
(He little loves who can explain his love.)—PETRARCH.

\* \* \* \* \*

CHAPTER X.

WHEREIN IT IS SHOWN HOW DONA PAULA DE SILVA FOREGOES THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

"Thy days shall pass in peace  
'Mid counted beads and countless prayer,  
To bid the sins of others cease,  
Thyself without a crime or care."—BYRON—*The Giaour*.

\* \* \* \* \*



## CHAPTER XI.

WHEREIN THIS TRUE STORY COMES TO A DEAD HALT

"Brevity is the soul of Wit."

WE trust, gentle reader, that the last three chapters have proved neither tedious nor wearisome to you. It was with a feeling of mournful regret that we struck out all but their titles. They were constructed after the most approved style of modern novels. They gradually unfolded the difficulties of our chief personages, and prepared you for the final catastrophe with a circumstance of dramatic effect which Dumas might have envied. Besides, they contained all the wooing which our pages could boast; for our hero was a man of action as you have seen, and action was also a characteristic of our heroine, as you may or may not see hereafter. Had the three condemned chapters been left for your perusal, you would have found how *Doña Paula de Silva* (the very girl, as you have shrewdly guessed, whom our hero chased on the plaza and afterwards saw at a balcony one morning) vainly pleaded with her bigoted old father to be allowed to peril her soul among the breakers of the world; how the aged dotard insisted upon mooring the precious craft within the harbor of the Church; how his purpose nearly failed him when the sweet creature fell crying at his feet; and how he was induced to smother his emotions by the artful manœuvring of his selfish kinsman Don Ramon and of Padre Francisco—the very individuals, strange to say, whom Saint Clair overheard planning their damnable intrigues on the banks of the Rimac.

You would have seen how the adventurous Saint Clair clambered one night to the bower of his ladye love; how she strove to appear indignant, and only succeeded in appearing alarmed; how he calmed her fears, and told his love; and how she half confessed her own, yet refused to fly because she dreaded her father's anger, well knowing that of all prejudice, religious prejudice is the most unforgiving. You would have shed a tear at their sorrowful leave-taking that night; but when the fatal hour had come for the procession to begin its way towards the convent of Santa Maria de Trujillo, where was situate the living tomb to

which our heroine was to be consigned; and when the procession was attacked on its way by armed banditti, when the litter which contained the beautiful *Doña Paula* was forcibly opened, and the leader of the brigands discovered himself to the fair prisoner as her own enamored knight in disguise, and the fair prisoner refused to be released from her dreadful fate and to fly with her rescuer, and deliberately pressed forward on her melancholy journey rather than incur the irrational ire of her sire, our word for it you would have sobbed outright.

The interest of this veritable story would have been raised to the melodramatic pitch, if we had told you how, at the very gates of the prison where she was doomed to linger, she saw the short squatty form of her hateful kinsman, who, advancing towards her as if to take a friendly and eternal leave, whispered into her ear some demoniac words taunting her for having once rejected him and fallen in love with a worthless adventurer.

Of all these details you are necessarily deprived. We do not see that they are material to the story, or if they are, we might as well dispose of them in ten lines instead of as many pages. We are not sketching a character but telling a story. The end is our aim, not the bulk. Besides, shall we confess it? we experience great difficulty in managing true incidents by the rules which govern fiction. If we had invented this narrative we might mould it as we chose, but truth is not so plastic. Our information in regard to the principal events we are engaged in relating was chiefly derived from Crocket. And his heedless, good-humored or ironical way of telling the most touching scenes made an impression upon our minds which renders us incapable of "working them up" (especially the love passages) in the true novel style.

Years had elapsed since the date of our story when we became acquainted with that remarkable young man. It was at Lima that we met him in the character of a Lieutenant. For he had acquired a fondness for that city,

which made him on all occasions solicit orders for the Pacific station. Our curiosity had become excited on the subject of Saint Clair's adventures in Peru, several passages of which we had heard related in conversation; and we chiefly sought the acquaintance of the young officer on account of the leading part which he was known to have enacted in some of the most striking of those adventures. We two soon became quite intimate. But he rather disliked to recur to the past. It needed the utmost exercise of our diplomacy to induce him, when in the best of temper, to disclose the memorable scenes he had witnessed; and then the prevailing mood of the moment so tinged his scanty revelations, that it required the greatest stretch of our analytical powers to string the disjointed fragments into a connected whole.

We will here insert as an instance one of our conversations with him on the subject. It took place on the quarter-deck when he was on duty. There were several points which we desired to clear up in those transactions of which we already had information. Therefore we plied the young Lieutenant with direct and leading questions.

"Pray," we remarked with the greatest simplicity, "how did you ever account for the success of your friend in getting you out of the robbers' hands?"

"I don't know," answered he, in an abstracted manner. "Boatswain," exclaimed he, "overhaul that boat's falls."

We modestly waited until the order was executed, and then we returned to the charge.

"Were you not puzzled to find out——"

"Quite so. Call away the second cutters."

Thus foiled in our cross-examination, we had nothing to do but to bide our time. We watched our chance however, and at the first opportunity tried him "on another tack."

"I am somewhat surprised," we ventured to remark, "that a gentleman like you, and an American Navy officer, should have continued on friendly terms with a man whom you had discovered to be the chief of a gang of robbers."

The young man's face colored, and he replied with warmth:

"Indeed he was no such thing. I suppose that it may look so to you from what I said the other night, but I'll tell you. You know that the Government here forbids the

exportation of the precious metals, or else lays duties on them which are tantamount to a prohibition. Well, such measures would annihilate commerce if there was no way of evading the law. The greatest houses in the place have been from time immemorial engaged in smuggling silver out of the country. Indeed, officers of high standing in our Navy sometimes lend their aid to such practices. I ought to know; I was captain's aid on board the——. The shipper is a rich man now. Saint Clair was deeply engaged in that business, and, I presume, had to hire the *montañeros* once in a while to help him. That gave him considerable influence among them."

"I presume," said we, delighted at the success of our ruse, "that the *montañeros* helped him some in that attack on the escort of Doña Paula?"

"I rather think they did. If it hadn't been for her silly scruples, Saint Clair's steamer was all ready to put to sea. We got her there, though, afterwards."

"Do tell me all about it."

Here he seemed to think that he had said enough for one sitting. So, looking about for some new pretext to break off the conversation, "Quarter-master!" cried he.

"Aye, aye, sir," cried the quarter-master.

"Quarter-master, what signal was that?"

"3. 1. 8., sir."

"Very good. Quarter-master!"

"Sir!"

"Make 2. 1. 9."

"Aye, aye, sir."

The affair of the signals disposed of, we began making new zig-zag approaches towards the busy officer; but whenever he perceived in us the slightest disposition to question him on our favorite topic, he suddenly discovered something about the ship to be overhauled or looked after. First he called up the gunner and asked him about some tompions; then he had a forecandleman sent to the mast and placed on the black list; next he had to hold a consultation with the boatswain concerning the standing rigging.

But we were as persevering as even himself; we let no opportunity escape to gratify our curiosity, until the weary officer, determined to foil us to the last, ordered eight bells struck and the watch called.

The relieving officer came on deck in very bad humor. No wonder; it lacked twenty

minutes of the time by our unfailing chronometer.

We fear that our indiscreet revelations are in a fair way to prejudice the reader against our naval friend. This we sincerely regret ; for we love Crocket as if he had been our hero. Let the reader however take a six months' cruise on board of a man-of-war, and we think that he will feel inclined to make much allowance for sins which only involve temper on the part of Navy officers. Life on ship-board is an unnatural life. The constant contact of so many human beings crowded together within a small space is calculated to engender a fermentation, a continual irritability of disposition, against which the happiest understandings are seldom proof. Nowhere would "familiarity" so quickly "breed contempt," were it not that this artificial mode of life is propped up by the still more artificial stays of Discipline and Hierarchy. That rank thing, Rank, is like a chain passing from summit to base of the crazy edifice of Naval Discipline, and binding together the most heterogeneous elements. Each individual bears with the tyranny of his superiors, first because he must, and chiefly because he has others under himself upon whom he can vent his spleen. Thus the majestic First Luff, after his morning report to the skipper, comes out of "the presence" either radiant or morose, according as that gouty or dyspeptic chieftain has treated him well or ill—has passed a good or a bad night. Incontinently he proceeds to distribute the channels of grace or ire among the lesser reservoirs. From junior luff to middy, from middy to warrant officer, from boatswain to mates, it flows fore and aft, until the "third class boy" gets kicked under the fore-castle by the last landsman on the muster roll.

Yet each class has its rights, and is tenacious of them to an extent which—considering the little consequence of the matters generally involved—is sometimes quite ludicrous. Midshipmen are particularly obnoxious on that score to their superiors. An old skipper was once remonstrating with one of these worthies upon the decay of the good old rules of the service. "When I was a midshipman," said he, "I had not the tenth part of your privileges." The youngster replied : "Oh ! Captain, now-a-days midshipmen are *gentlemen*, you know."

And so they are—the most technical young gentlemen in the world—regular sea-lawyers—not sharks, but tenacious and punctilious to an incredible extent. Their address in provoking their superiors and yet shying clear of a court-martial is proverbial. Once a watch officer had to send a youngster below for some slight misdemeanor.

"Go below, sir," said he.

"Aye, aye, sir," answered the youth, touching his cap. With ready obedience he went down the hatch, and immediately re-appeared on deck.

"Go below, sir," repeated the watch officer in a rage.

"Aye, aye, sir," replied the imperturbable midshipman, suiting the action to the word, but coming up again in an instant.

In short, he carried on the same manoeuvre of obeying the strict letter of the order several times, until the wrathful Lieutenant bethought himself of saying,

"Go below, sir, *and stay there.*"

With so many causes of irritation, is it astonishing that Navy officers are seldom distinguished for sweetness of temper ?

We have tried it ; try it you.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## P R O T E C T I O N—F R E E T R A D E .

## MR. CAREY'S "HARMONY OF INTERESTS."

THE following letter we gladly insert, although we think the author does not perceive the essential force of Mr. Carey's positions in reference to the *economy* of harmonizing all interests within the limits of the country, so that each may support and *protect* the other. His views, however, must be effective in the right direction, as the conclusions he arrives at are the same, and as they are so clearly reasoned out from his premises; and more especially, because these premises coincide so well with many of the principles from which the Free-Traders argue. We of course by no means agree with our correspondent in the supposition that the reasoning of Mr. Carey and the Protectionists will fail of any result, and we dissent entirely from his statement that our "theory has less and less favor with the public." Our correspondent's main point, however, in reference to the currency may be entirely sound, but it is far from covering, as he appears to assume, the whole ground.—ED.

## MR. EDITOR:

*Sir*:—We have read with pleasure and profit the articles of Mr. Carey, "Harmony of Interests," which you have noticed in the columns of your journal. We are steady advocates of "protection;" we adopt many of his principles as true, and esteem his statistics as of immense value; still, we think Mr. Carey has not touched the leading point of the argument, and therefore we fear his reasoning, like that of the great body of the advocates of the policy of protection, will fail of any result; no impression will be made upon the public mind to control our legislation.

For thirty years, the question has been debated in our halls of Congress and by the press, and it is, to us who advocate the policy of "protection," a melancholy fact, that our theory has less and less favor with the public. One of three things is therefore true: either *experience* is not in accordance with the reason of things; or we do not present the question logically to the public mind; or the *common sense* of society, with all the light of long debate, is incompetent to decide, either from reason or experience, what is the best national policy. The *first* cannot be true; the *last* we will not admit; the other, therefore, must be the reason for the present condition of public opinion.

The position of Mr. Carey is, that "Commerce is King;" that commerce, as now conducted, is an unproductive employment, wasting labor and capital in transporting commodities between distant producers and consumers, who should be located together.

*Granted*: but what gives King Commerce *his power*; what enables him thus to govern and control the operations of society for his own interest, and to their so obvious loss; why do men thus waste their energies at his bidding in these unprofitable ways? There is no law compelling them thus to act, and they would not thus act if there was not an *apparent* advantage in the course they adopt. Individuals and communities, in America at least, are free to pursue the policy they deem best; no law *restrains* us in our avocations.

The object of society in the prosecution of its industrial pursuits is, the largest supply of its wants. In all countries, but especially in America, agriculture is the great interest, occupying the mass of the population. If now the agriculturist finds, that with a given quantity of *wheat* he can obtain at market a larger quantity of *iron* from England than he can from Pennsylvania, why should he not do so? He will say to the iron maker, You have the freight and duty, some twenty-five per cent. on the cost, in your favor; if, under these circumstances, you are unable to give me but seventy-five pounds of iron, while I can obtain one hundred pounds from Europe, I can see no reason why I should take the smaller quantity for your benefit; you say I shall be a gainer by the operation, but I am unable to discover the advantage, and it seems more reasonable that you, who are the *few*, should take the smaller quantity of *wheat*, than that we, who are the *many*, should take the smaller quantity of iron; your theory of bringing the producer and consumer together

will result in either case, and the interest of the majority ought to govern; again, if the government does not get the revenue from the European in the form of duties, I must pay it in direct taxes, since the government must be sustained.

If the iron-maker replies that the *high price of labor* prevents his giving more than the seventy-five pounds, the agriculturist will answer that *wheat* as well as *iron* is the product of labor; if the price of labor is too high to make *iron*, why is it not too high to make *wheat*? I compete in the open market with the European wheat-grower, and why cannot you compete with the iron-maker? You live in a country where subsistence is abundant and cheap, where there is an abundance of iron ore, coal, limestone, and labor; you pay no taxes comparatively; what is the reason you cannot compete in your *own* market with the Englishman, who makes iron in a country where subsistence is scarce and dear, where taxes consume half the product of his toil, and to reach your market he must transport his iron across the Atlantic, and after paying the taxes of his own government, must pay a duty of twenty per cent. to support ours?

If the iron-maker alleges again that *labor is too high*, the agriculturist will reply that labor alone does not determine the price of commodities. Labor alone *produces* commodities, but these commodities must not only repay the price of labor, but must sustain the whole of individual and national expenditure. In Europe, kings, armies, navies, lords, bishops, and paupers, to say nothing of lazy fund-holders, all live from the products of labor; and although the share of *labor* may be small, the price of *commodities* must be equal to the burden of taxation and expenditure which they sustain; you ought therefore to sell at European prices, since your remuneration will then exceed that of the European by all the difference of taxation.

But, replies the iron-maker, there is so much poverty and want in Europe, will you reduce us to their condition? The agriculturist will reply, European poverty does not make iron *cheap* but *dear*; every worker in England must not only sustain himself, but his pauper neighbor, since paupers, while they earn nothing, must be fed and clothed from the labor of those who toil; this will

reduce the *quantity* of commodities, but certainly not their price; if there were no paupers in England, but all labored, the quantity of products would be *greater* and their price *less*, and you less able to sell in market.

Thus, at every point, the "free-trade" party, if he is competent, can meet and refute all the usual arguments for "protection;" and though all our experience demonstrates, what Mr. Carey has so clearly proved by his statistics, that the periods of "protection" have been periods of prosperity, and those of "free trade" periods of adversity, still we fail in demonstrating, by logical argument, the truth of our position.

Yet ours is the true position; experience is a better guide than theory or even logic, and we will endeavor to state the argument in what we deem its true and only form—in a way in which our experience and our logic shall correspond to each other.

Nations, as well as individuals, exchange commodities, not directly, or by barter, but through the medium of *money* or *currency*; that is, we do not give wheat for iron, but both for money, which is the measure of their value. It is essential then that the moneys or currencies of the parties exchanging should be the equivalent of each other, otherwise there may be apparent, but no real equity in the exchange.

If the currencies of Europe and America are equivalent, then "protection" is not defensible; if they are *not*, which we maintain is the truth, then it *is* defensible, not for the reasons generally given, nor for those of Mr. Carey, but for other, better and sufficient ones.

*Value* is the relation of supply and demand. The value of things is in their uses; neither money nor other things have any value except that of use. The use of money is to measure and exchange values, and for this purpose one quantity, provided it be fixed and permanent, is as good as another; ten pounds of gold are, for the purpose of money, as good as a hundred, because ten pounds would be just as *useful* as a hundred.

Gold is used as the measure of value *primarily* because it is a substance whose *quantity* is fixed: it has collateral qualities, its permanence and divisibility, but *fixedness of quantity* is its principal excellence. All our ideas of *intrinsic* value are absurd; a sufficient quantity of gold for the *use* to



which it is applied has value; more than that would add nothing to its aggregate value; more of *any* commodity than our uses require, only reduces the larger to the value of the smaller quantity.

The whole quantity of money in use determines the quantity which shall indicate the value, by the price, of the commodity in any given exchange. If the quantity of money be large, price will be *high*; if the quantity be small, price will be *low*. *Price* is, therefore, simply the relation which exists between the quantity of money in use, and the number and value of the commodities to be exchanged, and the price of any given commodity is the relation which that commodity bears to the whole number and value of the commodities to be exchanged, and the quantity of money by which the exchanges are to be effected. This principle, which we denominate the *Law of Price*, is the key to the whole subject; it is a self-evident proposition, so plain and obvious that it needs no illustration. *Price* has no relation to *value* except to indicate its quantity. Exchanges may be effected without the intervention of price, as when a loaf of bread is given for a piece of meat; an exchange of commodities has occurred, but nothing is known of the *price* of either, because price refers only to money; and here, we repeat, it is evident, that in order to any equitable exchanges, the moneys, currencies, or measures of value of the parties exchanging, must be equivalents of each other, must indicate the quantity of value in each of the commodities exchanged by the same rule, like the measures of length, weight, or capacity.

Gold is *assumed* to be the measure of value in the commercial world. Were it *really* the measure, the currencies of the world would be nearly equivalents, differing only in the cost and risk of transport from the point of production to that of consumption; but modern society has substituted *credit* in the place of gold, and this credit exists in such *different quantities*, in the different countries, as to destroy all the equivalent relations of their currencies, and of course, to disturb the equity of exchanges made in conformity to these varying currencies. But while they have substituted credit for gold, they insist upon retaining gold as the *ultimate* measure of value, and compel, by the force of law, the convertibility of

this money of credit into gold at the option of the holder, thereby laying the foundation for all the financial evils which afflict modern society. But this law of convertibility is found to be sometimes impracticable; in Great Britain, for a whole generation, it was set aside by the force of circumstances, and twice in the United States, within forty years, the same event has occurred, and by common consent the evil of an unconvertible currency has been submitted to, as the only tolerable mode of arranging the equities of contracts and exchanges.

In France, until quite recently, a currency almost entirely metallic has been used, and of course prices are low; in Great Britain, since the resumption of specie payments by the Bank, a currency of nearly equal parts of metal and credit has been in use, and there prices are higher than in France; by the recent recharter of the Bank of England, the relation between the metal of the Bank and its issues of credit as currency has been fixed by law, and the action of that Bank governs the financial action of the whole kingdom. In the United States, the whole subject is left to the discretion of the bankers, who, like other men, act with exclusive reference to their own advantage. By the law of the currency, whatever performs its functions acquires the power of reproducing itself in the form of interest, like capital; *credit* as currency earns interest equally with *capital*, and therefore, acting for his own interest, the banker increases the amount of the credit currency to the utmost extent practicable, and the *quantity* of currency in the United States, as compared with that of Europe, is probably two to one. What we *call* dollars are really only *half* dollars, and of course all *price* in the United States is, as compared with Europe, doubled. That blind giant, the public, while suffering under the miseries of a disturbed currency, has evinced the instincts of reason by laying hold of the ideas of "hard money" and "sub-treasuries," but, quieted by returning prosperity and ease, the present condition of things entirely meets the general wish, and the banker deserves praise that he has not acceded to all the clamor of the public for more money.

This expansion of *price*, arising out of the expansion of the currency, renders *our* market the one to which all the surplus products of the world naturally tend, as that in which

price is highest; while our exports, from the same cause, are confined almost entirely to those articles, cotton, rice, and tobacco, to which climate and soil afford a "protection" more certain and permanent than that of the tariff. A mere modicum of food is exported to England, where the excessive burden of taxation upon land enables us to dispose of a small quantity of our surplus. Our own labor is prevented from supplying our own wants, because *its* price, like that of commodities, is increased by our expanded currency, and not because the supply of labor is inadequate. All the gold we can obtain from California and other sources is insufficient to meet the demand occasioned by excessive imports, and to make up the deficiency, we export all the forms of public credit created by national, State, and corporate loans. Some of our shrewdest statesmen admire the wisdom of this course. We are, in fact, like a nation of miserable spend-thrifts, living by running in debt to Europe, and are rapidly approaching the verge of bankruptcy. The failure of a crop of cotton, (the failure of the potato crop came near to bankrupting Great Britain,) the suspension of gold from California, or the exhaustion of public credit—all, or either of these events, will plunge us again into the condition of 1837-8.

Few persons are aware how entirely the finances of the United States are dependent upon the great products of Southern industry. The North and West, embracing three fifths of the population of the nation, the greatest consumers of foreign products, have nothing whatever of their own to exchange for them; were those articles, the staple products of the South, which furnish eighty millions of exports, to fail, or should any event occur to disturb the steady flow of commerce, by which they are transferred to Europe to meet our imports, while they are paid for, beyond the consumption of foreign products by the South, by the products of Northern and Western industry which find there their market, and the profits of Northern trade and navigation, our whole financial structure would fall into ruin and confusion, our currency of credit would perish, and the nation be driven again to suspension.

This *expanded currency* is, however, an *organic law of society* in the United States; it ramifies through all the fibres of the body politic; it is the *essential interest*, to which

all other economic interests must give place. In a community like ours, where, owing to the absence of capital and our universal intelligence and activity, credit is in such general use, the utmost care must be exercised in the management and preservation of the currency, since *it* determines the power of every obligation, national, corporate, and individual, with the force of law; every disturbance of it is fatal, and only the most gradual change, which will enable us to *grow* into the altered condition—altered it should be—can be either safe or tolerable.

The *currency of the nation*, therefore, and not its manufactures, is the interest which requires "protection," not for any *natural* reasons, but for those which are, like itself, merely artificial; reasons which have their origin in the defective system which has become an integral portion of our national polity; from the errors of our ideas in relation to the nature and uses of money—from the mistaken opinion so general in society that *price* and *value* are equivalents.

The *currency* is emphatically a *national* interest, not a sectional one. South, North, East, West, agriculture, manufactures, commerce—all districts and all classes of the nation are alike interested in its preservation; but especially the industrial, the poorer classes, whose great commodity, labor, will perish, and leave them defenseless whenever the interests of the currency are injured, or its bulk *suddenly* diminished; the rich may outlive the storm which will sweep the accumulations of industry into their coffers, but the industrious, the poor, must suffer.

The South, it is true, has suffered more severely from the defects of the currency than the North: they have attributed their difficulties to the tariff, but that is only *remotely* the cause; had no tariff ever existed, the currency would never have been expanded. Their difficulties, like those of the North, have their origin in the currency; the products of Northern industry find their market at home, but the South have bought in a *dear* market and sold in a *cheap* one. Their lands, their negroes, their supplies of almost every description are purchased at home, with an *expanded* currency of credit; their products, the bulk of which find their market in Europe, have been sold in a *restricted* currency of metal. It is a law of commerce, that the market which takes the bulk of any commodity, fixes the price for

the whole. The South must *continue* to suffer more than the North, since time will be required to enable them to buy and sell in the same currency; but they can gain nothing by "free trade" but ruin. The revulsion of 1837-8 did not benefit the South; the tendency of the present condition of things is to a similar result. Their supply of capital is less, their use of credit is greater than at the North, and just in that proportion will be the evils of a derangement of the currency to their interests.

It is a striking evidence of the truth of our position, that the *sugar* of the South requires "protection" equally with the *iron* of the North, with this difference only: iron is the product of a people abounding in capital, skill, and industry, while sugar is the product of those destitute of all these; hence the *degree* of "protection" required for sugar may be less than that required for iron, but the necessity springs from the same source, the currency.

The *currency* can only be defended and

preserved by "protection," in the form of a *tariff upon imports*, which shall secure to our own labor the supplying of our own wants. It is through the *currency*, by its derangement and diminution, while all obligations exist in their full extent and force, that the evils reach us. The tariff need not be excessive; but it should be such as will give the great interests of iron, cloth, and sugar, security against European and foreign competition. No fear need exist that the cost of these commodities will be unreasonably increased; there is a supply of capital, skill, and labor in the nation sufficient to insure an abundant supply, and domestic competition will at once reduce the profit of their production to the general level; but it would be wise to submit to any probable amount of taxation rather than destroy our *currency*. We paid a hundred millions for the war with Mexico, and no *pecuniary* injury has been felt. *Protect the currency* of the nation, and all our other economic interests will be preserved.

G. B.

## CROSSING THE FERRY.

FROM UHLAND.

ALL remains—though years have passed  
Since I crossed the river last;  
Sunset's glow from castle flashing,  
On the dike the waters plashing.

Ah! my mournful thoughts deride me;  
Then two loved ones sat beside me:  
Here, a father's look of truth;  
There, the beaming brow of youth.

ONE a life of meekness led,  
Meekly slumbered with the dead;  
ONE, with pride and passion warm,  
Fell 'mid conflict, cloud, and storm.

Thus, when Memory is my guide  
Backward o'er life's pictured tide,  
I must miss the fair and brave,  
Ravished by the conquering Grave.

Yet, though Death breaks love's communion,  
Soul with Soul is still in union:  
Life itself was soul-like then;  
Soul for Soul now yearns again.

Take now, boatman, take thy fee;  
Thrice thy due I offer thee:  
For with me two spirits crossed,—  
Spirits of the loved and lost.

S. N. N.

## THE PRELUDE.\*

"SEVERAL years ago," said Wordsworth in his preface to the "Excursion," "when the Author retired to his native mountains, with the hope of being able to construct a literary work that might live, it was a reasonable thing that he should take a review of his own mind, and examine how far Nature and Education had qualified him for such an employment.

"As subsidiary to this preparation, he undertook to record, in verse, the origin and progress of his own powers, as far as he was acquainted with them.

"That work, addressed to a dear friend, most distinguished for his knowledge and genius, and to whom the Author's intellect is deeply indebted, has been long finished; and the result of the investigation which gave rise to it, was a determination to compose a philosophical Poem, containing views of Man, Nature, and Society, and to be entitled the 'Recluse;' as having for its principal subject the sensations and opinions of a poet living in retirement.

"The preparatory Poem is biographical, and conducts the history of the Author's mind to the point when he was emboldened to hope that his faculties were sufficiently matured for entering upon the arduous labor which he had proposed to himself; and the two works have the same kind of relation to each other, if he may so express himself, as the ante-chapel has to the body of a Gothic church. Continuing this allusion, he may be permitted to add, that his minor pieces, which have been long before the public, when they shall be properly arranged, will be found by the attentive reader to have such connection with the main work as may give them claim to be likened to the little cells, oratories, and sepulchral recesses, ordinarily included in those edifices."

The "Recluse," it will be perceived, was to have consisted of three parts. The "Excursion" was published in 1814. The "Prelude" was commenced in 1799, and finished in 1805, but its publication was deferred during the lifetime of the author. The third part was planned, but never written. Poems that appeared after the "Excursion" contained the materials which the author had designed for the last division of the "Recluse." Coleridge was the friend to whom the poem was addressed. He read

portions of it in Malta, where he was residing when most of the "Prelude" was composed. After his return he listened to its recital by the author, to whom he addressed a poem commencing in the following enthusiastic strain:—

"Friend of the Wise! and Teacher of the Good!  
Into my heart have I received that lay  
More than historic, that prophetic lay  
Wherein (high theme by thee first sung aright)  
Of the foundations and the building up  
Of a Human Spirit thou hast dared to tell  
What may be told, to the understanding mind  
Revealable; and what within the mind,  
By vital breathings secret as the soul  
Of vernal growth, oft quickens in the heart  
Thoughts all too deep for words!"

We will endeavor now to follow Wordsworth through his spiritual autobiography, watching the growth of an individual mind, meditating upon the relation between a developing soul and external things. The "Prelude" is just what we should have, *a priori*, expected from a great and sincere poet of Nature. He opens to us the treasury of his heart, and speaks freely of the impressions made upon his spirit by surrounding objects. We would stand with deep reverence in the "ante-chapel" of a holy spiritual temple, and listen to the life-music that mingles with the melody of nature. We would look both for "the foundations and the building up of a Human Spirit," and would seek not only the truths revealable to "the understanding mind," but also the "thoughts all too deep for words" which are "quickened in the heart."

Wordsworth was the favorite child of Nature, and Nature trained him with motherly care. With the songs of his nurse were blended the murmurs of a fair river, sending a voice "that flowed along his dreams."

\* The Prelude; or, Growth of a Poet's Mind. An Autobiographical Poem. By WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. New-York: D. Appleton & Company, 200 Broadway. Philadelphia: Geo. S. Appleton, 164 Chestnut street. 1850.

"For this didst thou,  
O Derwent! winding among grassy holms  
Where I was looking on, a babe in arms,  
Make ceaseless music that composed my thoughts  
To more than infant softness, giving me  
Amid the fretful dwellings of mankind  
A foretaste, a dim earnest, of the calm  
That Nature breathes among the hills and groves!"

The river, which passed along the terrace-walk of his home, on whose breast fell the shadows of surviving towers, was a dearly loved and tempting playmate. When five years old, he spent his summer days in bathing in a race drawn off from the river, scouring the sandy fields, or leaping through the flowery groves. In the distance was Skiddaw's lofty height, around were rocks and hills and woods; and when these "were bronzed with deepest radiance," he sometimes "stood alone beneath the sky," as if, he says,

—— "I had been born  
On Indian plains, and from my mother's hut  
Had run abroad in wantonness, to sport,  
A naked savage, in the thunder shower."

Ere he had "told ten birth-days," it was his joy

"To range the open heights where woodcocks run  
Along the smooth green turf."

One does not readily think that woodcocks are the most poetical objects at which "the young idea" may "shoot," but the true poet may fall upon sublime thoughts while engaged in insignificant pursuits.

"Through half the night,  
Scudding away from snare to snare, I plied  
That anxious visitation;—moon and stars  
Were shining o'er my head. *I was alone,  
And seemed to be a trouble to the peace  
That dwelt among them.*"

Sometimes he yielded to the temptation, and made a prey of the bird that was captive of another's toil. The moralist may find a significant fact in the following description of retribution taking place in a poetic soul:—

"And when the deed was done,  
I heard among the solitary hills  
Low breathings coming after me, and sounds  
Of undistinguishable motion, steps  
Almost as silent as the turf they trod."

Those "low breathings," those almost silent steps pursuing the poet-boy, as he wandered in the woods at midnight, conscious of guilt, remind us of the apparition in Job which

"harrows up the soul with fear and wonder":—

"A word stole secretly to me,  
Its whispers caught my ear;  
At the hour of night visions,  
When deep sleep falleth upon man,  
I was seized with fear and shuddering,  
And terrors shook my frame.  
A spirit was passing before me;  
All my hair stood on end.  
He stood still, but I saw not his form;  
A shadowy image was before my eyes."

It is not necessary to follow him through all the "vulgar joys" that are the "prompt attendants" on a child's pursuits. In the midst of all sports, all occupations adapted to boyhood, he felt entwined around him the motherly arms of Nature. When he climbed to a giddy height some slippery rock for the raven's nest, and hung alone "shouldering the naked crag," the wind blew through his ear a "strange utterance";

—— "the sky seemed not a sky  
Of earth—and with what motion moved the clouds!"

The immortal spirit within him grew like "harmony in music." A power was busy in "a dark inscrutable workmanship" reconciling "discordant elements," so that a calm existence in after years might grow out of even "terrors, pains, and early miseries." While roaming by moon-light on a lake, a distant peak, "black and huge," seemed to tower up between him and the stars, and,

—— "with purpose of its own,  
And measured motion like a living thing,"

seemed to stride after him. His understanding of Nature and her influence upon his soul in early life are best described in the following passage:—

"Wisdom and Spirit of the universe!  
Thou soul that art the eternity of thought,  
That givest to forms and images a breath  
And everlasting motion, not in vain  
By day or star-light thus from my first dawn  
Of childhood didst thou intertwine for me  
The passions that build up our human soul;  
Not with the mean and vulgar works of man,  
But with high objects, with enduring things—  
With life and nature, purifying thus  
The elements of feeling and of thought,  
And sanctifying, by such discipline,  
Both pain and fear, until we recognize  
A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.  
Nor was this fellowship vouchsafed to me  
With stinted kindness. In November days,



When vapors rolling down the valley made  
A lonely scene more lonesome, among woods,  
At noon and 'midst the calm of summer nights,  
When, by the margin of the trembling lake,  
Beneath gloomy hills homeward I went  
In solitude, such intercourse was mine;  
Mine was it in the fields both day and night,  
And by the waters, all the summer long."

For any but the high-priest of Nature to utter the following passage, would be little short of blasphemy; but for the one who is admitted within the *sanctum sanctorum* it seems the sublimest devotion, prompted by consciousness of inward power:—

"Ye Presences of Nature in the sky  
And on the earth! ye Visions of the hills!  
And Souls of lonely places! can I think  
*A vulgar hope was yours* when ye employed  
Such ministry, when ye through many a year  
Haunting me thus among my boyish sports  
On caves and trees, upon the woods and hills,  
Impressed upon all forms the characters  
Of danger or desire; and thus did make  
The surface of the universal earth  
With triumph and delight, with hope and fear,  
Work like a sea?"

The cottage in which he dwelt, home amusements and household games, had a ministration of their own; but the blast that howled without on a wintry night had more meaning in its voice for him than all within. Nature not only peopled his mind "with forms sublime and fair," but gave also "joys of subtler origin."

"Yes, I remember when the changeful earth  
And twice five summers on my mind had stamped  
The faces of the moving year, even then  
*I held unconscious intercourse with beauty*  
*Old as creation*, drinking in a pure  
Organic pleasure from the silver wreaths  
Of curling mist, or from the level plain  
Of waters colored by impending clouds."

We must linger with Wordsworth for a season in the period of "school-time." The mere incidental charms of rural objects grew weaker, but his love of Nature for her own sake increased. His sympathies were enlarged, and dearer to him grew the

"Daily common range of visible things."

Experience began to aid him, and he seemed to realize how

—"men may rise on stepping-stones  
Of their dead selves to higher things."

To him the language of Tennyson was applicable:—

"Let knowledge grow from more to more,  
But more of reverence in us dwell;  
That mind and soul, according well,  
May make one music as before,

"But vaster."——

When he begins to record his deeper experience of Nature's influence, he stops short, as if expiating for previous neglect, and pays a just tribute of filial respect and reverence. He, whose heart and eye will not respond to the following, has forgotten in part (for he cannot wholly) the holiest and most blessed of all earthly relations:—

"Blest the infant babe,  
(For with my best conjecture I would trace  
Our Being's earthly progress,) blest the babe,  
Nursed in his mother's arms, who sinks to sleep,  
Rocked on his mother's breast; who *with his soul*  
*Drinks in the feelings of his mother's eye!*  
For him, in one dear presence, there exists  
A virtue which irradiates and exalts  
Objects through widest intercourse of sense.  
No outcast he, bewildered and depressed;  
Along his infant veins are interfused  
The gravitation and the filial bond  
Of nature that connect him with the world.  
Is there a flower, to which he points with hand  
Too weak to gather it, already love  
Drawn from love's purest earthly fount for him  
Hath beautified that flower; already shades  
Of pity cast from inward tenderness  
Do fall around him upon aught that bears  
Unightly marks of violence or harm.  
Emphatically such a being lives,  
Frail creature as he is, helpless as frail,  
An inmate of this active universe.  
For feeling has to him imparted power  
That through the growing faculties of sense  
Doth like an agent of the one great Mind  
Create, creator and receiver both,  
Working but in alliance with the works  
Which it beholds. *Such, verily, is the first*  
*Poetic spirit of our human life,*  
By uniform control of after years,  
In most, abated or suppressed; in some,  
Through every change of growth and of decay,  
Pre-eminent till death."

Many things may be omitted about distant horse-back rides, scanty fare, and long walks with a young friend,

"At the first gleam of dawn-light, when the vale,  
Yet slumbering, lay in utter solitude;"

but we must not pass by a strong manifestation of subjective power of mind and feeling:

"An auxiliary light  
Came from my mind, *which on the setting sun*  
*Bestowed new splendor; the melodious birds,*  
*The fluttering breezes, fountains that ran on*  
*Murmuring so sweetly in themselves, obey'd*

*A like dominion, and the midnight storm  
Grew darker in the presence of my eye;  
Hence my obeisance, my devotion hence,  
And hence my transport."*

When his "seventeenth year was come," his "own enjoyments" were transferred to "unorganic natures;" from "Nature and her overflowing soul," he received so much that all his thoughts "were steeped in feeling."

"I was only then  
Contented, when with bliss ineffable  
I felt the sentiment of Being spread  
O'er all that moves and all that seemeth still;  
*O'er all that, lost beyond the reach of thought  
And human knowledge, to the human eye  
Invisible, yet liveth to the heart;*  
O'er all that leaps and runs, and shouts and sings,  
Or beats the gladsome air; o'er all that glides  
Beneath the wave, yea, in the wave itself,  
And mighty depth of waters. Wonder not  
If high the transport, great the joy I felt,  
Communing in this sort through earth and heaven  
With every form of creature, as it looked  
Towards the Uncreated with a countenance  
Of adoration, with an eye of love.  
One song they sang, and it was audible,  
*Most audible, then, when the fleshly ear,  
O'ercome by humblest prelude of that strain,  
Forgot her functions, and slept undisturbed."*

We must now follow the young poet to Cambridge, where he spent eight months "in submissive idleness." The "Castle," "Magdalene Bridge;" the "*Hoop*"—"famous Inn;" troops of school-boys; tailors; tutors; "hose of silk;" "hair powdered;" "dressing gowns;" invitations; suppers; fruit; wine; "Gothic courts;" college kitchens; "Trinity's loquacious clock" telling the quarters "twice over with a male and female voice;" the pealing organ; statue of Newton "with prism and silent face;" lecture-rooms filled with students faithful to their books, half-and-half idlers, hardy recusants, and honest duncees; examinations, and other things that need not be mentioned to the initiated, and to the uninitiated useless, were much less interesting to a soul endowed already by Nature, than

"The common countenance of earth and sky:  
Earth, nowhere unembellished by some trace  
Of that first Paradise whence man was driven;  
And sky, whose beauty and bounty are expressed  
By the proud name she bears—the name of  
Heaven."

Within him was a spirit that could to a certain extent resist the injurious sway of place. He studied the works of the Infinite rather than the works of men. What did

he care for the spirit of antiquity when he could commune with the spirit of the universe? For him there was diviner wisdom and more celestial music in the Cam than in the pastorals of Theocritus. He gave a moral life

"To every natural form, rock, fruit or flower,  
Even the loose stones that cover the highway,"

without the aid of classic lore. Homer could add nothing to the delicacy of a soul that was to the spirit of Beauty that pervades heaven and earth

———"obedient as a lute  
That waits upon the touches of the wind."

He laughed with Chaucer "beside the pleasant mill at Trompington;" called the "sweet Spenser,"

———"moving through his clouded heaven  
With the moon's beauty and the moon's soft face,"

"Brother, Englishmen, and friend," and, one of a festive circle seated within a lodge and oratory once occupied by the temperate bard, poured out libations and drank to the memory of Milton,

———"till pride  
And gratitude grew dizzy in a brain  
Never excited by the fumes of wine  
Before that hour, or since."

Yet in calmer moments he made

"Breathings for incommunicable powers,"

and felt

———"how awful is the might of souls,  
And what they do within themselves while yet  
The yoke of earth is new to them, the world  
Nothing but a wild field where they were sown."

He complains in rather too conservative a manner about the degeneracy from those times when Erasmus, Bucer, and Melancthon read by moonshine through lack of taper light; speaks of the

"Loose indifference, easy likings, aims  
Of a low pitch—duty and zeal dismissed,"

which were the results of a bad local influence; and gives the following general description of English college-life:—

"All degrees  
And shapes of spurious fame and short-lived praise  
Here sat in state, and fed with daily alms  
Retainers won away from solid good;

And here was Labor, his own bond-slave; Hope,  
That never set the pains against the prize;  
Idleness halting with his weary clog,  
And poor misguided Shame, and witless Fear  
And simple Pleasure foraging for Death;  
Honor mis-placed, and Dignity astray;  
Feuds, factions, flatteries, enmity, and guile  
Murmuring submission, and bald government,  
(The idol weak as the idolater,)  
And Decency and Custom starving Truth,  
And blind Authority beating with his staff  
The child that might have led him; Emptiness  
Followed as of good omen, and meek World  
Left to herself unheard of and unknown."

In the next book, entitled "Summer Vacation," there are no particular manifestations of newly awakened powers. He was happy to return to familiar scenes:

"When first I made  
Once more the circuit of our little lake,  
If ever happiness hath lodged with man,  
That day consummate happiness was mine,  
Wide-spreading, steady, calm, contemplative."

There seems to have been more human-heartedness about his love for Nature after his return from Cambridge, the result perhaps of leaving solitude for a season and mingling with the world. There was more pensiveness in his feelings, which was shared by brooks, trees, mountains, stars, every external thing. There was in his love of Nature, it may be, less of tenderness, but there was in it more depth, "scatterings of awe or tremulous dread." A "heartless chase of trivial pleasures" was not without its influence on his mind and heart:

"Mid a throng  
Of maids and youths, old men, and matrons staid,  
A medley of all tempers, I had passed  
The night in dancing, gayety, and mirth,  
With din of instruments and shuffling feet,  
And glancing forms, and tapers glittering,  
And unaimed prattle flying up and down;  
Spirits upon the stretch, and here and there  
Slight shocks of young love-liking interspersed,  
Whose transient pleasure mounted to the head,  
And tingled through the veins."

His religious love of Nature was, however, an ample safeguard against any kind of dissipation. In the morning, for him "the sea lay laughing at a distance," while near,

"The solid mountains shone, bright as the clouds,  
Grain-tinctured, drenched in empyrean light."

"Books" bore also their part in promoting the growth of an individual mind. Hitherto "the speaking face of earth and heaven" has

been looked upon by the mind as its "prime teacher," for there is an

—— "intercourse with man  
Established by the sovereign Intellect,  
Who through that bodily image hath diffused,  
As might appear to the eye of fleeting time,  
A deathless spirit."

Wordsworth studied the works of men, but he regarded them as subordinate to Nature. At those sacred hours when we can hold communion with the spirit of the universe, the time is too precious to waste with the thoughts of others.

"Should the whole frame of earth by inward throes  
Be wrenched, or fire come down from far to scorch  
Her pleasant habitations, and dry up  
Old Ocean, in his bed left singed and bare,  
*Yet would the living Presence still subsist.*

\* \* \* \* \*

But all the meditations of mankind,  
Yea, all the adamantine holds of truth,  
By reason built, or passion, which itself  
Is highest reason in a soul sublime;  
The consecrated works of Bard and Sage,  
\* \* \* \* \*

Where would they be?"

The only legitimate object of study is God, — God in his works, in his Word. Books are only helps or hindrances to us on our way to the great Fountain of wisdom.

The following denunciation of an evil that is laid upon the most favored children of the land, is severe but just:—

"Oh! where had been the Man, the Poet where,  
Where had we been, we two, beloved Friend!  
If, in the season of unperilous choice,  
In lieu of wandering, as we did, through vales  
Rich with indigenous produce, open ground  
Of Fancy, happy pastures ranged at will,  
We had been followed, hourly watched, and noosed,  
Each in his several melancholy walk  
Stringed like a poor man's heifer at its feed,  
Led through the lanes in forlorn servitude;  
Or rather like a stalled ox debarred  
From touch of growing grass, that may not taste  
A flower till it have yielded up its sweets,  
A prelibation to the mower's scythe!"

In the following passage, bearing upon the same point, there lurks a terrible satire, and many there are in our times that deserve its sting:—

"These mighty workmen of our later age,  
Who, with a broad highway, have overbridged  
The froward chaos of futurity,  
Tamed to their bidding; they who have the skill  
To manage books and things, and make them act  
On infant minds as surely as the sun  
Deals with a flower; the keepers of our time,

The guides and wardens of our faculties ;  
 Sages who in their prescience would control  
 All accidents, and to the very road  
 Which they have fashioned would confine us down,  
 Like engines ; when will their presumption learn,  
*That in the unreasoning progress of the world  
 A wiser Spirit is at work for us,  
 A better eye than theirs, most prodigal  
 Of blessings, and most studious of our good,  
 Even in what seem our most unfruitful hours."*

Most happy was Wordsworth that he had  
 a mother who did not mistrust our nature,  
 but

———"had virtual faith that He  
 Who fills the mother's breast with innocent milk,  
 Doth also for our nobler part provide,  
 Under His great correction and control,  
 As innocent instincts, and as innocent food."

Into the temple of Nature he went for his  
 profoundest meditations, to offer the holiest  
 homage of his heart ; but he also received,

"In measure only dealt out to himself,  
 Knowledge and increase of enduring joy  
 From the great Nature that exists in works  
 Of mighty Poets,"

and saw how a

———"visionary power  
*Attends the motions of the viewless winds,  
 Embodied in the mystery of words."*

In the years afterwards spent at Cam-  
 bridge, nothing remarkable occurred. When  
 his course at college was finished, he went  
 on foot with a young friend to the Alps. At  
 that time Europe was thrilled with joy,—

"France standing on the top of golden hours,  
 And human nature seeming born again."

Calais, days of festival, flowers withering on  
 triumphal arcs, vine-clad hills and slopes of  
 Burgundy, the gentle Saone, swift Rhone,  
 woods, farms, orchards, cottages, lurking  
 towns, deep and stately vales, merry crowds,  
 flowing cups, dancing hand in hand, monas-  
 tery bells, convent of Chartreuse, awful soli-  
 tudes, arms flashing, military glare, the  
 "ghostliness of things in silence visible,"  
 St. Bruno's pines, Vallombre's groves, sum-  
 mit of Mont Blanc, Vale of Chamouny, "the  
 Simplon's steep and rugged road," "un-  
 fathered vapors enwrapping lonely travel-  
 lers," noise of waters at night,

———"making innocent sleep  
*Lie melancholy among weary bones,"*

Socorno's lake, Como, cloistered avenues,

Alpine heights, Gravedona, triumphant looks  
 that were then "the common language of  
 all eyes,"—whatever was seen, heard, or felt,

———"was but a stream  
 That flowed into a kindred stream ; a gale  
 Confederate with the current of the soul,"

to speed his voyage ; and

———"every sound or sight,  
 In its degree of power, administered  
 To grandeur or to tenderness."

He looked upon all social convulsions from  
 a distance ; "the ever-living universe," turn  
 where he might, was opening out for him  
 its glories.

We must now follow the poet of Nature  
 to that great wilderness of social life, London.  
 His bold imaginations of Vauxhall and  
 Ranelagh, of gorgeous ladies floating in  
 dance, of the River proudly bridged, of St.  
 Paul's dizzy top and Whispering Gallery,  
 of the tombs of Westminster, of Guildhall  
 Giants, of carved maniacs at the gates of  
 Bedlam, of flowery gardens, of vast squares,  
 of the Monument, and that chamber of the  
 Tower

"Where England's sovereigns sit in long array,  
 Their steeds bestriding,"

and of many other things, vanished in the  
 presence of "the living scene ;" for words, in-  
 dicating the names of objects that we have  
 not seen, are courteous enough to take any  
 meaning that we like ; and what poetic mind  
 ever found any near relation between the  
 ideal and the actual ? The flowing, endless  
 stream of men and things, the wares and  
 signs of tradesmen, raree-shows, dancing  
 dogs, minstrel bands, screams of female  
 vendors, shrill London cries, ballad-singers,  
 studious lawyers, cripples stumping on their  
 arms, showbills, military idlers, bachelors  
 sunning themselves, men of every nation,  
 "the spectacles within doors,"—birds and  
 beasts of every nature, "strange plants con-  
 vened from every clime," pictures, statuary,  
 models of cities, churches and mouldering  
 temples, pantomimic scenes, "babblement at  
 Saddler's Wells," the voice of woman utter-  
 ing blasphemy, the theatre, the senate, the  
 church,—all these things, and more than  
 these, where

"That large fermenting mass of human kind  
 Serves as a solemn background, or relief,  
 To single forms and objects, whence they draw,

For feeling and contemplative regard,  
More than inherent liveliness and power,"

possessed a power to teach; but their influence did not pass "beyond the suburbs of the mind," because for him,

"From early converse with the works of God  
Among all regions,"

the works of man held a subordinate place.

"The spirit of Nature was upon me there;  
The soul of Beauty and enduring Life  
Vouchsafed her inspiration, and diffused,  
Through meagre lines and colors, and the press  
Of self-destroying, transitory things,  
Composure, and ennobling Harmony."

In the next book, entitled "Retrospect," he shows how his love of Nature led to love of Man. He first looked at Man

—"through objects that were great or fair;  
First communed with him by their help."

The place of human-kind was not at first pre-eminent; it was subordinate to that of Nature. Until

—"two-and-twenty summers had been told,  
Was Man in my affections and regards  
Subordinate to her, her visible forms  
And viewless agencies; a passion, she,  
A rapture often, and immediate love  
Ever at hand; he, only a delight  
Occasional, an accidental grace,  
His hour being not yet come."

His thoughts were drawn by slow gradations to the good and ill of human life; and as his love of Nature became more holy and deep, there was quickened in his heart an indestructible love of Man. All the evil exposed to view in the city of London could not change his elevated views of human nature:

"Neither vice nor guilt,  
Debasement undergone by body or mind,  
Nor all the misery forced upon my sight,—  
Misery not lightly passed, but sometimes scanned  
Most feelingly,—could overthrow my trust  
In what we *may* become."

We must now follow the poet to France, and trace those influences that led him to become a revolutionist. At first, after reaching Paris, he busied himself with outward scenes, with things of note and places of renown; looking upon concussions incident to political change with feelings unconcerned, almost tranquil. He was like one who passes suddenly into a theatre where the stage is "filled, and busy with an action far

advanced." The first storm was then overblown, and the "strong hand of outward violence locked up in quiet." Societies polished in arts, versed in punctilio, sequestered from the rest by privilege of birth, in which all agitating questions were carefully shunned, he visited for a season; but he soon became a patriot, giving all his heart, all his love, to the people. With a band of military officers, some of whose swords "had been seasoned in the wars," he associated. He felt the ferment that was then universal. Because he was an Englishman, and by indulgence of a "half-learned speech," he was in the mean time tolerated and freely living with the defenders of the crown. He saw "that the best ruled not," and felt "that they ought to rule." He had lived in solitude, in holy communion with Nature, and had not been taught the deepest lessons of history. The revolutionary spirit was easily caught. The highways were crowded with the bravest youth of France; around him, were the tramp of armies and the bustling preparations for war. Some of the noblest and best were devoted to liberty. Against abuses, injustice, and the causes of poverty, the partisans of freedom were ostensibly fighting. Many touching scenes of indigence and wounded affection were presented to one that felt every injury inflicted upon a fellow-being. He passed the prison where lay the monarch of France in bondage with his wife and children, and surveyed the palace where the voice of retribution had been lately uttered from the mouth of the indignant cannon. All these places, however, were then mute, and gave no response when his questions upbraided their silence. After viewing the scenes sprinkled with revolutionary blood, he spent a sleepless night:

"The horse is taught his manage, and no star  
Of wildest course but treads back his own steps;  
For the spent hurricane the air provides  
As fierce a successor; the tide retreats  
But to return out of its hiding-place  
In the great deep; all things have second birth;  
The earthquake is not satisfied at once;  
And in this way I wrought upon myself,  
Until I seemed to hear a voice that cried  
To the whole city, 'Sleep no more!'"

He heard shrill voices from the throng, shouting, "Denunciation of the crimes of Maximilian Robespierre," and heard the fruitless accusation of Louvet. His inmost soul was agitated:



"I could almost  
Have prayed that throughout earth, upon all men,  
By patient exercise of reason made  
Worthy of Liberty, all spirits filled  
With zeal expanding in Truth's holy light,  
The gift of tongues might fall, and power arrive  
From the four quarters of the winds, to do  
For France, what without help she could not do,  
A work of honor; think not that to this  
I added, work of safety: from all doubt  
Or trepidation for the end of things  
Far was I, far as angels are from guilt."

Any service, however dangerous, he was willing to undertake in so great a cause. What seemed to him then a harsh necessity, but afterwards a gracious providence of Heaven, compelled him to return from those revolutionary scenes, in which his brain was growing wild, to England.

When Britain put forth her "free-born strength" in league with the confederate powers against his beloved France, he received the first shock given to his moral nature, and felt the first lapse and "turn of sentiment that might be named a revolution." He believed that, if France prospered, "good men would not long pay fruitless worship to humanity," and was therefore, and not alone, indignant at the course of his country.

"I rejoiced,  
Yea, afterwards—truth most painful to record!—  
Exulted, in the triumph of my soul,  
When Englishmen by thousands were o'erthrown,  
Left without glory on the field, or driven,  
Brave hearts! to shameful flight. It was a grief—  
Grief call it not, 'twas any thing but that—  
A conflict of sensations without name,  
Of which *he* only, who may love the sight  
Of a village steeple, as I do, can judge,  
When in the congregation bending all  
To their great Father, prayers were offered up,  
Or praises for our country's victories;  
And, 'mid the simple worshippers, perchance  
I only, like an uninvited guest  
Whom no one owned, sat silent,—shall I add,  
Fed on the day of vengeance yet to come."

At this season, pitiable indeed was the condition of his mind and feelings:

"Most melancholy, at that time, O friend!  
Were my day thoughts; my nights were miserable;  
Through months, through years, long after the last  
beat

Of those atrocities, the hour of sleep  
To me came rarely charged with natural gifts,  
Such ghostly visions had I of despair  
And tyranny, and implements of death,  
And innocent victims sinking under fear,  
And momentary hope, and worn-out prayer,  
Each in his separate cell, or penned in crowds

For sacrifice, and struggling with fond mirth  
And levity in dungeons, where the dust  
Was laid with tears. Then suddenly the scene  
Changed, and the unbroken dream entangled me  
In long orations, which I strove to plead  
Before unjust tribunals, with a voice  
Laboring, a brain confounded, and a sense,  
Death-like, of treacherous desertion, felt  
In the last place of refuge—my own soul."

"Borne aloft in vision," like "ancient prophets," although his heart was troubled, he wanted not consolations; for through the "time's exceeding fierceness" he saw

"Glimpses of retribution, terrible,  
And in the order of sublime behests."

He clearly saw that no ordinary causes had produced the woe,

"But a terrific reservoir of guilt  
And ignorance filled up from age to age,  
That could no longer hold its loathsome charge,  
But burst and spread in deluge through the land."

We have not yet followed the disturbed poet to his last descent. When the liberties of France were opposed by England in open war, he was first drawn "out of the pale of love!" Hope itself was lost, and things to hope for.

"So I fared,  
Dragging all precepts, judgments, maxims, creeds,  
Like culprits to the bar; calling the mind,  
Suspiciously, to establish in plain day  
Her titles and her honors; now believing,  
Now disbelieving; endlessly perplexed  
With impulse, motive, right and wrong, the ground  
Of obligation, what the rule and whence  
The sanction; till, demanding formal *proof*,  
And seeking it in every thing, I lost  
All feeling of conviction, and, in fine,  
Sick, wearied out with contrarities,  
Yielded up moral questions in despair.

\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*  
'The lordly attributes  
Of will and choice,' I bitterly exclaimed,  
'What are they but a mockery of a Being  
Who hath in no concerns of his a test  
Of good and evil; knows not what to fear  
Or hope for, what to covet or to shun;  
And who, if those could be discerned, would yet  
Be little profited, would see, and ask  
Where is the obligation to enforce?  
And, to acknowledge law rebellions, still,  
As selfish passion urged, would act amiss;  
The dupe of folly, or the slave of crime!'"

A devout sister was to the poet at this season a guardian angel, counteracting by a holy faith and reverent trust his wild infidelity. Nature, assisted by human love, led him back "to those sweet counsels be-

ween head and heart," from which genuine wisdom grows. His heart was alienated from France, when she summoned in a Pope, "to crown an Emperor." He was disgusted with the spectacle of a people, that had once looked up in faith, "as if to Heaven for manna," taking a lesson "from the dog returning to his vomit." The sun of French liberty, that had once shone for him in splendor, was turned "into a gewgaw," a mere "opera phantom." His love for France was never any thing but an insane passion for a mistress; his real love was for a poetical ideal of Freedom, that sprang from his heart and brain, beautiful like Venus from the sea. His ideal, contrary to his hope and faith, was not realized; hence his anguish of spirit; hence his loss of hope and faith for a season. Those very thoughts and feelings that gave him his ideal, could, by the aids of nature and human love, work within him a cure.

There follow two books, entitled, "Imagination and Taste, how impaired and how restored." The poet's views are, that Nature is the only true teacher; that, when the world of man is scanned, even the visible universe falls under the dominion of a taste less spiritual.

From Nature doth emotion come, and moods  
Of calmness equally are Nature's gift:  
This is her glory; these two attributes  
Are sister horns that constitute her strength.  
Hence genius, born to thrive by interchange  
Of peace and excitement, finds in her  
His best and purest friend; from her receives  
That energy by which he seeks the truth,  
From her that happy stillness of the mind  
Which fits him to receive it when unsought."

In the "Conclusion," we must be permitted to direct attention to a passage "of personal concern" with the poet. It is not without meaning for those gifted with genius, as well as for those favored by fortune:

"A youth, (he bore  
The name of Calvert; it shall live, if words  
Of mine can give it life,) in firm belief  
That by endowments not from me withheld  
Good might be furthered, in his last decay,  
By a bequest sufficient for my needs,  
Enabled me to pause for choice, and walk  
At large and unrestrained, nor damped too soon  
By mortal cares. Himself no poet, yet  
Far less a common follower of the world,  
He deemed that my pursuits and labors lay  
Apart from all that leads to wealth, or even  
A necessary maintenance insures,  
Without some hazard to the finer sense;

He cleared a passage for me, and the stream  
Flowed in the bent of Nature."

We are now at the close of "the history of a poet's mind." The "Prelude" is a wonderful poem, and unique. It may be inferior as a whole to the "Excursion," yet it contains passages not surpassed in beauty and sublimity by any thing that the poet has written. Our copious extracts have been selected with reference to a single point—to mark the growth of an individual mind; yet they sufficiently attest the imaginative power of the author. We do not hesitate to predict that the "Prelude" will be the most popular of all Wordsworth's works. In it he speaks to the heart in its various moods, and gives tongue to the latent emotions of the soul. Through him the voice of Nature is heard, and every one feels a response from his inner nature;

—"for there's not a man  
That lives who hath not known his godlike hours,  
And feels not what an empire we inherit  
As natural beings in the strength of Nature."

It only remains to give a brief outline of Wordsworth's external history.

He was born on the 7th of April, 1770, at Cockermouth, in the county of Cumberland. His early lot, unlike that of many a divine poet, was not one of poverty. His father was law-agent to Lord Lonsdale, and had sufficient means to give his sons the best education. Our poet, with his brother Christopher, who was afterwards Dr. Wordsworth, and for a long time master of Trinity College, spent several years at Hawkesworth school, in Lancashire. The poet was entered at St. John's, Cambridge, in 1787. Unlike Coleridge and Southey, he quietly finished his university course of studies, and took his degree. After leaving college, he travelled for a short period, married a lady, as all report says, very amiable, his cousin, and settled in Westmoreland.

In 1793, in his twenty-third year, he published his first work of poetry, entitled "The Evening Walk, and Descriptive Sketches." The "Evening Walk" was among the lakes and mountains of Westmoreland, while the "Descriptive Sketches" refer to a pedestrian tour made through Switzerland with his friend and college fellow, Rev. R. Jones. There was nothing very remarkable in the poetry, save those bright dreams of liberty which animated at that time his friends,

Coleridge and Southey. Coleridge was then a Socinian and Republican, and proclaimed his opinions in his "Juvenile Poems," and a drama on the "Fall of Robespierre." Southey about the same time became a Jacobin and Socinian, abruptly terminated his university career, and wrote his poem of "Wat Tyler." At the same period, Coleridge, Southey, and Lloyd actually resolved to found a "Pantisocracy" on the banks of the Susquehanna, in the wilds of the New World. While Coleridge lived at Stowey, Wordsworth lived but two miles off, at Allfoxden, and shared the feelings of the three young poets, who were eager to found a new state of society, in which there should be neither priest nor king. It would hardly be a work of love to show how the ardent young republicans could afterwards join themselves to the conservative party of England. Carlyle's wise Yankee friend says, that conservatism is only radicalism gone to seed. The *young* poet Wordsworth could write as follows in regard to freedom:—

"Oh give, great God, to freedom's waves to ride  
Sublime o'er conquest, avarice, and pride;  
To sweep where pleasure decks her guilty bowers,  
And dark oppression builds her thick-ribbed towers;  
Give them, beneath their breast, while gladness springs,  
To brood the nation o'er with Nile-like wings;  
And grant that every sceptred child of clay,  
Who cries, presumptuous, 'Here their tides shall stay!'  
Swept in their anger from the affrighted shore,  
May with his creatures sink to rise no more!"

In 1798, Wordsworth and Coleridge published a collection of "Lyrical Ballads," as an experiment in a new style of poetry. Most of them were from the pen of Wordsworth, and his object was to make common things and common language poetic. In the judgment of the public, the "Idiot Boy" was a poor substitute for the "Triumphs of Temper" and the "Rape of the Lock." The poems were ridiculed and read, but the poet had no inclination to conciliate the public. The "Lyrical Ballads" were followed in 1807 by two more volumes, in which were exhibited powers of description and feeling that could not be denied. His name, in spite of his theory, began to be associated with those of Cowper and Goldsmith, on account of his real merit. In 1814 appeared his poem of "The Excursion," his great work. His readers became numerous. Jeffrey continued

to growl, but while growling showed a look of admiration. "The White Doe of Rylstone," "Sonnets on the River Duddon;" "The Wagoner;" "Peter Bell;" "Ecclesiastical Sketches;" "Yarrow Revisited," and some others, were the subsequent works of the poet. The poems have been arranged according to subjects as follows: "Poems referring to the Period of Childhood;" "Juvenile Pieces;" "Poems founded on the Affections;" "Poems of the Fancy;" "Poems of the Imagination;" various sonnets, memorials of tours on the Continent and in Scotland, and ecclesiastical poems; "Poems of Sentiment and Reflection;" "Evening Voluntaries;" "Poems referring to the Period of Old Age;" "Epitaphs and Elegiac Poems," and "The Excursion." It was a fancy of the poet that his works should be read in this order, to give them full effect.

Unlike most of his brother poets, he never shivered in the wintry wind of poverty. In 1814 he obtained, through the patronage of the noble family of Lowther, the office of Distributer of Stamps, a situation at once lucrative and demanding but little time. Already a gentleman (referred to above) in the neighborhood had left him a large legacy, which was followed by other bequests. In 1842, when he resigned his situation to his son, he received a pension of three hundred pounds from Government; and was the next year, at the death of Southey, appointed Poet Laureate. It would be wrong, perhaps, to inquire whether his good fortune in this respect had any thing to do with his conservatism. The "generous and magnificent patronage" of Messrs. Wedgwood was not without a certain influence with one great poet. We sometimes search for recondite causes, and omit those that are obvious. Youth is always radical, age conservative. Change of fortune sometimes rouses into activity new feelings, and thus produces change of opinion and action. Continuation of fortune, good or ill, confirms opposite tendencies of the mind. The heart, however, refuses any thing but love for the one who has exhibited

— "those first affections,  
Those shadowy recollections,  
Which, be they what they may,  
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,  
Are yet a master light of all our seeing;  
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make  
Our noisy years seem moments in the being  
Of the eternal silence." O. W. W.

## SPECULATIVE PHILOSOPHY

IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.\*

FROM a period not long after the publication of Locke's Essay on the Understanding, till near the close of the last century, metaphysics was a favorite science in England. Many of its most distinguished men won their reputation in this field of knowledge. For nearly a hundred years, a large portion of the literary talent of the country was absorbed in investigating the nature and laws of the mind, and in settling the controversies which grew out of these subjects. In these abstruse pursuits and questions, most of the cultivated part of society was deeply interested. Nor were the objects sought to be accomplished, and the problems to be solved, regarded as matters of curiosity only, or of no practical utility. On the contrary, they were thought to have the most intimate connection with the foundations of government, morals, religion, and all the great interests of life. The attention which was thus for many years bestowed on metaphysical pursuits in England, was suddenly arrested near the end of the last century by a variety of causes, but principally by the all-absorbing interest which the French Revolution awakened among all classes of society. This portentous event, threatening to change the political face of Europe, and produce a new order of things in all the surrounding countries, was too exciting to permit much interest to be taken in recondite speculations and abstruse questions. From this period, the cultivation of metaphysical science rapidly declined in England, till this once favorite literary pursuit became so much neglected that it seemed to have lost all attraction in the land of Locke, Berkeley, Reid, and Hume. Since the death of Dr. Brown, in 1820, no great name or work of remarkable ability has appeared in this department. Every other species of knowledge has been diligently cultivated, while this *prima philosophia*, this "science of sciences," has been

almost as much thrust into the background as if it was ascertained beyond a doubt that the questions it proposes to answer were exploded problems, or matters that have no connection with the common affairs of life.

The publication, however, of the work to which the attention of our readers is invited in the present article, has shown that the former spirit of metaphysical inquiry is fast reviving in England. Contrary to antecedent probability, and the author's own expectations, the first edition was rapidly exhausted, and a second one called for. The work has also been published in our own country, and meets with a favorable reception from the reading public; yet it is somewhat singular, considering its popularity, that it has received so little attention from the press. Usually, when a work of this description makes its appearance, it creates a great sensation in the literary world. It is arraigned at every tribunal of literary criticism, from the quarterlies to the daily journals. After having been reviewed, criticised, praised or blamed, till the public are tired of hearing of it, it is permitted to proceed quietly to the accomplishment of its final destiny. But this book, although very popular with the readers of such works, and universally allowed to exhibit uncommon ability, has received but very little attention from the press in any form. We do not recollect to have read but two criticisms upon it in the English periodicals: one of them, in the *North British Review*, was written by Dr. Chalmers. In the periodicals of our own country we do not recollect to have seen but one extended notice of it; yet if it has been strangely neglected by the press, it has not been by the reading public. It has been extensively read and admired, both in England and this country. The popularity which it has obtained is amply merited by the character of its contents. In every

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respect, it is one of the best works that have been published for many years. Among the claims which it has to this high rank, every candid and intelligent reader will recognize—

In the first place, the beauty, clearness, and simplicity of its style. Since the establishment of the Scotch school of metaphysics, most of the works which have appeared on this subject have aimed to be not merely dry scientific treatises, but productions written with elegance and beauty, and possessing great literary attractions. In endeavoring to accomplish this object, however, they have frequently gone to excess. The authors have overlaid their thoughts with too much rhetorical embellishment and poetical coloring. Their style may be pleasant to read, and possess many literary excellences; but from its want of precision and definiteness, it is but poorly adapted for scientific purposes. This is particularly the case with Dr. Brown, whose lectures, regarded as a scientific treatise, are greatly injured by those defects. From such faults Morell is entirely, or to an unusual extent, free. In reading his work we meet with few or none of those flowers of rhetoric which are so profusely scattered over the pages of some metaphysical writings that have appeared within the present century. While his style is one of uncommon elegance, beauty, and force, at the same time there is a remarkable clearness and simplicity running through all his sentences. We follow the transparent stream of his profound and often original thoughts with the same ease and pleasure as we read one of Jeffrey's reviews, Irving's sketches, or Macaulay's essays.

In the next place, the author has succeeded in furnishing the most lucid exposition of the various metaphysical systems that have prevailed in modern times. Particularly is this the case with regard to his presentation of the theories of the German writers. We have read many attempted expositions of their metaphysics, but have never before succeeded in gaining any very clear idea of them. Our conceptions of German transcendentalism were so vague and unsatisfactory, after reading the books designed to expound it which have fallen in our way, that we had almost despaired of seeing a lucid account of those systems of speculative philosophy which are beginning to have such a decided influence on the intellectual char-

acter of the age. From the many abortive attempts which have been made to supply this desideratum, we had nearly arrived at the conclusion that it was in vain to expect it. Morell, however, has amply gratified our wishes in this respect. He has succeeded in his efforts to effect this object in a manner that deserves high praise. He has furnished as clear and easily understood an exposition of the metaphysical speculations of Kant, Schelling, Fichte, and Hegel, as Stewart has of those of Locke, Berkeley, Reid and Hume. We find, with Morell for our guide, but little or no difficulty in comprehending German transcendentalism, and following its attempts to explore those dim, obscure regions of thought which the sober, common-sense metaphysicians of England regard as utterly inaccessible to the human mind. He has been successful in this enterprise, where so many before him have failed, principally by the new method he has adopted. Instead of translating the strange, uncouth terminology of the German writers into English, he has reproduced their ideas clothed in his own clear and simple style. He has performed for them the same office that Dumont did for Jeremy Bentham, and executed his task with equal, if not superior ability. The consequence is, that most of the difficulties complained of in reading the German metaphysicians entirely disappear as their views are unfolded in his lucid pages.

In addition to these merits, the author shows an intimate and profound acquaintance with his subject. He seems to have thoroughly explored the whole field of modern metaphysical lore. He seems to have read accurately and attentively all that has been written on the science whose history he records, from its commencement with Descartes down to the latest publications in his own and foreign lands. The plan which he adopted in acquiring the materials of his work was admirably adapted to put him in possession of a thorough knowledge of the various systems of mental philosophy prevalent in the several countries of Europe. He tells us that after having become deeply interested in metaphysical pursuits while residing in London, he repaired successively to Scotland, Germany, and France, and read the most celebrated works in philosophy, and heard the most distinguished professors in their lecture-rooms expound the subject to their students in each of these countries.



After he had completed his studies and matured his views, he published the work under consideration, as a guide to others who might be inclined to follow over the same wide and devious track of thought which he had been employed in traversing for many years. The result of his labors is a book replete with more various and interesting metaphysical learning than any other in our language.

Among the merits of the work also must be mentioned its candor and justice. Although the author has had occasion to criticise and expound the opinions of a multitude of writers whose views are diametrically opposite to his own, yet he has performed his task with unusual fairness and liberality. Decided and firm in maintaining his own opinions, he is nevertheless remarkably free from a harsh, censorious spirit towards those who differ from him. His opponents must acknowledge that he has generally given a fair, full exposition of the philosophical systems they embrace, and done justice to the characters of the writers whom they regard as their leaders in metaphysical science. An illustration of this remark is furnished in his treatment of Locke. He utterly repudiates his theory respecting the origin of our knowledge, being himself an idealist, and partial to the views of Cousin and the German philosophers. Yet he never speaks of this profound and clear-headed thinker in that contemptuous and depreciatory tone which most transcendentalists employ whenever they have occasion to mention the name of Locke. On the contrary, whenever he refers to this great philosopher, whose reputation till recently was equal to that of Bacon and Newton, he uses such language as every one must adopt who reveres the combination of great virtues with extraordinary talents, and admires a life spent in advancing the interests of religion and the welfare of mankind.

Such are the general merits of the work in which Morell has furnished a rich intellectual repast to all who are interested in metaphysical investigations. From its character and the object it has in view, it naturally suggests a comparison with the productions of two other writers, who have also won a high reputation in the same line of literary pursuits, Cousin and Dugald Stewart. With both of these authors, regarded as historians and expounders of modern

metaphysical science, Morell, in every point of view, deserves to be placed on an equality. In profound and extensive philosophical knowledge, in brilliancy, force, and beauty of style, in soundness of judgment and clearness of exposition, he is in no respect behind the French eclectic, or the popular Scotch professor. Those who have never read the work under consideration, but have formed their judgment of Morell from his "Philosophy of Religion," can have no just idea of his merits. The latter production gives no correct notion of his talents. It is to a great extent a failure, and has very much disappointed the expectations of his admirers. It shows that it was either hastily written, and published before the author had matured his views and fully mastered his subject, or that his talents lie rather in the art of clearly expounding the systems of other philosophers than in the power to construct one of his own.

Having mentioned the literary merits of the work, we proceed next to the consideration of its contents. The object of the author is to present "an historical and critical view of the speculative philosophy of Europe in the nineteenth century." In carrying out his plan, however, he has not confined his attention merely to the metaphysical theories that have been prevalent for the last fifty years. He has gone back to the time of Bacon and Descartes, and presented an outline of intellectual science down to the close of the last century. This portion of the work occupies about one third of its contents, and is designed to prepare the way for a proper appreciation of the various metaphysical systems of our own age. The remainder is devoted to the history and criticism of speculative philosophy during the present century, and is a full, copious, and satisfactory account of all that has been written on this subject in the several countries of Europe since 1800. In the arrangement of his work the author has adopted a plan devised by Cousin, which greatly assists him in effecting the object he has in view, and which gives unity to each of the various conflicting and apparently isolated systems in mental philosophy which for the last two centuries have followed each other in such rapid succession. By the plan he has employed, order is diffused through the vast chaos in which intellectual science presents itself to our observation when we consider the endless

number of writers on this subject, and the widely different opinions which most of them have maintained. Instead of merely recording and criticising the views of the leading metaphysicians of modern times individually and separately, he has classified and arranged their theories along with those of the inferior writers with which they severally assimilate, under five heads: Sensationalism, Idealism, Skepticism, Mysticism, Eclecticism. Each one of these divisions embraces some great fundamental principle in mental philosophy, although the expounders and advocates of it differ many shades in their opinions, and, from the positions they assume, are sometimes classed under other heads than the one which generally characterizes their system. Thus, Sensationalism includes Locke and those who sympathize with his views respecting the origin of our knowledge. Idealism embraces Berkeley, Kant, the Scotch school, Schelling, Hegel, Fichte, and all who make self, "the innate faculties of the human mind," of more importance than sensation and the outward universe, in accounting for the source of our ideas. Skepticism comprises Hume, Kant, and those whose object has been to show the uncertainty of the principles of human knowledge, and "detect falsehood without building up any system of truth." Mysticism takes in Descartes, Gassendi, Schleiermacher, and such as, distrusting reason, rely on the feelings, "the truth organ within the human soul," as the foundation of their philosophical belief. Eclecticism includes Cousin, and every one who holds that each of the preceding systems contains much truth along with an admixture of error, and that a true system of mental philosophy is to be formed by taking from them what is correct and rejecting what is false.

Having laid out his plan in this clear and judicious manner, Morell travels over the field of modern metaphysical knowledge, tracing the various systems of intellectual philosophy to their source, following them in all their ramifications, recording their progress and results, comparing them with each other, and presenting within a moderate compass a copious synopsis of all that has been written on this, one of the most important subjects of inquiry within the range of the human mind. We should be glad to follow him over this wide survey of intellectual science, and discuss some of

his opinions of the several systems the history and principles of which he has written and expounded with so much ability. But it is absolutely impossible to do this in the limits within which we must be confined. We therefore conclude our remarks on Morell by pursuing some inquiries suggested by the perusal of his work.

In the first place, is mental philosophy to be regarded as an established science; or is it as yet only a chaos of contradictory systems and opinions? Many look upon it in the latter light. They believe that notwithstanding the talent and labor which have been bestowed upon it, nothing of great importance has yet been discovered or established in this department of knowledge, and that every thing is almost as fluctuating and unsettled as it was two hundred years ago. It must be confessed that there is in the past and present condition of mental philosophy much that favors this view. In reading such a book as that of Morell, where the history of metaphysics for the last two centuries is spread out before us in a comprehensive and summary manner, one of the first things which strikes us is the vast number of superior men whose energies have been intensely employed in this line of investigation. From Descartes, the first great metaphysician who appeared in modern Europe, down to our own times, what a host of great geniuses and profound philosophers have labored diligently to unfold the laws and nature of the human mind. The annals of no other science can show a greater list of superior men who have toiled assiduously to develop and illustrate its principles and truths. Locke, Leibnitz, Berkeley, Hume, and Kant are men who will compare with those who have distinguished themselves in any other department of knowledge. Besides these chiefs in intellectual philosophy, what a vast number of men of second-rate ability have devoted their lives to metaphysical pursuits. How many of them have written elegant, logical and systematic treatises on this prolific subject. The works on speculative philosophy which Morell has criticised and expounded, would of themselves form an extensive library. Since such an amount of labor has been bestowed, and such a degree of ability employed in this line of investigation, it would naturally be supposed that at the present time it is a fixed, well-established science;

the foundation firmly laid and the superstructure far advanced and rapidly becoming a harmonious and well-proportioned edifice. But apparently it is the reverse of this. We survey the ground over which Morell takes us in his history, and instead of beholding each laborer in the mine of metaphysical truth using the discoveries of his predecessor in order to dig deeper and to penetrate further into the recesses of the human intellect, commonly beginning his enterprise by demonstrating the ignorance and error of all have who toiled before him. The great object of the majority of metaphysical writers has been simply to clear the field of intellectual science of the obstructions with which others have covered it. System after system and theory after theory have followed each other in rapid succession; and as each one has generally aimed to demolish its predecessor, nothing is left behind but a few fragments of truth. Hence, as we look abroad over the vast field, instead of contemplating a well-established science, we seem to behold only the debris of the various philosophies that have successively risen, flourished, and passed away. We see nothing fixed, settled, and determined. A chaotic mass of conflicting opinions every where meets our view. This is the light in which many regard the state of metaphysical science at the present time. And it is one reason why it is so extensively neglected. It is thought that notwithstanding the talent and labor which have been employed, every thing in this department of knowledge is so unsettled and fluctuating that it is scarcely worthy of the name of a science, and does not contain well-ascertained truth enough to compensate for the labor of gathering it. Although there is some foundation for this opinion to rest on, yet it is only a partial and one-sided view of the matter. It is true that there has been and still is a great number of conflicting and contradictory systems of mental philosophy in vogue. This science, it must be admitted, is still in its infancy, and has been carried to nothing like the perfection which natural philosophy, astronomy, and other kindred branches of knowledge have attained. But the same is true of theology, politics, and political economy. In all these sciences how little is there as yet that is settled and determined beyond any further controversy. How many opposing theories are there clashing

with one another and aiming at each other's overthrow. Still it is not denied that in these several fields of investigation great advances have been made, and a large number of principles and truths placed on a solid foundation. On this account they are entitled to be considered as sciences, and not a mere congeries of chaotic opinions. As much may be justly claimed for mental philosophy. A cursory glance at the progress of metaphysical inquiries for the last two centuries will show that mental philosophy, notwithstanding the unsettled state of many of its principles and the different views taken of the questions it seeks to answer, can also lay claim to a large number of admitted and incontestable truths. From the time when Bacon pointed out the true road to knowledge, and gave an impulse to the human mind which has ever since sent it forward in a career of constant improvement, almost every great metaphysician has done something towards building up the science of mental philosophy. Descartes, Locke, Berkeley, Hartley, Reid, Stewart, and Brown have all labored successfully in this dark, intricate mine of truth, and made valuable additions to the store of metaphysical knowledge. They have each of them brought to light new facts in respect to the human intellect, or placed admitted principles on a surer foundation, or rectified former errors, and furnished a clear, systematic exposition of former discoveries. From their works can be gathered a system of mental philosophy that will receive as general an assent as any system of theology and political economy, or any theory of government that has yet been formed.

But finally, and a more important question, What is the practical influence of metaphysics? Is it merely a speculative science, confined almost entirely in its results to the few who are engaged in investigating its truths or fond of studying it as a pleasing intellectual pursuit? Or does it exert a material influence on the mass of mankind, and the common affairs and interests of life? Many men whose opinion carries great weight with it in such matters take the former view. Robert Hall affirms respecting the influence of this science: "Grand and imposing in its appearance, it seems to lay claim to universal empire, and to supply the measures and the criteria of all other knowledge; but it re-

sembles in its progress the conquests of a Sesostris and a Bacchus, who overran kingdoms and provinces with ease, but made no permanent settlements, and soon left no trace of their achievements. While a few speculative men amuse themselves with discussing the comparative merits of different metaphysical systems, these [the popular class of authors] are the writers whose sentiments, conveyed through innumerable channels, form the spirit of the age; nor is it to be doubted that the *Spectator* and *Rambler* have imparted a stronger impulse to the public mind than all the metaphysical systems in the world." It is a matter of surprise that Robert Hall, a man of such sound judgment, profound learning, and extensive observation, should have made this declaration. Whatever degree of deference is due to his opinions respecting such matters, he has unquestionably in this instance greatly erred. The history of metaphysical investigations, from the earliest age of the world down to the present time, shows the falsity of the sentiment he has expressed. If there is any one class of intellectual men more than another which has impressed a permanent character on its age, and left an enduring influence behind, it is the authors of the great metaphysical systems which have successively prevailed in the world. Take for instance Plato and Aristotle as illustrations of this remark. What a powerful, wide-spread, and enduring influence did they exert over the human mind for ages after they had disappeared from the earth. For nearly two thousand years they held jointly or alternately an almost undisputed dominion in every civilized land, coloring the opinions of mankind on government, religion, morals, literature, and all the great interests of life. These men, and likewise their distinguished successors in the same line of investigation in modern times, instead of resembling Sesostris and Bacchus in their short-lived conquests, find their types in the founders of the great empires which have survived the lapse of ages, and given a new aspect to the history of the world. Take also the two works, the *Spectator* and *Rambler*, which Hall has cited as having "imparted a stronger impulse to the public mind than all the metaphysical systems in the world." Compare these books with the writings of Locke and Hume, the one of whom was contemporary with Addison and the other with Johnson,

and another illustration is furnished of the uncorrectness of the great preacher's opinion respecting the feeble and transitory influence of metaphysical systems on the mass of mankind. Which has been the most powerful in shaping public opinion for the last hundred and fifty years, Addison's *Spectator*, or Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding*? On this point there can be no reasonable doubt. The *Spectator*, consisting of a series of interesting stories and agreeably written essays on the common duties of life and the follies of the times, has been almost universally read wherever the English language prevails, and doubtless will be till the end of time. Yet from the character of its contents it never did and never can do much towards directing the current of public opinion except in matters of no great importance. It is read and admired as an agreeable and interesting book, and here its influence principally ends. The *Essay on the Understanding* has very materially moulded the character of the European mind in literature and science since its publication. In England it created an intense interest as soon as it appeared, and it has contributed in no small degree to form the peculiar spirit of the nation. In France it has produced still greater effects. In the hands of Condillac and his disciples it was made, through the perversion of its principles, an effective instrument in undermining the foundation of religion and morals, and introducing the reign of atheism. If we compare the influence of the *Rambler* with Hume's metaphysical works, we shall see the same truth still further illustrated. The *Rambler*, the production of Johnson, and written in his imposing yet vicious style, and containing many just views of life and morals, had an extensive circulation in its day. But it has long ceased to be read, and never gave any lasting complexion to public opinion. Hume's metaphysics, on the other hand, produced an intense commotion in the literary world during his life, and the train of influence they set in operation is still acting as vigorously as ever. His attempts to pour confusion and darkness over the whole region of thought and belief, after deeply agitating the public mind of his own country, roused the profound intellect of Kant to endeavor to arrest the metaphysical skepticism which was confounding ordinary men and perplexing philosophers. His investigations sprung



the fertile mine of German metaphysics, which is now so manifestly shaping the intellectual character of the age. The powerful influence of metaphysical systems on public opinion is likewise strikingly exhibited at the present time. Who are the authors that are the most effective in coloring and shaping the current of public thought in our own day? They are not Byron, Scott, Dickens, and Macaulay. These writers are universally read and admired; but their opinions only slightly tincture the minds of their readers. The men who are doing most to impress their views on the character of the age are those who are advocating some metaphysical system in a popular form. They are Wordsworth, rearing the superstructure of his poetry on the groundwork of a philosophical system; Coleridge, Carlyle, and Emerson, baptized with the spirit of German transcendentalism, and in various ways disseminating its mystic sentiments among their countrymen. These

are the writers who, more than any other at the present day, are shaping public opinion in England and America. Hence it may be inferred with the utmost certainty that metaphysics is not a science merely confined to the regions of speculative thought. It exerts a greater influence on the mass of men than almost any other intellectual pursuit. The popular poet, novelist, historian, and essayist are read by admiring millions; but the impression they make is comparatively feeble and transitory. They pass away, and the current of public thought generally flows on in much the same direction as if they had never existed. But when a great metaphysician makes his appearance, a new impulse is to be communicated to the human mind. His principles, at first confined to a small circle of select admirers, eventually find their way through various channels to the mass of men, and influence their whole tone of thought on all the affairs of life.

## THE OUT-DOOR ARTIST.

FROM THE FRENCH OF EMILE VANDERBURCK.

THE entire population of the good city of Brussels was stirring. Talma, the great French tragedian, was to close his engagement this evening in *Leonidas*, the author of which drama, young Pichot, had so lately been snatched from classic literature on the eve of his first triumph.

The doors of the theatre had been besieged almost since the break of day; to the south the train of eager spectators extended as far as the extremity of the *Place de la Monnaie*. It was evident that the old theatre could not contain the crowd that thronged, in anxious expectation, around its doors.

The hero of this species of ovation, the personage who thus excited the enthusiasm of these worthy beer-drinkers of ancient Brabant—a race of men by nature very phlegmatic—was standing at a window of the *Hôtel de la Croix-Blanche*, quietly occupied in shaving himself. His glance fell occasionally with great indifference upon this crowd, that was attracted by himself

alone, as if he were accustomed to such triumphs, and accepted them like a monarch who does not allow himself to be intoxicated by the enthusiasm of the people.

He was conversing familiarly with an old friend, an inhabitant of the city, a great amateur of the drama, who had even made an attempt upon the boards in his time, though unsuccessfully indeed. Thanks, however, to the protection of Talma, who was all-powerful under the Empire, he had exchanged the buskin, which suited him so ill, for a trifling post in the revenue department, which suited him but little better, but in which he was at least sheltered against hisses. The fall of the imperial Colossus had not displaced the *protégé* of the great artist. Governments are changed, empires crumble, but taxes and tax-gatherers are permanent.

"Well, well! he will not come," said the tragedian in a tone of vexation, which seemed caused by wounded vanity; "he is an old madman, a misanthrope. And still, I assure you, my dear M. Lesec, I got up *Leonidas*



expressly for him, thinking to cause him a pleasure, and to flatter his old republican ideas. It is the most tedious and declamatory tragedy that we have played since *Germanicus*; but I produce an effect in it by a few pompous and patriotic verses which it contains, especially in the provinces; and this good David would have thought he beheld his own painting brought upon the stage. But he will not come; he has refused you; I was sure of it. Age, exile, the memory of the past, all these have sadly changed him; he is no longer our David of the Consulate."

"I have just left him," replied the collector. "He received me somewhat as Hermione receives Orestes in the fourth act of *Andromache*. He was bitter-sweet, to say the least. 'I never go to the theatre,' he cried roughly. 'Tell my friend Talma that I thank him for his kind intentions, but that I always retire at nine o'clock. He will do me a favor if, before his departure, he will come and drink a can of beer and smoke a pipe with me.'"

"He is completely turned into a Fleming," replied Talma sarcastically. "Poor genius! to this it comes at last! to smoke Dutch tobacco, and to despise the arts. Persecution does more harm than the guilotine, my dear Lesec," added the tragedian, in a tone of bitterness; "it kills our great men in their lifetime, and deprives us, perhaps, of twenty *chefs d'œuvre*. I pardon the Restoration for surrounding itself with men of empty brains, but it ought not to exile our men of talent; they are not so very plenty in these times. But let us drop the subject; a little more, and we should be talking politics."

Talma finished shaving, as any private individual would have done, his companion gazing upon him the while in wondering silence, as if he thought it extraordinary that the representative of so many heroes and demi-gods could deign to remove his own beard. The crowd upon the square kept continually increasing, promising to *Leonidas* an ample harvest of pistoles and of crowns.

"Do you know, my dear M. Lesec," said the great actor suddenly, as he sponged his chin with cold water, and half closed his eyes, as if he were about to utter a sarcasm; "do you know that our stern republicans are oftentimes as thoroughly imbued with

aristocratic notions as the old noblesse? I will bet you ten Napoleons that David would have come to the theatre if I had gone and invited him in person. I thought of doing so, but I had not time. I have been plying here the trades of manager and prompter. These rehearsals are killing me; to teach talking puppets in perukes, to play tragedy! Stay, I have still about three quarters of an hour at my disposal: I will go and attack this old Roman in his citadel. Will you accompany me?"

"Willingly," replied M. Lesec, shaking his head, like a man who consents to a proposal, but with little expectation of success.

The tragedian, whose air was quite commonplace when he was off the stage, drew on his overcoat, and familiarly gave his arm to his friend the collector, who, quite proud of such a companion, walked with his stately step in crossing the *Place de la Monnaie*, assuming to himself a liberal share of the glances of curiosity and admiration which greeted our two friends as they passed along. They soon left the crowd, however, and turned from the *Rue Pierre Plate* into the *Rue de la Fourche*.

"We are about to encounter a hurricane, my illustrious friend," said M. Lesec; "prepare yourself. As for me, I throw the whole burden upon your shoulders; I will not meddle with the matter."

"Has he changed into a complete lycanthrope, then?" rejoined the actor, quickening his step. "Poor exile! poor dying genius! I pity thee!"

The two soon reached the new Louvre of the celebrated artist, which, notwithstanding its seclusion and its antiquated air, seemed quite a comfortable abode. A woman, of at least sixty years of age, with difficulty opened the heavy door, not without having first examined the visitors through a little grated loophole. Finally, they were admitted into an ill-lighted and somewhat disordered saloon, the ornaments and furniture of which, by a singular anomaly, presented relics of the taste of the last two centuries; and the master of the French school of painting, the celebrated David, entering from an adjoining apartment, advanced to meet them, with a quick, yet almost majestic step, although his form had already begun to bend somewhat beneath the weight of years.

To the great surprise of Talma, who ex-

pected but a cold reception, David smiled upon him, and cast the large pipe that he held upon an arm-chair, in order warmly to clasp both his friend's hands.

"*Sacrebleu!* you are welcome, my old comrade!" he cried abruptly; "you could not have come at a better moment. I feel a joy that I have not experienced for a long while. Your presence but augments it." And the old painter rubbed his hands together, which with him was a sign of uncommon satisfaction.

Talma glanced at M. Lesec, as if to say: "The devil is not so black as you painted him." The worthy collector replied only in pantomime. His outstretched arms, and his eyes dilated to their utmost width, signified plainly: "I cannot comprehend it; it seems that the barometer has changed. This is positive, however, I for my part was received like a dog in a game of skittles. You will say, 'A humble clerk of the revenue department and the French Roscius are two very different persons,' I suppose."

"*Sacrebleu!* you must promise to come and dine with me to-morrow," resumed the painter, accompanying this cordial invitation with a smile; and the smile upon M. David's grave and austere face bore a considerable resemblance to a grimace, and the more so because, as is well known, he had a tumor in the mouth, which, when he spoke with animation, drew his cheek awry, and embarrassed his utterance.

"I cannot accept your invitation, my old comrade," replied Talma in a tone of regret; "I play this evening for the last time, and to-morrow I set out for Paris."

"You set out to-morrow?"

"I am obliged to do so. Michelet and Damas have the whole burden of the theatre upon their shoulders; the committee urges my return. Lemercier is only waiting for me, to rehearse a kind of Richard III."

"*Sacrebleu!* I mock at your committee; you shall depart day after to-morrow; a single day will not cause the *Théâtre-Française* to die of hunger. I expect my friend Girodet, and you must dine with us. It will make me younger by twenty years; it will remind me of our meetings at Koli-ker's, near the gate of the Louvre."

The illustrious exile accompanied this sentence with a second smile, even more terrifying than the first. The actor was greatly moved by it. There was something

painful in this bitter smile; it seemed to betoken regret for his distant country.

"I will remain, I will remain for your sake, my good David!" replied the tragedian warmly; "for your sake I will neglect my duty—I will steal a day from my friends and associates; but it is on condition that you will make a slight sacrifice in my favor, and come this evening to see me play Leonidas."

"Well, well! be it so! I consent," replied the painter, whom the expected arrival of his friend Girodet had rendered joyous and almost affable. "I will come; but so much the worse for you, my friend, if I nod a little; that has happened to me almost every time that I set foot in a theatre."

"The plaudits with which M. Talma will be overwhelmed will wake you, M. David," said the obsequious M. Lesec; and this polite sally gained him in his turn a smile and an invitation for the morrow, which he accepted with pride, although at the risk of compromising himself somewhat with the Prince of Orange.

"Decidedly, he has his good moments," said Talma to M. Lesec, when they had left the house. "It is to Girodet that we owe this."

"This visit causes him great pleasure," rejoined the collector. "Le Gros also came to see him, about a year ago. The poor old man leaped for joy, and wept like a child."

"And not one of them has sufficient influence to procure his return to France!" rejoined Talma, with a tragic sigh.

On the same evening, between six and seven o'clock, the old French painter and baron of the Empire, having ventured to put on a black coat, with a new red ribbon in the button-hole, entered, almost confused and timid, the great theatre of Brussels, and ensconced himself, as quietly as he could, in the stage box, which his friend Talma had caused to be reserved for him. He was accompanied by the officious M. Lesec, more proud, more radiant, more carefully be-ruffled and befrizzled than if he had been appointed first clerk of the finances. But, in spite of all the precautions of the modest artist to preserve his incognito, the rumor of his presence was soon spread abroad in the house. He was recognized; all rose respectfully; innumerable bravos resounded from the pit to the gallery. It is said that a noble prince, a worthy descendant of the

house of Nassau, accompanied by his young son, was not among the last to applaud the illustrious exile, who, agitated and affected, bowed awkwardly to the assembly, saying to M. Lesce:

"Ah, well, my friend, they still remember me! They know, then, here in Brussels, that I exist, or nearly so."

"The country of so many celebrated painters," replied the courteous collector, "owes these testimonials of admiration to a great man who demands of her an asylum."

"Enough! enough!" said M. David, who wished to preserve his good humor, and to whom this compliment brought back a painful remembrance; "do not forget that I have come here to see Talma." Leonidas soon appeared in truth, and in his turn attracted universal attention. Every glance was fixed upon him; every breath in that crowded assembly was hushed at the sound of his voice; at every sentence of the magnanimous Spartan the house shook with redoubled bravos. The painter of *The Rape of the Sabines*, of *Brutus*, of *The Oath of the Tennis Court*, of the picture of *The Coronation*, remained calm, motionless, mute, amid these alternate scenes of tumult and of breathless silence. He did not hear the plaudits of the house; his soul was elsewhere; he forgot even that he was seeing and listening to his friend Talma. He was at Thermopylae, beside Leonidas himself; he was ready to die with him and his three hundred Spartans. Never had he felt himself so deeply moved. Far from yielding to sleep, as he had seemed to fear, his cheek glowed and his brow was covered with sweat, as if he were taking an active part in the heroic deed of devotion which formed the subject of this drama. At last the curtain fell. It was some moments before he could recover his composure, and when he had completely returned to himself, he was able only to utter the words, "*Mon Dieu!* how glorious it is to possess talent like that!"

On leaving the house, the crowd thronged around the French artist, who quickened his steps in order to escape from this last triumph, but who felt intoxicated with happiness, with joy, and with old remembrances. It was the fairest day of his exile, and he was smiling at the thought that this day was to be followed by a happy morrow, when a young woman of a slender and

graceful form, her face serious and regular, her attire elegant, advanced towards him, and said, reaching out her hand:

"Permit the grand-niece of Franklin, Madam Hobart, to pay a tribute of admiration to an illustrious exile."

The old man bowed, pressed his lips upon the gloved hand of the beautiful American, but he could not find the slightest compliment to address to her. A stranger now presented himself, with an air almost of supplication, holding in his hand an open portfolio and a crayon.

"M. David," said the young Englishman, with a very guttural accent, "will you have the kindness to draw me a line, a single line upon this paper?"

"A line?" replied the painter with a smile, scarcely comprehending the wish of this insular amateur in autographs; "why not two?" He took the crayon and traced two parallel lines upon the paper, though not with true geometrical accuracy. The Englishman overwhelmed him with thanks, then turned, and was soon lost in the crowd.

A sweet night, passed in golden dreams, succeeded to this happy day, and at early dawn the poor exile, who was usually so gloomy and so taciturn, rose, for the first time, cheerful and almost gay, and admonished his housekeeper, who was surprised to find that he had risen before her, to get breakfast ready, and to think in advance of the dinner, which he wished should be worthy of the renowned guests whom he expected.

"How! you are going out, sir, and so early?" cried the good woman, on observing that her master had his hat upon his head, and his cane in his hand.

"Yes, mother Rebecca," replied M. David with a smile, advancing to the outer door; "I take the liberty of going out, and of walking all alone, like a grown-up boy."

"But it is scarcely daylight; all the shops are still closed."

"I do not think of making purchases."

"But where, I ask, can you be going, then, at this hour?"

"Ha, *sacrebleu!*" replied the impatient painter; "can you not guess, old beldame? Why, I am going as far as the gate of Flanders, to meet my comrade Girodet."

"That is another thing; but are you sure that he will enter by this gate? Has he informed you of the exact hour——"

"Ha, *mordieu!* what is that to me? If I meet him, I shall embrace him some moments sooner, and if I should walk for an hour along the road, while waiting for him, it will divert me; it will be exercise. Doctor Franchomme has recommended it to me. Go now to your work, and see that the roast beef does not burn."

With these words, the former member of the Convention crossed the threshold of his solitary habitation, striking the pavement with his iron-shod cane, as if he had given a proof of his authority, and laughing in his sleeve at the expression depicted in the face of the old domestic, who gazed after him as he departed with an air of stupefaction.

The old man walked with a firm step; he inhaled, with full lungs, the fresh morning breeze; he was gay, young, and happy; he was about to behold a friend again. But in his eagerness, he had anticipated the time at which the diligence usually arrived, by nearly two hours; he did not perceive this mistake until he had walked for a considerable while in the large and filthy suburb, which lies adjacent to the gate of Flanders. His pipe, the faithful companion of his studio and of his exile, he had left behind him; in his hurry he had forgotten it. He continued his solitary walk, busied with pleasant thoughts, and diverted from them only by the passing of the workmen repairing to their labors, and of the market women hastening, with all the speed allowed them by their Flemish rotundity, towards the market *De l'Horologe*.

When we are lounging on alone, above all, when we are waiting for some one, we act like children; we resort to every device to kill time, and to appear to be doing something. A flower-pot at a window, a magpie in a cage, a fly in the air, renders us the service of occupying our thoughts for a moment. M. David was so fortunate as to encounter during his prolonged walk an artist at work in the open air, a glazier doubtless, rather than a painter, who, mounted upon a ladder, was flourishing his brush with the confidence and enthusiasm of Le Gros, completing his admirable cupola of Sainte Geneviève.

The painter of *The Coronation* passed twice before the dauber, casting a furtive glance at his work, admiring the intrepidity with which the worthy man overlaid with

pure ultra-marine the background of his landscape, to represent the sky. Beneath the sign, which was almost completed, was written in large letters, "*The Break of Day*;" a precaution as necessary to indicate the intention of the artist, as was the inscription, "*Flemish and Dutch beer for sale here*," to reveal the occupation of the proprietor of this *chef d'œuvre*.

"Here is an honest Vandererout," said the French artist to himself, "who understands about as much of perspective as a cart horse, and who, I would bet, flatters himself that he has all the talent of Rubens. He daubs his board as if he were greasing a pair of boots, and he is happy."

When M. David passed the third time before the ladder, he could control himself no longer; a second layer of ultra-marine had just covered the first; it was enough to make one's flesh creep. Continuing his walk, and without looking at the culprit, he muttered, "There is too much blue!"

"Ha! what is that?" cried the sign-painter. But the man who had ventured to make this criticism was already at a distance. Twice again, Girodet's friend passed and repassed before "*The Break of Day*;" and twice he could not refrain from uttering the same exclamation—"There is too much blue!" The offended artist turned and shrugged his shoulders in reply, asking himself, doubtless, what business this person had to meddle with his work? since to judge from his garb, he did not seem to be wealthy enough for a purchaser, and he was far from having the air of a skilful connoisseur. As he passed for the fourth time, the unknown lonnger repeated his eternal refrain—"There is too much blue." The color mounted to the face of the Brussels Wouvermans.

"Do you not see, sir, that I am painting a sky?" he said, with that tone of apparent moderation which a man assumes who is growing angry, and still wishes to conceal his vexation. The artist had just descended from his ladder, and had posted himself on the opposite side of the street, closing his left eye, and making a shade of his palette, to assure himself of the effect of his painting. He was admiring himself in his work; he was happy, and M. David's exclamation came at a very untimely moment, to trouble his satisfaction.

"*Parbleu!* I suspected, indeed, that you

were trying to paint a sky," replied the pitiless critic; "but I simply say, that there is too much blue."

"Have you, by chance, ever seen skies painted without blue, Sir Amateur?"

"I am no amateur. I say only in passing, and for your guidance, that there is too much blue—that is all. Do as you please, and if you think that there is not enough, put on more."

"But, blockhead that you are, have I not told you that it is a sky, a clear sky, without clouds, a sky that is to represent the break of day?"

"A reason the more, *ventrebleu!* a sky of the color of charcoal! Are you crazy, my dear fellow, to use blue? You must have lost your senses."

"By Saint Nicholas, it is too much!" cried the exasperated dauber; "you are an old fool and an ignoramus! you know nothing of painting. I should like to see you paint skies without blue."

"I do not say that I am very skilful in painting skies, but if I were to attempt it, I should not use blue."

"Indeed! it would be fine then."

"It would at least look like something."

"That is to say, that my picture looks like nothing."

"*Ma foi!* nearly so; it looks like the window-shutter of a wretched inn, like a sheet of daubed paper, like a dish of spinach—what you will."

"A dish of spinach! a window-shutter!" cried the Brabant artist, trembling with rage.

"I, a pupil of Ruisdael! I, the fourth cousin of Gerard Douw! and you pretend to understand my art better than I do—an art which I have honorably practised in Anvers, Louvain, and Liege? A dish of spinach!" The rage of the insulted painter rose to such a pitch, that he grasped the critic by the arm, and shaking him violently, added:

"Do you know, old dotard, that my reputation has been made long since? that I have painted a red horse at Mechlin, a great stag at Namur, and a Charlemagne at Aix-la-Chapelle, before which every body stops in admiration?"

"*Massacre!* vile glue vender!" cried M. David, pushed to extremity, and tearing the palette from the dauber's hand; "give it to me; you deserve to be painted in the middle of your '*Break of Day*,' with a fool's face, and with ass's ears." And, hurried away

by his indignation, he had already ascended the ladder, and was now effacing, with the palm of his hand, the entire *chef d'œuvre* of his brother artist, who stood motionless and stupefied.

"Stop! stop! old fool! old wretch!" cried the unfortunate painter, pale with terror. "A splendid sign! a picture worth thirty-five francs! I am lost! I am ruined!" And he shook the foot of the ladder, to compel the barbarous Vandal to descend. But the latter, alarmed neither by the cries of his victim, nor by the presence of several neighbors who had assembled at all this noise, continued pitilessly to efface "*The Break of Day*," mingling together the earth and the sky, the sun and the trees, the houses and the human figures, or at least what was designed to represent buildings and men; then, not less prompt in restoring than in blotting out, employing only the end of his finger or the handle of a brush, the new out-door artist sketched, in a few moments, a grayish sky, and the outlines of three boon companions, who, glass in hand, were greeting the break of day, and among whom figured a caricature of the sign-painter himself, easily to be recognized by the thick eyebrows and the truffle-shaped nose.

The spectators, at first restless and tumultuous, disposed rather to side with the dauber, their compatriot, than with the stranger, stopped short at the foot of the ladder, and were unable to repress a murmur of admiration, when the chaos of colors began to assume shape and order. The proprietor of the inn, attracted from the house by the tumult, advanced to join the group of inquisitive spectators. He was the first to cry "*Bravo!*" and to exclaim that the new out-door artist was at least equal to the former one. The fourth cousin of Gerard Douw suddenly felt his fury vanish and give place to admiration.

"Ah, ha!" he cried, "you are of the trade then! confess, my worthy man, that you are of the trade! Yes, yes, it is a brother artist, who has wished to play me a trick," he said, laughing, to some neighbors who stood around him. "He is some Dutch or French sign-painter: but I am frank; I confess he has talent; yes, I acknowledge him to be my master."

The painter of *The Oath of the Horatii*, his momentary excitement having passed, was about to descend the ladder, amid the



plaudits of the spectators, when a new-comer appeared among them, mounted upon a handsome English horse, who recognizing, as he thought, M. David, on the singular pedestal upon which he was perched, had made his way through the crowd, at the risk of trampling some honest Fleming under his horse's feet.

"This painting is mine!" he cried, in a jargon which excited the merriment of the populace of Brussels. "I take it, I purchase it; I will give a hundred guineas for it; I will cover it with sovereigns if necessary."

"How?" said the Brabant painter.

"What say you?" asked the Flemish landlord.

"I say that I will give you any price you ask for this painting," replied the stranger, who leaped lightly from his horse, and in whom Talma's friend now recognized the young Englishman, who, on leaving the theatre on the preceding evening, had requested him to draw a line with a crayon in his portfolio.

"The picture is not for sale, young man," said the dauber, with a pride truly paternal, as if it were his own work.

"No," said the vender of beer, "for it is sold, and even partly paid for in advance. Still there is a way to arrange the matter, and if you wish to bargain for it, sir, it is with me that you must deal."

"Not at all, not at all!" said the dauber, making his way through the crowd; "it belongs to me; my brother artist has been so good as to give me a slight proof of friendship; the sign is my lawful property, and I am free to sell it to any one I please."

"Robber and knave!" cried the master of the inn; "my '*Break of Day*' is fastened to my house, and I alone have the right to dispose of it as I see fit."

"I will summon you before the Burgomaster, old rogue," said the man who had not painted the picture.

"I will sue you for a breach of contract," replied the man who had half paid him in advance.

During this while the crowd had increased about the disputants, and had become so compact that the broad suburb was obstructed by it.

"*Ventrebleu! Sarpebleu!*" cried a third speaker in a thundering voice, who had not spoken until now, such was his stupefaction and vexation at the turn which matters had

taken; "why, it seems to me that I have something to do in the affair; I should think that I ought to be consulted a little."

"Right, brother!" said the sign-painter. "It is ridiculous to dispute thus in the street. Let us enter master Martzen's inn, and arrange things amicably over a can of beer."

M. David allowed himself to be led into the inn, in order to escape the crowd of inquisitive spectators which was constantly increasing. When within the house, the quarrel only grew more violent, the inn-keeper and the sign-painter still claiming the property in dispute, the Englishman still offering, with a profusion truly Britannie, to pay for it with its weight in gold.

"Ha, *sacrebleu!* ha, *mordieu!* and if I will not have it sold?" cried the true painter of the picture, impatiently, nay, almost angrily.

"Oh, my dear sir," said the inn-keeper, "you will not deprive a poor man of this chance, a poor inn-keeper who finds it truly hard to get through with the year, and make both ends meet. A little money would come very *à propos*, and enable me to replenish my stock of beer and English ale."

"Do not believe him, brother artist!" cried the painter; "he is an old pinch-fist. He pleads poverty, but he has more crowns in his chest than you and I put together. I am the father of a family, and you owe me the preference as a fellow-artist. Besides, we will share the price of the painting; it would be but fair."

"Do not listen to him!" cried master Martzen, quickly; "he is an old thief, a spendthrift; he has not the wherewithal to marry his daughter, because he has guzzled down her dowry in beer and sausages."

"He lies in his heretical throat!" replied M. David's brother artist; "my Lubette is betrothed to a young French artisan, a cabinet-maker, an excellent workman, and he is to marry her in September, as poor as she is."

"A daughter to marry—a Frenchman—an excellent workman!" cried M. David, suddenly interrupting him. "*Sacrebleu!* that alters matters. I resign my '*Break of Day*' then; it shall be the dowry of the young bride, and I leave it to the liberality of this stranger to fix the price that he will give for the sketch."

"Excellent! illustrious master!" said the young Englishman; "this is judging right-

eously; the wise Solomon could not have decided better. As for me, I consent to the bargain with all my heart. I have offered a hundred guineas for the sketch, just as it is; I will give two hundred for the artist who painted it will consent to sign it, by writing at the bottom of the picture these two words merely—“*Pierre David.*”

The baron of the Empire smiled in acquiescence; but his name had been pronounced, he was recognized.

A shout of surprise and joy followed this discovery; this revered and glorious name was repeated, enthusiastically, from mouth to mouth.

“What!” cried the dismayed dauber, “David! you are M. David, the celebrated French painter! Oh! my master! my illustrious master! pardon me for having addressed you with my hat upon my head, and for having treated you as an equal. I am nothing but a beggar, a wretch. Tell me that you pardon me!” and the poor man, with tears in his eyes, uncovered his head, and was on the point of falling upon his knees, when M. David reached him his hand with a cordiality truly republican. The inn was filled with a crowd of boon companions and inquisitive idlers; all present rose, by a spontaneous impulse, to the repeated cry of “Long live M. David!” then they thronged around him, disputing for the honor of touching their glasses to his. The worthy old man, softened by this novel and truly popular triumph, could not refuse to partake of a can of Holland beer, and the huzzas and shouts of joy were redoubled.

To complete the scene,—a scene so entirely *à la Teniers*,—the pretty Lubette, the daughter of the out-door artist, entered the inn, at-

tracted thither by the rumor, which had by this time been noised throughout the whole suburb, of a sign which would hasten her marriage, and give her a dowry of two hundred louis d'ors. She cast herself, without ceremony, upon the neck of her benefactor, who received her with open arms, remarking that, after what had passed, he certainly had a right to kiss the bride.

At the same moment three strangers, dressed like substantial burghers, entered, with anxious haste, the inn of the “*Break of Day.*” It was the polite M. Leseq, followed by Talma and M. Girodet. The latter, who had reached Brussels an hour before, had not found M. David at his house. The tragedian and the collector had also repaired thither, and on learning that their host had not been seen since morning, they had been alarmed at his absence; fearing that some accident might have befallen him, they had hastened forth to seek him, and guided by the general tumult, now entered the inn of the “*Break of Day.*”

“Apollo be praised!” said Talma, on perceiving the great painter, with glass in hand, in the midst of a group of beer-drinkers; “no accident has happened to him.”

“God forgive me!” added the collector, “this dear baron is kissing the girls; he was not so badly inspired when he rose at day-break this morning.”

“Bravo! bravo, my old comrade!” cried Girodet, and the author of “*Attila*” advanced towards him with extended arms. “You also, then, are beginning to change your style and school! Bravo, master! it is not amiss to end as Rembrandt commenced; but, by my faith, I did not suspect that you were employing your time in painting Flemish tavern signs.”

## B R A D F O R D .

[The following descriptive and historical sketch, kindly sent us by a lady, has lain long waiting a nook in our pages.]

SOME few years since, Miss Sedgwick gave a glowing picture, in one of the magazines of the day, of her native county of Berkshire. May one who claims not her gifted pen give a slight sketch of her own county of Bradford? There is not indeed the tragic interest connected with the history of Bradford that belongs to Luzerne, and some of the other counties of Pennsylvania, but its early reminiscences are not devoid of interest. Probably there is no county in the State, or indeed in the Union, but that has some circumstances in its history that would excite interest were they but recorded. Campbell has rendered the Valley of Wyoming almost classic ground, and recently its annals have been transferred to the page of history, by one who has passed most of his days, from early youth far towards life's evening, within the precincts of the Valley—the Hon. Charles Miner.

There were Tories scattered among the Indians along the Susquehanna during the war of the Revolution, but the first permanent settlement made in Bradford was in 1778, by emigrants from Wyoming, and mostly by those who had passed through the horrors of savage invasion and civil strife which had swept over that ill-fated valley, and there had learned endurance. This settlement was made in what is now the township of Athens, then known as Tioga Point, and the adjacent Valley of Sheshequin. Colonel John Franklin, who is styled in Miner's history the hero of Wyoming, was one of this band of emigrants. He resided upon a farm on the eastern side of the Susquehanna, opposite where the village of Athens now stands, where he died some years since, at an advanced age. The prominent part that he took in the strife between the "Pennemites" and the "Yankees," at Wyoming, led to his imprisonment for two years in Philadelphia, under the charge of high treason. When this settlement was made, what is

now Bradford, and the adjoining counties, including Luzerne, belonged to the town of Westmoreland; a township that embraced nearly, if not quite as great an extent of territory as the State of Connecticut, of which it was an appanage.

Bradford is one of the northern tier of counties in Pennsylvania, bounded on the east by Susquehanna, and on the west by Tioga counties. The Susquehanna enters it at the New-York line, and takes a southerly and nearly a central course through the county. The Tioga, or Chemung, unites with it about four miles and a half below the New-York line. The Tioga rises in the mountains, in the western part of Bradford, and after taking its course through Tioga county, it bends around through the State of New-York, receiving on its way the Cowanesque, the Canisteo, and the Conhocton. On its way through Bradford, the Susquehanna receives as tributaries the Wysox and Wyalusing creeks on the east, and the Sugar and the Towanda on the west. The Towanda and the Lycoming have their sources very near each other, in the south-west township of the county. The Lycoming winds away, through its wild and rapid course, to the west branch—the Towanda makes its way to the north branch of the Susquehanna, and unites with it two miles below the borough of Towanda. There is much scenery along this stream which is wildly beautiful. There are ledges of rock along its banks which would strike a person accustomed only to the prairies of the West with astonishment and awe. Athens is much the oldest village in the county, although it is not a place of near the population or business of Towanda. The location of the village, and the scenery of the whole valley, is very beautiful. This valley, which looks when in its quiet summer beauty as if the Angel of Peace had ever folded his wings over it, was the rendezvous of the army sent under the command of General Sullivan into the heart of the Indian country, during the summer of

1779, to endeavor to insure safety to our frontier. Sullivan, with part of the army destined to this expedition, was detached by the way of the Delaware to Wyoming, whence he ascended the river to Tioga Point. Here he arrived on the 11th of August, and encamped, awaiting a reinforcement, which arrived on the 22d, under the command of General Clinton. Sullivan now numbered nearly five thousand men—quite a formidable army for the object to which it was destined. A fort was erected in what is now the southern part of the village of Athens, which was garrisoned for the protection of stores for the army on its return, and was designed also as a rendezvous to send those who were wounded, or who sickened by the way. On the 30th of September the army, having accomplished its mission, returned to Tioga, and on the 3d of October took its departure down the Susquehanna to Wyoming, and thence to Easton. Before the army left the valley, the Susquehanna became so low as to render the boats useless which had conveyed the artillery thither, and as it was impossible to remove it, it was sunk in the river. This was done secretly, and perhaps the spot where it lies is not now known to any person living.

The successful result of Sullivan's expedition is known to all. Its devastating policy seems to us hardly consistent with humanity; but it received the sanction of Washington, and was the only way to preserve the frontier from a recurrence of the horrors of Cherry Valley and Wyoming. In 1789 a treaty was held at Athens, between the whites and several Indian tribes, in relation to massacres which had been committed upon the West Branch after the declaration of peace. Colonel Pickering was the commissioner of the whites, and the celebrated chief of the Senecas, Red Jacket, was the principal Indian orator. The treaty terminated amicably, but the murderers were not brought to punishment until a later period. As the settlements increased, the Indians drew away to the west, where their hunting-grounds might be undisturbed by the foot of the white man; but they must have turned with sorrowing memories to that lovely valley, and their fathers' graves in the grove of oaks upon the bank of the Tioga. The valley of Sheshequin was the birth-place of the poetess, Julia H.

Scott, whose early decease has been so much lamented. Her grave is beside her "native river," in the place that was the home of her married life—Towanda. Her friends were looking with hope to her future literary career, when her first-born, and at that time her only child, was suddenly taken from her by death. Ever after it seemed as if a shadow of the grave was over her, until she was laid to rest in its darkness. There are many legends from her pen that throw a romantic interest around her own loved "river of the hills." Mrs. M. St. Leon Loud has given legendary interest to the valley of the Wysox, or Wysauken, as it was called at an early day. The hut of Feruslaer, the "Hermit of the Wysauken," stood, when the first settlers came into the country, upon the spot where afterwards rose her paternal home. The township of Asylum, in the lower part of the county, was so named from the circumstance of its becoming the home of a colony of French refugees, who fled from the horrors of the French Revolution. Some were nobles of high rank. Most of them returned to France as soon as they could do so with safety. The present Surveyor-General of our Commonwealth is the son of one of the French emigrants, who remained in the township of Asylum. Towanda, the county town of Bradford, is upon the western side of the Susquehanna, and is near the centre of the county. It is a flourishing town, and a place of much business. The village of Troy, in the western part of the county, is also a place of considerable business.

Bradford is a good agricultural county. The valleys of the Susquehanna and its tributary streams are fertile, and the uplands too are available for tillage, and amply remunerate their cultivators. Lumber is one of the staples of the county. During a rise of water, especially at the time of the spring floods, the Susquehanna is almost literally covered with arks and rafts, seeking a market at the lower towns upon the river, or perchance in Philadelphia, or Baltimore. This comes from every navigable stream tributary to the river. The lumbering business is one of risk and danger, and requires and develops much hardihood of character in those who pursue it. Some of the townships west of the river, in the northern part of the county, have large

settlements of Irish, who came into the country as laborers on our ill-fated canal. They have purchased small farms, and are beginning to gather around them the comforts of a permanent and independent home. They are generally destitute of education, but seem desirous that their children should have an opportunity of acquiring this blessing which has been denied to them. They are nearly all of them totally ignorant of American institutions, and their vote tells heavily against the Whigs, as they have been led to believe that the "largest liberty" dwells with their opponents. Much mineral wealth has been developed in the lower part of the county, and it is supposed that all our mountains contain coal and iron. Our mountain scenery is beautiful, often grandly so. These mountain ranges skirt the river on either side, sometimes bending around valleys, and again coming abruptly

upon the river, forming those narrows which are often so alarming to the unaccustomed traveller; overhung as they generally are by ledges of rocks, and with a high and precipitous descent to the river. The North Branch canal, upon which so much half-finished work is left to go to destruction, was designed to terminate at Athens, three miles below the New-York line. The dam across the Tioga at that place was completed several years ago, and was supposed to be well built; until one night, becoming weary of waiting for the completion of the canal, or from some other cause, it moved off down the river.

I will say no more of my favorite county, except that its name was given in honor of an early Attorney-General of Pennsylvania, a gentleman of superior talents and acquirements, and one who was favored with the personal friendship of Washington.

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

*Faust: A Dramatic Poem.* By GOETHE. Translated into English Prose, with Notes, &c., by A. HAYWARD, Esq. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. A new edition.

Goethe's "Faust," the most celebrated of German poems, has, fortunately for the English reader, been "done into" our language by Mr. Hayward, more perfectly probably than any other literal rendering of a poem that has been attempted. It was evidently a most laborious task to render this wildest, abstrusest of poems—a poem that has caused so much of German discussion and theorizing—into plain, intelligible (?) prose. But it was evidently a labor of love to Mr. Hayward. The propriety of so rendering it has been ably defended by him; and a synopsis of the arguments for it is given in a preliminary essay. This will be found very interesting to the literary reader. The general question is by no means we think settled by Mr. Hayward, but, with regard to this particular poem, he may probably be considered as having established his point. The publishers have done a most commendable thing in presenting the work in so befitful and convenient a shape to the lovers of literature. We heartily commend it to all collectors of good books as a genuine library gem.

*Miscellaneous Essays.* By THOMAS DE QUINCEY. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields.

Another volume of the collected essays of this celebrated author. It contains his remarkable

papers, entitled "Murder considered as one of the Fine Arts," probably the most artistic piece of humor in our language of the kind, if it can be considered as belonging to any class whatever. The rest of the papers are: "On the Knocking at the Gate in Macbeth," "Joan of Arc," "The English Mail-coach," "The Vision of Sudden Death," and "Dinner, real and reputed." We have expressed our opinion before of the great merits of this author as an essayist, and need not repeat.

*Hurry-Graphs; or, Sketches of Scenery, Celebrities, and Society.* By N. PARKER WILLIS. New-York: Charles Scribner.

It certainly smacks of vanity in Mr. N. Parker Willis to make into a book these "hurry-graphs," written for the weekly journal of which he is editor. He is evidently conscious of a large circle of admirers, and is too good-natured not to appear even when not particularly *encored*. It may be a weakness; but we confess ourselves to be of the audience, and are glad to see the gentleman, considering him very polite. There is a Jean-Paul-ism of expression, and of humor too, that we cannot resist. Seriously, notwithstanding the drawback of dandyisms and conceit that accompany them, we never read Mr. Willis's writings without a feeling of regret at the waste of a genius evidently capable of better things. There are frequently glimpses of thought on the verge of the profound, and observation acute to a degree wasted by a morbid devotion to the conventionalities of



external life. The following, from the concluding essay, is worthy of Leigh Hunt in his best days:—

"The omniscience that is expected of our returning friends, 'The Spirits,' seems to us, among other things, to look a little like unbelief carried to persecution. We see no reasonable ground for supposing that John Smith, in one week after his death, is made acquainted with every thing, past, present, and future—made able to go to Europe or Asia, for instance, between question and answer, and bring obituary data of the questioner's departed friends—yet this is exacted. He is called off from his new occupations, catechised, and criticised; and his answering *at all* is pronounced a humbug, if he fail to tell what nothing but omniscience would be sure of answering correctly.

"And there is another thing which seems to us an injustice to this same ex-John-Smith. There is a natural tendency in the common mind to assist an oracle. No great truth was ever born into the world that did not start with the discredit of a Nazareth, and uneducated people are invariably the first to receive a revelation. But these ignorant first believers are not thereby rendered superhuman. They are still subject to their weaknesses as before—still susceptible of bias and untruth. In the first place, they may misunderstand poor John Smith, who has to speak to them through a newly discovered and imperfect alphabet; and, in the next place, they are nervously anxious to make him appear wiser than he is, while their vanity is interested to show *themselves* to equal advantage. John Smith's ghost may thus be greatly assisted and misrepresented, and the general credit of ghosts may be tested and condemned for what they never had the least idea of doing or saying.

"One other risk of injustice—in case Spirits have memories and still yearn to communicate with those they have passed a life in loving. It would, of course, be only communications of negative character and trifling importance that could be made public. The questions likely to be asked of the dead are upon subjects too sacred for newspaper mention. The most earnest seekers for spirit-converse would be those whose delicate and sensitive natures shrink most from the ridiculing cross-questioning of the scoffer. We are likely, for this reason, to have the best proof of spirit-revivings carefully shut from us; and we may protest, in common fairness, we think, therefore, against any conclusive argument based on the dialogues that are published. The firmest believers whom we know, in this trans-Styxian telegraph, are highly intellectual persons, who have no desire to convert the incredulous, and who would sooner publish their private letters to the living than what they believe to be their hallowed converse with the dead.

"It is due to this, as to any important new theory, that the indirect probabilities of its being true should be taken into the question. With knowledge miraculously enlarging in every other direction, it seems natural that we should make at least some measurable progress in comprehending the spirit's first step into the new existence. It is not reasonable to suppose that death is always to be a terror; and it would not be at

all out of measure with other Providential ameliorations of human life, if we were yet to look forward to a *clearly understood to-morrow beyond the grave*, as we do now to a morning beyond a night of weariness—laying off our bodies without fear, as we lay off our garments to go to sleep. Such a softening of our lot would not come about in a day, nor by a miracle, but would easily arrive by a gradual letting of light into the first dread darkness of eternity, and by enabling us to speak, from this side the brink, to those who are beyond.

"There would almost seem to be divine purpose enough, in giving us this glimmering look into the spirit-world, if it were only to *awaken a little the imagination, which seems under paralysis in the age we live in*. The Bible is all true, but it is all poetry, too; and our Saviour's medium for what he came to teach was the language of that very imagination which, in the present day, throws discredit over any new matter that it is employed to illustrate. To give us something startling, and yet vague, to believe, is likely to awaken us, if any thing could, from the unhealthy torpor of unbelief, in which the blood for the highest activities of the soul lies stagnant.

"But, of the indirect evidences in favor of the reality of this new spirit-intercourse, none seems to us stronger than its moderate beginnings and its apparent incapability of being turned to bad uses. Pretension would have made bolder experiments. Diabolical ingenuity would have given voice sometimes to the passions that die with us, and would have lent its aid to covetousness, ambition, and revenge. But the holier and purer affections have alone found a voice. Nothing has even *seemed* to have the power of communicating with us, in this way, except that which would confirm or awaken goodness. It favors nothing (as God is quite capable of arranging) that belongs exclusively to this world. On the contrary, its tendency is to set a guard over our secret motives and actions, and to make us feel, while it keeps alive the memory of the good who have gone before, that they are still within communion, and more with us in proportion as we are worthier. We repeat, that, if it is 'all humbug,' it is odd that bad people make no handle of it. This, and other signs, make it look to us less like a humbug than what might reasonably be conjectured by a religious enthusiast to be an apparent preparation for the coming about of the millennium.

"We have said, thus far, only what we think should fairly be allowed to the 'Spirits,' even by those who do not believe; and what we presume may be interesting, in the way of suggestion, to those who are reading or conversing on the subject. For ourselves, we shall enter into no controversy and define no belief; but we shall endeavor to see that the 'Knockers' get fair play, and we shall neglect no knowledge of spirits or spirit-land, which patience, experiment, and a *liberal credulity* can give us."

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*Ship and Shore in Madeira, Lisbon, and the Mediterranean.* By Rev. WALTER COLTON. New-York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

This is a new edition of a favorite book of the

public. The author is a most lively, graceful, and pleasant companion through the scenes he describes. Although it is years since we first perused this book, we have never lost the pleasing impression that it left behind.

*Warreniana: with Notes Critical and Explanatory.* By the Editor of a Quarterly Review. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields.

Of these *shining* results of the once celebrated Warren blacking we need only quote the publishers' advertisement:—"This sparkling little volume having been for many years out of print, and not readily to be procured, it is again reprinted as a sort of companion to '*The Rejected Addresses*,' whose popularity still continues unabated."

*Physico-Physiological Researches on the Dynamics of Magnetism, Electricity, Heat, Light, Crystallization, and Chemism, in their relation to Vital Force.* By BARON CHARLES VON REICHENBACH. From the German. New-York: J. S. Redfield.

These investigations into the nature of the abstruser physical phenomena, and their connection with mesmerism, animal vitality, and so forth, will attract the attention of that interesting, increasing, and imperturbable class of personages of both sexes who are pursuing their investigations with so commendable a pertinacity in the direction of the *other world*, in the new path found thereunto through the physical;—this progressive age being about to depart from the paths of the fathers, who went up to the spiritual through the spiritual.

*A Treatise on Political Economy.* By GEORGE OPDYKE. New-York: G. P. Putnam.

This treatise we have not had time to examine, more than to find that upon the subject of protection it is altogether unsound. In this part of the work the author proceeds with an amazing assumption of all the principal points in dispute, as though nothing had ever been said on the other side. This is the way *truth* is to be elicited! We must give Mr. Opdyke the credit notwithstanding of carrying his *assumptions* to their legitimate

conclusions, *direct taxation* and the abolition of all custom-houses.

*The Education of a Daughter.* By Archbishop FENELON. Translated from the French. To which are added, *Fenelon's Epistle, Character of Antiope, &c.* Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

We commend this little treatise of the celebrated Fenelon, as containing very many valuable practical hints on the subject of instruction that all may apply. The theology of the good Archbishop those who do not like it may omit, and there will then be enough that is of universal application to make his hints on training morally and intellectually worth the attention and application of all to whom the subject matter of the work is a part of their necessary duties.

*Annals of the Famine in Ireland in 1847, 1848, and 1849.* By MRS. A. NICHOLSON. New-York: C. French. 1851.

This is a book that will be read with profound interest; being the personal observations of an active and benevolent woman among the terrible scenes of this most frightful of modern calamities. We can at present only commend it to the perusal of our readers.

*The Fruit Garden: A Treatise intended to explain and illustrate the Physiology of Fruit Trees, the Theory and Practice of all Operations connected with the Propagation, Transplanting, Pruning, and Training of Orchard and Garden Trees, &c. &c. Illustrated with upwards of one hundred and fifty figures.* By P. BARRY. New-York: Charles Scribner.

We are told that this most interesting science has no more able practiser or exponent than Mr. Barry in this country. His instructions, we even can see, are clearly given, and with an evident practical knowledge of the methods of attaining the results aimed at. To all, therefore, who are so *fortunate* as to require such instructions, we need not say, at this appropriate season, buy this book.

#### NOTE.—PLATE OF MR. CLAY.

WE present in this number a new portrait of Mr. CLAY. It has been our desire for some time past to obtain a worthy likeness of this celebrated man. In the daguerreotype taken by Mr. Roor we thought we had obtained what we desired, and accordingly put it into the hands of the engraver. The result we confidently hope will be highly gratifying to our subscribers, as we think it enables us to present them with the best portrait of Mr. Clay that has yet been engraved.

The *first* number of this Review (now more than six years since issued) was embellished with the best one that could then be procured, although very unworthy of the subject. Mr. Clay was then candidate for the Presidency, and to the astonishment of even his opponents, (such an enthusiasm was his popularity, and so necessary to the honor and prosperity of the country did his election appear,) he was defeated. But he has served the country in these six years since with scarcely less efficiency and with no less ardor than if he had won the prize. Such is the difference between a patriot sage and a partisan self-idolater. This is all the biography any one requires of the intervening period between this portrait and the last.





Thos. Ramsey

# THE AMERICAN REVIEW.

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A REVIEW OF THE LIFE AND TIMES  
OF  
WILLIAM H. CRAWFORD.

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PART TWO.

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THE Bank excitement in the Senate was soon succeeded by the thrilling scenes which preceded the declaration of war against Great Britain. It was well known that, however widely Crawford might differ from the body of the Republican party on questions of domestic policy, on the subject of declaring war he was with them heart and hand, and even zealous for an immediate resort to direct hostilities. He had given his voice for war since the time when the Chesapeake had been so wantonly outraged by the Leopard; and now, that repeated injuries to American commerce at the hands of British subjects had followed that first insolent invasion of our national rights, he did not hesitate to declare that further postponement of hostilities would bring dishonor to the American name and nation. The timid and dallying policy of the Administration was not in accordance with his bold and energetic nature. Negotiations had been prolonged from year to year, while both England and France were daily preying on American commerce. Pirates and

privateers swept the ocean from one end to the other; our sailors were violently seized and impressed; our merchandise was ruthlessly confiscated. No quarter was shown by either of the belligerents, and no exceptions were made in any instance, or under any circumstances. Embargoes were raised only to subject our vessels to pillage, and restrictions modified only to benefit enemies and robbers. The Berlin and Milan decrees were still rigorously enforced, to our dishonor and injury, and British orders in Council still remained in full effect, notwithstanding our protestations and threats.

Such was the complexion of our intercourse with Europe when the session of 1811-12 was opened. It had progressed until April of the latter year, when the Vice President, George Clinton, died. In consequence of this melancholy and sudden event, the chair of the Senate became vacant. An election for President *pro tempore* was held, and Crawford was unanimously chosen. His elevation, however gratifying, withdrew from the active sphere of senatorial duties one



of the most zealous and powerful advocates for the war. He however discharged the delicate functions of this high office with an ability, impartiality, and promptness that won golden opinions from all parties, and that materially expedited the now complicated business of the chamber. But his abstraction from the floor did not operate to weaken his deep interest in the war question. His vote will be found recorded in favor of every measure which looked to preparation for an event that was now deemed inevitable; and when, at length, towards the beginning of summer, test questions began to be taken almost every day, the name of Crawford stands conspicuously in the affirmative on each occasion. The final act, as is well known, having passed both houses early in June, was approved and published on the 18th of the month; and Congress, after voting full supplies to meet the interesting exigency, soon afterwards adjourned.

It is not within the purposes of this article to pursue further allusion to the events of this memorable war. This is more properly the province of some future historian, whose labors shall be directed to that subject. We will barely say, that the *history* of that period remains to be written. Those who have essayed to do so, thus far, have been strangely ignorant or culpably negligent, if we are to judge their talent or their industry by the fruits of their attempts. There are points involved which claim the deepest interest, apart from the shock and thunder of battle-fields and of hostile navies, but which have received scarcely a passing notice at the hands of the penny-picking hordes and demagogue adventurers who have heretofore thrust their puny efforts on the reading public.

Crawford's reputation, at this time, had become equal to that of any statesman in the Republic. He had been not more than five years a member of Congress, and only eight years in public life. A comparatively short period had but elapsed since he had been an humble and obscure pedagogue. Yet his fame was now spread through the whole land, and the public voice ranked him among the greatest of the nation. The eyes of the people turned to him with confidence, as the crisis approached which all dreaded. His energy of character, boldness, and known business qualifications elicited

general admiration, and his rapidly increasing popularity induced Mr. Madison to invite him to become a member of his Cabinet. He was offered the important post of Secretary of War, and earnestly solicited to accept. After mature reflection and consultation, he decided to remain in the Senate. This act we feel bound to condemn. In view of approaching hostilities with England, and consequent disruption of nearly all foreign intercourse, the Department of War was to become the principal and most interesting arm of the Government; especially when it is considered that the President himself was not peculiarly gifted with those qualities which constitute an energetic and successful war officer. Indeed, the event showed that Mr. Madison was wholly deficient in this respect, and, therefore, eminently in want of a counsellor like Crawford. We hesitate not to declare the opinion, that if Crawford, instead of the then incumbent, had been in charge of the War Department, a British force would never have crossed the boundaries of the District, and Washington would not have been pillaged and burned by the invaders. It is now generally conceded by military men that the battle of Bladensburg was lost to the Americans in consequence of bad management; and it is even a question whether a more energetic Government would not have been able to prevent the expedition and landing of Admiral Cockburn altogether. We do not mean to say that Mr. Madison was not an able and efficient executive officer, in the discharge of his general duties. As a civilian we regard him as standing pre-eminent among all his compeers. But we do mean to say that he was totally unacquainted with the practical rules of the military art, and most singularly deficient in natural endowments as concerns the qualities of a war officer. No one, we imagine, better knew of these deficiencies than Crawford. He was high in the confidence of the President, and was often advised with by members of the Cabinet. He was quite too sagacious not to have found out that they were all entirely unlearned in military affairs, and accomplished only in the civil routine of statesmanship. Mr. Monroe, it is true, had seen some active service, but it is no disparagement to say of him, that he had never discovered any extraordinary qualifications as an officer, beyond

the possession of unquestioned personal courage; and this is not to be denied either to Mr. Madison or to his Cabinet. Besides, a long and successful diplomatic career had doubtless contributed to unfit the then Secretary of State for the prompt and energetic service of military life. The diplomatist and the commander are antipodes in character. The kind of study which makes the first is precisely that which is calculated to unmake the last. The one must study how to dally, to delay, to mystify language, to misinterpret expressions, to avoid direct issues, and, sometimes, to feign irresolution. It is true that the ancient mode of warfare was formed somewhat on the same basis; but modern warriors, Frederick the Great, Bonaparte, Wellington, Jackson, have proven that the opposite of all these qualities are the true characteristics of an accomplished commander. It may happen, as to some extent in the case of Napoleon, that the diplomatist and the captain may be united in one person; but it is certain that they were not united in the person of Mr. Monroe, although he was one of the most useful and distinguished executive officers ever known to the country. But Crawford, while having never received a military education, was eminently prepared to manage the War Department at a time when energy, decision, and bold qualities of mind and of character were so imperatively needed. Rapidity of thought was a chief trait in his mental structure, and immediate action followed. He possessed great enterprise, great prescience, and great resources of mind, while passion and enthusiasm were strangely blended with calmness and deliberation. None, in fact, who have studied and compared human character, will fail to perceive that his prominent traits of character were the very same as those which distinguished the elder William Pitt. The Department of War, then, was the office for which he was, at that juncture of affairs, particularly fitted; and having been so early, unwavering, and conspicuous an advocate for the declaration of war against Great Britain, there was resting on him, we think, a very heavy obligation to accept and enter upon the duties of the office which was tendered to him by the President. He chose to decide differently, and justice to his known disinterestedness of character requires us to believe that his refusal was induced by some

strong personal reasons which have not been declared.

In the spring of 1813 Crawford was appointed Minister to the Court of France, in the room of Joel Barlow, who had died just a few months previously, whilst in the active discharge of the important duties of his mission. Our relations with his Imperial Majesty, at this time, were most delicately and singularly involved, and their conduct required the aid of just such a person as Crawford. There was no subtle diplomacy to be resorted to in their management, but a bold demand to be made for redress of past injuries, and an explanation asked of an act which betokened bad faith. The spoliation on American commerce and the sequestration of American property, which followed on the Berlin and Milan decrees, had begun to be most severely felt by all classes of our citizens, and a spirit of resentment was becoming rife throughout the whole land. In proportion to the delay of Congress to pass measures which looked to direct hostility with England, did Bonaparte increase the rigorous execution of these harsh decrees. He had resolved, from the first, that our Government should choose between France and England. Knowing that the British Ministry were pursuing a policy towards the United States which must inevitably lead to a war, he directed his whole efforts to precipitate that event. To this end, while sternly enforcing the Berlin and Milan decrees against us, he never failed to intimate, at the same time, that those decrees would be relaxed the moment that our Government took the initiative steps to hostilities with England. Indeed, he assured the American Minister that his course was the consequence alone of British insolence, which last being manifested as well to the United States as to France, he was resolved to make no exception in our favor until our Government prepared to resent the orders in Council; further declaring that the decrees were to be suspended so soon as we should procure a revocation of the British orders. These pretended friendly advances, made at a time when, in addition to the evils we were suffering in consequence of suspended commerce, our seamen were being daily impressed into the British service, were received with marked favor by the American Government and nation, notwithstanding that every one saw clearly the self-

ish motive which actuated the French Emperor. No one doubted but that the advances were made with a view to throw the whole blame where, in fact, it properly belonged, on the common enemy of both countries; and thus, by producing angry and fruitless correspondences, to compel us into a state of hostility with England. But the American Cabinet were wise enough to see that these overtures from Bonaparte, no matter how intended, might be effectually used to bring our relations to a determination with either belligerent. Accordingly, on the first of March, 1809, a non-intercourse with France and England was substituted by Congress in lieu of the embargo, the President being authorized, at the same time, that in case either power should repeal or modify their exceptionable edicts, intercourse with the same should be renewed. Mr. Erskine was then the Minister of Great Britain at Washington. He was a warm advocate of peace between the two countries, and, availing himself of this law, gave assurances to the Secretary of State that the orders in Council should be withdrawn after the 10th of June following. Without waiting to inquire how far this declaration might comport with the ambassador's instructions, Mr. Madison very precipitately, as we think, issued his proclamation, opening the ports of the United States to British vessels, and renewing intercourse with England. It would have been more prudent, as the event showed, to await a confirmation of this promise from the British Government, and at the same time to cause that of France to be notified of the arrangement, so that her protestations of friendship might have been fairly tried. But the President, seemingly in too hot haste to conciliate Great Britain, issued his proclamation; and, as a natural consequence, this act, so well calculated to wound the pride and excite the jealousy of France, inasmuch as a discrimination was thus rashly made to her prejudice without allowing to her ordinary grace time, threw Napoleon into an uncontrollable ecstasy of passion. The Berlin and Milan decrees were executed against American vessels with tenfold rigor, and our Minister resident was loaded with taunts and reproaches.

In the meanwhile, the declaration and promises of Mr. Erskine were disavowed by the British Government, and it was an-

nounced that, in making such, he had exceeded his instructions. The whole arrangement, therefore, fell to the ground; and the President, repenting too late his precipitancy, renewed the Non-intercourse Act against England, early in the ensuing August. Mr. Erskine, chagrined and mortified, demanded to be recalled, and the last prospect of a satisfactory adjustment faded away.

In this extraordinary state of affairs, the Government of the United States was indeed seriously embarrassed as to its future course with the two implacable belligerents. In his anxiety to preserve amicable relations with both, and to avoid war, it is not to be denied that Mr. Madison, constitutionally timid as a politician, and perplexed by the unpatriotic course of the Eastern States, committed many blunders, and was guilty of extreme precipitancy in more than one instance. But the purity of his motives cannot be questioned, notwithstanding that his course may be liable to severe censure. To relieve this embarrassment, however, and to guard against future precipitancy, it was now determined to change position with respect to both belligerents. It was determined that the merchant vessels of both nations should be admitted into American ports, while their armed ships were excluded. The President, too, was again authorized to propose that in case either power revoked its offensive edicts within a certain time, the same was to be declared by proclamation; and that then, if the other nation did not also relax its policy, the non-intercourse law was to revive against the latter, and all restrictions raised as to the former. This act being communicated to both Governments, drew from that of France a letter from the Minister of Foreign Affairs to the American Ambassador, declaring that the Berlin and Milan decrees were revoked, and that after the first of November, 1810, they would cease to have any effect; "*it being understood*," the Minister said, "that, in consequence of this declaration, the English shall revoke their orders in Council, or that the United States shall cause their rights to be respected." The guarded language of this letter, as well as the fact of its not being signed by the Emperor or accompanied by any authoritative repeal, should have placed, we think, a degree of prudent restraint on the course of our Government. There was, clearly, a

most serious condition attached; and the question arose, whether it was *precedent* or *subsequent*, when construed by the technical rules of law. The American Executive adopted, promptly, the latter interpretation, and, despite the signal consequences which had followed his hasty action in a previous case, immediately issued his proclamation as prescribed by the act, without even the formality of a communication with England. The proclamation, as before, gave rise to many and serious disputes. That Napoleon intended the concluding sentence just quoted as a *precedent* condition, and that his decrees should remain in force until the British orders in Council were definitively revoked, the issue evidently unfolds. It was confidently predicted that England would not regard such an obscure declaration as a revocation of the decrees; that she would not, without a more formal promulgation of the Emperor's designs, relax her own policy; and she did so decide and act. As a natural consequence, therefore, American vessels were still seized under the Berlin and Milan decrees, as had been predicted, and the declaration of the French Minister produced no *visible* fruits. Bonaparte's crafty policy began to be clearly developed. Every one now understood that the Berlin and Milan decrees, since England had declined to revoke her orders in Council, would only be relaxed in our favor when the United States should declare war, as had been expressly *provided* in the French Minister's letter, against Great Britain. In this dilemma, an appeal was again made by the American Cabinet to England, to the effect that the declaration of the French Minister should induce a relaxation of policy. This appeal called forth the celebrated announcement from the Prince Regent, that England would only revoke the orders in Council when the French Government, by some *authentic act*, publicly promulgated, should make known the unconditional repeal of the Berlin and Milan decrees. This answer was intended to be final, and it was so regarded; and at this point opens a chapter of history as interesting as singular, the elucidation of which is still locked up within the unexplored recesses of diplomatic craft.

The American Cabinet had now fairly taken its position. France had responded to its demand, and, if equivocally, at least in such way as had been recognized and

acted upon. England had peremptorily refused, and to such extent had this refusal exasperated public sentiment, that no alternative was left but a resort to the last appeal of nations. It is clear that Bonaparte had been all along laboring to produce this result. His policy was developing at every period of the negotiations; and a fact which now soon came to light, left no doubt as to his designs in so long delaying a public and authentic revocation of his decrees. Here is the starting-point of the secret history. The declaration of the Prince Regent, while it precipitated the declaration of our war with England, had been seized upon by Mr. Barlow, our Minister to France, as a ground of appeal to the French Emperor to leave England without excuse for her conduct, by promulgating an authentic and definitive repeal of the Berlin and Milan decrees. It was urged that Napoleon should explicitly declare that these decrees had not been applied in our case since the previous, though disputed, declaration to that effect. Not having yet heard what effect the Prince Regent's declaration had produced on the American Congress and Government, Napoleon was reluctant, at first, to make any response to this appeal. If he should respond, and, in that event, England should revoke her orders in Council, he feared evidently lest such revocation on his part might calm excitement in the United States, and thus break up the prospect of war, which had now opened so auspiciously for his purposes. But in the meanwhile there came to France such rumors of hostile preparations in this country, of embargoes laid, and of moneys to be raised, of armies to be recruited, and of fleets to be equipped, that all doubt as to the result was fully removed, and war placed beyond the reach of remedy. Then he answered the call. A decree, bearing the imperial signature, was produced and handed to Mr. Barlow, which purported to have been dated and duly issued on the 28th of April, 1811, declaring unequivocally that no application of the Berlin and Milan decrees had been made, as respected American vessels, since November of the year previous, and fairly confirming the disputed declaration of the last date. This document, thus long and singularly concealed, was no sooner published, than England at once revoked the orders in Council. But the revocation came too lat



War had been declared by the American Congress just *five days before*, though, of course, the news had not reached Europe.

The correspondence which produced the delivery of this mysterious document occurred in May, 1812. It reached Washington early in July of the same year, and threw surprise and consternation on the whole Cabinet. Congress had risen. War with England had been declared, and was then going on. It was now evident, from the date of Mr. Barlow's despatches, that the decree thus tardily published must have produced a change of British policy, and in August news came that the orders in Council, in accordance with the Prince Regent's declaration of nigh twelve months previously, had actually been repealed before the passage of the war act through Congress. We cannot pursue further this investigation. Suffice it to say that the American Cabinet was doubly confused by these startling developments, well knowing that Congress, at the approaching session, would institute rigorous inquiry into the whole matter. We do not charge that they deprecated or dreaded such inquiry. It is to be supposed that they did not. We certainly do not believe that they could have been seriously inculpated; for, admitting, as we must candidly insist, that the Cabinet had been guilty of some indiscretions, that they had been somewhat outwitted both by England and France, but especially by the last, and that they had fallen into some errors, we yet believe that war would have been declared against England in the face of this revocation, unless she had renounced the right of search and of impressment.

Such was the singular state of our relations with France, when Crawford was appointed Minister to that Court. Mr. Barlow had been instructed to demand an explanation as to the causes which had induced the long concealment of this definitive decree, to insist upon ample indemnity for spoliation on our commerce under the imperial decrees, and to bring about a favorable commercial treaty. But in the meantime Napoleon left Paris for the Russian campaign. He caused Mr. Barlow to be invited to meet him, late in the winter following, at Wilna. On this journey Mr. Barlow was stricken with the malady which produced his death, in December, and ere yet he had been able to perfect the negotiation. Crawford reached

Paris in July of 1813, and was charged with the same instructions. But the Emperor was not then in his capital. He had been, since May, with the armies in and around Dresden, and was wholly absorbed with the events and scenes of the memorable campaign of that year. His mind was engaged with other and sterner matters than indemnities and spoliation; the coming event of his downfall had already cast its shadow in his path, and disasters and reverses, hitherto unknown to his arms, were already combining to hurry the fatal event.

Nevertheless, on the 27th of July, fourteen days after his arrival, Crawford took occasion to inform the Duke of Bassano, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, in an official note, of his presence as the Envoy of the United States near his Majesty's government. The Duke replied, welcoming him to France, and recognizing his official presence; but requested that he should await the Emperor's return to Paris, and present his credentials at that time. It is known to all readers that this return was long delayed. During the entire summer and part of the fall, the campaign was vigorously prosecuted on both sides, and victory would declare for Napoleon to-day, only to be wrested from him to-morrow by the allies. At length the disastrous battle of Leipsic was fought, and Napoleon retreated from Germany. The brilliant victory of Hanau restored, for a moment, the prestige of his military fame; but the days of Marengo and of Austerlitz had passed, and the light of his ancient glory was fast fading before the gloom of approaching ruin. He entered Paris on the 9th of November, dejected and mistrustful, in no mood for negotiating concerning a matter comparatively so prospective and secondary as was his difference with the American Government. Yet, in token of the sincere respect which he had always professed to entertain for our Government and nation, he received the new Minister with great civility and favor. Crawford presented himself at the very first public reception after the Emperor's return. Napoleon advanced to meet him, saluted him, it is said, with a most profound bow, spoke in high terms of the character of the United States, and even complimented him, with true French urbanity, on his fine personal appearance.



He remarked to the courtiers who stood around, that the American Minister's looks corresponded most strikingly with his great reputation as a statesman, and realized all previous conceptions of him.

Notwithstanding this civil deportment, however, the negotiation made no progress and Crawford's overtures were constantly postponed. The sinking fortunes of the Empire left Napoleon and his Minister no time to pursue the business for which Crawford had crossed the Atlantic. Indeed, the patience of the American Minister, never very great, was beginning fast to tire. In January, 1814, after having been in Paris more than six months, he writes to Mr. Monroe that he had only been able to effect one interview with the Duke of Bassano. This resulted in nothing. The communications of Crawford, touching the demands of his Government, were drawn with marked ability and skill; but the rush of startling events in Europe prevented the Duke from making any reply. At length, on the 25th the Emperor again left Paris for the armies, without having given any reason for the long concealment of the counter decree of 28th of April, 1811, or making any arrangement to satisfy the demands of the American Government. Crawford never saw him afterwards; and there the business rested during the whole winter.

It is known that in less than two months from the time that he left Paris, Napoleon was beaten at all points. The allies, pressing their advantages, advanced rapidly on Paris, and forced the garrison to capitulate. King Joseph and the Empress fled at their approach, and, on the 31st of March, the allied sovereigns, followed by their victorious bands, made their entrance into the city. The eighteenth Louis was restored to the inheritance of his ancestors, and Crawford received instructions to press the demand for indemnity on the new government. But a serious obstacle was now presented. The King assumed the ground that his government was not liable for the acts of the usurper. Crawford argued the point with great force, and clearly established the contrary position. The negotiations were prolonged throughout the year, and, had the government lasted, it is more than probable, we incline to think, that our demands might have been satisfied.

But an event was suddenly interposed

which again distracted the entire business. Negotiations could scarcely be fixed on a treaty basis, before revolution unsettled the foundations. Napoleon escaped from Elba, landed safely in France, and, on the 20th of March, rode triumphantly into Paris. All Europe immediately declared war against him, and every other business gave way before the pressing necessity for preparation to maintain his throne.

The memorable Hundred Days followed. The few days that were allowed to Napoleon to remain in the capital were sedulously devoted to a resuscitation of the embarrassed finances, to the raising of funds and provisions, to the levying of troops, and to the organization of armies. The forces of Austria and Prussia were already on the confines of France. The martial hordes of Russia were swarming on the banks of the Vistula. The British army had crossed over into Belgium, under command of the Duke of Wellington, and was forming rapidly for a march to Paris. The bristling bayonets of twenty banded nations were pointed against his single throne, and France, threatened on all sides, was looking to him as her only hope. Negotiations and treaties with transatlantic nations were not to be thought of at such a time, and, if thought of, there was no leisure to answer their demands. In fact, Napoleon left Paris for the armies so soon as his arrangements for prosecuting the campaign were completed, and his ministers were not clothed with authority to make any negotiation during his absence.

The scenes of the eventful campaign which ensued are well known to all readers of history. Napoleon lost the battle of Waterloo on the 18th of June, and in a few weeks afterwards Paris once again opened her gates to the allied armies. The fierce Prussian and the haughty Briton were bivouacked on her promenades, and each day witnessed some appalling act of military power, or some scene of national degradation. Treasured trophies of victory, and cherished monuments of glory and of architectural taste, were alike swept away and destroyed by the ruthless conquerors. No houses were spared save those occupied by the foreign ambassadors, and, among these, none was so respected as that of Crawford. The well-known banner of stars and stripes floated proudly above his door, and its broad

folds were a sure protection to all who came within their shadow.

During the occupancy of Paris by the allied armies, a public procession was ordered to celebrate the King's return. All the resident ambassadors from foreign governments were invited to participate, and as the occasion was to be made one of great attraction and splendor, all were desired to appear in their court costumes. Crawford was, of course, especially invited, as both conquerors and conquered were agreed in a common admiration of the American government, and in the desire to court amicable relations through its representative in France. The day arrived, and was distinguished, among other things, by a mirthful incident in connection with Crawford, peculiarly characteristic of the man and of his habits. A forgetfulness of small matters, particularly in the way of etiquette, was not the least distinguishable trait of Crawford's character. He could never bring his mind to the little task of embracing all the minutæ of ceremony. Accordingly, at the hour designated, Crawford presented himself on the promenade, but had utterly forgotten to don his court vestments. He appeared in the ordinary dress of a plain American citizen, and would have doubtless failed, in consequence of this fact, to receive the attention due to his rank, but for an act of artless self-possession which eminently demonstrated his republican sense and simplicity, and which astonished the numerous, gaudily-apparelled spectators. It so happened that Crawford was intimately and favorably known to the Duke of Wellington, who was of course the lion of the day; and without pausing to calculate the amount of infringement on the stated rules of etiquette, he adroitly attached himself to the suite of His Grace, by whom he was received with genuine, unaffected English hospitality. This frank recognition on the part of the old Iron Duke, who had as little taste for mere peacock display as his blundering friend, produced a burst of applause from the assembled thousands around; and that which was, in fact, a great mistake on Crawford's part, was set down to his credit as a very harmless but apt exhibition of republican simplicity, designed to rebuke the glare and glitter of royalty.

In the August ensuing Crawford threw up his mission and returned home. He had

failed to accomplish the object of his Government; but the failure did not proceed from incapacity or negligence on his part, or from any causes within his control. Revolution had followed revolution too rapidly to admit of tardy diplomatic business. France was in a continual turmoil during the whole period of his residence at her capital. Monarchs and ministers and governments had been changed repeatedly within periods so short as to resemble more the flitting pageantry of the stage than the scenes of real life and form. He had been interrupted and impeded at every step of the negotiations; and what progress had been made to-day, was lost among the strifes and struggles of to-morrow's revolution. Projets of adjustment and of explanation would be scarcely formed under the imperial dynasty, before the storm would rise as the ancient régime swept onward with its foreign allies. The basis of a treaty recognized under one government, would be peremptorily disavowed by that which succeeded. Crawford's temperament was not suited to a mild endurance of such political tergiversations and fickleness on the part of the French nation, while his republican notions of popular rights were daily outraged as he beheld France groaning under the sway of a monarchy, not its choice, but imposed on it by allied despots. It is probable, therefore, that disgust rather than discouragement induced him to demand his recall.

Thus was lost the last chance of ever obtaining a satisfactory solution of the secret history as concerned the famous counter decree of April, 1811. The final overthrow and banishment of Napoleon, the ostracism of his ministry, and the untimely death of Joel Barlow, closed all penetrable avenues to its elucidation; and it will probably remain ever a mystery to the world, unless chance or some posthumous revelations, yet to be made public, shall unfold and explain its details. We may as well remark also, in closing this period of Crawford's political life, that our claim for spoliation of commerce under the decrees of Berlin and Milan was prosecuted, amidst vexatious delays and despondences, under many succeeding administrations both in this country and in France, until, at last, the impetuous, resolute course of President Jackson extorted justice and satisfaction at the point of the bayonet. The first instalment was,

paid by France in 1836, under the government of Louis Philippe.

Crawford brought home with him, as we are informed, not a very elevated opinion of French character. He regarded the French as an impulsive and restless people, governed less by judgment or reflection than by enthusiasm. He esteemed highly the noble qualities and genuine patriotism of Lafayette and his compeers, and viewed with just severity the absence of like appreciative tastes on the part of their giddy-minded countrymen. The ascendancy and great popularity of Bonaparte was founded, as he argued, not so much in real attachment and healthful admiration, as in morbidly excited passion, and in pride unduly and fatally influenced by a perverted longing for national glory and aggrandizement. He denied to the French people the possession of the sound discriminating *sense* and sterling qualities of character which so eminently belong to the English and the Americans in their rational capacity. This may be regarded, by many, as a harsh and overwrought judgment. We incline to think, however, that those who judge France by the sure test of its history will yield a concurrence of sentiment. The prestige of great military fame, and of martial deeds, has ever allured and controlled the admiration and affections of the French people, from the days of Clovis and Charlemagne to the present time. It is unquestionable, we think, that the charge at Lodi, the battle of the Pyramids, the passage of the Alps, the victory of Marengo and its splendid results, did more to endear Napoleon to the ardent Frenchmen, than all the grand achievements of his civil administration.

The works of Cherbourg, the magnificent quays and bridges of the Seine, the spacious docks of Antwerp and of Flushing, the maritime works of Venice, the passes of Simplon, of Mont Cenis, and of Mont Genève, which open up the Alps in four directions, exceed in boldness, grandeur, and art any thing ever attempted by the Romans; yet it is not going too far to say that these noble monuments of genius, as compared with the glories of Austerlitz or of Jena, form not a single coruice of the broad pedestal of affection from which towers his adored image. It is not to be supposed that a man of Crawford's austere constitution and sound judgment could sympathize with a people thus supercilious and vain. He had no tolerance for that species of patriotism which springs from man-worship, and which burns only at the shrine of military renown. It was enough to fix and settle his opinion, when he had detected the extreme susceptibility of the French people on this point. Their chivalry, their bravery, their learning, their numerous unequalled accomplishments were all powerless, in his view, to palliate such fatal perversion of taste and of reason. On the whole, we incline to acquiesce in the correctness and justice of his opinions; though, at the same time, we have always cherished, and cherish still, a very high admiration of French chivalry and generosity of character, and must award to them the palm of excellence in all those beautiful accomplishments which so adorn the domestic circle, and constitute the charm of society.

J. B. C.

*Longwood, Miss.*

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## JUNIUS.\*

"Podagricus fit pugil."—HORACE.

EIGHTY years ago, Junius said—not with strict veracity, we believe—"I am the sole depositary of my secret, and it shall perish with me;" and ever since, the politicians and literary men of this country and England have been either trying from time to time to come at it, or wondering nobody at any time had been able to do so. This lettered Sphinx has set the wits of a great many to work, without having found an *Œdipus* among them, or, which amounts to the same thing, one who has had his solution allowed by the generality of people. He has spoken, nevertheless, though his announcement has not been high enough to be heard satisfactorily among the louder guesses of the Davuses.

This question of Junius is not merely a curious one. There is something more than idle curiosity to be gratified by it. The themes of Junius concerned not England and that age only, but America and posterity. His was an era when germs of mighty results were growing into life within the four seas of Great Britain. The expenses of Pitt's memorable war obliged the English ministry to try and get money by taxing the American colonies. This attempt led to rebellion and to the most propitious revolution the world has seen. Others more tremendous but less fortunate grew out of it; and the vibrations of these great changes are felt in the world to this day. The record of the opinions, controversies, principles out of which came such consequences, must always be interesting to us; and no small portion of that belongs to the bold literature of Junius. We naturally desire to know something about that masked scribe who singly attempted to stem the torrent of royal despotism, taught a king and his courtiers to tremble at the power of the printing-press, and baffled every effort

of their vengeance. Our considerations of the subject may not only afford us many important historic views, but an interesting insight into the phenomena of human character. Junius must always be an attractive theme, till discovery shall do away with the mystery, and then he will be equally attractive as a part of history; as he is, even now, to those who recognize his lineaments and great life, and who know that, of his offspring, one was the pilot who weathered the fiercest storm that ever threatened the monarchy of England, and that the other led, with distinction, a portion of her armaments, in the midst of it.

As in Lord Byron's "Vision of Judgment," the mysterious appearance of Junius has undergone a variety of interpretations, changing from one likeness to another, after the manner of objects in "dissolving views."

"One would swear

He was his father; upon which another  
Was sure he was his mother's cousin's brother.  
Another that he was a duke or knight,  
An orator, a lawyer, or a priest,  
A nabob or man-midwife; but the wight  
Mysterious changed his countenance at least  
As oft as they their minds,  
Till guessing from a pleasure grew a task  
At this epistolary Iron Mask."

Among those put forward to claim the substance of this shadow were Edmund Burke, Gibbon, Lord George Germaine, Charles Lloyd, (George Grenville's Secretary,) Dunning, Lord Ashburton, John Wilkes, Sir W. Jones, John Horne Tooke, Henry Grattan, Lord Chesterfield, Sir Philip Francis, H. Macaulay Boyd, (called by Almon the bookseller, "a broken gentleman without a guinea in his pocket,") Henry Flood, (the Irish orator, famous for his cadaverous aspect and broken beak,) Sam. Dyer, (a member of Dr. Johnson's and Oliver

\* JUNIUS: Including Letters by the same Writer, under other signatures; to which are added his Confidential Correspondence with Mr. Wilkes, and his Private Letters to Mr. H. S. Woodfall. A new and enlarged edition, with new evidence as to the Authorship. By John Wade. London: Henry G. Bohn. 1850. New-York: Bangs, Brothers and Co.

Goldsmith's Literary Club, and Burke's particular friend,) Lord Temple, Lord Chatham, Col. Barré, the Earl of Shelbourne, W. G. Hamilton, (called, by misnomer, Single-speech,) Leonidas Glover, Rev. Philip Rosenhagen, Major-Gen. Lee, the American, Horace Walpole, Valentine Greatrakes, &c. Enough surely in a list of between thirty and forty persons—a round half dozen of whom were Irishmen—to demonstrate—if demonstration on the matter were at all necessary—how widely men's conclusions can diverge from a common text, and what a small amount of proof and probability is sufficient to bring home conviction to the minds of a great many of us! Time has quietly disposed of the majority of the foregoing names; their pretensions were as shadowy as *Nominis Umbra* himself was considered to be, and they have made themselves thin air, into which they have vanished like Macbeth's witches. The claims made for them were feeble—mostly ridiculous. Lord Germaine was suspected at the time Junius first appeared, because his Lordship was known to feel animosity against the Marquis of Granby for the disgrace of Minden, and to hold the strong Whig opinions expressed by Junius. But Lord George could not have composed the Letters of the man in the paper mask. His Lordship's style was meagre and commonplace. His power as a writer was, in fact, upon a par with his spirit as a soldier—which is saying enough for the claims of authorship set up for him. Those of the Earl of Chesterfield, Horace Walpole and W. Gerard Hamilton, have also been supported. But these four fastidious men were all alike incapable of the truculent vigor, the splendid ferocity of Junius. Hamilton in particular was horrified that any one could think him the man to perpetrate some of Junius's paragraphs. "Had I written," he says, "such a sentence, (as that of a nobleman who had travelled through every sign of the Zodiac—from the scorpion in which he stung Lord Chatham, to the hopes of a virgin, &c.) "I should have thought I had forfeited all pretensions to good taste in composition for ever." Posterity cheerfully absolves Single-speech, the owner of the Raree Show at Strawberry Hill, his unready soldiership, and the polite letter-writer of the age, of any share in the guilty tastes or tendencies of Junius.

Dunning, Lord Ashburton, has been put forward. An edition of Junius, published in London, 1801, with the name Robert Heron, Esq., asserts that this lawyer was the author of the letters. Heron's name was apparently an assumed one, and his design seemed to be to mystify the reader, and lead him from the track of the real writer. But there are many reasons why Dunning did not write them; the first of which is, that he could not. This reminds us of a saying of Henry the Fourth of France. When he was on a journey through the provinces, the mayor of a little town, desiring to excuse the omission of a public salute on his Majesty's arrival, said there were five reasons for the same—the first of which was, the want of cannons. Whereupon the King, who considered this excuse strong enough to stand alone, told the mayor pleasantly that the first reason was so good, he would dispense with the four others. In the same way, we may pass over the other reasons for setting Dunning aside. We do not lay any very great stress on the fact that he was Solicitor-General at the time the Letters appeared, and for over a year afterwards. We do not see why they might not have been written by an official, if he was a Whig. This test of ability is one which should be applied to all the claims; and one which, with one exception, none of those persons named can bear for a moment. The men of genius who have been spoken of—Burke and Gibbon—stand the test as badly as the feeble mob of the pretenders. Gibbon has no political character indicating his age; no strong blood to boil in the warfare of contemporaries. He seems to have belonged more to the reign of Justinian and the theological business of the Council of Chalcedon—to the bold Monophysites, Nestorians, and so forth, than to the early lustrums of George the Third, Wilkes and Liberty, and the Stamp Act. Burke's genius and that of Junius would seem to be decided contrasts. Burke never exhibited that asperity which belongs to the anonymous politician. Burke was a great generalizer. Junius dealt in particulars. The former carried out his meaning in a chain of reasoning. The latter is too impatient to reason; he strikes abruptly at his mark—"o'erleaps all else, to light upon the issue." It is told of Burke that his prolix oratory used very often to tire and thin



the House of Commons; it is known that the confident speech of Junius reached its aim with rapidity—took the popular assent by instant storm. Burke never felt the fierce hatreds of Junius. His denunciations of Warren Hastings were vague and melodramatic, compared with the tomahawking and scalping of Mansfield, Grafton, Barrington, and the rest, by their masked adversary. One of Burke's biographers, Mr. Prior, thinks he was Junius. As regarded the palpable dissimilarity in the styles of the two men, Prior tries to account for it by saying, that where the purpose was concealment, the unknown writer would assume a manner such as would make internal evidence of no avail. Dr. Bissett, who also wrote a life of Burke, is of the very loose opinion, that the latter "was not frequently the writer of Junius's letters, if he was of any." He further says, "I think Lord George Germaine not Junius, because inferior to the latter; Burke, because superior." Permitting these learned Thebans to neutralize each other, we come to Burke's own sentiments. Mr. Butler, author of the *Reminiscences* concerning Junius, says, Burke spoke of the latter in terms of disgust; and it is not difficult to understand the aversion of a mind like Burke's from the fierce invective of the anonymous writer. Mr. Burke truly said to Dean Marley: "I could not write like Junius, and if I could, I would not." In fact, Burke told Johnson, spontaneously, that he was not Junius. This may be accepted as a strong corroboration of the prior and better evidence of the Letters.

Charles Lloyd, brother of the Dean of Norwich, and private secretary of George Grenville, (Grenville, by-the-bye, is the only man whom Junius eulogizes in an unqualified manner,) has been thought by many to have been the author of the Letters. Dr. Parr,

"the learned monster,  
Who wrote an epitaph that none could construe,"

swore by Lloyd. He said to Butler in 1822: "I tell you peremptorily that the real Junius was secretary to George Grenville; the name of Junius was Lloyd." He has recorded this belief in the catalogue of his library: "The writer of Junius was Mr. Lloyd, Secretary of Mr. George Grenville; this will one day be generally ac-

knowledgeed." This belief came apparently from the facts that Junius always praised George Grenville, and that he ceased to write about the period of Lloyd's death, which took place three days after the last letter of Junius, dated January 19, 1773. Another fact may be opposed to the last of these. About six weeks after the death of Lloyd, Woodfall threw out his usual "signals" (in his communications with correspondents) for Junius. Now, it is believed, and we think correctly, that Woodfall could make a pretty shrewd guess at the writer, whom he always treated with a respect approaching reverence; and we may conclude he would not go to the trouble of signalling a dead man. An argument like this, however, is of inferior import in those considerations which properly belong to the character and identity of Junius.

The claims of Wilkes and Tooke, of the Boyds, Dyers, Glovers, Rosenhagens, Wrays, &c., are not worth dwelling on, now-a-days—they have been long given up. The name of General Lee has also been advanced; and in his case, there is a sort of *equivoque* which countenanced the imputation. Lee was the author of several letters printed in the *Public Advertiser* in 1769 and 1771, with the signature, "Junius Americanus." He was also the writer of the Preamble of the Bill of Rights. In a letter to Wilkes, Junius says: "Your American friend is plainly a man of abilities." In 1803 Mr. Rodney, in a letter printed in the *Wilmington Mirror*, stated that in 1773 Lee confessed he was Junius. It seems that in conversation, Lee asserted the secret of these Letters never would be known—that it would die with the author. Now Rodney, as he says himself, being wonderfully struck with something in Lee's manner, told him he thought he (Lee) must be Junius. Lee, he relates, looked confused, and then said, it would be but folly for him to deny he was Junius. (There appears to be some truth in that.) He then requested secrecy in the matter. This has all the appearance of a cock-and-bull story. It is not improbable that Lee imposed an equivocal admission upon Rodney. He might have said he wrote letters signed Junius—inasmuch as he was Junius, certainly—but with a difference. The last attempt to unmask the great unknown seems to have

been made a few years ago, by Mr. Britton, who seeing the difficulties to be encountered in trying to reconcile any one man to the conditions of Junius, resolved to make sure of the matter and announce him as "three single gentlemen rolled into one"—to wit: Colonel Isaac Barré, Dunning, and Lord Shelburne; the first to answer the War Office pretensions of *Nominis Umbra*, the second to cover the evidences of legal acumen, and the third to countenance the lofty discontented Whig statesmanship of Junius. Mr. Britton's ingenuity certainly deserved better success than we apprehend his disquisition has met with.

The "ruck" in this race of pretensions, as a sportsman would say, has been diminished to two or three names—one of which is the true one. Richard, Earl Temple, brother of George Grenville and brother-in-law of Lord Chatham, has been advocated by Mr. Newhall, who published his argument in 1831. A report which originated about the year 1827, in the *Inspector*, a London magazine, edited by Effington Wilson, sent the public curiosity to look for Junius in the Grenville family. It was stated at the time, that Lord Nugent and the Duke of Buckingham, rummaging at Stowe, found a parcel of MS. papers containing three of Junius's Letters—among which was that to the King—concealed in a recess of which they were entirely ignorant, quite in the style of the Minerva Press mysteries! Whereupon the Duke went over to Lord Grenville, who looked solemn and conscience-struck, recognizing the whole affair, but begging to be spared for the present, and promising to provide for the publication of the papers after his death. The Duke and his lordship then pledged themselves to silence in the matter. We are not told that Lord Grenville presented his sword to be sworn upon, like Hamlet in the play. The conclusion that went about from all this was, that the masked individual had not been yet named, and that he was connected with the Grenville family. The whole story, in fact, was one of those things to which Burchell, if he could hear it, would have responded with his own irreverent commentary, "Fudge!" The idea that Junius, who dreaded exposure so much and perhaps so justly, would coddle up the manuscripts of his printed Letters and put them into the cranny of an escrutoire, along with other

papers on kindred subjects, is so helplessly absurd that nothing but the instinctive credulity of the public would tempt any one to ventilate it. But the report made a sensation; and literary and political quidnuncs had strong hopes of being able to find out the awful Junius, by means of the secret drawer of the Stowe Library. One of the assertions generally made on the occasion was that the claims of Charles Lloyd, private secretary of George Grenville, were confirmed beyond any doubt.

"Parturiunt montes et nascetur ridiculus mus."

This affair, so full of "passages that led to nothing," did not die away however without deepening in the public mind the impression that Junius was a Grenvillite. A writer in the *Edinburgh Review* for June, 1826, (thought to be Sir J. Mackintosh,) says: "A simple test ascertains the political connections of Junius, the only circumstance which he could not disguise because it could not be conceded without defeating his general purpose. He supported the cause of authority against America. (This assertion is not correct; Junius said, the question of taxation should have been buried in oblivion.) He maintained the highest popular principles on the Middlesex election, with the same statesman who was the leader of opposition on that question. No other party in the kingdom combine those two opinions. Whoever revives the inquiry, therefore, unless he discovers positive and irresistible evidence in support of his claimant, should show him to be politically attached to the Grenville party, which Junius certainly was, and produce some specimens of his writing of tolerable length, such as might afford reasonable ground to believe he could have written these Letters. In the case of Francis and Dyer, the two candidates of most plausible pretensions, no proof has hitherto appeared in connection with the Grenville party."

Mr. Newhall of Salem supports his claims on behalf of Earl Temple by all the appearances of fraternal partiality for George Grenville and his policy which are visible in the Letters. The main strength of his argument is drawn from a certain "Enquiry" published in 1766, and denouncing in strong terms the political inconsistencies of William Pitt, just then created Earl of Chatham. This was attributed at the time of its appearance

to Earl Temple, and was doubtless writ by his dictation. It contained strong reproaches against the great Commoner for his acceptance of office without Earl Temple, who was always his steadfast ally in Parliament, and with whom, nevertheless, he had dictatorially refused to divide the offices of the ministry. The tone and substance of this "Enquiry" are compared by Mr. Newhall with the first of the Miscellaneous Letters acknowledged by Junius and the correspondence visible in them is taken as a proof that Junius and the author of the "Enquiry" were the same. Mr. Newhall contends that the differences then existing between Lords Temple and Chatham account for the asperity with which the latter is spoken of in the Miscellaneous Letters of Junius, the first of which appeared in the *Public Advertiser* in April, 1767; while the apparent change in the tone of the concealed writer towards Chatham, in the letters signed with his celebrated name, and commenced in January 1769, is owing to a reconciliation which took place between these noblemen in October, 1768, when Lord Chatham sent back the seals and ceased to belong to the ministry. Mr. Newhall brings a great many circumstances together with much ingenuity. His theory has a fair appearance, and it is a pity the man does not fit it. However, Mr. Newhall may possibly have been of that casuist's opinion, who, when told that the facts of the matter did not bear out his hypothesis, said, "So much the worse for the facts." Nothing in Lord Temple's character or career countenances the opinion that he could write the Letters of Junius. That he was a man of some talent may be admitted. But the perfervid genius that lives in these Letters never in any degree belonged to him; and allowing for the spirit of polemical retort, we have, in a reply to the forementioned "Enquiry," (which came from some of Pitt's partisans—or more probably from himself, for the mark of the man seems to be on it,) a passage suggesting a pretty true estimate of Lord Temple. "But this I will be bold to say, that had he, Lord T——, not fastened himself into Mr. Pitt's train and acquired thereby such an interest in that great man, he might have crept out of life with as little notice as he crept in, and gone off with no other degree of credit than that of adding a single unit to the bills of mortality." This never would have been said of a man who

could write like Junius—never was said of the latter, by the bitterest of his opponents. Dr. Johnson himself, who was employed by the ministry to repel the onslaughts of Junius, is forced to confess the science and adroitness of that dreaded gladiator. The scholar is constrained to admire, in spite of the pensioner's duty to denounce.

The only considerations that seem to favor Lord Temple are his high rank and wealth, such as would give naturally that tone of lordliness or condescension which belongs to every thing Junius has written, and which is as visible in his short notes to Woodfall as in his letters to the highest men in the nation. Lord Temple has never been much insisted on, and he is generally allowed to pass off into the limbo of the failures, with Dunning, Dyer and the rest—men more confidently spoken of than he has been.

We now come to Sir Philip Francis—a man more asserted and proved to be Junius than any other—

"Seen, heard attested—every thing but true."

In some respects his claims seem stronger than those of all the rest. Great stress has been laid upon the wonderfully minute and correct knowledge of the War Office which Junius exhibits. Mr. Francis was chief clerk there, at the time Junius began to write—1767—and continued in it till 1772—a period covering the whole publication of the Letters. Mr. Francis left his place in consequence of a difference with Lord Barrington, the Secretary at War. In Junius's Miscellaneous Letters, favorable mention is made of Francis that signed "Veteran" has the following: "The worthy Lord Barrington, not content with having driven Mr. D'Oyley out of the War Office, at last contrived to expel Mr. Francis." The latter and Mr. Chamier were competitors for promotion; so that there was little good feeling between them. A very imposing amount of circumstantial evidence is brought forward in this way; and we must allow that if young Mr. Francis would write at all, he would be desirous of writing with the tone and sentiments of those Miscellaneous Letters relating to the War Office.

Another argument in favor of Sir Philip is drawn from the fact that he reported several speeches delivered by Lord Chatham. The inference here is not very plain, till it is stated that a multitude of phrases and sen-

timents which belong to these recorded speeches also belong to Junius, after a certain date. If even this does not lead us to the conclusion, it must be further stated that young Francis is presumed to have either plagiarized something of what he reported, and made use of it in his character of masked letter-writer, or (and this view of the case is preferred) to have, in his reports, tricked out the feeble eloquence of Chatham with phrases, idioms, metaphors and quotations of *his own*, such as he had no scruple in applying to his own purposes, in the Letters. Thus the juvenile Mr. Francis achieved two great celebrities with the same easy effort, the orator Chatham's on one side, and the writer Junius's on the other! This is the argument of Mr. Taylor, who, in 1813, published, *ovans gutteris*, a book called "Junius Identified," and who put together the best case that has been made for Sir Philip.

But, however favorable these considerations may seem, there are others which must tend to set them aside; to overthrow them effectually. In 1767, when the first authentic letter of Junius, signed "Poplicola," was published, Philip Francis was twenty-seven years old, and a clerk in the War Office. In the earlier letters of Junius there is no difference, in power or ability, from those of a later date, save what may be owing to a greater subsequent amount of anger or earnestness. The same peculiar style is apparent from the beginning. The tone, from the first to the last, is as decided as the style is unmistakable; the paternal likeness is stamped vigorously on all the offspring alike. Is it possible a young man of twenty-seven could produce such imposing specimens of political disquisition and literary strength as are furnished by the letters signed "Poplicola," "Anti-Sejanus," &c., in 1767? Is it possible the confident tone of them could belong to such an age in any man's life? It is perfectly impossible; there never was such a monster of a juvenile! And this intrinsic evidence, carrying with it a force equal to that of demonstration, is enough to overthrow the claims of Sir Philip Francis, *in limine*. There is another argument not without its cogency, but inferior to the first, to wit: Is it to be believed for a moment, that a young man, brought into public life under the patronage of Pitt and promoted by his influence; who had been

private secretary to that great Commoner, for whose character and memory Francis professed the highest veneration to the last moment of his life, making it his glory and his boast that he knew him and served under his eye; is it possible such a young War-Office clerk should open a series of remarkable letters by a lofty and powerful assault upon the principles and policy of that renowned and revered nobleman? that a young Whig aspirant, full of his party's enthusiasm, should try his "prentice hand" in such a business; should fly in the aged face of the most splendid and popular champion the cause of Whiggery had ever been able to boast? Such a hypothesis is just as violent and untenable as the other. Other considerations help to put out of countenance the claims urged for Sir Philip Francis. He has not been able to show, in all he has achieved, that he could have written the Letters of Junius. Nobody pretends to say that he has. His writings have a certain character of imitation, which shows the influence of early admiration and a subsequent and palpable effort at resemblance; but though he had a noble model and adopted it, his manner, however good and forcible, can never be compared with the strong, original style of Junius. Sir Philip has sufficiently proved to the world that he never had vigor enough, at any time, to draw the bow of Ulysses.

The intellectual power which brought forth these anonymous epistles could not have given such proofs of greatness, alone; have done so much and no more. They were certainly written by some man who showed himself as great in other things. The splendid energy they so unquestionably exhibit must be found, if we look for it, manifesting itself elsewhere in the statesmanship or literature of that age. The celebrity to which it belonged was a Colossus, not a *torso*; we see the foot—it has the appearance of a gouty one—and we are bound to look for the Hercules from which it has been severed. The genius and power of Junius lead us to search for the man, not among the clerks, secretaries, and understrappers of office, but among the noble and lordly spirits ranging at that time within the confines of England; the men who agitated with potential voices the politics and destinies of a mighty empire.



It is futile to look for Junius anywhere but in the person of William Pitt, Lord Chatham,—one of the greatest and most original political characters of his time. The “terrible cornet of horse,” whom Sir Robert Walpole could not muzzle in his youth, was the more terrible letter-writer whom the majesty of England could not compel to silence in his old age. In Chatham only, of all the remembered men of his era, we have the necessary first premise in that chain of argument which alone can lead us to Junius; that is, the ability to write the Letters. There is no sign of any other man who could do this. The only writer whose literary power, exerted in a political way, came near that of Lord Chatham, was Burke. But the genius of Burke, as we have said, and as all will admit, was demonstrated in different modes of thought and expression. Besides, Burke was a Rockingham Whig, while Junius, in the main, expressed the political principles of Chatham and the Grenvilles.

The better to understand why William Pitt should be Junius, it will be necessary, not to look alone to dates, motives of the day, contemporary coincidences, peculiar idioms, artificial hand-writing, the tall gentleman with the cloak in Ivy Lane, and so forth, but to the antecedents of his political career. In these we should try to find the spirit and motives of the war which the masked champion waged for five years against the Court and Ministry of England. He was born in 1708, and educated at the University of Oxford, where he was known as a good scholar, something of a poet, and a ready debater. Leaving Oxford, he travelled on the Continent, and, after his return, accepted a cornet's commission in the Guards; and was subsequently returned to Parliament for Old Sarum, in 1736. He soon distinguished himself by the bold style of his oratory and a certain independence of character, which highly offended Sir Robert Walpole, and gave an earnest of that overbearing disposition which in the end made him so feared and so famous. His eloquent retort on Sir Robert's brother and another old gentleman who stood aghast at the behavior of the young man, and called him to order, is well known, and even with all the disadvantages of the imperfect reporting of the time, reads, in sentiment and turn of phrase, wonderfully like his later standup

fight against Ministers in the House of Lords, and like the personal passages of Junius. He was always considered irre-spective and often insolent, and was dreaded and hated as much as he was admired. He set his face against the ascendancy of Walpole—who took away the cornet's commission he had given him—and was stout enough to thwart the Hanoverian politics of George the Second, and condemn his partiality for the Electorate to the prejudice of the English nation. At last, the King, notwithstanding his aversion, was persuaded to call the formidable Mr. Pitt into office, in 1746; and the latter was appointed Paymaster to the Land Forces. Mr. Pitt, Mr. Legge, and the Grenvilles always acted in concert. In 1755 they were dismissed for refusing payment of some Russian and German subsidies before these had been sanctioned by a parliamentary vote. In 1756, in consequence of the national disasters, the King sent the Duke of Newcastle to invite Mr. Pitt and his friends into office. But Pitt refused haughtily to take any office under the Duke. The King wanted to get Pitt in without his friends, and Pitt wanted to carry them all in along with him. The King's favorite Ministers could not stand, and he bitterly complained of his helplessness. In 1757 he and his Government fell alive into the dreaded hands of the great Commoner. Pitt had *carte blanche*, made his ministry as he pleased, and ordered every thing in the most able and autocratical manner. He stipulated, among other things, that, instead of leaving the correspondence with the officers of the Navy to the Board of Admiralty, he should have it himself; to which the King was obliged to consent. Thus Pitt wielded the naval armaments of England with his own hand, as it were. His ministry commenced in 1757 and ended in 1761; having been one of the most glorious in the English annals. The spirit of the great Secretary, standing alone in his own high place, seemed to pervade all the offices and armaments of the nation, which, from a condition of danger and despondency, saw itself, in three years, victorious and dreaded in every quarter of the world.

In the mean time the Minister was an object of implacable dislike to the Leicester House party, which had for its head the Princess Dowager of Wales, the mother of Prince George, afterwards George III., and



for its hand the Earl of Bute, tutor to the Prince. The Princess saw with horror how the royal prerogatives had been controlled by the Whigs in the days of the two Georges, and she determined so to influence the Ministers of England and train up the heir apparent, that the detested influences of Whiggery should not be perpetuated in his reign. Thus the Leicester House *Camarilla* fostered that Toryism which was soon to ascend the throne with George the Third, and preserve a powerful ascendancy from that day to this. The genius and popularity of Pitt struck them with dismay. What if the King's enemies were at his feet? The King's prerogative was nearly in the same predicament. The Minister's glory was an eye-sore and a panic, and the united parties of the two Courts labored to obstruct and deface it. They took advantage of the antipathy which the King never ceased to feel for the lofty English genius of Pitt, and while the latter was greeted with a general shout of popular applause, a host of mercenary writers were subsidized who denounced him, all over the nation, for the reckless waste of public money caused by his belligerent system of government; and after his resignation in 1761, continued to assail him for his apparent desertion of his old principles in his acceptance of a pension and a title (that of Baroness Chatham) for his wife. Never was a man more furiously baited by the partisans of the Court than William Pitt, and never did a haughtier spirit look down with angry scorn upon the assaults of his adversaries. He secretly cherished for the Tories of the Court and Leicester House a defiance and hatred as cordial as that party could possibly entertain for him.

In 1760 George the Second died, and the policy of the Princess Dowager began to be put in practice. The Earl of Bute was added to the young King's Council; Pitt's war Parliament was dissolved, and his friend Mr. Legge, Chancellor, dismissed in a high-handed way by the King, to make room for Lord Barrington—the “bloody Barrington,” whom Junius has so truculently damned to everlasting fame. George the Third was to be liberated from the Pitts, Grenvilles and other Whig influences which infested the preceding reigns. A peace policy was the base of operations against Pitt; and in Court circles it became the

fashion to deplore the expenses and miseries of war. In the King's Council Pitt and Temple were outvoted on the question of going to war with Spain to discomfit and shatter the “Family Compact.” Bute called Pitt's desire for the war rash and unjustifiable; whereupon the latter, with great haughtiness, said, he was called to the Ministry by the voice of the people, and would no longer remain where he would be held responsible for measures which he was not allowed to guide. He and Temple left the Council, and then resigned their offices in the Ministry.

Then followed a tournament of pamphlets and a boiling of the partisan blood of the kingdom. Lord Chatham and the Whigs were assailed by Dr. Smollett, in “The Briton;” and Wilkes, in “The North Briton,” made war upon the Tories and the Court. In 1765, during the ministry of George Grenville, Mr. Pitt and Lord Temple refused three overtures made to them by the Court. It was a time of intrigues, criminations, inquiries, defenses, and general perturbations in high quarters. The Rockingham administration was got up in the confusion, but fell to pieces in a few months; whereupon the terrible *pis aller*, Mr. Pitt, again received a *carte blanche* to make a ministry from the jarring and almost hopeless elements of government. The task which Pitt accepted was arduous and full of perplexity. The result of his efforts was what Burke termed the mosaic ministry—a tessellated pavement without cement; here a bit of black stone, there a bit of white. This ministry, on its formation, contained Lord Camden, Pitt's best friend, as Lord Chancellor, General Conway, the Duke of Grafton, Lord Shelburne, Charles Townshend, &c.; Chatham himself (lately gazetted a peer) holding the office of Lord Privy Seal. This—Lord Chatham's last administration—was eminently disastrous. In forming it he underwent much to humiliate and chafe the haughty spirit of this political Achilles—

“Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer.”

Mr. Almon, his biographer, says that before the Earl could complete his plans he made several offers to men of high political consequence. But “that superiority of mind which had denied him the usual habits of intercourse with the world gave an air of authority to his manner, and precluded the policy

of a convenient condescension to the minutiae of politeness, and the fascinating power of address. He made an offer of Secretary of State to Lord Gower, whom he had refused when proposed for that office by his brother, Lord Temple. He made offers to Lord Scarborough, Mr. Dowdeswell, and several others; but in such terms of *hauteur* as seemed to provoke, though unintentionally, the necessity of refusal. To the first an abrupt message was sent that he might have the office, if he would; to the second, that such an office was still vacant; to a third, that he might take such an office or none. The offers were all rejected. He then waited upon Lord Rockington at his house in Grosvenor Square. But Lord R. refused to see him." All these circumstances tried his proud temper severely. The result of one of his offers must have been gall and wormwood to him. He hated the Duke of Bedford cordially. His Grace had thwarted his policy in the matter of Spain and the Family Compact; had done what he could to lessen the glory of Pitt, and in 1763 had signed away "with a single stroke of his pen," what had cost William Pitt so much travail of soul. Yet he was forced in the first year of his ministry to offer the Duke terms which were angrily rejected. Three years after, in the twenty-third letter of Junius, the vials of long-nursed wrath were poured in bitter variety upon the head of the Duke.

Lord Chatham concluded his ministerial career, as he began it, in the midst of hostility. His political life was one long fight with the powers of Toryism, and his austere mind bore all the exasperating scars of the conflict. He was hated by the Courts of George the Second and George the Third, and denounced by the hired advocates of the royal prerogative. At the same time he had not the aid of that strong support which springs from personal attachment. Burke and others deplored his stern and unaccommodating character, which had too much of "the hardihood of antiquity" in it. Pitt had a genius and a will which indisposed him to those means of suavity and persuasion by which meaner men attain and preserve their ends. He could not stoop to conquer—though to stoop were only necessary for the purpose; and he was too prone to permit his inferiors—and these were almost all the people he had to do

with—to discover his opinions of them. His loftiness and reserve repelled the personal adhesion which would have made his statesmanship, and the cause he supported, triumphant. Like Napoleon in mind, he also resembled him somewhat in fate.

"Ambition steeled him on too far to show  
That just habitual scorn which could contemn  
Men and their thoughts; 'twas wise to feel, not so  
To wear it ever on his lip and brow,  
And slight the instruments he was to use  
Till they were turned to his own overthrow."

Such demeanor, in fact, "cooled his friends and heated his enemies," to a degree that obliged Lord Charlemont to exclaim: "Is it possible such a man can be friendless?" The first Whig himself—as the Tory Dr. Johnson termed Lucifer—could scarcely be more disliked or feared by the courtiers than this other great chief of the party. His plans and views of government were systematically opposed, and every art made use of to pull him down from his pride of place. All these asperities and difficulties were aggravated by a hereditary gout which tormented him from his earliest youth, and which without doubt helped to give his manners that stamp of severity so characteristic of them. This gout was in fact bound up with every thing Lord Chatham was. In age it exasperated the male austerity of his mind into splenetic action, as in youth it had forced him to that study by which he built up and informed his vigorous intellect.

Thus we may see how Lord Chatham was emphatically and necessarily the adversary of that system of policy which, having grown in the secrecy of Leicester House, became the rule of government since the accession of George the Third. This policy was the liberation of the crown from Whiggery and Pitt; and against this policy were the energies of the latter always exerted. Junius says, in his Letter to the King: "At your accession to the throne the whole system of government was altered; not from wisdom or deliberation, but because it had been adopted by your predecessors." We can easily conceive how Lord Chatham would sympathize with any warfare like that of Junius, waged against the Tory ministries of George the Third.

In his intellectual power and peculiarities and his vituperative talent, Chatham coin-

cides with Junius as closely as in his political biases. Pitt, from his first speech in the House of Commons, was famous for an irreverent acrimony and looseness of tongue; witness his retort on old Walpole. His powers of sarcasm were very great, and his "eternal invective" passed into a proverb. Horace Walpole gives an account of a meeting which took place at the Cockpit in London in 1755, and at which Pitt spoke after his characteristic fashion. "Pitt," he says, "surpassed himself; and then, I need not tell you, he surpassed Cicero and Demosthenes. What a figure would they, with their formal, labored, cabinet orations make *vis-à-vis* his manly and dashing eloquence! I never suspected Pitt of such a universal armory. I knew he had a Gorgon's head composed of bayonets and pistols; but little thought he could tickle to death with a feather. On the first debate (on the Hanoverian and Russian Treaties) Hume Campbell, whom the Duke of Newcastle has retained as the most abusive counsel he could find against Pitt, attacked him for his eternal invectives. Oh! since the last Philippic of Billingsgate memory, you never heard such an invective as Pitt returned. Campbell was annihilated. Pitt, like an angry wasp, seems to have left his sting in the wound, and has since assumed a style of delicate ridicule and repartee. But think what a charming ridicule that must be that lasts and rises, flash after flash, for an hour and a half!" Once in the House of Lords he turned with an awful look upon his "dearest foe," Lord Mansfield, and, after staring him down and saying he had a few words to say to him, but that they should be daggers, he called out: "Judge Felix trembles! He shall hear from me some other day;" and, with that, resumed his seat. Something terrible seems to be here implied; something, we cannot help thinking, like that "storm" which Junius said he could raise, to make the Duke of Bedford "tremble even in his grave!"

Lord Chesterfield, writing of Lord Chatham, says: "He was haughty, imperious, impatient of contradiction, and overbearing. He had manners and address; but one might discern through them too great a consciousness of his own superior talents. His eloquence was of every kind. His invectives terrible, and uttered with such

energy of diction and such dignity of countenance and action, that he intimidated those who were the most willing and the best able to encounter him; their arms fell out of their hands, and they shrunk under the ascendant which his genius gained over them."

From all this it will be seen how William Pitt showed himself possessed of that irritable and commanding power of sarcasm, that vehemence of invective which are so distinctive of Junius, and which are to be met nowhere else in any literary or political character of the day. This palpable resemblance has led a few writers to what we consider the true conclusion and the man, such as we think will yet be recognized—in spite of the reluctance, chiefly of English critics, to think "Sublimity Pitt" could be fierce-hearted *Nominis Umbra*. A Cambridge friend, an excellent critic, and one familiar with the Georgian times, says he cannot believe that the grand old Earl could become such a *Jupiter-Scapin* as to perpetrate the Letters. But one's knowledge of human nature may explain all that. The greater the genius, the truer to humanity and its passions. The philosophic Sir John Falstaff says pathetically, that he who has most flesh has most frailties. Analogously, we think the more genius a man has, the more is he prone to the irregularities or faults of the feelings. Great minds *will* be gloriously offending—they *will not* be content to dwell in decencies for ever. One touch of passion makes the whole world kin—levels the porcelain intellect with the common crockery-ware. Chatham was truly a man, with all the male passions—able ministers—in full blow about him. Such a character, instead of contenting himself within vulgar bounds, will generally be found spurning and overpassing them, with the "brave disorder" the poet speaks of. The fact is, if William Pitt were incapable of being "Junius," he were, in the same degree, incapable of being Chatham. Our learned friend will please to recollect that Jupiter himself, according to the best accounts, had a large amount of the Scapin in his composition.

*Sed, sat prata biberant.* The rest of our observations we shall offer next month.

W. D.

Chelsea.

## SPAIN AND HER POLITICIANS.\*

[THE following article on a neglected subject seems to require a prefatory note from us. The possibility of the political regeneration of Spain through the spontaneous action of her own men, and by legitimate and orderly means, should be a subject of deep interest, especially in this country and at the present time. A perusal of the following pages will show that the hope of such a result is by no means a vain one. It will be seen that she has men who have the true views, and are able and willing to work for this result.]

Spain is regarded by the majority of persons as in a hopelessly retrograde state; and there appears to be a band of desperate men among us who wish her to be considered as an outlaw of nations, against whom no political crime can be committed. We have, however, at Washington an Administration which applies the doctrine of "*strict construction*" not only to our own rights, but to the rights of other nations; and as long as it lasts, at least, these desperadoes will find their schemes thwarted as rapidly as they are formed.

The author of this article has confined himself to general principles, and has not thought proper to discuss the more particular questions which divide the two constitutional parties, the *Moderado* or Conservative, and *Progresista* or Liberal. Towards the former he has exhibited too great a bias, and not considered sufficiently the principles for which the latter have contended. Could these two parties be fused together by mutual concessions, so as to insure the final destruction of what remains of absolutism, (and there is much that remains, notwithstanding the Constitution, in spirit if not in form,) we might confidently expect Spain to take rank among the foremost defenders of constitutional liberty in Europe.—ED.]

THE present condition of Spain is but little understood in this country, and the interest we take in her affairs still less than our knowledge of them. Nor is this ignorance confined to ourselves. To the greater part of the Old World she is still a *terra incognita*, and even her neighbors over the Pyrenees can scarcely be said to appreciate her. In England she is, perhaps, better known than elsewhere, as, in some sort, Great Britain may be regarded as the tutelary divinity of the whole peninsula; the result of a variety of causes, not the least of which is, that the English are the deepest drinkers of the wines of Xeres and Oporto. It is true, indeed, that an indefinite notion that she is still the most romantic nation in Europe, and the interest which attaches to the Peninsular War and the struggles of Don Carlos, have, within the last twenty or thirty years, drawn many travellers to the more accessible parts of her territory, who have made us sufficiently familiar with her external life; while French and German geologists have exhibited to us with minute accuracy nearly the whole surface of the country. Her *ventas*, *posadas*, halls and

balconies have still an irresistible charm. But as it regards the products of her soil, her industrial resources, her interior life, and the origin of her political movements, our knowledge is extremely limited. Her literature is scarcely ever referred to by the press. Her great men are, with few exceptions, unknown. And in proportion to our ignorance is the scorn with which we regard her as a nation proud and imbecile, governed either by reckless demagogues, or by statesmen who are for ever dealing in abstractions, and totally unable to comprehend the world as it is.

The causes which have plunged the nation into this deep obscurity are too obvious to require remark. The chief of them is doubtless to be found in that profound and apparently hopeless subjection to absolute power into which she had begun to sink previous to the death of Philip II., and in which she continued till after the beginning of the present century; a condition of things presenting, on the surface at least, no prospect whatever of improvement, a calm of stagnant waters which the angel would never venture to disturb; nor, although this extraordinary

\* Obras Completas de D. Francisco Martinez de la Rosa. Paris: Baudry. 1845.



lethargy was at length broken up, and Spain has been for nearly forty years in a state of agitation as constant as the political sleep into which she had previously fallen, has she yet been able to take a position sufficiently elevated to obtain the regard and respect of the world. "The emblem of our intellectual and political state," says the author of the memoir of De la Rosa, prefixed to the work the title of which we have quoted below, "is not the day but the night; a night clear, however, and sometimes illuminated by ephemeral glimmerings of light, sure presages of the dawn."

To this cause of our want of interest in the affairs of Spain must be added, that our commerce with her is too comparatively insignificant to make her an object of paramount interest, while her insular position at the southwestern corner of Europe places her without the ordinary channels of communication through which we derive our knowledge of the greater part of the nations of that continent. This insulated position, indeed, prevents her from feeling immediately or very deeply the general European movement in politics and religion.

Yet there are few nations which have stronger claims on our regard than this unfortunate State, whether we consider its history, the character of its people, or its natural resources. Of all the hordes that broke up the Roman Empire, this was the first that established a written Constitution. In every period of its history it has been fertile in men of genius. It has always had, almost without interruption, a brilliant national literature; and we need not mention that after the union of the kingdoms of Castile and Leon, she held for a long period the most distinguished position in arts, arms and enterprise. To her we owe the discovery of our own continent, and it may not be useless to remember that the oldest town within our limits was founded by her.

Her natural and industrial resources, also, are worthy of attention. The iron of Biscay, the great beds of coal in the Asturias, the wonderful lead veins of Linares and the Sierra de Gadór,\* the mercury mines of Almaden, the wheat of Andalusia, perhaps the finest in the world, her fruits, her wines, the vast flocks of sheep which browse on the mountain-sides of Leon and Old Castile, and in

winter cover the plains of Estremadura, ought to entitle her to assume a rank second to no community whatever.

In her spasmodic struggles for liberty during the last thirty-eight years, with much that is shocking, nay, horrible, she has frequently presented strong claims to our admiration, although her progress in the path of freedom has been much slower than so many efforts and so many bloody contests would seem to warrant. We have been frequently told of late that her affairs have returned again to a state of hopeless stagnation. Nothing, in our judgment, is farther from the truth. Spain has never been in a better condition since the reign of Charles III. than she is at this very moment. The last few years have shown us, we believe, that she has at length riveted a Constitution, the main feature of which is a legislature with two branches. For nearly half a century she has been oscillating between an absolute monarchy and a legislature of one house. In 1834, indeed, she gained a Cortes with two houses; but then there was no positive assurance that both would stand. Now we believe there is. Besides, the Spanish mind is evidently awake and active. There are now not less than sixteen journals in that kingdom, devoted not merely to theoretic discussions of the foundation of government, but to the physical and industrial condition of the country, and the best methods of developing its resources. Among the contributors to these journals are the first men of the nation. But, however this may be, Spain has already given convincing proofs that she has energy enough left to work her way to the light, and that she will at length assume her true position. Her resistance to Napoleon has surrounded her with a glory which nothing can dim, and is of itself a sufficient pledge to the world, that a nation which could win in a moment this immortal honor, although her subsequent career may not altogether have corresponded with its beginnings, will not fail at last of a complete redemption from political thralldom.

It was asked by a contemporary lately, in a sufficiently harsh and scornful tone, whether Spain be capable of regeneration. In reply to this question we have not time to add any thing to what we have already said. It suits our purpose to say, only, that the great number of enlightened statesmen and men of genius, acquainted with the spirit

\* The latter affords annually from 500,000 to 600,000 cwt. of lead.



of the age, and the condition and wants of their own country, whom she has produced since the year 1808, sufficiently manifests that her case is not a hopeless one. One has only to read the advertisements of books published at Madrid, to be convinced that the Spanish mind is still active on all subjects of thought and inquiry, and that the great mass of its literary productions is not designed as mere sources of amusement to the populace, or as satires on public manners, but has an intimate regard to the social and political well-being of the State.

Among the most remarkable authors who have sprung up in Spain since the commencement of the present century, is Señor Don Martínez de la Rosa. He is little known in this country, but has long since achieved for himself a European reputation. It is not our present intention to enter into any special inquiry respecting his claims to be considered a genius, or into any criticisms on his works. It may be said, briefly, that no man of recent times has distinguished himself in so many and such different departments of thought and action. He has written at least ten dramas, all of which have been received with distinguished favor by his own countrymen, and one of which, the historical play of *Aben Humeya*, or, the *Revolt of the Moors under Philip II.*, was first composed in French, and acted on the Paris boards\* with great applause, and a considerable number of minor poems, which have always been popular in Spain. Among his miscellaneous writings are long, learned, and discriminating criticisms on Spanish poetry, as well as scarcely less interesting discourses on poetry in general, in the elaborate notes to his "*La Poetica*." "*The Spirit of the Age*," his great prose work, is evidently the production of a man who has thought deeply, and with sincere intentions, on the wants of the time, and the means of insuring a lasting and uninterrupted progress in social improvement. As a deputy to the Cortes, he has uniformly been distinguished for his eloquence; and it is certainly no mean evidence of his ability as a statesman, that, during a period of nearly forty years, he has been three times minister; that after passing through all the storms which have ravaged his country, almost without intermission, from 1808 to the present moment, having been once im-

prisoned for several years, and subsequently for a considerable period an exile, he should have found himself, in 1843, still in power as Ambassador to France, and in the following year Secretary of State. Something of this may be owing to fortune, but it must, in great part, be ascribed to the force of his talents. As other evidences of his eminence, it is scarcely necessary to add, that he is a member of many learned bodies, Director of the Royal Academy of Madrid, and President of the Historic Institute of France. During his residence in Paris, he not unfrequently employed himself in delivering before its societies, and especially before that of which he was President, lectures on the great poets, commanders, and navigators of his nation.

It is not so much, however, on account of his literary or political eminence, that we introduce his name here, as of our desire to present briefly the fundamental principle of his political theory, which we believe not only to be founded in truth, but which ought to be urged with the utmost frequency in an age like the present, one of whose great tendencies manifestly is to insubordination and disorder. Before entering on this subject, however, it may not be amiss to mention, in as few words as possible, a few particulars which we have gathered from several sources, among which is the biography prefixed to the work before us.

He was born in the city of Granada in 1789, a year rendered remarkable, as his biographers have noted, by the birth of many eminent persons in Europe, among whom may be mentioned Sir Robert Peel, Guizot, and Toreno and Isturitz of Spain. His family being wealthy, no expense was spared in his education. After having finished his preparatory studies in ancient literature, and acquired several modern languages, he ran through the courses of philosophy, mathematics, and the civil and canon law in the university of his native province, with so much success that at the age of twenty he had completed his law studies, and was already in charge of a class in moral philosophy in that institution.

At this period, 1808, the revolution broke out with a great explosion on the 27th of May. It was preceded by commotions in Aranjuez in consequence of suspicions that Charles and his family were about to emigrate to Mexico, and by the massacre at

\* At the Porte St. Martin.

Madrid occasioned by the abdication of Ferdinand and the attempt of the Queen of Asturias to leave the city. Spain was aroused at once, as if by an electric shock, from that profound apathy in which she had so long been buried. Under the Bourbons, France had managed to hold her in a state of almost absolute dependence; she had apparently not been influenced by the French Revolution; but the attempts of Napoleon were an attack on the whole nation, which, being once awakened and finding herself without a government, plunged headlong into the struggle for liberty. Juntas of safety and defense were organized in every province, except those immediately under the surveillance of the French.

De la Rosa could not refrain from throwing himself into the movement. He immediately turned his professor's chair into a popular tribune, and set up a journal to stimulate the nation to resistance. Shortly after these events he was dispatched by the Junta of his province to Gibraltar, to negotiate a peace with England, while the Count de Toreno went from Asturias to London with the same object.

There was no government, the Central Junta having the temporary management of affairs. In establishing a new one on the ruins of the old, the movement determined to adopt the representative system, and De la Rosa went to England to observe its practical workings at its fountain head. Here he did not remain long. The fortune of arms had turned against Spain, and the Central Junta, finding itself too weak to carry on the government, had convoked the Cortes. To this body De la Rosa was too young to be elected. He rendered it important assistance, however, by discussing in his periodical the great questions which were then agitating the country for the first time, by various political pamphlets, and by his labors as Secretary of the Commission on the Liberty of the Press. At the same time he employed himself in purely literary labors. In 1809 appeared his epic poem on the famous defense of Saragossa, and not long after several dramas—singular fruits of a day of storms.

At the conclusion of the Constituent Cortes De la Rosa was elected by Granada to the ordinary Cortes, which took its place. This position he was fated to find something very different from a bed of roses. The new Con-

stitution was extremely defective; it wore on its forehead the pledge of its dissolution. The Cortes constituted but a single chamber. The nobles and clergy, both powerful bodies, were excluded from it. The system of representation was too radical for the nation at that stage of her progress. Every parish nominated an elector.\* It unnecessarily made the bitterest enemies of the two bodies which it excluded. As was natural, the nation swung almost immediately to the opposite extreme, and a strong party sprang up in the Cortes itself utterly opposed to popular institutions. Notwithstanding the enthusiasm of the people, and the apparent success of the revolution, the nation was not democratic, nor any thing like it. How could it be—an isolated community, which up to that moment had participated scarcely at all in the European movement?

De la Rosa, however, still clung to the Constitution with the ardor of youth, and believing it the best possible at the time, continued to be the champion of his party till 1814. He believed that all that was necessary was the return of the King to give effect to its provisions. The King did return, but only to trample on the Constitution and extinguish the Cortes. The monarchical party was now so strong, that this was no difficult matter. He soon found it quite as easy to proscribe the constitutionalists. De la Rosa was banished for opinions previously expressed to the fortress of Peñon de la Gomera in Morocco. His imprisonment here, however, was not very rigorous. He was treated with courtesy by the commander of the garrison, who allowed one of his former servants, whom he accidentally found there, to wait upon him, and he occasionally amused himself in performing comedies with the officers.

The revolution of 1820, which brought the popular party once more into power, freed him from confinement, and his countrymen of Granada exhibited their enthusiasm on his return, by erecting for him a triumphal arch. But during his imprisonment his opinions had undergone considerable change. He had previously thought of liberty too exclusively; he now thought also of order and law. He had not abandoned his liberal principles, nor lost his faith in a representa-

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\* Fifty thousand inhabitants were entitled to one deputy.

tive system; he was still far from thinking that under that system government could not be carried on.\* But he saw the serious defects of the Constitution of 1812. The executive power was a mere nullity. It was allowed only a temporary veto, and the Cortes consisting of only one house, there was no check on passionate and hasty legislation, no effectual means of preventing discord and anarchy. He would have the executive power strengthened as much as it could be within constitutional limits. In brief, he had now become a friend of law and order, in opposition to weakness and dissolution. This change of opinion produced its natural consequences. He was elected to the first Cortes; but the popular party soon began to denounce him. His moderation was stigmatized as dough-faced.† He was accused of plotting against the Constitution; and the popular anger rose to such a height as to threaten his person. He remained firm. When the Cortes of 1821 assembled, there was no minister, and no one could be found except him of sufficient firmness and ability for the office. This ministry lasted but four months. It could not stand, as the popular party was strong enough to drive every thing before it. It was the more odious, because the foolish projects of the King were attributed to the ministry itself. It ended with the rebellion of the royal guard in the last mentioned year. After that event, in which the crown obtained a temporary triumph, no persuasions could induce him to retain his office, and he retired to private life at Madrid.

Our limits will not permit us to enter into the particulars of his future career. After the French had taken possession of Madrid, the regency created at the instance of the Duke of Angoulême and the chiefs of the royalists party demanded of him an explicit recognition of its authority, which he firmly refused, and in consequence received his passports to leave the kingdom. He was absent from Spain eight years, spending his time in France with the most distinguished liberals of the opposition of 1827-30, and in travelling in Italy, Switzerland and Germany. He did not desert politics, but avoiding agitations, confined himself prin-

cipally to literary pursuits. When at length he was permitted to return, although not allowed to visit the court, he quietly retired to Granada. Under the first regency of Christina he had liberty to present himself at Madrid, where in 1833 he published a collection of light poems which were received with much favor; the nation was then liberal and moderate.

The year 1833 found the people clamorous for a change of the ministry. Zea Bermudez, who was then at the head of affairs, was as moderate and mild as it was possible for an absolutist to be, but his monarchical principles were extreme, and it was impossible to carry them out. He held out no hope of convoking a representation of the people, to modify the prerogative or control any great functions of the State. He had declared his intention to maintain the old forms and instruments of government, and would admit no interference with the Church.\* While he busied himself, with commendable zeal, in fostering trade and manufactures, he intended to keep to the old platform of administration in its full integrity. But as he could not stand, and no absolutist could be found of more moderate principles than his, the only alternative was either to throw the power into the hands of the radical party, or into those of moderate constitutionalists. The latter was adopted, and De la Rosa became Prime Minister. The great act of this ministry, on which De la Rosa had set his heart, was the promulgation of the "estatuto real," by which, for the first time, the Cortes was convoked in two bodies. This, we believe, he looked upon as his great achievement. As we have said, his views had been changed during his imprisonment in Africa, and although he had not abandoned his faith in a representative system, he had long wished to see such a one established as, by the medium of proper checks and balances, by uniting all orders of the State in the same congress, would be an equal check to anarchy on the one hand and tyranny on the other. He was strenuously opposed to political extravagances of any sort. His colleagues, too, were all liberal and moderate men. The ministry was of short duration. In fact, it represented but a small part of the nation. It was of course distasteful to the extreme

\* Biografía, p. ix.

† *Pasteleria*, literally a pastry-cook's shop and pastry.

\* Annual Register, 1834.

absolutist party, and still more so to the radicals. While in office, De la Rosa seems to have displayed great firmness, never failing to present himself in public when danger threatened his life; but finding at length that he could not maintain public tranquillity without a resort to violent measures, which would itself have been an evidence of weakness, he resigned.

During the remainder of this year (1834) and the next he held no public office.

Of the Cortes of 1836-7 he was perhaps the most able and efficient member; siding still with the moderate party, which gradually gathered strength and came into power in December of the latter year, although he was not elected to the cabinet. When the revolution which followed quickly on virtually destroyed the Constitution of 1834, seeing the fruit of his toils thus apparently destroyed, in 1840 he retired secretly to Paris. The fall of Espartero, in 1843, brought him back from that city, to which he returned however in the same year, in the capacity of Ambassador. In 1844 he succeeded the fiery Narvaez as Prime Minister.

It has been objected to De la Rosa, that he is weak and fanatical. The part he has played on the political stage for so long a period disproves the former charge; the latter is entirely gratuitous. Who can be less fanatical than a man whose constant aim has been to steer between extremes? His want of success, if such it may be called, is to be attributed to the moderation of his principles. Spain in her present state is unfitted for them. He has always been attempting to fuse together the different orders of the State, a thing even now impossible.

The fundamental principles of his political philosophy, which we find in the first part of "The Spirit of the Age," may be regarded as the key to his actions. He believes, whether truly or not, that the animating spirit of the present times is a spirit of discontent, a proneness to agitation and dissolution. The great problem which is now presented to us is how to reconcile liberty with order. Who is to solve this problem? Unfortunately, there seems to be no hope of its being solved at all at present, because there is no party that applies itself to the settlement of the question with earnestness and good faith. Among politi-

cians we recognize, generally speaking, but two parties, the flatterers of the government on one hand, and the flatterers of the people on the other. Both are influenced by their own selfish aims. The former cajoles the government by talking of nothing but authority; the other the people, by empty declamations on liberty, without alluding to order. Both place the foundations of government on abstract, vague, inapplicable theories; the flatterers of legitimacy on divine right, the flatterers of the people on rights derived from a state of nature. The former seek, by vague phrases and the affectation of a mysterious obscurity, to crush in the human soul the faculties bestowed by the very Being by whose authority they assert the government has been established. So far as they pretend that the inviolability of power is sanctioned by the course of time, they are convicted by their own arguments; for it will be difficult to find a single monarchy which has not presented in authentic documents or popular traditions proofs of the elective origin of the power of its rulers, or in some subsequent epoch of the supreme authority being legitimated by a vote of the nation. On the other hand, those who pretend to be the exclusive friends of the people, deriving their opinions from a state of nature, endeavor to convert general, abstract theories into practical rules of government. The mere announcement of this system involves its rejection. For what can be imagined more absurd than to attempt to apply speculative principles, vague and indefinite in the very expression of them, to the usages of civil society and the conduct of affairs? From neither of these parties, therefore, can we derive what we seek, security with liberty, progress with stability. All questions of government reduce themselves to a single practical question: In what way can the individuals which compose a nation obtain for themselves the greatest amount of practical advantages? The two parties to which we have referred do not approach it. They know nothing about it. It is not a part of their business to have any thing to do with it. It is the great and solemn question of the times, yet both are acting apparently in utter unconsciousness of its existence.

To whom then are we to appeal for the solution of the great problem with which we started? To those, and to those only, who,



having the welfare of a nation at heart, are profoundly conversant with the spirit of the times; and to those who, rejecting all abstract theories, look upon society as it is in all its complicated relations, and who only ask by what means shall the community be advanced to the next stage of happiness and prosperity without endangering, meanwhile, its safety and peace? De la Rosa maintains that the security of government rests solely on the common interest of the rulers and the ruled. In this country, where there is theoretically no distinction between the governor and the governed, we should say on the general interest; and the only question which a good legislator will ask himself on any subject, whether it be of an organic change, a tariff, banking law, or aught else, is, what will promote the general good? And whatever tends to the general good will eventually be established. Demagogues may declaim as they please of liberty, and private rights, and exclusive privileges, and utter their abstract solemnities with profound gravity; but it is in vain to resist necessity, or to fight with abstract and shadowy weapons against the demands of the times and the spirit of the age.

These views, which in the last paragraph we have expressed paraphrastically, we believe to be just; although we think that De la Rosa has not qualified them sufficiently, nor does he make due allowance for the elements of intelligence and virtue as safeguards to society. We cannot begin by denying the existence of individual rights, although they must in the end be subordinated to the general good. In great emergencies,—emergencies, however, which occur but seldom,—the right must be strongly as-

serted to rouse the spirit of man and give an irresistible impulse to the revolution. But if we examine narrowly the course of most revolutions, we shall find that, while they seem to be the offspring of popular enthusiasm, they have their real origin in particular grievances and interests; and so far as they do not, when the excitement has subsided, there will be an inevitable recoil. If history teaches any lesson, it teaches us this, that any institution which is founded on common interest, or the interest of the great mass of the people, can never be effectually overthrown. It may seem to conflict with private rights; by a certain portion of the community it may be denounced as hostile to liberty; for the moment it may be prostrated; but it will rise again, and those who would blindly be governed by none but abstract notions must be responsible for all the mischief that comes meanwhile. It is easy to excite the public mind by abstract propositions, because they are easily understood, at least in their outward import; but to make the mass of mankind comprehend a measure which depends upon a great variety of the most complicated relations, is another and a very difficult task. But a good statesman will only ask the question, what is for the common good? and endeavor to make men understand it. He, on the contrary, who in the present state of society, when one interest cannot be touched without affecting a thousand others, goes about inflaming the passions of the people and indoctrinating them with notions which neither he nor they can ever apply to the actual condition of society, works incredible mischief.



## THE RIVAL PAINTERS.

FROM THE GERMAN

## I.

Of all the days of the year, the superstition of the past has invested none with greater terrors than the first of November. The dead then rise at midnight from their tombs, and, wrapped in their long grave-clothes, appear to remind the living of the prayers which they have forgotten for the deceased; the witches choose this fearful night for the exercise of their dreaded malice; the angel Gabriel then lifts for twelve hours his foot from the prostrate fiend, and suffers this dire foe of man to roam abroad and torment him. Usually, the dreariness of nature in that night lends double power to the terrors inspired by superstition; the storm rages in the air, the rain or snow falls thick and fast to the earth, the streams swell and overflow their banks, danger and even death threaten the traveller on every side.

During the night of the first of November, of the year 16—, a poor family without a guide, led by chance alone, were wandering upon new and unknown paths. Half-blinded by the snow which the furious storm lashed in their faces, their feet swollen from toil, the unhappy creatures were scarcely able to hold themselves erect. They were soon compelled to halt, and to seek shelter against the violence of the tempest in a sunken road. The head of this family was a man of about thirty-five years of age; he was accompanied by a woman, who carried an infant in her arms; behind her walked a little boy from five to six years old, a feeble creature, half dead with cold and weariness.

"Margaret, we can go no farther," said the man, in the Italian language. "We must stop here. Cover yourself with my cloak, and protect the infant. I will clasp Antonio to my bosom; perhaps I may be able to keep him warm."

The woman obeyed in silence, and wrapped herself in the mantle, which her hus-

band reached to her; the father clasped the boy in his arms, and pressed him closely to his bosom. But of what avail were these feeble efforts, against the driving snow and furious wind? An icy chill had already pervaded their frames, and lulled them into that torpor which is an almost certain precursor of death.

The man suddenly started up and grasped his wife by the hand.

"Up! up, Margaret!" he cried. "If we remain here longer we are sure to perish, we and our children. We must leave this waste, we must toil onward, and try to reach the city. Take courage! your uncle Rembrandt will give us a kind welcome, as I hope."

Margaret tried to rise; but her benumbed limbs refused to serve her, and, notwithstanding her husband's feeble efforts to support her, the unhappy woman sank upon the ground again; the infant, bruised by the fall, uttered piteous cries.

"Margaret," cried the stranger, kneeling beside his wife, and wiping away the blood that flowed from the child's head—"Margaret, in God's name summon up all your powers! the lives of our children are at stake. If we do not leave this fatal spot, we shall all perish here."

But Margaret did not hear him; she lay sunk in a deep swoon.

"Listen, Antonio!" cried his father earnestly. "I will take your little sister in my arms, and hasten to the city, to seek for help. But I cannot let you go with me; you would impede my steps, and your mother's life depends upon my speed."

He now took off his coat and wrapped it around the boy; then caught up the little girl and ran, half clad, along the road to Amsterdam, which, fortunately, was not so distant as he had feared. When he reached the gate, which he found guarded by a number of soldiers, he cried:

"For the love of Heaven, comrades, show

me the house of Master Rembrandt, the painter! I must speak with him at once!"

When the soldiers beheld the half-clad, agitated man, who expressed himself with great difficulty, in a language that was foreign to him, they thought him intoxicated, and resolved to make themselves merry at his expense.

"Master Rembrandt!" said one of the number; "he lives below yonder, not far from here, at the other end of the city; only you must turn off at once to the right."

"No, no," cried another; "turn here to the left, and take that street yonder."

"God help us!" said a third, laughing; "you must take the street to the right, and if it happens to be the right one, you will be sure to come out right."

They accompanied their words with bursts of laughter, which filled the stranger's bosom with despair. At last, the latter ran towards a lantern, and held up before the soldiers the child which he carried in his arms, and which, owing to the darkness of the night, they had not observed.

The soldiers now ceased their cruel sport, but they were unable to understand what he really wanted of them. Not one of them knew where the painter dwelt. Every moment lost, however, brought increasing danger to the wife and child of the Italian. He was upon the point of returning to die with them, when a little hump-backed tailor passed by the group with a lantern in his hand, for it was now dark nights, and the laws of the city forbade the burghers to go abroad after dusk without a light. The old man, attracted by the stranger's lamentations, stepped nearer, and felt compassion for his condition, for he recognized him by his accent for a fellow-countryman.

"Come, come," he said to him, "I will lead you to Master Rembrandt; but I greatly doubt whether he will open his doors to you at this hour, and above all on All-hallow night. But no matter; come, come!"

"And my wife and child?" cried the traveller; and he now described their pitiable condition to the compassionate old man.

"If you have no hope of safety except that which you build upon Rembrandt's help, your destruction is certain," replied the tailor. "Master Rembrandt would not give a penny to save the life of his nearest neighbor! Beg rather two of these soldiers to go with you to that sunken road, and

help us to bring your wife and child to my dwelling. Then, while I try to revive them, you can go to Master Rembrandt, for I am poor, and do not know in truth if my narrow chamber can accommodate a single guest, even for a single night. But be comforted; Heaven has thrown me in your way, and I will assist you to the utmost of my power."

The tailor, whose name was Nicholas Baruello, now explained to the soldiers the service which humanity required of them. While the drummer took the infant in his arms, and bound up the wound upon its head as well as he was able, four men provided with torches followed the traveller, with the permission of the officers of the post. Upon the way they learned that the stranger was from Liege, that he was called Francesco Netcelli, and was by profession a painter.

Following the stranger, who walked onward at a rapid pace, they at last reached the sunken road, and after brushing aside the snow, they found the two silent, motionless forms. Master Baruello now begged the soldiers to raise the unhappy creatures, and bear them to his dwelling. He himself set them a good example; he took the little boy in his arms, and with the lantern in his hand, walked on before the rest, towards his hut, which, fortunately, stood at no great distance from the city gate. On entering the little chamber, he laid the mother and the children upon his bed, dismissed the soldiers with kind thanks, and then employed every means in his power to revive the unhappy creatures, not one of whom showed signs of life.

He begged Netcelli to assist him, but the latter, whether benumbed by the cold, or robbed of all his energy by despair, sat in gloomy silence near the fire, which the tailor had lighted upon the hearth, and seemed neither to hear nor see what was passing around him. Nicholas, therefore, was left to his sole exertions to recall the senseless sufferers to life again. Soon all his scanty wardrobe was exhausted in supplying them with warm, dry clothing, and in chafing their rigid limbs. All his efforts, however, appeared fruitless; he had not yet succeeded in restoring warmth even to the frame of the unhappy mother.

He now stepped upon a stool, and took from the topmost shelf of a cupboard a carefully corked jug, which contained some excellent brandy, with which he was accus-

tomed to regale himself on great occasions. Without delay, yet not without a heavy sigh, he moistened a piece of linen with the costly liquor, and then gently rubbed Margaret's face and hands therewith. Barruello's efforts seemed for a long while useless, and he already began to fear that his help had come too late, when the young woman suddenly unclosed her eyes, and stretching out her arms, stammered forth a few words in a low voice. She asked after her children.

"They are here, signora, they are here! Come, come, master Netcelli! rouse yourself and take courage; your wife is out of danger. Your children, also, will doubtless be restored to you again, if you will but give me a little assistance. Come, pledge me in a glass of this wondrous cordial! it has cured your wife, and it will cure you. To your health, and the health of our invalids!"

With these words, Master Nicholas, whose ruddy face proclaimed his fondness for the beverage which he extolled so highly, drained his cup at a single draught, and poured the remaining drops into his hands, which he rubbed briskly together. Netcelli drank also; soon a genial warmth ran through his veins, and he shook off his deep depression. His eyes, which had thus far been directed steadfastly towards the flame upon the hearth, now glanced around the chamber; he recognized his children, he recognized his wife, and gushing tears relieved his oppressed bosom.

"Margaret," he exclaimed, "do I really hold thee in my arms? dost thou smile upon me? dost thou speak to me? O God, I thank thee! We are all safe then, and the danger is over."

Suddenly he paused, for his glance rested upon the two children, who still lay rigid and motionless, perhaps in the torpor of death. The young mother divined Francesco's thought, and replied to it with a sad sigh. The tailor rebuked them gently, saying:

"To doubt of Heaven's goodness is to render ourselves unworthy of it." He then added, turning to Netcelli, "The Holy Virgin and the saints have restored to you your wife; they will restore your children also. Instead of lamenting, aid me to recall these dear creatures to life. Look! the oldest is coming to himself already; kiss me, my little angel! Come, I will take you

to your mother! Yes, signora, rejoice, and cover him with kisses. What is that I hear? God and the Virgin be praised! it is the voice of the infant!"

The kind tailor hurried from one child to the other, with unwearied care, completing the noble work which he had so well begun. Mingling a portion of brandy with hot water, he chafed the brows of the youngest with a corner of his thick woollen doublet, which he so thoroughly drenched with that cordial, that when his patients were all out of danger, the flask was completely empty.

After a few moments of true and untroubled joy at their fortunate and wonderful recovery, Barruello looked anxiously around him, with his small and twinkling eyes. He gazed at the bed, measured with a glance the apartment, the length of which was not more than eight feet, and contracted his brows. Netcelli soon remarked his perplexity, and said:

"What is it disturbs you, my noble benefactor?"

"To own the truth," said the tailor, with a slight cough, "I was just asking myself, how we could contrive to pass the night here? Five persons in a chamber like this, and but one bed for so many people! Besides, I have laid my last piece of wood upon the fire, and the lively little rogue yonder is already asking for something more to eat. But my whole store of provisions consisted of the piece of bread that he has just devoured."

"True; I must repair to our uncle Rembrandt's," said Netcelli, "to see him, to relate to him our sad fate, and implore his assistance."

The tailor shook his head.

"Yes, that is a means," he said, "that might relieve us from our embarrassment, but I count but little upon it. Well, it matters not! we have no choice. I will light my lantern, and lead you to the Jew's quarter, for there dwells Master Rembrandt, the painter or the usurer, whichever you please to call him, for he plies both trades. May God soften his heart, that he may open his door to you!"

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## II.

When Francesco Netcelli, accompanied by Nicholas Barruello, stepped from the tailor's smoky chamber, deep stillness had

long since succeeded to the fury of the tempest, and the moon shone bright in the heavens. The snow had covered the earth as with a shroud. In this deceitful light, objects around assumed a thousand doubtful shapes. The aspect of the silent city, veiled in white, filled them with a singular fear, which neither the old handicraftsman nor his companion could entirely shake off. Without imparting their superstitious fears to each other, they drew nearer together, and in this way walked through several lonely streets, in which the sound of their steps, stifled by the snow, gave back no answering echo. After walking onward, for somewhat less than half an hour, they came to the quarter of the city occupied by the Jews, and commonly termed the Jews' quarter, which lay near a deserted churchyard.

Master Barruello pointed with his finger to a large house, flanked by two turrets, in front of which lay a vast court, surrounded by a thick and lofty wall. The stranger approached, and beheld before him a small low door, strongly studded with iron, in the middle of which a brass knob was visible. He drew upon this knob, and soon heard the shrill tones of a bell, intermingled with the barking of several dogs.

Netcelli waited for a while, listening for some sound which might promise him admittance; but no one came, no one answered his summons.

He drew the bell again; then a third time; but these repeated signals had no other effect than to redouble the fury of the dogs, which leaped in their kennels and shook their chains with violence.

At Netcelli's fourth ring, the dogs were suddenly silent; he heard a door opened, then heavy steps descend a staircase and cross the court. In a few moments the short, dry cough of an old man was mingled with the rattling of chains.

Several minutes passed, and still no one in the house seemed to trouble themselves about those who desired entrance. After waiting long in vain, Netcelli rang the bell once more, and now with a violence which betokened anger and disappointment, rather than the hope of speedy admission. He now understood the meaning of what had passed in the court; the dogs, barking furiously, rushed toward the gate, which, massive as it was, seemed an insufficient barrier against their violence.

"I told you so," muttered the tailor; "he will not open his doors to you. Come, let us return to my dwelling. It is even better to pass an uncomfortable night in my chamber than here before this gate, exposed to the cold, piercing air, and so near a churchyard. To-night is the night of the dead, and it seems to me, every moment, as if I saw a spectre ascend from the graves yonder. If you only knew all the frightful stories they tell of this place! In truth, Master Rembrandt is to be excused for keeping his house well locked and bolted; although it is a large and handsome dwelling, yet it has remained for more than twenty years without a purchaser, all were so afraid of the neighborhood of the churchyard. The old usurer cared but little for that, and bought it for a mere trifle. To spare a thousand florins, he would take up his lodgings at the gates of hell. Let us leave this place and return to my house. Heaven only grant that we reach it safe and sound!"

As he spoke, the tailor drew Netcelli onward with him, quickening his pace and not venturing to look around, for the noise of the snow, crackling beneath their feet, together with the howling of the wind, which had now risen again, sounded in his ear like the laments of a tortured spirit following their steps. Pale as ashes, his forehead bathed in a cold sweat, harassed by feelings which he was unable to comprehend, the Italian yielded to the terror which, like the whips of furies, drove him and his companion forward. The most fearful forebodings disturbed his bosom; he felt a presentiment that some new misfortune was hovering over him, and with a hand trembling with terror, he at last grasped the latch of the tailor's door.

He listened before entering.

"Mother! mother!" cried little Antonio.

His mother did not answer.

Netcelli rushed into the apartment. Not a spark of fire was to be found upon the hearth, the lamp had gone out, the cold wind found a free passage into the wretched chamber through the broken window. Francesco groped his way towards the bed, placed his hand upon it, and it encountered a cold and rigid body; it was the face of the wounded infant, which Margaret held tightly clasped in her arms.

With considerable difficulty Master Nicholas found steel and tinder and struck a light.

A fearful spectacle now met their eyes. Margaret and the infant lay cold and lifeless upon the bed; the little boy was sunk in a deathlike torpor; and the father, after bending over them for a while, sank upon their remains, uttering a wild and maniac laugh.

"O God!" exclaimed Master Nicholas, in deathlike terror, "what a fearful night! What sin have I committed, that Heaven should visit me with all this misery? What shall I do? How will it end? My chamber is desolate, two lifeless bodies lie upon my bed, and before me sits a madman with his dying child!"

He sank upon an old arm-chair, concealed his face in his hands, and wept bitterly.

The worthy man's faint-heartedness did not last long, however. The necessity of succoring the unhappy beings whom Providence had intrusted to his care, stood clear and plain before his soul. He sprang from his seat, hastened into the street, and soon returned, accompanied by three or four soldiers, with an armful of wood and a small portion of brandy, both of which he had obtained from the sentinels who were stationed at the gate.

While the soldiers lighted a fire, he took the little boy in his arms, and seating himself with him near the chimney, he succeeded at last in restoring warmth to his chilled frame. In the mean time the soldiers mended the broken window with old boards. When they had completed this task, which rendered the chamber somewhat more comfortable, they took the lifeless bodies from the bed, laid them side by side in a small adjacent room, which Master Nicholas used as a workshop, and then turned to lead away the maniac, who made

not the slightest resistance. As the boy remarked this, however, he escaped from the tailor's arms and hastened to his father.

"Take me with father too," he cried. "Oh, how cold it is here! I want to be with him!"

The heart of Master Nicholas was near breaking at these words.

"It is true, indeed," he said; "if I watch the dead, I can watch the living also; leave the poor child and his father with me here; the man's madness seems nowise dangerous. Early to-morrow morning I will pay a visit to Master Rembrandt; as hard and miserly as he is, he will not, at least, refuse me a little money, that I may provide a coffin for the dead. He must use his influence also with the magistrate to have the father sent to the hospital, and, then, after all, he cannot entirely forsake the child of his own niece. Perhaps he will even undertake to provide for it in future. So, then, farewell, comrades; I thank you."

The soldiers retired, but not without first having emptied their brandy-flasks into Master Nicholas's jug. When they had gone, the tailor took a small ivory crucifix from the wall, together with a consecrated branch of a box-tree, and laid them upon the breasts of the two corpses. He then crossed himself devoutly, locked the door that led to his workshop, wrapped Antonio in the bed-clothes, and returned to the fire, in front of which the painter was seated.

Master Nicholas gazed, not without terror, at the maniac, but he armed himself with the sign of the cross, and muttered prayers from a breviary which he drew from his bosom, until the faint light of dawn penetrated the desolate chamber.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



## AN EXILE'S DREAMS.

BY JOSEPH BRENAN.

[The writer of the following lines has endeavored to catch the great characteristic of Celtic poetry, its musical *irregularity*.]

I WILL go to holy Ireland, the land of Saint and Sage,  
Where the pulse of boyhood is leaping in the shrunken form of Age ;  
Where the shadow of giant Hopes for evermore is cast,  
And the wraiths of mighty Chieftains are looming through the Past.  
From the cold land of the Stranger I will take my joyous flight,  
To sit by my slumbering country, and watch her through the night ;  
When the Spring is in the sky, and the flowers are on the land,  
I will go to ancient Ireland, of the open heart and hand.

I will go where the Galtees are rising bare and high,  
With their haggard foreheads fronting the scowl of the clouded sky ;  
I will gaze adown on the valleys, and bless the teeming sod,  
And commune with the mountains—"the Almoners of God ;"  
I will list to the murmurous song which is rising from the river,  
Which flows, crooning, to the Ocean, for ever and for ever.  
When the May-month is come, when the year is fresh and young,  
I will go to the home of my fathers—the land of sword and song.

I will go where Killarney is sleeping in peaceful rest,  
Unmoved, save when a falling leaf ripples its placid breast ;  
Where the branches of oak and arbutus are weaving a pleasant screen,  
And the sunshine breaks in diamonds through its tracery of green ;  
Where the mists, like fantastic spectres, for ever rise and fall,  
And the rainbow of the Covenant is spanning the mountains tall.  
When the wind blows from the West, across the deep Sea,  
I will sail to my Innisfail, to the "Isle of Destiny."

I will go to beautiful Wicklow, the hunted outlaw's rest,  
Which the tread of rebel and rapparee in many a struggle prest ;  
I will go to the lonely graveyard, near the pleasant fields of Kildare,  
And pray for my chief and my hero, young Tone, who is sleeping there ;  
I will go to the gloomy Thomas Street, where gallant Robert died,  
And to the grim St. Michans, where "the Brothers" lie side by side ;  
I will go to where the heroes of the Celts are laid,  
And chant a *Miserere* for the souls of the mighty Dead.

I will seize my pilgrim staff, and cheerily wander forth  
From the smiling face of the South to the black frown of the North ;  
And in some hour of twilight I will mount the tall Slieve-bloom,  
And weave me a picture-vision in the evening's pleasant gloom :  
I will call up the buried leaders of the ancient Celtic race,  
And gaze with a filial fondness on each sternly-noble face—  
The masters of the mind, and the chieftains of the steel,  
Young Carolan and Grattan, the McCaura and O'Neil ;  
I will learn from their voices, with a student's love and pride,  
To live as they lived, and to die as they died.  
Oh, I will sail from the West, and never more will part  
From the ancient home of my people—the land of the loving heart.

## DONA PAULA;

OR,

THE CONVENT AND THE WORLD.

A TALE OF PERU.

(Concluded.)

## CHAPTER XII.

WHEREIN THE STORY CLEARS A HEDGE, AND STARTS OFF AT A CANTER.

"Si nunquam Danaën habuisset athena turris,  
Non esset Danaë de Jove facta parens."—OVID.

WE had resolved in our own mind to learn in some way or o'her by what means Doña Paula was released from the convent whose gates had closed upon her; and well knowing that our naval friend alone could enlighten us, determined to make one more desperate attempt. We prepared ourselves for the task by reading Phillips on Evidence, and Sam Slick on Impertinent Questions. Matters looked unpromising enough when we reached the vessel. Crockett was on watch, and in a detestable humor. He was scarcely civil to us. We almost despaired. But Fate befriended us in the end.

Crocket was walking the quarter-deck, "growling" at every body and every thing. We watched him as we conversed with some verdant mids on the larboard, or rather, (since Mr. Bancroft's secretaryship,) the *port* side of the deck. All at once an incident turned the current of his temper.

As he walked up and down, rolling his eyes and seeking whom he might devour, he chanced to pounce upon "Jack o' the Dust," a privileged character on board. We forget what sin of omission or commission poor Jack had been guilty of; but Crockett "fell afoul" of him on this occasion in a way that made him tremble in his purser's shoes. Jack pleaded innocence with a fervor worthy of a righteous cause.

"Christopher Columbus!" roared the

young lieutenant, "these rascals are always innocent. I'll have you in irons, sir; I'll have you seized up at the gangway; I'll ——"

"I didn't do it, sir; indeed I didn't."

"You did, you son of a sea-cook! you know you did."

"Indeed, sir, I didn't. *By* ——, sir, I didn't!"

Jack could not, by any artifice, have done or said any thing better calculated to please his superior. The young man had begun to fear that he had lighted upon the wrong victim. He felt quite uncertain as to the guilt of poor Jack; but here was a palpable offense, evident to all as well as himself. Here was a case provided for in the Articles of War. Profane language on the quarter-deck, on that sanctum of rank! The angry lieutenant felt his wrathful spirit rejoice. He was sure of his prey. His manner therefore became greatly mollified; and it was in a voice soft as a girl's that he asked the trembling culprit the following "stumper:"

"And pray, sir, how dare you swear *before me*?"

Triumphant looked the young officer; while Jack, in evident dismay, turned and twirled his cap between his fingers. Crockett clearly enjoyed the situation, and again he inquired, in his blandest tone:

"I say, how dare you swear *before me*?"

"Please, sir," answered Jack, "I didn't know you wanted to swear first."

This retort was put in with so much apparent simplicity, that our lion of the quarter-deck scarcely knew what countenance to put on. He bit his lip, muttered, "Go below," turned on his heel, and after taking a look forward and a look aft, and giving a few unnecessary orders, by way of maintaining his dignity, he turned to join us in the best imaginable mood. He readily consented to go ashore with us, and accept a seat in our box at the wretched play-house in Lima.

As soon as we had got out of sight of "our flag," he gave full career to his exhilarated spirits, acceded to every thing, laughed at our jokes, tried his hand himself at a pun, and finally, in the fulness of his heart, proposed to communicate to us the details of the elopement of Doña Paula.

We were seated at a balcony of the Plaza Mayor, sipping "*Italia*," puffing "*pajalitos*," and enjoying to the utmost that delicious atmosphere of Lima, every puff of which counsels and dignifies indolence, when our companion of his own accord branched off at a tangent.

"Well, that Saint Clair was a trump! He was, by Christopher Columbus! Nothing balked him. He persuaded our skipper to send me with the launch to survey the Guano Islands. Precious little surveying did we do, though. All the report of that expedition I ever sent in was a map of the coast with hap-hazard dots representing islands. I dare say, Saint Clair handed in quite a different one, in the shape of a bill of lading for silver bars. But that's another affair. We started off with a spanking breeze, and came to off Huanchaco. Were you ever there? In no place but Peru would Huanchaco be called a sea-port. A kind of point, with a line of reefs, protects you from the swell, and that is all you require in a country where the wind always blows one way. I have the place and the landscape now before my eye. An open roadstead under the lea of a point; a group of houses on the beach; a lofty church in the rear. Beyond that stretches a level plain, called the valley of Chimu. Level spots are so rare in this country that they deserve notice. This Chimu is hemmed in on all sides by high, barren, inaccessible rocks, whose abrupt features offer the most fantastic variety of

lines. Among these summits, shrouded in part by genuine Peruvian clouds, the sun is constantly producing the strangest and most unexpected effects of light. Far in the distance, and above those clouds, an occasional peep at a stupendous mountain-top, and that general disposition of a heavy, humid atmosphere, called by sailors 'the loom of the land,' intimate the neighborhood of the Cordilleras. The plain itself is amazingly fertile; and among its beautiful green shades you can perceive at a distance of eight miles the stately steeples of Trujillo, the first city which the Spaniards ever founded on this coast.

"I had full opportunity to study the bearings of the place. Indeed, I had nothing else to do. Nor was Saint Clair better occupied. At night he either went ashore, or, if the fog was very thick, he remained on board wrapped in a heavy cloak. A light canoe would sometimes emerge from the mist and come alongside. With these visits I never meddled; but I clearly saw sundry suspicious packages hoisted on board and stowed away into the launch; so that the bundles of staves which embellished her bottom daily grew more and more elevated. During the day he passed a great part of his time in watching through a spy-glass a large building which stood aloof from the rest on the road to Trujillo, and was surmounted with a gigantic cross. This building was the convent where Doña Paula languished, and I am free to confess that when I surveyed its proportions, and considered its great strength, I despaired of our enterprise. This I hinted to my friend.

"My dear boy," answered he in a most desponding tone, 'I care nothing for stone-work and iron gratings. I do not fear the vigilance of the authorities. Were I so disposed, I could muster a force sufficient to storm the city. But a woman's will is a brazen wall.'

"It appeared that Saint Clair was in frequent communication with his beloved, and that the latter still clung to her cherished scruple. She would sacrifice any thing but one to follow her lover. She did not feel bound by her reluctant vows. But she dreaded having her father's curse upon her head. Were he dead, she would readily brave the anger of the Church and the perils of the Canonical Law. Saint Clair, after exhausting his powers of eloquence—and they

were not inconsiderable—began to look gloomy and despondent. So infatuated had he become with his nun, that without her life was worthless in his estimation. At last, just as the staves in the bottom of the launch had reached a most preposterous elevation, and the gunwales of the little vessel began to look rather close to the water—just as I had determined to shape my way back to Callao, an expedient occurred to Saint Clair.

“One afternoon he came to me in high spirits.

“‘My dear boy,’ said he, ‘you can weigh to-morrow at daylight. Meanwhile, come ashore with me; we have a hard night’s work before us.’

“Without answering a word—I knew my man, you see—I buckled on my sword and pistols, passed a *poncho* over my uniform, and followed him. It was getting dark just as we reached a little grave-yard in the neighborhood of the convent. Here we were joined by two suspicious-looking characters, one of whom took charge of our horses while the other accompanied us into the church-yard. The low *adobe* walls that inclosed the holy ground were easily scaled, and we soon commenced groping our way among the tombs; not in utter darkness however, for our new companion, who acted as a guide, produced a small lantern, which threw a little red light through the fog.

“I had no more idea of the object of our expedition than a thirty-two pounder has of the nature of Paixhan shells. But though ignorant of our aim, shuddering with cold, and somewhat awed at the solemnity of the scene, I followed my mute guide and my no less mute friend with perfect readiness. Indeed, I should have followed Saint Clair any whither, so great was the influence which he had gained over my young mind. There were circumstances in the scene we were traversing calculated to fill one with horror. Burying is a most superficial operation in Peru. Such is the nature of the soil, that decomposition does not take place here in the same way as elsewhere. Bodies placed in the earth do not decay, but dry up.

There would be no such thing in this climate as restoring ‘dust to dust’ and ‘ashes to ashes,’ were it not for the agency of the wild beasts, the ounces, foxes, and dogs who haunt the grave-yards at night and prey upon the tenants of the tomb. As if to facilitate the operations of these hideous exhumers, interments are carried on in the most careless manner. The poor Cholos of this region may be said to have originated the Burying Societies. For many years it has been usual for them to insure a decent burial by the weekly payment of a premium. The avaricious undertakers who accept those bargains naturally wish to perform their part of the contract at as small an outlay as possible. Consequently they have been known to make one coffin and one shroud serve for many successive interments.

“At every step of our progress we stumbled against a crumbling mound, a skeleton or a skull. Now and then the plaintive howl of a wild beast sent a chill through our very bones. At last we came to a fresh grave. Our guide stopped, dropped his lantern, produced a couple of spades, and said, ‘*Està aquí!*’

“I was at a loss to know whether we were to turn treasure-hunters or resurrectionists; and I entertained an inward horror of breaking the turf of a consecrated ground. Nevertheless, I grasped a spade and fell to digging with great ardor—glad to have something to do, and to escape my thoughts. After a few minutes’ hard work, our spades struck against wood. With the assistance of our guide we dug around the obstacle, and we soon raised from the ground a couple of rough boards, between which was bound the body of a young Chola, with her beautiful black hair plaited in long glistening tresses, and wreaths of faded almencai encircling her head and neck.

“‘Now then!’ said Saint Clair. Without more ado we shouldered the corpse. My companion exchanged a few words with the guide, took his lantern, and led the way. I followed as best I could, stumbling at every step, and half faint with horror. I was very young, you see, at that time.”

## CHAPTER XIII.

## WHEREIN THE ROMAN RITES OF SEPULTURE ARE REVIVED.

"FALTERING under our fearful burden we advanced toward the convent. It was but a short distance, yet it seemed to me that we were a long time in getting there. I'll tell you what, I'm from Tennessee ; but I wouldn't for a great deal take such another walk, feeling as I did at that time. At last we reached the building. Saint Clair led the way toward a small side gate. Here we came to a pause. My companion, placing his hand before his mouth, gave three distinct cries in imitation of the cry of the ounce ; that strange sound, half bark, half mew, was so life-like that involuntarily I looked around me for the animal itself. At the third summons the gate was softly opened from within by some invisible hand, and we entered the sacred inclosure. Here began the truly perilous part of our adventure. We had to traverse a long wing, thronged with timid inmates, through a corridor paved with sounding marble. In spite of our utmost precautions, our muffled shoes sometimes awakened the old echoes of the cloister, and brought us to a stand, almost breathless with emotion. We had darkened our lantern, through motives of prudence, and had nothing to guide us but Saint Clair's limited knowledge of the topography of the place and our sense of touch. Besides, the hideous object we bore was constantly present to my mind, and all the horrors of Pandemonium were conjured up by my too lively imagination.

"Once I thought that I felt the dead Chola move. I soon discovered, however, that Saint Clair had missed the way, and had come within a very little of tumbling down an unseen staircase. The false step which he made, and his effort to recover his balance, communicated a strange kind of oscillation to our ghastly burthen, and this had produced the horrible delusion. It continued but an instant ; yet no life would last through many such instants.

"On we went through many intricate passages, now in utter darkness, now enjoying, through some oriel, a gleam of the lesser obscurity without. I had almost be-

gun to get accustomed to the strange and novel part which had been imposed upon me, when we turned a corner, and soon afterwards stopped. I heard a whisper before me, a door close gently behind me, and in compliance with Saint Clair's directions, I allowed the Chola's body to slide softly down to the floor. By the light of our lantern, my eyes, accustomed to greater darkness, surveyed the apartment where we now found ourselves. It was the nun's cell. The beautiful Doña Paula was disrobing herself of her white mantle, and Saint Clair was engaged in placing the corpse upon her bed. This was an appropriate couch for this gloomy occasion. Agreeably to the rules that governed the austere sisterhood, it consisted of a large wooden box, shaped like a coffin, and filled with straw. This strange regulation was intended to keep the novices as well as the nuns perpetually reminded of Death. With this exception, every thing about the cell, walls, table and bench, was of solid stone. The floor itself was of the same material. A disagreeable feeling of dampness pervaded the little apartment. But I had no time to indulge these feelings. By Saint Clair's directions, I assisted him in disposing under and around the corpse a number of sticks of wood and a quantity of shavings, which had been procured for the occasion.

" 'Are you ready ?' whispered Saint Clair.

" 'Quite ready,' answered the sweet voice of Doña Paula, in a firm tone. I turned around to look at the speaker. She was very pale, but appeared resolute. She now wrapped around her slight person the large cloak of Saint Clair, and as her head was covered within its folds, I was forcibly reminded of the first time I had seen her, draped in a *saya y manto*, coquettishly displaying her graceful motions, and concealing the whole of her beautiful features, except that one bright eye which now looked so kindly and gratefully upon me. All at once, and just as I was placing our last stick of wood on the bed of Doña Paula, the plan of operations became manifest to my mind ;



and I must say that my admiration of my friend's genius was greatly increased by the discovery.

"He requested me to accompany the lady to the gate, and await his return outside. I complied cheerfully. The beautiful nun placed her hand in mine, and led the way. Emotions of a far different character now agitated me, as I retraced my steps through the dark passages and down the mouldering staircases. Instead of a cold and ghastly corpse, I now had charge of a lovely girl, full of life and beauty. I could feel her heart beat against my arm. I forgot the fearful trial through which I had passed, and only regretted that I was not eloping on my own account. We experienced several alarms on our return. The sound of a broken and querulous voice grated suddenly upon our ears, and caused our blood to run cold. But for my arm around her waist, the poor girl would have fallen to the floor. Breathless we listened. It was only an old crone dreaming and praying aloud in her sleep. '*Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis,*' was repeated several times, and the ancient edifice was still once more. We resumed our course with every imaginable precaution, and had proceeded but a few steps, when again we were brought to a stand by the sound of footsteps approaching in an opposite direction. They came in a slow, solemn measure, and rang through the hollow walls like the smothered sound of a hammer. Directly, a tall, white figure, bearing a lighted taper, was seen approaching. We crouched behind an angle, and allowed it to pass us. 'Tis only the crazy nun,' remarked Doña Paula in a low whisper to me; 'they will think that she has done it.'

"There was much sense in her shrewd remark, as subsequent events proved. Without any other serious grounds of alarm we reached the outer gate, and found ourselves in the open air. With a feeling of delight which I would vainly strive to express, I inhaled the cold, humid atmosphere of this damp climate as if it had been the bracing air of my own dear home. Saint Clair soon joined us, and all three hurried away in the direction of the grave-yard. Here we found our horses, and Saint Clair bestrode his own in true old cavalier fashion, with the lady behind him.

"We had been galloping for a few minutes in the direction of Huanchaco,

when Doña Paula called us to stop. Her keen eye had never wandered from her late prison, and she was the first to perceive a signal which told us that Saint Clair's stratagem was perfectly successful in every respect. From one of the windows of the convent volumes of red smoke came forth with a crackling sound. The rest of the building was shrouded in complete darkness, and this one lurid light contrasted strangely with the gloom around it. Signs of life began to manifest themselves through the old convent, and among the dwellings in its neighborhood. Bells commenced to ring, nuns to scream, children to run and shout, dogs to bark and howl. It was a perfect Babel of uproar. A crowd was soon assembled before the gates; each window of each cell revealed a white form clinging to the iron bars, and screeching *Misericordia!* We remained long enough in sight of this scene of confusion to satisfy ourselves that the work was well done, and that from the length of the conflagration the body which we had laid in Doña Paula's bed must have been so burned and charred as to render it impossible that it should ever be identified, and then we went on our way.

"We were not through our toils, however. Now that the presence of danger no longer supplied its stimulus, and all anxiety for the fortunate issue of our stratagem was at an end, the courage of Doña Paula began to give way; and I half loved her for it.

"My poor father!" she cried; 'my poor, poor father!'

"And so she went on sobbing and crying, until she appeared to my unsophisticated self to have lost her reason. She was only in an hysterical fit.

"Now ladies' hysterics may or may not be quite interesting in a crowded ball-room, where the fit only involves the contagion of example, the consumption of smelling-salts, and the cutting away of some of the fair patient's standing rigging. But on horseback, with a rough road, the situation is perfectly devoid of attractiveness. At least it was so on this occasion for me, who felt but a secondary degree of admiration for the imperfections of this particular beauty. For a while Saint Clair managed her all alone. His vigorous arm transferred her to the pommel, where he supported her for a while, until the horse took umbrage and began to be restive. We had then to alight and wait for the fit to pass

over. Saint Clair for the first time now appeared perfectly ridiculous in my eyes. Bending over the gasping girl, he folded her to his breast, and called her by the most endearing names, in a voice which sounded as if full of tears. For my part, I held the horses and watched the road. I was heartily ashamed of my friend. At last Doña Paula became quite calm ; but she was so exhausted that we had to carry her. Do you see me leading my horse with one hand, and with the other supporting half a nun, a sobbing, blubbering nuu ? I'm hanged if I didn't wish the dead Chola had been there instead. I did, by Christopher !"

Such was the narrative of our friend Crocket, at least so much of it as relates to the subject we have in hand. For towards the latter part of the evening he became quite discursive, and mixed up the

relation of Saint Clair's exploits with so many recollections personal to himself, that it was with considerable difficulty that we succeeded in framing a connected discourse out of his rambling and desultory conversation. In vain we strove to pin him to the point : he insisted upon telling the story in his own way, or not at all. The vapors of Italia punch appeared to have made a solution of continuity in his understanding. Observing this, and reflecting moreover that so that we knew that our hero and heroine had reached Callao in all safety, it was of no kind of consequence to us or any one else how in the world they got there, we prudently fell asleep, just as our young friend was about to tell us the story of "The Ghost of John Smith," a capital sea-tale ;—but we had heard it before.

## CHAPTER XIV.

OF MATRIMONY CONSIDERED AS A CATASTROPHE, AND OF JOB-COMFORTERS, ADVISERS, AND FAULT-FINDERS.

"Fortune miseras auximus arte vias."—PROPERTIUS.

"Chi troppo s' assottiglia si scavezza."—PETRARCH.

SAINT CLAIR and Doña Paula, soon after their arrival at Callao, were married privately on board of a French man-of-war, by a missionary who was on his way to Catholicize the Sandwich Islands—one of those, *apropos*, who subsequently, by the charity of their Protestant competitors, were set adrift in a crazy shallop upon the broad waves of the mighty Pacific.

Now by all rule and precedent our story ought here to end. Marriage is the well-acknowledged climax and catastrophe of a novel. True, a few bold innovators have departed from this usage. But they are heretics. The orthodox maxim is, that the winding up of a novel is at the point where the real tribulations of lovers do begin, viz., at that geographical point in the "*Carte du Tendre*," called Matrimony. Here again do we experience the difficulty under which we labor in having to relate real events instead of fictitious ones. We could not with any conscience, even if we would, cross here the *pens asinorum* of authors, and rejoice in our accomplished labors. For it will soon appear that the commission of matrimony by

our principal personages was the mediate if not the immediate cause of the catastrophe whitherward our successive chapters will now tend, with a rapidity which shall increase in proportion as we increase our distance from the apex of the hill we have just surmounted.

Why is it that so many writers eschew married life as a subject ? Is there no romance in that relation ? Does all the poetry of life expire at the altar ? Is the "course of true love" any smoother for being consecrated ? or are the duties and incidents of connubial existence so obvious, so self-evident, that a rising generation requires not to be instructed therein, but only to be taught how to marry dramatically ? The answer to all these questions would involve a voluminous treatise—a treatise which might well take the shape of a series of novels. The author in sooth who will treat that subject in a becoming tone of skilful analysis, guided by experience and personal observation, will be remembered as a public benefactor. To paint the first transports of heedless passion, the glowing hopes of two ignorant young hearts gradually fading away and making

room for a reality never dreamt of before; to represent the mutual schooling of discordant tempers, the gradual harmonizing of antagonistic dispositions; to show the many generous concessions, the innumerable and sublime self-denials, purchasing in the obscurity of private life that lasting love and enduring confidence which are the foundation of wedded happiness—to make this truth evident, that youth rushes into marriage in pursuit of a phantom which soon vanishes, but leaves in its stead, with the good and virtuous only, something infinitely preferable—what a task! Can it be performed? Will it ever be attempted?

Our subject does not involve considerations of so grave a nature. Besides, we are in a hurry to proceed with our narrative. We claim for our hero great ingenuity in devising the plot by means of which Doña Paula was released at once from the duration of compulsory sanctity and from the torture of an over-fastidious conscientiousness; a plot which reconciled or appeared to reconcile her filial respect and her love, her scruples and her inclination. The plot was the more successful, that no one had any interest in unravelling it. The temporalities of the Church were benefited to exactly the same extent whether Doña Paula lived as a recluse at Santa Maria de Trujillo, or whether she slept under a superb cenotaph in the churchyard of that convent. In both cases Padre Francisco pocketed the same emoluments, and Don Ramon was equally heir presumptive to the wealth of the nun's father. Therefore, albeit not altogether unaware of the true state of the case, those worthies confined their endeavors to causing her death to be properly authenticated and proven in due form of law. The shapeless mass of human cinders that was found amid the ashes of Doña Paula's cloistral couch was easily identified as the remains of the beautiful victim of avarice and bigotry, and was interred with what pomp and solemnity the magnificent Catholic rites vouchsafe to rank and wealth. The death of Doña Paula, therefore, became an adjudicated fact, although scarcely a month had elapsed before its impossibility had been established by public rumor in a hundred different and inconsistent ways.

But, as it were purposely to demonstrate the vanity of human endeavors and the utter folly of our most skilful attempts to an-

ticipate circumstances, just as our principal personages were congratulating themselves upon the success of their schemes, and preparing to enjoy a felicity attained at so much risk and trouble, the whole edifice of their speculations tumbled down about their ears; the foundation gave way; Don Antonio de Silva died. It was with the most intense bitterness of spirit that our hero now reflected that if he had waited but a few weeks, he might with scarcely any pains have claimed his beautiful bride in the face of the world, and enjoyed her father's fortune. For Doña Paula had never taken any definitive vows that would bar her inheritance.

Nevertheless he had many subjects of consolation. His prospects in life were of the most brilliant character. His domestic happiness was unalloyed. As to the latter point we have had abundant personal proof in perusing some curious letters from his pen, dated at the period we are now speaking of. They all breathe an ardent consciousness of happiness which a superstitious observer might have considered as ominous of reverse. Occasionally these confidential disclosures break into metre. Saint Clair was quite a versifier. Many of his Spanish songs set to music by himself are still sung by the señoritas of Lima, and he understood the cadence of several languages. In one of his letters to Crocket, written from Valparaiso, we find the following ode, which we here reproduce, not for any extraordinary merit which it can boast, but because the systematic and not unclassical progression of its strophe, antistrophe and catastrophe illustrate a very usual and natural transition of the feelings which we hardly remember to have seen so pointedly noticed elsewhere:—

#### THE HEART'S SCHOOLING.

L.

Oh, for a strain, soft as the sighing shell's,

Attuned to silvery monotony,

Like the grave plaint of distant evening bells,

Whose humble chime to rapture never swells,

Nor stirs the blood with thrilling harmony,

But lulls the ear, and steals into the heart

Ere the charmed sense awake to listening.

In such a strain, above the reach of art,

Of Love, sweet dreamy Love, I'd sing:

True Love, soft nestled in some lonely cot,

Where the throng'd city's voice could reach us not,

But songs of birds and carols of young springs;

While the voluptuous charmings of the spot,

The shade and stillness of the trysting bower,  
The worship incense of each amorous flower,  
And two hearts made one altar to his power,  
Would lure the fickle god and rob him of his wings.

## II.

No! light Eros scorns to brood  
O'er the same scene evermore,  
Though it were the magic shore  
Where Armida's captive woo'd.  
Sick of tameness,  
He sighs for change;  
Faint with sameness,  
He longs to range.

Come, beloved, enjoy the hour,  
Wear young Passion's short-bloom'd flower.  
Should it wither ere to-morrow,  
As it will for all thy care,  
Grieve not, mourn not—vain thy sorrow;  
Cull a fresher bud and wear.

Nay, avert not thus thy face,  
Struggle not in my embrace;  
Strive not to conceal the fire  
Eloquent of warm desire,  
Which, should stars forget to shine,  
Through those eyes would light the air;  
Let my soul, immersed in thine,  
Quench her thirst of rapture there.

## III.

Away, false Passion, hollow mockery,  
Thy nothingness once felt, as all must feel,  
Not all thine angel semblance can conceal  
The fiend that lurks in thee.

Thy cup of pleasure, poisoned with regret,  
(How bright its glow! how sweet its earliest sip!)  
Go offer it to him whose virgin lip  
It never moistened yet.

Yet thou, like any poison, canst be made  
A minister to health; 'tis thus that Fire  
Now useful toils, now lords it in his ire,  
Obeying or obeyed.

There is a spirit can drive thy hectic flush  
Back to the heart in pure and kindly glow,  
And crown thee with a wreath of white which thou  
May'st wear without a blush.

As, in the clime where fierce Pizarro sway'd,  
If some scant shower descend upon the land,  
Behold the waste of dark eruptive sand  
In golden smiles arrayed:

So, if the dew of pure celestial Love  
Fall on the heart thy breath had volcanized,  
Its very lava ashes, fertilized,  
A fruitful soil may prove.

Without attaching more significance to the above rhapsody, and others of like import which Saint Clair penned at this happy period of his life, we will avouch that our hero enjoyed at this time more real felicity than falls to the lot of many. The bitter

remorse of having played into the hands of an artful enemy alone disturbed the quiet rest of his soul. This feeling it would have been for his interest to dismiss from his heart. Blessed above the immense majority of mortals in the gifts of nature and fortune, he had no earthly reason for rousing a whole host of slumbering enemies. He had nothing to do but to enjoy the enviable lot which still remained his own, and give up with a philosophic sigh all pretensions to the succession of Don Antonio. We are inclined to think that his own inclination led him to pursue this rational course. He was too sensible a man not to know that there were many points in his personal history that would not bear strict scrutiny. In fact, he had received a specific warning from Padre Francisco himself, who one day, under some pretext of displaying his knowledge of chiromancy, demonstrated to him that his fate was written upon the palm of his hand, where the "line of life" was deep, bold, and lengthy, and had but one dangerous cross in it. In conclusion he advised him to avoid getting into any difficulty with the Church. It is our settled belief that Saint Clair, if left to himself, would have followed the enigmatic counsel of the Padre, especially as it came coupled with hints which showed that the latter knew a good deal more of his preceding adventures than was either safe or comfortable for many reasons. But Fate, or rather his friends, had willed it otherwise.

What an unaccountable propensity it is that prompts us poor mortals to be for ever interfering in the affairs of our neighbors. It is enough to make a hermit of a man to see how officious our friends are apt to make themselves in volunteering that cheap commodity, advice.

"Ah, qu'on aime à faire le bien,  
Surtout quand il n'en coute rien."

If counsel were food, there would be no need of any alms house. The millennium of edibles would have long since come. There be dealers enough in that kind of charity to glut the market. The supply forestalls the demand in an incredible proportion. Therefore the article is forced upon the consumers at any price. Incalculable mischief sometimes follows from these over-benevolent dispensations of what nobody wants and every body wishes to give away. Your



kind friends often act the part of the bear who bruised the man's face in trying to catch a fly on his nose. The best way to deal with them would be to follow the advice of a friend of ours—wise hater of Job-comforters and fault-finders. "Treat these things in monosyllables," is the panacea of our laconic Mentor; but will he vouchsafe us also the philosophy requisite for using the panacea? If you are an author, your critical friends will carp at your writings till they have expunged all the genius from them, and cooled them down to the standard of their own frigid mediocrity. If you are an artist, your compositions will be smothered in the growth with criticisms, until you cease to take any interest in them. If you are nobody or nothing, then your very washerwoman takes you under her protection. In fact, whatever your business and station, advice dogs you like a hound through life. Are you laboring under any illness? Then bear it like a man, and complain to no one, not even to your wife. Else such a college of advisers of either sex will gather about you, that if you but follow one tithe of their prescriptions, you will speedily metamorphose yourself into a medicine chest.

We lately had occasion to admire a most excellent method of turning the difficulty which was practised under our observation. An old and very dear friend from the Western country chanced recently to visit New-York. He was taken ill with a severe fit of ague. This drew his numerous acquaintance to his bedside; sympathizers in petticoats and breeches all tendered the benefit of their multifarious and inconsistent experience. Our prudent friend demurred to nothing, thankfully accepted each suggestion,

procured each boasted specific, each recommended physician. In a few days the doctors quarrelled, and all left him to his fate except one zealous sectarian of a practitioner who clung to his patient with praiseworthy solicitude, and plied him with little powders in infinite number. These our ailing friend received with the most placid countenance, but at the first opportunity requested us to throw out at the window, together with pills, Indian specifics, and drugs of all kinds, for the benefit of the canine race. The sick man eventually recovered, and his case was published at large with becoming comments.

Few will fail to admire the quiet philosophy of our Western friend; fewer still will be able to imitate it. Yet without this all-important requisite, it is somewhat perplexing to manage your advising acquaintances. In the first place, it is not prudent to disregard their croaking altogether. Accident may confirm their previsions, and in that case you will be pelted to death with their triumphant "I told you so"s. Besides, you must consider that their intentions are of the purest kind. They only advise you for your good, even as the Inquisitors of Spain used to burn the Jews.

Unfortunately for our hero, he had not philosophy enough to withstand the storm of advice which assailed him. His friends belabored him so long and so thoroughly with arguments to prove that it was his duty as well as his interest to enforce the rights of Doña Paula to her father's fortune, and so successfully nettled him with positions and propositions, that he finally determined in an evil hour to cross the Rubicon by instituting legal proceedings.

## CHAPTER XV.

BEING A REVIEW OF THE ENEMY'S TROOPS, AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE RT. REV. J—H—, BISHOP OF ———, LATE PAPAL LEGATE IN SOUTH AMERICA.

"Ceste méchante ferraille de moines sont par tout le monde ainsi aspresus les vivres—puis nous disent qu'ilz n'ont que leur vie en ce monde. Que diable ont les roys et grandz princes?"—RABELAIS.

It is a pleasant and time-honored usage with those who deal in narrative, when they arrive at the eve of a hostile encounter, to pause and review the forces of the contending parties. Thereby the ingenious reader is furnished with data whereupon to base his speculations. Thereby, also, he is

made acquainted with the principal actors in the contest, so that afterwards the narrator, when he comes to describe the actual conflict, may do so in that rapid and lively style which is consonant with the action he wishes to represent, instead of pausing here and there, *re infecta*, to give explanatory



details on the personal history of his actors. In compliance with this ancient custom, which has been in vigor at least from the time of Homer, it may be well for us, since our hero is about to enter on a momentous contest, to suspend our narrative, and survey the obstacles he is resolved to encounter—what foes he will have to engage, what power these may bring to bear upon him, and also what influence, what resources he will have to rely upon.

In this encounter, not of arms but of parchments, Don Ramon was to be the nominal adversary of our hero. It is easy for us to dispose of that worthy. We need but state that he was Don Ramon Casauran, that he belonged to an old and influential family, and that he had the control of the sinews of war to an almost unlimited extent.

Our hero's most fearful antagonist was Padre Francisco, backed by the Church. It were a truism to state that the Church is at all times and in all countries a powerful engine for good or for evil. On the mere principle of association, the principle whereby the energies of the many are concentrated and made to operate with one accord, it is as easy to imagine the might of a Church as to describe a phalanx or a Phalanstère. But, as the slightest knowledge of dynamics is sufficient to show that in order to produce momentum the *vires* of the motive force must be directed to one point, so the Catholic Church, owing to the relative perfection of its organization, must be considered the most effectual appliance ever devised since theocracies have gone out of vogue.

The Catholic Church in Lima was in former days a truly splendid establishment. That city was the seat of spiritual jurisdiction for the whole western coast of South America. Its Inquisition was as vigorous as that of Madrid. Its *autos da fé* were frequent, and remarkable for the pomp of their tragic ceremonies. Its numerous religious houses, with their princely grounds and superb edifices, must have covered one fifth of the whole area of the City of Kings. The freehold of an immense landed estate was vested in those establishments, and the ground-rents which came regularly to their treasuries would have supported a large army. And even to this day, though shorn of much of its ancient splendor, though

plundered of its incomes and of its privileges, though reduced to a mere shadow of its former self, the Church in Lima is still a wealthy and powerful institution, and a most dangerous enemy to attack. The stranger who visits the temples of that city is amazed to find his travelled recollections of Italy and Spain equalled, and sometimes surpassed, by the splendors which break upon his sight. Through all the corruption of its population, he may still discern a fervent respect towards the Mother Church, and a devotional feeling which, though only the offspring of habit, is not the less a prodigious element of strength in behalf of the Establishment.

Now, in Lima, the thought that moves this strong machinery must necessarily be confined to a very few brains. The great mass of priests and monks are distinguished by the most deplorable ignorance, and a profligacy beyond parallel. The fat Benedictines may be seen daily pacing the streets in listless indolence, or killing time by a thousand childish or disreputable devices. The mendicant friars, in squalid robes, assail the stranger with their whining demands, and abuse him in unclerical phrase if he decline to comply with the invitation. In their outward man they furnish a most disgusting example of *otium* without *dignitate*. Their interior life is much more scandalous. Visit one of the *curas*, and you will find his domicile resembling a *se-raglio* in every respect except refinement. Nor does the appellation of "Uncle" in the least disguise the obvious domestic relation between him and the large troop of children who play about his door. In the four corners of his yard, chained by one leg, lusty game-cocks may be seen; and on close observation you will see that their natural weapons have been cut off, to leave room for the deadly steel spur in use at the Peruvian cock-pits. Fine guns, thorough-bred dogs, and in the interior a fair assortment of hooded falcons, testify the pursuits and inclinations of the host. His conversation, however, discloses the most sottish ignorance and the most brutal depravity. In one respect alone he seems to be learned, viz., the scale of fees which he may exact from his parishioners. Some of their extortions have come under our personal observation. In 1847, the mate of a French merchantman died in the harbor of Callao.

The rites of Catholic burial in consecrated ground were denied his body, unless a sum were paid to the Church which all the arrears of wages of the departed sailor were insufficient to pay. The fact was made publicly known, and excited so general a burst of indignation, that the crews of several men-of-war on the station were permitted to turn out, and they performed the ceremony of burial by force of arms.

We candidly believe that the slight sketch just given of the monks of Peru, far from being too highly colored, is rather pale in comparison with the truth. From such a state of things it naturally follows, that the resources of the whole fraternity are in a great measure at the disposal of a few energetic and talented members of the body,

whose influence becomes great in proportion as their brethren are ignorant.

Now, Padre Francisco was one of the intelligent few, and withal one of the most unscrupulous among the Peruvian priesthood. He was distinguished for untiring industry, a thorough knowledge of the laws of his country and of the manners of all classes, while his business habits, his crafty disposition, and the shrewdness of his keen intellect, had procured for him a sort of agency or proctorship in Lima for nearly all the most wealthy religious communities of the country.

We may be justified in saying, under the circumstances, that Saint Clair's most dangerous foe was Padre Francisco, backed by the Catholic Church.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### MARRIAGE IN EXTREMIS.

"Notum quid foemina possit."

"How can ye do such things and keep your name?"—DON JUAN

To oppose the host about to be arrayed against him, Saint Clair had, *imprimis*, himself, his genius, his enterprise, and the command of considerable means. His position as the proprietor of the only steam-vessel in those seas was also an element of influence and success. But above all things he had the friendship of Señora G——. This extraordinary lady never abandoned our hero. It is a singular mark of exquisite generosity, rarely displayed by her sex, that although Saint Clair had bestowed his affections upon another, she did not become his enemy, but perseveringly upheld and protected him. However, this beautiful trait in her character need excite but little surprise, for she was equally masculine in many other respects. In battle, in council, in business and in diplomacy, she guided and controlled her weak and indolent lord. She sat at the source of power, and she had the genius, the energy, and the will to use it most signally in behalf of our hero. There is an incident in her previous career which deserves to be commemorated, if only to illustrate her shrewdness and wit. It relates to the manner in which she secured for herself the hand as well as the heart of him who had gained her affections and refused

to consecrate the bond. When the incident was first made known to us, we considered it a fair subject for a ballad; and since we now have it written in that shape, our readers will probably forgive us if we lay it before them in its metrical dress. They need but change a name and divest the ballad of its color of antiquity to have the real story fairly before their eyes.

### MARRIAGE IN EXTREMIS.

#### A TRUE STORY OF WOMAN-CRAFT.

##### I. THE RING.

###### I.

'T WAS revel day in Brantome Hall;

A titled throng was there,  
To drink the health and share the wealth  
Of Brantome's youthful heir.

###### II.

A merrier meeting never was;  
Round, round the Xeres went;  
With glee or wine each eye did shine,  
Each tongue grew eloquent.

###### III.

So lightsome were those noble guests,  
From well-bred spleen so free,  
You would have sworn them lowly-born,  
Not lords of high degree.

## IV.

A page came to the entrance door,  
In blue and silver clad;  
He stood and blushed—the revellers hushed  
To learn what brought the lad.

## V.

"May 't please your lordship," spoke the page,  
"A priest attends below,  
And begs to say, without delay,  
What boots you much to know."

## VI.

"A priest!" the wondering host exclaimed;  
"A priest!" the guests chimed in.  
"A priest!" quoth one; "comes he alone  
To shrive us all from sin?"

## VII.

"A convent full he would have brought,  
If such his purpose were;  
But I misdoubt he comes about  
Some sin of Brantome's heir.

## VIII.

"Confess, my lord, what it brings  
The holy man to thee?  
Hast driven thy hounds o'er abbey grounds,  
Or scaled a nunnery?"

## IX.

"Hast wrong'd the curate of his tithe?  
His housekeeper hast kissed?  
His cellar broke, or lightly spoke,  
Perchance, of Eucharist?"

## X.

"Out on your jests!" the lord replied,  
"The Pater's aim I know;  
It is the dinner, not the sinner,  
He comes to visit now."

## XI.

"May 't please your lordship," said the page,  
"This ring he bade me show,  
And urge you by a sacred tie  
To 'suage a mourner's woe."

## XII.

"Hush!" cried the lord; and, as he cried,  
His manly cheek grew pale,  
That erewhile blushed, with wassail flushed:  
The ring had told its tale!

## XIII.

Up rose the lord of Brantome Hall  
With look of sad dismay;  
Some courtly word of leave preferred,  
Then bided him fast away.

## XIV.

Soon as he spied the friar, he cried,  
"What tidings dost thou bring  
From her I love all things above?  
Why sends she with the ring?"

## XV.

"Now steel thy heart, my son, for grief:  
She's at the point of death;  
Yet weakly clings to earthly things  
E'en with her latest breath.

## XVI.

"So longs to see"—"What ho! my horse!"  
The impatient Brantome cried;  
"A palfrey too! for, father, you  
Thither with me shall ride."

## II. EPITHALAMIUM.

## I.

Oh! 't was a sight to melt a heart of stone:  
That fair young girl in languished faintness laid,  
Her golden curls in rich profusion strown,  
Her pallid cheek, where hectic glowings played;  
Down from the bed's side hung one listless arm,  
With all the drooping lily's melancholy charm.

## II.

The other hand was clasped against her breast,  
As if to still its throbbing pulse of pain;  
Her eyes were closed, and tear-drops ill suppressed  
'Twixt the shut eyelids forced their way amain,  
And glittered 'mid the scooping lashes caught,  
Like brodered gems in silken net-work wrought.

## III.

The breath of life, beneath her bosom's snow,  
Unwilling captive, struggled to be free—  
Perchance to 'scape companionship with woe  
That rankled there in pent-up agony—  
Till shook the white walls of its prison cell,  
Whose beauty should have woo'd the truant there  
to dwell.

## IV.

Young Brantome gazed till tears had dimmed his  
sight,  
And then, with keen remorseful grief unmanned,  
Aloof he sobbed, that stalwart, doughty knight;  
While the old priest, a crucifix in hand,  
Spoke of the wrong his cruel lust had done,  
And striving to console, yet urged him to atone:

## V.

"Behold thy victim, dying of her shame;  
Her aged sire hath laid his curse upon her,  
For casting o'er the brightness of his name  
The shadow of the guilty love that won her.  
On the death-verge her soul in terror hangs,  
And doubts of mercy above and dreads eternal  
pangs.

## VI.

"O thou, who canst her comforter now prove,  
Forfend the curse, assuage a parent's pride;  
Hallow the ties that bound her trusting love;  
Give her thy name, and let her die a bride!"  
Long might the priest such litanies have mut-  
tered,  
But on the sufferer's lip the shape of utterance  
fluttered.

## VII.

Young Brantome knelt; him thought her soul had  
flown,  
Yet, love-bond, strove upon those lips to linger,  
That they might breathe a cherished name—his  
own!  
The ring so long withheld upon her finger  
He quickly slipped, then signed the willing friar  
To read the benison that sanctifies love's fire.

## VIII.

Now while the priest the solemn words expressed,  
 Strange power of Love! the sufferer 'gan revive;  
 Her lovely cheek, so pale before, confessed  
 A burning wish, a blushing hope—to live;  
 And when was o'er the grave, religious rite,  
 Her heavenly eyes she oped, that beamed with  
 life and light.

## IX.

Her beauteous form, so languishing erewhile,  
 Graceful she raised, clasped her beseeching hands,  
 Uplooking sweetly with a tearful smile;  
 Like as the fitful sun of tropic lands,  
 Now hid, now glimm'ring through the show'ry skies,  
 So beamed that tearful smile within her azure eyes.

## III. THE RATIFICATION.

"*Fit il pas mieux que de se plaindre ?*"—LA FONTAINE.

The holy man cried, "Miracle!"  
 And "Gratias Domine!"  
 He vowed that wedlock from that bed  
 Had frightened death away.

## II.

The bridegroom silenced with a scowl  
 The meek officious priest;  
 His brows he knit, his lips he bit,  
 And shook his clenched fist.

## III.

A storm was gathering in his breast,  
 A flash was in his eye;  
 But, as the cloud, whose gloomy shroud  
 Wraps half the summer sky,

## IV.

Meeting some soft, opposing gale,  
 Warm from a sunny shore,  
 Melts all away, and leaves the day  
 Serenely clear once more—

## V.

So fled the wrath-cloud from his brow,  
 As she, his bosom-wedded,  
 With tearful smile, confessing guile,  
 For pardon sweetly pleaded:

## VI.

"Oh! by those dear remembered hours  
 When first you sought my love,  
 By all you sued for, all I rued,  
 Alas! the granting of,

## VII.

"Forgive, my lord, your trembling bride,  
 For that she's living still;  
 She would have died with joy and pride,  
 If pride or joy could kill."

## VIII.

Relaxed the stern lord's haughty brow,  
 With wrath erewhile compressed;  
 Between his arms her blushing charms  
 He folded to his breast.

## IX.

"Forgive! Pardie," he gayly cried;  
 "When late I took the vow,  
 It was, of course, *for better or worse*:  
 I'm glad thou'rt better now.

## X.

"Thou'rt Lady Brantome, hence for aye,  
 Of Brantome Hall the pride;  
 An hundred lords shall draw their swords  
 When lists my beauteous bride.

## XI.

"The husband and the coronet  
 Are thine, and fairly won:  
 Thine too my heart, though not through art,  
 But Heaven's behest alone."

Such was the artifice by which the beautiful Señora G—— had in former days become the wife of her indolent but wealthy and intellectual lord. Her superior mind soon obtained for her a complete ascendancy over him. It was she who drove him from the leisure of private life to the busy field of politics; she whose intrigues had raised him step by step to his present exalted position, after many hard-fought encounters in diplomacy and in war. She was at once his right hand and his head. She thought for him and acted for him. Foreign diplomatists attended her levees more punctually than any other state reception. The most experienced statesmen of the land respectfully listened to her suggestions. More public business was transacted in her boudoir than in the council-room. As to her husband, poor man, so that he had the finest horses in Lima, and leisure for his amusements, he was content to don his splendid uniform and act a prompted part on gala-days, and in the meanwhile to affix his official hand to any papers his wife presented to him with his chocolate in the morning.

With so much power in her hands and a mind so masculine, the protectress of Saint Clair was likely to prove a valuable auxiliary in his cause. Unfortunately, however, reasons of public policy compelled her to treat his adversaries with much management. It was only in a secret way, therefore, that she could afford him much assistance. For such is the inherent virtue of republican institutions, that even where little exists of them except their mere outward form, that form has still power to spread a shield over the governed, and protect them in a measure from the arbitrary exercise of power. It was something more than the *name* of liberty that consoled imperial Rome for what she had lost. It was the form of a popular government which masked the face of Tyranny.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

WE have said that Saint Clair was happy. We feel under the necessity of explaining that bold statement, for fear that our readers might imagine that we are writing an Arabian tale, or that we have committed the absurdity of supposing that there is some fabulous Jouvence or Eldorado where abstract happiness is to be found. Saint Clair was not happy. He never was so, any more than you or myself. But at this particular juncture of his life he had attained something very like happiness. Many blessings he had and many comforts, and to the enjoyment of these he yielded himself up with a relish that ought to have alarmed him for the future; and forgetful of the vanity of life, oblivious of the many trespasses for which he had yet to atone, he presumptuously avowed himself contented.

He was linked to a being who by universal report was accounted one of the most perfect of the creatures of earth. She was beloved by every one. Her presence exerted a charm. There was something purifying in her very look. Even the servants in her father's hall, degraded Sambos, wild Indians or callous blacks, who might have been supposed devoid almost of human feelings, even these, the oppressed, the trampled, doted on Doña Paula; they loved her better than their own offspring, yet with a respectful affection which made them loth to do a wrong act when they thought it might come to the knowledge of the señorita. From a child she had taken that stand which she ever afterwards preserved, and, careless of authority, exerted power over all who approached her. She had that serene and mournful beauty peculiar to those who are fated to die young. Her beautiful black eyes were oftenest turned towards heaven. Her smile had a fascination in it; and the commanding dignity of her appearance overawed men whom naught else could overawe. She was the idol as well as the pride of her father, until the influence of a designing priesthood succeeded in clouding his aged mind with bigotry. It seems surprising that this lovely creature felt reluctant at embracing the life of a nun. Her thoughts were remarkably detached from earthly things.

Vanity formed no part of her character. She appeared wholly unconscious of her superiority. She was the very impersonification of a Sister of Charity, and one who knew her well has declared to us, that if there ever was an angel on earth, it was Doña Paula de Silva. Her face was a true index to her mind. It was a grave, sweet face, usually pensive in its expression, but illumined at times by a smile whose brightness exceeded that of mirth, a smile expressive of overflowing charity and kindness of heart.

Now, when all this magic of grace and goodness came to be exerted upon our intractable hero, there took place in him a perfect miracle of transformation. From his elevation as a knight-errant of dubious principles, he sank down to a mere commonplace lover and husband. The peculiar circumstances attending his union forced him at first to lead a secluded life. For how could he introduce to his fashionable acquaintance a bride whom he could not name, or a bride whose death had been established before the law? Saint Clair and Doña Paula therefore soon became all in all to each other. They created a little world apart for themselves, and grew so contented with it, that ere long they wished for no other.

It is passing strange how affection will exalt the simplest things in life, and invest them with a charm and a consequence which in sober truth do not belong to them. Because these two beings were attached, it became delightful to them to sit together alone through the long evenings, sometimes conversing, sometimes silent for hours, and occasionally singing or playing some instrument. A ride in a carriage or on horseback, or a sail around the harbor, they soon learned to consider as true enjoyments, to be planned and projected long beforehand, to be commented on in detail long afterwards. Whence this strange relish for things so immaterial in themselves? The landscape around Cal-lao is not of a nature to arouse any enthusiastic emotions of the soul. Every road that leads to it is tedious and dreary in the extreme. The merchant alone can perceive any beauty in the arid island that protects



the harbor from the swell and the trade-wind. What made these two take such pleasure in their promenades by land or water? Doña Paula could boast no great talent for music. Her voice had considerable compass, but, from want of proper culture, sometimes wandered from the tone. Wherefore then did Saint Clair, a good judge in such matters, listen breathless to every note, as if a Thracian spell had been woven in it? Whoever has loved will answer that these two loved each other. But to explain the explanation would require another pen than ours; or rather no pen is equal to the task. Often has the phenomenon been observed, and much rhapsody expended upon it. We, who hate words that convey no meaning, are content to allude to the fact, and appeal to the experience of our readers. For, of our readers, some have known and remember, some (happy they) are now learning, and the others will yet live to learn wherefore, without obvious reason, Saint Clair and Doña Paula felt as if they had been born again in a new world of bliss, and passed the first days of their union in a dream of happiness and content.

A dream—how short a dream! That life of seclusion which conventional considerations imposed at first upon them, and which had proved so much to the taste of both, soon became an imperious necessity. The health of Doña Paula had received a fatal shock. Sorrow, disappointment, and the dull loneliness of her convent hours had undermined her constitution. And now the result became but too visible. She had no stated illness; but the powers of life began to give way. It was now that the effects of her influence upon her wayward husband became apparent. That impatient spoilt child of Pleasure and Fashion, whose energies had never been actuated by other than selfish motives, seemed to take delight in rendering her the thousand tender offices of the most devoted nurse. Except when called away by the most pressing engagements, he was never out of her sight. It was his dearest wish and constant care to enliven her solitude. By dint of being so much by her side, he grew accustomed to her decline, and began to believe—what he himself strove to make her believe—that she was getting better. All the physicians in the Republic were called in by turns. They prated learnedly, argued dogmatically, and concluded that no

fears need be entertained. They spoke of speedy recovery, and pointed for the verification of their prophecies to a period now very close at hand, whose near approach made Saint Clair's heart throb with pleasure and pride. He was soon to be a father!

Time passed on, and the longed-for event occurred; days and weeks elapsed, and still the physicians staked their dark knowledge upon her speedy cure. But no improvement took place; and poor Saint Clair soon found himself face to face with the horrible truth—his devoted wife was in a rapid decline,—rapid, yet not always altogether evident; for there were times when Doña Paula appeared as fair and blooming as on her bridal day, soon to relapse however into a state of despondent listlessness, from which nothing could rouse her, not even the presence of her husband, not even the plaintive voice of her babe.

Thus Saint Clair's mind was perpetually racked by the torture of alternate hope and fear. It was well for his reason that misfortunes of a different nature began to claim his attention. He had now fully entered upon his contest with the Church, and the power of the Church was making itself felt, though unseen. From the day of his first consultation with "land-sharks"—as Crockett obstinately called the eminent counsel engaged—a strange fatality seemed to attend all his enterprises. The business of exporting the precious metals, in which Saint Clair had been so long and successfully engaged that he had become rash and careless in his operations, was now made almost impossible. At least, instead of being as heretofore a safe and profitable pursuit, it involved risks and difficulties of the most serious nature.

One foggy night, the misty stillness of the harbor of Callao was startled by the extraordinary report of fire-arms. The cause of this unusual occurrence was soon ascertained: a canoe manned by Indian paddlers, and laden with a rich freight of silver bars, had been surprised by the guard-boat, almost under the bows of a national vessel of the United States. The Indians made no resistance, but submissively laid in their paddles at the first hail. Nevertheless, their pursuers, with characteristic cruelty, and with a view perhaps to enhance their exploit, fired a volley of musketry at the helpless offenders. Two men were killed, and several bullets struck the hull of the American vessel,

whose commander, but that he did not altogether relish the idea of a minute investigation into the circumstances of the capture, would probably have set up against the Peruvian government one of those claims which the offended majesty of powerful nations is so frequently seen to urge against the irritable petulance of weaker States.

This accident had serious consequences for our hero. A legal investigation took place, which implicated him. He would have been taken into custody at once, but for his influence with persons high in rank. The Governor of Callao, through whose hands the process for his arrest had to pass, was the godfather of his child; and the obligation taken at the baptismal font is regarded in so strong a light where the Roman Catholic discipline prevails, that our hero considered himself assured of the support of that functionary. The manner in which the latter exerted his discretionary indulgence on this occasion was characteristic, and deserves especial notice.

One day he stopped at Saint Clair's residence, and asked him to join him in his evening ride, as he had some matters of consequence to communicate. As the two friends rode along in the direction of the village of Miraflores, their conversation rolled on in indifferent topics, our dispirited hero striving to his utmost to please the man of power, and wondering when it would please his Governorship to disclose the matters of consequence he had in store for him. It was only on their return, and within a short distance of Callao, that the Peruvian officer came to the point.

"Caballero," said he, "you have strong friends, but you also have some very powerful enemies."

All Saint Clair's diplomacy could not induce him to affect that his friend's remark had enlightened his mind. So he awaited the sequel without answering.

"The little affair of the captured silver," continued the Governor, "will not, I trust, lead to any very serious consequences, beyond a little present annoyance. Indeed, I never before knew of a prosecution being commenced against *gente de razon* for an offense of this kind. But I have good cause to fear that this is only the commencement of a series of attacks against you."

"I am prepared," remarked our hero laconically.

"It is well that you are so," resumed his friend. "I beg you to consider me as one on whose support you may rely."

They were now within a few steps of Saint Clair's house. The Peruvian officer proceeded:

"As a proof of my friendship, I will show you these orders which I have just received from Lima for your arrest. You know that I incur serious responsibility by allowing you to remain at liberty. Nevertheless, I will run the risk. Am I not the *padrino* of your child?—What a beautiful horse you have there!" remarked the Governor, just as they were about to dismount.

"*A la disposicion de Vmá,*" answered Saint Clair, according to the Castilian custom.

"Many thanks," replied his generous patron. "I will keep him for your sake."

It was almost with tears in his eyes that our hero delivered over his faithful steed to the Governor's servant. He felt as if he was paying too high a price even for liberty. But this was only the first instalment of his ransom. St. Clair possessed a beautiful English carriage. His *compadre* the Governor borrowed it one day to give his wife an airing, and never returned it. At short intervals the high-minded functionary would call upon our hero, and benevolently inform him of new judicial proceedings being commenced, the execution of which, from pure friendship, he would suspend; and at each visit he would drop some hint which transferred to his possession some valuable chattel of his helpless victim. About once a week he would send a confidential servant with a request for a loan of twelve ounces or so. Nor was this all: the entire household of the Governor soon came in for a share of the plunder. His very menials scented the prey, and fell upon it like a flock of *gallinanos*; it was seldom that they had an opportunity of eking their scanty wages with such bountiful perquisites.

At last the evil grew to such an extent that it appeared likely to work its own cure by ruining Saint Clair completely. We are generally disposed greatly to commiserate the unfortunate who gets entangled in the meshes of the law. But especial pity is due to the victim of Hispano-American jurisprudence. The revelations of Gil Blas anent the administration of justice in Old Spain, fabulous though they may seem to the American reader, would appear tame if com-

pared with the details of some very recent transactions in the Spanish Republics of America. The alguazils of Spain merely stripped their victim of his actual possessions. The judicial officers of her colonies pursue a plan more refined and systematic. They do not always drain the sponge at once, but squeeze it considerably and at intervals, so as to afford it an opportunity of becoming again replenished.

This beautiful method had now been pursued towards Saint Clair, until any extremity seemed to him preferable to further endurance. Serious mischances of several kinds had lately impaired his means considerably. Failures considered impossible had taken place. His best-devised plans had been frustrated. His most trustworthy agents had turned against him. It seemed as if some infernal influence were at work to conquer him, by depriving him one by one of the means of defending himself. He felt like a soldier who finds his armor dropping off piece by piece before the enemy is in sight. He had determined to stake his all upon the struggle which he had so bravely undertaken; but now he saw his all melt-

ing away before having brought his adversary to the field of battle.

Wearied and rendered desperate by the continued recurrence of petty annoyances, which threatened to reduce him in the same way as the gnat once conquered the lion, Saint Clair resolved either to bring matters to an instant crisis, or to place himself beyond the reach of persecution. And on this point it was his first care to consult his active and benevolent protectress, Senora G——.

He had not been a courtier of late; the peculiarity of his position prevented him from visiting his acquaintance in high life. He felt almost dubious as to the reception he would receive at the palace. Yet for many reasons a private audience was out of the question under present circumstances. Time was becoming too valuable in his case to be squandered in punctilios, and he therefore boldly resolved to present himself at the palace on a public reception day.

There is virtue in a determination, however desperate. As soon as Saint Clair had marked out a course for himself, he felt his mind at ease. He rested well that night, and the next morning set out for Lima.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE AUDIENCE.

WE hear and read much of the boasted splendors which distinguished the rule of the ancient Viceroy of Peru. Whatever the truth may have been in this respect, it would seem that the pride of architecture formed no considerable part of their character. The palace where so many of them sat in state still remains, and is not calculated to impress the traveller very forcibly. On the north side of the Plaza Mayor, a flat unornamented wall, surmounted by lean, ambitious-looking flag-staffs, and disfigured—if it be possible to disfigure such a piece of masonry—by a long row of wooden shops or stalls that extends in front—presents the most favorable view of the vice-regal edifice. Nor does the interior redeem the unpromising appearance of the outside. The great reception-hall, or *Sala de los Virreyes*, has no more remarkable feature (now that its famous collection of portraits has been transferred to another build-

ing) than a floor which seems to have been laid without regard to level, by some squinting mechanic who abhorred straight lines. It fairly tests the capability of human muscles for surmounting inequalities of surface without alteration of the body's decorous perpendicular. It is in this room that state balls are given. No wonder that the Peruvian gentry are good waltzers. He or she who can whirl without accident over a waving surface like this, must be capable of doing the same under any circumstances; in the same way as mountaineers, when they visit a city, are conspicuous for their easy and graceful walk.

In a smaller room adjoining this great hall, the commanding and still handsome Señora G—— held a levee on the morning when Saint Clair sought her counsel in his embarrassment. It was difficult on this occasion to obtain her private ear, although

not an individual entered that crowded room without being noticed by her quick searching glance.

We deeply deplore our lamentable unfashionableness, when called upon to describe occasions of ceremony like the present one. We have witnessed them just enough to observe their strangeness, yet too little to comprehend their pith and significance. There may be a deep reason in those receptions of etiquette, levees, and other gatherings of a like nature, but to our obtuse reason they present the quintessence of solemn absurdity. There sat, on the present occasion, the fair Señora G—— on a rich sofa, alone. Some ladies were seated in different parts of the room, but the great majority of the visitors were standing, in what would appear to us indiscriminate confusion, around the walls. A general buzz of conversation pervaded the hall, and now and then little knots of men and women would become detached from the throng, approach the hostess, make low bows or curtsies, exchange smiles, and then, after many scrapes of their feet, and extraordinary distortions of their bodies, sail out of the room in a dignified style. Nor were these little incidents governed altogether by chance or by the will of the visitors, as would at first glance appear. It was plain, after a little consideration, that a kind of precedence was observed, and that above all the eye of the Señora, like a general-in-chief reviewing his troops, issued out some mute orders, in obedience to which the practised courtiers approached by turns to receive her greetings and take their leave.

In obedience to one of those magnetic signals, Saint Clair approached his powerful patroness. The reception which he had so far met with was not calculated to raise his despondent spirits. Had he not known himself the desperate state of his affairs, the demeanor towards him of those whom he met on first entering the palace might have alarmed him outright. Some shunned him altogether, as if he had been afflicted with leprosy ; some, as he passed by them, elevated their significant eyebrows, and with eyes nearly closed, looked over him, or even right through him, as if he had been made of transparent air. Others there were who stared at his bow, and others again who returned it with an offensively compassionat manner.

“The rats are swimming away from the

sinking ship,” said Saint Clair to himself ; and wrapping up his mortification in pride and contempt, he turned haughtily aloof from his former dear friends, and awaited in silence and apart the signal for a short audience.

His powerful patroness did not fail to note these circumstances, and generously resolved to make ample amends to our hero. When his turn came—and it came promptly—she arose from her seat with a gracious smile, and actually advanced toward him two steps : General Puntillo counted them. She then made him seat himself by her side, and commenced a conversation with him, in a tone so low as to reach his ear alone. Not a syllable could the anxious courtiers hear, save here and there a word or two about indifferent topics, which, coupled with the speaker's kindly smile, and light graceful manner, and the listener's unconcerned attitude, made the bystanders believe that nothing passed between them except the stereotyped compliments of courts, and those gallant nothings which, with Fashion's stamp upon them, serve as current coin in a certain world. Saint Clair's stock instantly rose almost to par.

Yet the interview was of a most important character for our hero. Under the mask of trifling indifference which both contrived to assume, information was conveyed and warnings given which would have driven most men to heedless and uncontrollable acts of desperation. He left the presence with rage and indignation in his heart, yet with a well-bred diplomatic coolness of manner, which was highly creditable to him as a pupil of that worldly school whose utmost aim is to reduce our actions, emotions, gestures, dress, and general conduct to a common—a very common standard.

Society, or what is so called in a certain sense, is your true solution of the problem of equality among men. With an indiscriminating plane, it thoroughly smooths the surface of life ; no matter if the cast-off shavings be worth more intrinsically than what remains of the material, so that what remains be like a frozen lake—hard and cold, but unruffled. A certain level has been adopted, so low that the great majority can attain it ; all that is higher must be lopped off. Feeling, genius, sentiment, peculiarity of any kind, avault from “Society ;” eyou must be crushed if you cannot be kept



out of sight; your inequalities would betray the insignificance of the polished mass—how polished, but how flat!

Our hero's feelings on leaving the palace were of the most dismal character. He had come to Lima to seek his generous friend's advice under what he considered the most insurmountable of difficulties. And now a new item was added to the sum of his anxiety, compared with which all the rest sank into insignificance. A secret information, he had just learned, had been lodged, charging him with being accessory to the murder of El Chato Encarnacion. In that well-aimed blow he recognized clerical intervention, and he was too well acquainted with Peruvian jurisprudence to entertain any hope as to the result of a trial. Fly he must with all speed. His protectress had promised to stay the arm of the law for two days. She dared not interpose any longer delay. He felt no personal apprehension, for he had the means of flight at hand. But his proud spirit rebelled at the idea of defeat. To be conquered by an ignorant monk, and to acknowledge the fact by retreat, was in his eyes the last extremity of humiliation.

Distracted by such reflections, and half crazed with impotent rage, he spurred his horse on the road towards Callao, at the speed of one who runs for dear life, or at the still greater speed of one who seeks to escape from thought. Alighting from his panting horse, he proceeded at once to his wife's apartment, without even pausing to relieve himself of his poncho, or of his heavy silver spurs. As most natural with the afflicted, his first thought was to make her kind and loving heart the depository of his distress. He resolved to tell her all, even at the risk of losing her esteem; her love he felt he could never lose.

When he entered her apartment, Doña Paula was reclining in a Guayaquil hammock, with her infant daughter in her arms. Her pale face wore a listless, apathetic expression. Her eyes were heavy, her wasted features bore the stamp of habitual physical suffering. She noticed her husband's entrance with her usual kindly glance and half smile, but spoke not a word, and continued, as before, humming her child asleep with a Catholic hymn.

This little scene deeply affected Saint Clair. He, who knew her so well, saw at once that this was no time to impart his

secrets to her. There seemed scarcely intelligence enough left in her to understand, or, if she understood, there seemed scarcely life enough left in her to withstand the disclosures he had to make. His whole misery of spirit therefore rolled back upon his heart with double weight. His soul was so oppressed that he could hardly utter a syllable. Yet, speak he must, if only to hear her speak in return. This mute scene of maternal love surviving all the other earthly affections was heart-rending. As he looked on that beautiful shadow of her he loved so well, mechanically rocking in the suspended couch, with eyes downcast, and seemingly unconscious of his presence, or of the existence of aught on earth except her slumbering infant, he felt like one who is alone with a spirit, and grew almost frightened.

"Paulita!" said he, in his most caressing voice.

"My dear!" she answered, without once raising her eyes towards him, and then continued humming to the sleeping child as before.

Poor Saint Clair, smothering his sorrow, now told her as much as he dared tell of his position. He explained to her that unexpected circumstances, growing out of the prosecution of her claim, made it advisable that they should leave the country without delay. His steamer, he added, would sail the next day, and with her they must go; that it was inexpedient their intention should become known, and that in order to conceal their departure, it would be necessary to make a feint of visiting the steamer. Meanwhile, their establishment at Callao must be kept up for some time, to make it appear that they would soon return. At the same time it was impracticable to carry any thing with them, save such indispensable articles as he would cause to be conveyed on board secretly that very night. These he begged her to make ready with her own hands; no servant, he said, was to be trusted in such an extremity.

She listened, or appeared to listen to what he said with the most perfect composure, but made no answer, and scarcely raised her eyes towards him. And when, in a voice broken with emotion, he begged her to speak and say whether she would go, she calmly replied: "Wherever you go, dearest, thither will I go;" and continued as before, singing in a low tone.

These words, and the indescribably soft



tones in which they were spoken, almost crushed what little energy was left in the distracted adventurer's breast. He had observed before, during some of those alarming crises of her illness which appeared likely to terminate in speedy dissolution, that her voice at such times became gifted with soft silvery vibrations, more touching and heart-reaching a hundred-fold than their natural tone; and now that ominous, unearthly sweetness again fell upon his ears, and had power almost to throw open the secret well where those bitter, unconsoling tears—the tears of manhood—yet remain to the last, even in the most rugged and hardened natures.

Saint Clair remained for some time in a state of dreadful agitation, gazing in silence at her who sat before him unconcerned, indifferent, and beautiful as a marble statue. In bitter agony he computed the few days he might yet possess even thus much of her; then he remembered how this state of apathy had grown upon her, how it kept pace with her disease. He looked forward to the day when she would no longer even remember his identity; and when he reflected that it might be his fate to watch her slow agony, and hear her call him by a strange name, under the influence of some of those half-delirious recollections of childhood which assail the death-bed, the most dreadful counsels of despair presented themselves to his mind. He thought it would be better if the earthquake would now rock the polluted soil of Peru, and swallow them up both together in one grave. He saw a ghastly comfort in such an end. Then the evil counselor whispered to him that it was in his power to *produce* a catastrophe like that he had been contemplating; thoughts of revenge too came coupled with the fiendish suggestion, and knit his brow and set his teeth firmly together. Such thoughts were revolving in his distracted mind, when again that supernaturally sweet voice broke upon his startled ear:

"What dress, dearest, shall I wear for the party?"

There was so much unfitness in the question, it was so obviously uncalled for and ill-suited to the present state of things, that Saint Clair started up as if a dagger had entered his side.

"Party!" cried he; "O my God! she dreams of parties."

For a while he paced the floor in a dreadfully agitated state of mind. All at once a luminous thought seemed to break upon the chaos of his mind. He paused in his excited walk, stooped over his wife, kissed her calm forehead, and whispering to her, "Thou art my inspiring genius," hurried out of the house.

He knew that he could place implicit confidence in the honor and secrecy of his young American friend. He now sought him out at once. They remained closeted together for a considerable time. Saint Clair unfolded his real position, his fears, his difficulties, and the means yet in his power. They both agreed that Saint Clair and his wife had no time to lose in placing themselves beyond the reach of such inveterate and powerful enemies; that to disguise their flight was a paramount object; and the plan which Saint Clair suggested was after some deliberation mutually assented to.

Our hero was to tender an invitation to all the Peruvian fashion then in and about Callao for an entertainment, to take place on the following afternoon on board of his steamer. This would undoubtedly be well attended, and would sufficiently account for his presence with his family on board the steamer. The party would break up late at night. Then Saint Clair would, with all dispatch, stow the necessary fuel on board, light his fires, and slip quietly out of the harbor. If pursued, as there was too much probability that he would be, he need but turn his vessel's bows into the teeth of the trade-wind, and bid defiance to the entire navy of the Peruvian Republic.

Their plan being matured, and all its incidental parts preconcerted, the two friends parted, each in his department to carry their measures into effect.

## CHAPTER XIX.

WHICH ENJOYS THE ENVIABLE DISTINCTION OF BEING THE LAST.

BEAR with us a little longer, gentle reader; we are in sight of "the end;" our task has nearly reached its termination, and, so far as we are concerned, what remains of it is rather more mechanical than intellectual. We need but copy from our scrap-book the record of a conversation which we had with our steadfast and well-informed friend Crockett.

"Well," said that worthy to us, one evening, "I suppose that you will give me no peace until I have told you all about it. And it is unfortunately too true," he added, in a somewhat melancholy tone, "that I am the only person now living who can at all describe the scene from personal recollection, or rather from experience.

"It was a beautiful day, considering the climate. The bay was almost without fog. The steamer was gayly dressed with many-colored flags. A snow-white awning covered the deck. The music was good, and the refreshments the best which the place could afford. A great number of persons had acceded to the invitation of Saint Clair; for his reception at the palace on the preceding day had raised him in the estimation of the fashion, and many attended for the mere sake of keeping on good terms with one who might again be powerful.

"I was his right-hand and faithful aid-de-camp, and, I believe, the only confidant of his project. Our captain declined to attend, but gave me leave to do so, and permitted me, furthermore, to take and keep till the next day his gig under my command. Its crew, as Saint Clair and I had calculated, was to be of great service in assisting us, after the party was over, to throw aboard the necessary supply of coals. For, partly to keep his steamer in a proper condition for the entertainment, and partly with a view to conceal his design to the last, he had not yet a bushel of coal on board. The operation of 'filling up' was not as difficult a one as might at first appear to you. We intended to take only what quantity was absolutely indispensable. We had plenty of hands, and the coal-ship was close aboard.

For you must understand that then, as now, there was no such thing as a coal-yard in Callao. An old French frigate, large enough to take in a mountain, served instead; and as she was good for nothing else, she answered the purpose admirably. Whenever a vessel came from abroad with a cargo of coal, she went alongside of the frigate, and the cargo was transferred to her capacious flanks. Whenever, likewise, the steamer required fuel, she anchored near enough to the old frigate to warp alongside of her, if necessary. This was the case on the day in question; and you must try to remember that Saint Clair's steamer was quite near to the old hulk.

"The day wore along pleasantly enough for the invited guests, I dare say, but quite anxiously for me. As for Saint Clair, he did the honors of his ship in most beautiful style. His wife, too, bore the excitement remarkably well. Two or three times during the afternoon and evening she came into the cabin, and sat there a considerable time, entertaining her husband's guests. She seemed to have regained her former ease of manner, and her former strength; much of her former beauty she had unquestionably recovered. I could not help mentioning it to the surgeon of a British vessel, as I rowed him back to his ship that evening. He was a skilful man, and, for his profession, a kind-hearted one. He had bestowed much attention on Doña Paula during her illness. When I told him how glad I was to see her so well—

"Nonsense!" said he; 'she has not a month to live.'

"I looked aghast, but said nothing; these doctors are so dogmatical, you know.

"Well, the afternoon passed on, and the evening was at hand. The elder guests had all departed, and the younger ones continued dancing on deck. I grew somewhat nervous as the time for action approached. But Saint Clair was as calm as you are now. He seemed to have no thought but for his guests. Yet, like a careful general, who quietly prepares for

battle while negotiating with the enemy's plenipotentiaries, he, at all fitting times, gave his entire attention to the real business of the day. Never did Captain H——'s coxswain handle the spare oar in our gig so often before. One would have thought, to see the gay little boat crossing the harbor in every direction, as she did that day, that there was a treaty of amity and peace being negotiated between the old store-ship and the other vessels at anchor there.

"I was thus returning from one of Saint Clair's many errands, when, just in the direction where I was looking, through the lowering darkness, for the sharp bows of the steamer, I saw a vivid light shoot out of a stern-port, and then a mass of reddish smoke rise high up in the air. 'Give way, men,' I cried, for I felt like a farmer on the borders of Indian warfare, who, returning at night from the fields, hears the war-whoop, and sees his cabin on fire. A few strokes more of the oar brought me well in sight of the burning ship. I now saw that it was the old French frigate, and not the steamer.

"At first I was overjoyed at discovering my error. But a moment's reflection satisfied me that there was no great occasion to rejoice; for whether Saint Clair was burnt out like a fox, or burnt in like Marshal Bugeaud's Arabs, made but little difference. In either case he seemed wholly, irretrievably in his enemy's power. The magnificent steamer, with all her glittering machinery, but without fuel, was like a paralytic, whose limbs and muscles are to all appearance perfect, yet who, lacking the mysterious power that sets them in motion, lies helpless upon his bed.

"I rowed towards the old hulk, that was now wrapped in a mass of flames. At one glance I saw that every thing had been done which could be. Launches and boats of all kinds and dimensions surrounded the floating fire. A desperate attempt had been made to discharge some part of the precious cargo, but in vain. The old vessel crackled on all sides like pitch-pine, and the intense heat which she evolved was intolerable, even at the distance where I now stood. I heard Saint Clair give the order for all hands to abandon the useless enterprise.

"I followed Saint Clair to the steamer; again we stood together upon his own deck, he gazing steadfastly upon the burning ship, and I scarcely knowing what to

say. My friend's courage, hitherto indomitable, seemed to have given way. To such questions as I ventured to address him, he either made no answer or replied in the most despondent tone.

"'Tis madness to linger here,' said I; 'follow me on board of our ship; you will be safe under the United States flag.'

"'Impossible,' he answered.

"'Wherefore so?' I inquired. 'You cannot stay here; to-morrow's sun will see you a prisoner; what prevents your following me? Is Doña Paula ill?'

"'You will see for yourself,' said he, leading the way into the cabin.

"The scene which I there witnessed made a profound impression upon me. The large tables were still covered with the remains of the feast. The rich wine still glittered in the half-empty decanters; the varied fruit still graced the heavy baskets of silver. At the further end of the cabin a hasty couch had been disposed, and there lay Doña Paula in a condition which I could hardly mistake. I had been too long on board of a man-of-war not to know the symptoms of approaching death. Her beautiful eyes were strangely bright, but the pupils were half hid by the open lid; she appeared to have lost the power of directing her glance, and to be compelled to look upwards. She did not seem to know either of us, gasped dreadfully, and occasionally muttered some incoherent words in a tone of supernatural sweetness that made me shudder. For a long time I gazed in silence; at last I ventured to ask:

"'Shall I go for the surgeon?'

"'It is no use,' answered Saint Clair with a fearful calm. 'Come on deck.'

"I followed him without saying a word. He went up to the poop-deck, and leaning against the mizen rigging, remained silently gazing at the burning ship. The conflagration was now upon the decline. The rigging and upper works had long since been consumed. The fire still burned fiercely in one part of the ship, but she was filling with water very fast, and settling by the head. The scene was strangely picturesque. Around the burning vessel hundreds of boats might be seen plying, although there could now be no motive but curiosity for a visit to that dangerous neighborhood. A buzz of confused voices showed how keen an interest the spectators took in the unusual spectacle.

Occasionally a brighter flash would issue from the declining conflagration, and it was hailed by a hundred excited screams, as it threw its lurid reflection upon the waters, and lighted for an instant all the shipping in the harbor. Fortunately there was no danger of the fire spreading among the other vessels, as these were well to windward.

"At last a servant touched his hat to Saint Clair, and informed him that two gentlemen had called to see him.

"Show them into the poop-cabin," said Saint Clair; and by his request I accompanied him below.

"I was somewhat surprised when I saw that the visitors were the Governor of Calao and Padre Francisco. But my companion was something more than surprised. His face became deadly pale, and as he bowed them politely in, a heavy mahogany chair, on the back of which he leaned with one hand, creaked as if it would break.

"The visitors being seated, Saint Clair whispered to me:

"I will accept your kind offer; perhaps you had better go after the surgeon. And, by the way, I had rather you would not return here to-night. The captain will miss his gig. Go aboard; good night."

"As he said those few words to me, I watched his countenance. It wore an expression of determination bordering on ferocity. I felt certain that he had taken some stern resolution, and could hardly resist the inclination to insist upon being permitted to stand by him to the last. His request, however, was of such a nature that I could not well decline complying with it. As I left him, however, I made up my mind, in spite of his injunction, to return without delay. I pressed my weary oarsmen to the utmost of their speed, and fairly took by assault H. B. M.'s ship. I felt the more anxious, that on leaving the steamer's side I had noticed that the boat which had brought the priest and the Governor was filled with soldiers. They informed me on board the British vessel that the surgeon could not leave the ship, his assistants being absent, and the rules of the service compelling him in such a case to remain on board.

"Without pausing to parley, I repaired to the steamer, and dismissing my gig, soon stood knocking for admittance at the poop-cabin. Saint Clair was not there, and Padre Fran-

cisco directed me to seek him below. Below I went, and there I saw him, strangely enough, as I thought, just coming out of the powder magazine. When he saw me, he fairly screamed, 'You here?' and dragged me, by main force, up the hatchway on deck. As soon as I had recovered myself I sought to resist, and demanded an explanation.

"Come on!" cried he, as he forced me forward; 'I have need of you; you must come. Where is the gig?'

"Gone off."

"Rash boy!" he exclaimed. Then, in a tone which he strove to make calm, he resumed, as we reached the fore-castle together:

"Do me the favor to lay out on the flying jib-boom end. Don't object—go, for God's sake, go!"

"What for?" I inquired.

"What for! Why, to look—to look if the yards are square," he answered, as he fairly pushed me up on the boom.

"The idea of sending me at that hour of night to look at the yards of a vessel which had only fore-and-aft sails, was, under all the circumstances, positively ridiculous. But, subjugated by my friend's urgent manner, and accustomed as I was of old to act under his direction, I obeyed almost mechanically. When I had reached my post, I turned around to see if he followed me, but I saw him no more. I had but an instant, however, to look; for hardly had I got hold of one of the stays to steady myself, when that dizzy sensation I have experienced before and since during an earthquake came over me, for a space of time too short to be named. Immediately after, I felt as if the sky had fallen down and crushed me. These are the only sensations I could ever remember in connection with the catastrophe which followed. I lost consciousness, and for a long space of time, earth was a blank to me. Of course you know what happened. Owing to some cause which has never been explained, the powder magazine of the steamer (which, according to contract with the Peruvian government, was always kept well filled, and in a condition for warlike purposes) had exploded, and of those who stood on board of her, I am the only survivor. My position on the flying jib-boom saved my life. That comparatively delicate spar fell into the water with me at the first concussion, and I was picked up soon after-

wards, to all appearance dead, but still clinging to the floating spar."

"Now, really," said we, somewhat disappointed, "is that all you can tell of the terrific explosion? Did you not hear the crash?—see no flames?—feel no warning convulsion of the stout ship, as the mighty captive within her flanks struggled to be free?"

"Heard nothing, saw nothing, felt nothing but what I have told you," he answered dryly. "If you wish to study the pathology of an explosion," he continued, "you had better go home and take a trip on the Mississippi, where you will meet with abundant facilities for such research."

"Do you think," we inquired after a

pause, "that Saint Clair blew up his ship on purpose?"

"You can draw your own inferences," he answered; and that was all the explanation that we could get from him on the subject. Nor was the public of Lima or Callao better informed. Every body knew that the "Tiburó" had been blown up on a particular night; but as to the drama to which this incident served as a catastrophe, they seemed profoundly ignorant. Padre Francisco and the Governor had carried to the grave with them what secrets they had in their power to reveal, and soon afterwards a revolution had driven Señora G—— and her weak husband in exile to a foreign land, where they both died.

## POST FACE.

PREFACES being out of vogue, we substitute a Post-face—and with cause. Is it not an amazing piece of presumption to address one's public in the tone either of expostulation or self-laudation, before being made acquainted, before the relation of author and reader has been fairly established? The writer who takes so unwarrantable a liberty must necessarily express himself in a cold, formal manner, as he would speak to a new and questionable acquaintance upon first shaking hands, instead of the kindly and cordial tone in which he would utter a farewell after a long companionship. What wonder then that prefaces generally prove tedious, and that the public will have none of them?

Our plan, we imagine, is not open to the same objections. We now feel as it were quite intimate with our reader. We have been conversing with him, telling him a story, and, we hope, amusing him. We feel that we may now with tolerably good grace inform him wherefore we have intruded our labor upon his eye. It so chanced that we possessed knowledge of some rather remarkable incidents which had never yet come to light; at the same time we felt conscious of personal experience as to the *locus in quo*, and we deemed it expedient to turn that knowledge and that experience to account. What we pride ourself especially upon is the

modest reserve we have displayed in executing our task. Thank Heaven! we are better than our neighbors. We have nowhere distorted facts in order to heighten effects. We have not diluted one drachm of emotion into an ocean of insipid Sentimentalism, nor evaporated a drop of meaning into clouds of Transcendentalism. We have read you no lectures—whined you no sermons—bombasted you no rhetorical hyperbolas—revamped you no common-places—invented you no under-plot—adopted none of the artifices of bookcraft to swell a story into a book—displayed no learning or word-finery (we had none to display)—blowed our own trumpet not at all (until now.) In short, we have "told our story as 'twas told to us," or rather we have let the story tell itself.

We also expect especial commendation on the score of Brevity. That excellent point—whether it be considered as the soul of Wit or the redeeming feature of its opposite—has been the constant aim of our endeavors. We will leave it to any committee of critics to decide (after dinner) whether there be not incidents enough crammed into the foregoing laudably condensed pages to have made a large imp. 8vo novel. And if we had indulged in description—as we safely might since our scene was laid abroad—we could have swelled it into an Eugene-Sue-like



romance, as large and perhaps as heavy as the Wandering Jew.

We have also forborne spreading love-scenes before our readers. For this we also had a cause. We have noticed and carefully studied passages purporting to describe the interchange of affectionate words in some of the most popular works of fiction of the day. Neither in our own experience nor in that of any of the many friends we consulted could we ever discover any thing like unto those passages. They are unlike the life—unlike any thing upon the earth, and for aught we know any thing in the heavens above, or the place beneath. This fondness for the unnatural we have been at great pains to explain for ourself, without ever reaching any satisfactory conclusion. Sometimes we have thought that novels were

written by old maids who had never made love, or by old bachelors who had forgotten how. Sometimes we fancied that those experienced writers had discovered that love passages drawn after the life would never “take” with the public, and that they therefore felt compelled to draw upon their fancy for their models.

Whatever the cause might be, however, one thing was quite clear and self-evident to our mind, viz., that it was hopelessly beyond our power to sketch love-scenes in the approved novel style, wherefore we abstained.

For all these things which we might have done, and yet have abstained from doing, we demand our meed of praise, negative praise. As for what we *have* done, we leave it to the tender mercies of the critics.

## A T R U T H

WHAT lesson graves those hoary rocks  
Set deeply on the shores of Time,  
With fangs that reaching to the prime  
Sway not by elemental shocks,—

Strong songs of deep and lustrous mind,  
Clear annals of the world's long life,  
Sharp truths of argumental strife,  
True pictures of our human-kind?

Not that in sudden gust of force  
Lies the high secret of the spell  
By which we too may build as well  
Eternal records of our course.

But that the might which rears a tower  
To be by distant ages spied,  
Grows in the arm by labor tried,  
And owns no circumstance or hour.

REINHOLD.

## DEATH-VERSES :

A STROLL THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH WITH TENNYSON, IN COMPANY WITH SHELLEY, MILTON, BLAIF, SWIFT, COLERIDGE, MOORE, AND OTHERS.

"ALAS! that all we loved of him should be  
But for our grief, as if it had not been,  
And grief itself be mortal."—SHELLEY.

IN MEMORIAM.—As the title denotes, this book is of the elegiac order, being composed of two hundred and sixteen pages of thought and lamentation, in one hundred and thirty-one different "In Memoriams" or thoughtful poems, not continuous, as a consequence, save in being the record of a bewailing soul, noting down its recurring bursts of feeling and thought on the subject of its lamentation through a number of years. The very title of the book is an epic—full of thought and retrospection—and brings welling round our mind pleasant and dreary recollections alternately. There is no one, however wicked or inhuman, but who cherishes some feeling akin to an "In Memoriam." Good people love it as a virtue. The basest of creation bestow affection on something, and feel its loss when it is severed from them; they feel the loss, at least externally, in a greater degree perhaps than those of a more benign character. They are nearer akin to brute, and cannot reconcile their selfishness so easily. To think, with such people, is the acme of cold-heartedness. Impatience to them is natural devotion, and obstinacy an apotheosis. To the kind and steady-loving heart, such reflection is capable of the highest moulding of thought, and the purest philosophic repose. To those who can calmly sit and look down the vista of an endearing friendship, when that friendship has been severed by a God; when between one and his counterpart the earth has yawned, and a wild and everlasting river careering in the chasm sets a union at defiance; when one feels half his strength and love roaming at the far side, and dare not seek it willingly; to such we say, who can sit calm and reconciled and gaze through the acts and thoughts, the love-links of years, what a wide realm of thought fresh and angelic opens to his mind. He awakes as he thinks, and learns for the first time that all his life has been a dream. He feels his heart beating at the off side of the Stygian river; its pulsations throb and wave to and fro across the flood as the pendulum from soul's time-piece—tick, tick—and back he counts the hours of a life. No boisterous movement unhallows the serenity of his thoughts; no vulgar wailing pollutes the purity of his regrets; he is in a new life; he is an essence; he is all tears, but they are crystal; time and manly love have subdued him into a spirit; he is purged of the flesh, and for the time is a mirror of the angel-world. His "In Memoriam" could never be written save in heaven. It might be imagined, but language would desecrate the hallucination, as even the daguerreotype jaundices the likeness which is unerring. Few men are capable of the subjection of body which we have idealized. Few have so much faith in Providence as to give Heaven credit for the wisdom of its actions; and most burst into a lamentation equally insulting and offensive to the Supreme Will, as it is unavailing to that which it bemoans. It is a harsh philosophy that would close up the flood-gates of sorrow, and crush the feeling of love after life in man. It would be cruel philosophy to preach this: such *we* do not preach, for we feel it could never be practised. But that which we idealize would not crush or close the pure and pious voice of sorrow, but would spiritualize it; cloister it within the secret porches of our being, amid the aisles of thought, where the conscious retrospection of good, like the pealing of a full-toned organ, would choir our lament, laden with love and loneliness, to heaven; where we might unburden our woes and sorrows, sheltered from the Argus-eyed crowd, to accommodate the kind will of which hypocrisy and cant are ever the sweet singers.

But alone, man is no hypocrite, nor could be.

We have been led into these thoughts, as one wandering through a forest might come upon a simple tomb, erected there by some pioneer, to the memory of, and to mark the spot where an ill-fated comrade perished. As one would feel and ponder on such a meeting, have we felt and pondered on meeting the title-page of Mr. Tennyson's book amid the forest of leaves we are now-a-days in the habit of encountering. With the simple words "In Memoriam" at the top of the otherwise unencumbered page, it looks like a tomb whereon the sculptor had forgotten to grave the name of him to whose memory it was raised, or that *he* had been also called away to that eternity of which the blank space is so suggestive. We feel all the effects of such a book before we read one sentence of it. Already is the Old Mortality of our thoughts rechristening the grave-stones of our memory, and we are weeping, or pondering, or blessing, as he brings each loved old name to light from amid the growth of brain-weed and moss which years of daily meetings with persons and occurrences engender. The person to whose memory this eloquent and Doric pile is perpetuated was the beloved friend from youth of the poet, as well as the betrothed of his sister; and by this monument to his friendship, is ever after linked with, and links, the two proudest tribunes in the literary assembly—Poetry and History—in being the son of Hallam and the inspiration of Tennyson. The poet's friend died at Vienna in the year eighteen hundred and thirty-three, since which time, leisurely and carefully, in hours purified by thought and sorrow for the dead, this monument was constructed. Block after block, the condensed essence of innumerable complaints, cemented with the healthy tears of benign sorrow for the intellect lost to the world, as well as the friend dead to himself, was added with Egyptian strength and Grecian finish, till the classic pyramid stands revealed. And as we can tell the age and manners of the sculptors by the peculiar positions of, and carvings on, the stones of old piles and abbeys, as they are in fact their own bards and chroniclers; so each stone of Mr. Tennyson's monument is at once the historian of the thoughts and feelings by which its working was encompassed, and the silent orator of the cemetery, claiming attention from every passer-by by the strange traces

of workmanship on it. Every slightest chisel track seems like the toiling of a tear down a care-worn face, or solemn and mystic *ogham*\* inscription, relating to the dust which it shelters. Each mark seems to hold a meaning deeper than that it is an every-day piece of labor. It seems to have grown beneath the mason's will into a participation of that mystic and melancholy appearance which the wailing spirit within is allowed to enjoy entire. The more you look at it, the more you doubt your vision; your ears play you tricks too, and your brain is filled with lamentable sounds; your body lightens, and your brain seems to grow over-burdened; yet the sounds are so soul-worthy you utter no complaint against the wallings that pour themselves upon your thought, and might even wish you could sink down into eternity burdened with such a freight of purity. Every stone in the monument has got a voice; the tongues of Babel are around, but all seeking the one end, through slightly variable thoughts.

Mr. Tennyson's poem is of that class which at once defies, discards, and forbids criticism. It being an elegy suitable for any portion of the human family—its pure and high execution—its generally faultless expressiveness, and above all, its claims upon the heart as a tribute of friendship, raise it above the sphere of every-day notice and critical inquiry. At the same time, without cavilling, we mean to take a glance at it, keeping in view Mr. Tennyson's former productions. As a meditative poem, it is languid and melancholy; not languid as a weak man giving way to grief or despair, but as a Hercules overcome with thought, bowed down with ideas of a future world, or as a giant using his strength too much. Its melancholy is the melancholy of a strong mind; not superstitious, sickly, but the melancholy of a forcible will; clear, religious, thoughtful, firm as his love, the earthly snapping of which gives rise to it. Judging it simply as a *poem*, it is inferior in our mind to the "Princess." 'Tis true there is no more room for analogy betwixt the two, than between "Lalla Rookh" and "Paradise Lost," save that we can

\* Ogham, the alphabet on stone used in ancient Ireland. It is formed by certain lines graved perpendicular to a main line, a set number of lines being equivalent to a certain letter; each linear symbol being detached from each other by a space or stop to avoid confusion.

pierce deeper than the mere words of either, and look down into the soul, the machine-shop of the poet, and view the secret workings, plans and powers there reposing, and at work. Thus it is, looking through his expressiveness, as a clear mirror, into the microcosm of which it is the atmosphere, from which the poet speaks, we should say, that as a poem, more enduring fame will follow the track of the "Princess" than will slumber within the hallowed shadow of "In Memoriam." It is not that the latter shall be loved less, but that the former shall be loved more. There are many reasons for our opinion. Taking both generally, the former may have more striking faults than the latter; they will be more noticeable in the former, from the nature of the poem, but its many remarkably beautiful and brilliant passages will always captivate, while the monotony consequent (at least seemingly) on a poem of the nature of the "In Memoriam," will have any but a like seductive effect on readers; with, perhaps, the exception of students, and those who read poetry for its own sake, and not merely as a preventive of *ennui*. Whoever reads the beautiful descriptions and lyrics in the "Princess" cannot easily forget them; while few minds are capable, as we hinted at the beginning of this article, of receiving the elevated meditation and high poetic fervor and feeling which produced an "In Memoriam." If you have once visited the Princess's College, and seen her when

"There at a board, by tome and paper, sat,  
With two tame leopards couch'd beside her throne,  
All beauty compass'd in a female form,  
The Princess, liker to the inhabitant  
Of some clear planet close upon the sun,  
Than our man's earth,"

you cannot forget her; or when upon the judgment seat,

—"above her droop'd a lamp,  
And made the single jewel on her brow  
Burn like the mystic fire on a mast-head,  
Prophet of storm."

And again, the description of the pupils in the "University for Maidens," sitting ranged on the forms,

—"like morning doves  
That sun their milky bosoms on the thatch,"

is exquisite—who can forget it? Who can displace from memory the song of the northern Prince to the swallow?

"O swallow, swallow, if I could follow, and light  
Upon her lattice, I would pipe and trill,  
And chirp and twitter twenty million loves.

"O were I there, that she might take me in,  
And lay me on her bosom, and her heart  
Would rock the snowy cradle, till I died."

The love passages in the "Princess" are some of the finest descriptions ever penned, rich, exquisite, warm, yet pure. That part where the Prince is ill, and the stern Princess, caretaking "her chiefest enemy," is conquered herself; when, under the belief he is dying,

"She stooped, and with a great shock of the heart,"  
their mouths met; and when she rose,

"Glowing all over noble shame, and all  
Her falser self slipped from her like a robe,  
And left her woman,"

is grandly conceived and true to the nature of woman. But it is useless, as well as unkind, to torture our readers (and ourselves) with little snatches, when we cannot strike out and swim in the ocean of melody which the "Princess" affords.

The "In Memoriam" is remarkable for its perspicuity. It is as plain, smooth, and symmetrical as a Doric column. The diction is pure and without affectation, but a decided improvement on the too familiar simplicity which spoiled some of his earlier writings. It opens finely:—

"I held it truth, with him who sings  
To one clear harp in divers tones,  
That men may rise on stepping-stones  
Of their dead selves to higher things.

"But who shall so forecast the years,  
And find in loss a gain to match?  
Or reach a hand through time to catch  
The far-off interest of tears?"

When we speak of this poem being inferior to the Princess, we must add, it is mainly in general effect *as a poem*, and as to its probable fate with the reading world. All the poet has aimed at in the present instance, we should say, he has admirably accomplished. It would be entirely out of character, not to say sacrilegious, to bedeck a mourning suit with rubies and emeralds, or perform a morris-dance on a pall. In like manner, that brilliancy and versatility which is the great feature in the Princess, would ill become the solemn efforts of a lamentation. Also, we must remark that the present poem was far advanced in being

at the time of the publication of the Princess, and we regard that poem as a later production than the one now given to the world.

Friendship, in the hands of a poet like Tennyson, is a grand theme; every tree, walk, or book, which was common to himself and friend, giving fine room for his descriptive powers, and the consequent thought upon such a link of love.

His identification with every thing relating to his friend, his intellectual promise, hopes, and pastimes, form the chief string which knots the several poems together; and the fervor which graces all portrays a true profundity of affection, and a heartfelt love of meditation on that which constituted his friendly happiness, leading him into thoughts and speculations on death and universal happiness. Here is a passage full of that simplicity which is a ruling characteristic with this author:—

“Old yew, which graspest at the stones  
That name the under-lying dead,  
Thy fibres net the dreamless head;  
Thy roots are wrapped about the bones.

“The seasons bring the flower again,  
And bring the firstling to the flock;  
And in the dusk of thee, the clock  
Beats out the little lives of men.

“Oh, not for thee the glow, the bloom,  
Who changest not in any gale!  
Nor branding summer suns avail  
To touch thy thousand years of gloom.

“And gazing on the sullen tree,  
Sick for thy stubborn hardhood,  
I seem to fail from out my blood,  
And grow incorporate into thee.”

Communing with himself on his loneliness, he speaks to his heart:—

“O heart, how fares it with thee now,  
That thou shouldst fail from thy desire,  
Who scarcely darest to inquire,  
What is it makes me beat so low?

“Something it is which thou hast lost,  
Some pleasure from thine early years.  
Break, thou deep vase of chilling tears,  
That grief hath shaken into frost!”

Like all who have felt real sorrow, the poet appreciates the “dull narcotic” of poetry to unburden the grief-laden soul.

Shelley says, and truly:—

“Most wretched men

Are cradled into poetry by wrong;  
They learn in suffering what they teach in song.”

Hear Tennyson in illustration:—

“I sometimes hold it half a sin  
To put in words the grief I feel;  
For words, like nature, half reveal  
And half conceal the soul within.

“But, for the unquiet heart and brain,  
A use in measured language lies:  
The sad mechanic exercise,  
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.

“In words, like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er,  
Like coarsest clothes against the cold;  
But that large grief which these infold  
Is given in outline and no more.”

That is a sort of apology for writing his thoughts, and bathing his frayed mind in the flood of poetry of which it is at the same time the conjuror and the comforted. The following invocation to the ship with his friend's remains abounds with feeling and affection:—

“Fair ship, that from the Italian shore  
Sallest the placid ocean-plains  
With my lost Arthur's loved remains,  
Spread thy full wings, and waft him o'er.

“So draw him home to those that mourn  
In vain; a favorable speed  
Ruffle thy mirrored mast, and lead  
Through prosperous floods his holy urn.

“All night no ruder air perplex  
Thy sliding keel, till Phosphor, bright  
As our pure love, through early light  
Shall glimmer on the dewy decks.

“Sphere all your lights around, above;  
Sleep, gentle heavens, before the prow;  
Sleep, gentle winds, as he sleeps now,  
My friend, the brother of my love.

“My Arthur! whom I shall not see  
Till all my widowed race be run;  
Dear as the mother to the son,  
More than my brothers are to me.”

We must continue this: it heightens in description and passion eloquently. The nearing of the ship is beautiful; every line marks it striding towards the shore. At first he but hears the “noise about the keel;” then he hears the night-bell; it comes on gallantly, yet mournfully, as though the sea were a wide sheet of canvas, and the ship fastened and steadied thereon, and a vast roller at the beach rolled up the canvas, moving the vessel almost imperceptibly to the shore. He sees the “cabin window;” then he descries the helmsman; then comes the sailor to his wife, and travellers return



home, and letters from abroad, and a "dark freight with vanished life."

"So bring him: we have idle dreams:  
This look of quiet flatters thus  
Our home-bred fancies: oh, to us,  
The fools of habit, sweeter seems

"To rest beneath the clover sod  
That takes the sunshine and the rains,  
Or where the kneeling hamlet drains  
The chalice of the grapes of God;

"Than if with thee the roaring wells  
Should gulf him fathom deep in brine;  
And hands so often clasped in mine  
Should toss with tangle and with shells."

The last two stanzas are really beautiful—so simple and so highly expressive.

—"Where the kneeling hamlet drains  
The chalice of the grapes of God,"

is perfectly Grecian. And the

—"gulf him fathom deep in brine,"

how artistic in the last stanza! He is a perfect artist, and his great art is in being so artistically simple that you never think it has been studiously simplified. The following is quite an ethereal picture of a messenger of woe:—

"Lo! as a dove when up she springs  
To bear through heaven a tale of woe,  
Some dolorous message knit below  
The wild pulsation of her wings;

"Like her I go: I cannot stay;  
I leave this mortal ark behind,  
A weight of nerves without a mind,  
And leave the cliffs, and haste away."

Here is a picture of his loss, which many a hearth-side will recognize and appropriate with a tear:—

"Tears of the widower, when he sees  
A late-lost form that sleep reveals,  
And moves his doubtful arms, and feels  
Her place is empty, full like these;

"Which weep a loss for ever new,  
A void where heart on heart reposed;  
And, where warm hands have pressed and closed,  
Silence, till I be silence too."

The poet is fond of dwelling on the sea in his imaginative flights. It is true, the sea was the great barrier, like the river of life, which his friend crossed never to return

alive, and which separated them from each other. The sea, too, is the element which is to convey the shape of the loved to the arms of the loving. Besides, the eternally rolling waves are typical of that great eternity to which one friend has passed, and of the enduring love of the survivor. The sea is a great poet, mirroring the heavens and all that is luminous, and pure, and resplendent therein; therefore is a fit realm for the man-poet to refresh his imagination, mirroring as he does all that is bright and holy in the heaven of love. There is a feeling existing evidently between the poet and the ocean, and the best passages in the poem are those which refer to it: his watchings and expectations by the shore, and where he lets his imagination picture a probable return. Here is one of them:—

"If one should bring me this report,  
That thou hadst touched the land to-day,  
And I went down unto the quay,  
And found thee lying in the port;

"And standing muffled round with woe,  
Should see thy passengers in rank  
Come stepping lightly down the plank,  
And beckoning unto those they know;

"And if along with these should come  
The man I held as half divine;  
Should strike a sudden hand in mine,  
And ask a thousand things of home;

"And I should tell him all my pain,  
And how my life had drooped of late,  
And he should sorrow o'er my state  
And marvel what possessed my brain;

"And I perceive no touch of change,  
No hint of death in all his frame,  
But found him all in all the same,  
I should not feel it to be strange."

The student will hail this volume of true and genuine poetry with a welcome which no book has drawn from him for years. It must be read and pondered on, to be appreciated as it ought. The monotony which superficially meets the reader vanishes as he gets into the wailing mood. As you open the book think of some friend, (who is there that had not a friend?) think of some sweet spirit, some kind soul, some dear relative, or perhaps, ye young and unrequited—ye loving and losing—think of something nearer and dearer, that has perished, that is dead, and left you friendless, lonely, childless, parentless, brotherless, or loveless; and

with the feelings rising to such a mood, sit calmly down and read, and you will be comforted. It is always a blessing to find one who knows the human heart so well, that he, as it were, only gives utterance to what you yourself were about to say : you feel at home with him ; he is a friend ; he seems to know your secrets, and touches all the chords of calmness, benignity, despondency, or hope, until your whole soul is one vibrative lyre of your thoughts and his will. Tennyson is such a man, and this poem will be balsam to many a lone mortal—many a “poor exile far away,” whose laud and love are dead to him ; and to a thought comfort-seeker, it will be “as sun to the earth.” Here is sweet consolation :—

“As sometimes in a dead man’s face,  
To those that watch it more and more  
A likeness hardly seen before  
Comes out, to some one of his race ;

“So, dearest, now thy brows are cold,  
I see thee what thou art, and know,  
Thy likeness to the wise below,  
Thy kindred with the great of old.

“But there is more than I can see,  
And what I see I leave unsaid,  
Nor speak it, knowing Death has made  
His darkness beautiful in thee.”

One quotation more, and we are done with excerpts. The more we think over this poem, the more we should wish to quote largely from it ; if for naught else, to prove that what we said of it in juxtaposition to the “Princess” was not meant to depreciate the present poem.

“I leave thy praises unexpressed  
In verse that brings myself relief,  
And by the measure of my grief,  
I leave thy greatness to be guessed.

“What practice, howsoe’er expert  
In fitting aptest words to things,  
Or voice the richest-toned that sings,  
Hath power to give thee as thou wert ?”

The next verse is quaintly and very neatly done :—

“I care not in these fading days  
To raise a cry that lasts not long,  
And round thee with the breeze of song  
To stir a little dust of praise.

“Thy leaf has perished in the green,  
And, while we breathe beneath the sun,  
The world which credits what is done  
Is cold to all that might have been.”

The ruling feeling of the “In Memoriam” naturally brings to mind recollections of other poems having the same object, directly or indirectly ; and ere we conclude we shall take a glance at the most note-worthy monodies, elegies, or death-verses in the language, and try and give the “In Memoriam” its place. Elegies are as common as grave-stones, and the merits are about in the same latitude, the scale of kind feeling being generally weighed, up or down, according to the size of the purse which it has to balance. Every thing connected, no matter how humbly, with that sublime existence called Death, of course carries with it due respect and feelings which are entire strangers to any other sensation or idea. These feelings can vary just as much as man’s life may, pendulating between the merest clod and the most poetical giant—between the Witten and the Thought-Titan. So can their effigies or their monuments vary, not perhaps so much in their dimensions as in their classical expansiveness ; for, like a Greek epigram, the smallest may reconcile an impossibility to the senses, and hold a giant in the mantle of a dwarf. The chief dread of attempting a monument in letters, of great dimensions, would appear to be the fear of failing in uniqueness, and preserving that solemn aspect without which it would appear to be an anti-Christian burlesque. Few feel capable of attempting such a work. It is the work of years as Mr. Tennyson’s is, and to an enviable extent he has succeeded in creating a monument which may not fear attack as to either its unity, solemnity, or dimension, and is, in fact, a pyramid when compared with the elegiac monuments which we meet with now-a-days.

In the English language the most noteworthy of those productions we have alluded to, are Mark Anthony’s *Oration over the dead body of Cæsar* ; Milton’s *Lycidas* ; Pope’s *Epitaphs* ; Collins’ *Ode on the Death of Thomson* ; a few *Epitaphs and Elegies* by Swift ; Gray’s *Elegy* ; Blair’s *Grave* ; Coleridge’s *Monody on the Death of Chatterton* ; Shelley’s *Adonais* ; Wolfe’s *Burial of Sir John Moore* ; and Moore and Byron *On the Death of Brinsley Sheridan*. These are all well known and widely read. Mark Anthony’s defense of his dead friend is in every school-boy’s mouth, and a better could not be. The ingenuity and sarcasm at once displayed in it are excellent, and the rapid-

ity with which it gained over the Romans to the speaker's cause, and to decry the man (Brutus) by whose influence he first got a hearing, shows what a master *that* Shakspeare was; how well he knew human nature, and how truly he could pull the strings of man's action. The Burial of Sir John Moore will ever retain its popularity; it is so well known comment would be superfluous. Pope's Epitaphs are fast going into that congenial oblivion to which their subjects would have gone as they fell, save for the magnetic electricity by which Pope's versification held on the latter part of the last century, and the first quarter of this. Moore and Byron on Sheridan are each excellent, the former being a satire lacerating the Prince Regent for his neglect of Sheridan, after he had sported on his genius for years. There are some powerful and scathing stanzas in this monody. The "way of the world" is disagreeably true in the verses:—

"Oh! it sickens the heart to see bosoms so hollow,  
And spirits so mean in the great and high-born;  
To think what a long line of titles may follow  
The relics of him who died friendless and lorn!"

"How proud they can press to the fun'ral array  
Of one whom they shunn'd in his sickness and sorrow;

How bailiffs may seize his last blanket, to-day,  
Whose pall shall be held up by nobles to-morrow!"

Sheridan's powers as

"The orator, dramatist, minstrel, who ran  
Through each mode of the lyre, and was master  
of all,"

are tersely and eloquently characterized. There are some fine lines in Byron's monody, though not equal to Moore's.

Coleridge's Monody on Chatterton, though a juvenile production, contains some excellent passages. The most interesting now, perhaps, is that in which the fate of the genius he bewails leads him to think of his own misfortunes, and which he dares not dwell on,

"*Least kindred woes persuade a kindred doom;*  
For, oh! big gall-drops, shook from Folly's wing,  
Have blacken'd the fair promise of my spring;  
And the stern Fate transpierced with viewless dart  
The last pale Hope that shiver'd at my heart."

Yet he promises himself the solace of following the "sweet dream,"

"Where Susquehanna pours its untamed stream,"

of raising a cenotaph to the "Harper of time-shrouded Minstrelsy,"

"And there, soothed sadly by the dirgeful wind,  
Muse on the sore ills I have left behind."

Alas for the dreams of youth! Like the *Fata Morgana* of the coast of Antrim, or the Straits of Messina, the glowing panorama of chivalry, ambition, glory of war, or more glorious delights of seclusion, which crowd the brain of youth, sink into a mere optical illusion, beautiful in itself as such, but it is only a richly-colored shadow, bodiless, pulseless, that, to use Goldsmith's admirable comparison,

"That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,  
Allures from far, yet as I follow, flies."

Collins' Ode on Thomson is a tame performance. Not so Swift's *Elegy on the Death of Demar the Usurer, Satirical Elegy on a late famous General*, and his *Elegy and Epitaph on the supposed Death of Partridge*, the cobbler and almanac-maker. The first-named is at once satirical, sarcastic, and just, and withal contains some admirable remarks on the transition from this world to the unimaginable "to come." Without ornament those lines "state the case" as eloquently and as severely as if a heaven of rhetoric were discharged in word-lightning on it. They address the commonest mind by their truth, as much as the enlightened by their quaint strength:—

"Know all men by these presents, Death the  
tamer  
By mortgage has secured the corpse of Demar;  
Nor can four hundred thousand sterling pound  
Redeem him from his prison under ground."

It would seem that this great fact, so epigrammatically expressed by Swift, was not known to men, they toil, speculate, speculate, and connive so much in life to build up that which is of no after-life use, but the making of which most probably shortens their existence. The miser, denying himself the necessary food of man to hoard up treasure, never thinks he is starving himself, and lessening the joy, by years, he lives and longs to live for most—that of wooing, and gazing on, his gold. If there is so much inexpressible delight (as we are told) in gazing on the treasure for a day, why, it should be heaven in a twelvemonth! And yet, these miserable devils are blind to their own deification. Drat the knaves! if they had but sense

enough, they could make a heaven of this earth, and their gold pieces would shine like so many stars, rendering their sphere blissful and congenial. They deserve their fate. In their anxiety to turn every thing into gold, like Midas, they mind not to exclude bread from the auriferous ban; for it is the nature of those creatures, even if hungry, to sell their musty crust, if money—gold, delightful gold!—be offered for it. They would sell life for gold, poor wretches, and know not what they do; thus,

"He that could once have half a kingdom bought,  
In half a minute is not worth a groat.  
His coffers from the coffin could not save,  
Nor all his interest keep him from the grave.  
A golden monument would not be right,  
Because we wish the earth upon him light."

SWIFT.

The annexed four lines were written by Stella (Esther Johnston) in the same elegy:

But as he weigh'd his gold, grim Death in spight  
Cast in his dart, which made three mouldores light;  
And, as he saw his darling money fail,  
Been his last breath, to sink the lighter scale."

Swift thus distinguishes the sexton:

"A dismal banker must that banker be,  
Who gives no bills but of mortality."

With the concluding thought in the "Epitaph on the Miser," we shall leave this admirable poem, which is so characteristic of Swift, and of his treatment of the subject:

"And, if his heirs continue kind  
To that dear self he left behind,  
I dare believe that four in five  
Will think his better half alive."

Every thing in that poem elucidates the character of its subject by similes drawn from the miser's life. It is not a mere piece of sarcasm, carrying its shafts no farther than the present object, but to all of the same *genus*; while the ideas of mortality expressed in it are so ruggedly simple and severely correct as to have a peculiar charm. The *Grub Street Elegy* on Partridge is a capital piece of satire and humor, with a sly vein of devilry running through it. That on the *Famous General* is of equal merit, but contains some lines of great power and malignity, which to our mind heighten it vastly. We are tempted to print it entire, for on it might rest Swift's claims to the laurel of Satire:—

[ON THE DEATH OF A LATE FAMOUS GENERAL, 1722.]

"His Grace! Impossible! what, dead!  
Of old age too, and in his bed!  
And could that mighty warrior fall,  
And so inglorious, after all?  
Well, since he's gone, no matter how,  
The last loud trump must wake him now;  
And trust me, as the noise grows stronger,  
He'd wish to sleep a little longer.  
And could he be indeed so old  
As by the newspapers we're told?  
Threescore, I think, is pretty high;  
'Twas time in conscience he should die!  
This world he cumber'd long enough;  
He burnt his candle to the snuff;  
And that's the reason, some folks think,  
He left behind so great a stink.  
Behold his funeral appears,  
Nor widow's sighs, nor orphan's tears,  
Went at such times each heart to pierce,  
Attend the progress of his hearse.  
But what of that? his friends may say,  
He had those honors in his day;  
True to his profit and his pride,  
He made them weep before he died.  
Come hither, all ye empty things!  
Ye bubbles raised by breath of kings!  
Who float upon the tide of state;  
Come hither and behold your fate!  
Let Pride be taught by this rebuke,  
How very mean a thing's a duke,  
From all his ill-got honors flung,  
Turn'd to that dirt from whence he sprung."

The most pretentious, however, of these Death-verses, the heads of which we have enumerated, are those by Shelley, Milton, Gray, and Blair.

Shelley's *Adonais* "To the Memory of John Keats" is the grandest, most imaginative, and most beautiful production of the kind in the language. It is the grand poem of a grand poet, wailing the death of a younger brother and rival, who was worthy of such a lament. Its brilliancy of illustration, depth of thought, height of imagination, harrowing strength, and Grecian completeness, are unparalleled. We dare not quote from such an offering. Urania, that divinest Muse, would wither us for the sacrilege. We must not sip of this cup of sorrow, but quaff the sweet bitterness entire. Here are no milky tears, but the cold shivering sweat and proud gall of intellectual unquiet. Here you do not sigh, but shiver; do not weep, but feel an indescribable clamminess; you choke for words, which the many beacons of sorrow at once presented hinder from finding the path of voice. An oily loathsomeness hangs like a weight on your brow, with heavy, unvoiced lamentation for the youth, and hatred of his enemies,

while you read; and finished—sink into a confused reverie of his greatness, of their malignity, and the inexpressible power which has conveyed both so vividly to you. Truly, it is a *great* sorrow. The reading of this poem produces a deeper sensation on us than melancholy music, which we have often been inclined to think of as the most depressing influence. We are not sure but it has that power in a greater degree than any sympathetic authority which influences, or trifles with, human sensations. But this poem, while it depresses, makes one strong in sorrow, which is the opposite to that effected by melancholy music. *It* depresses at first, and ends by consigning us to a deep and sorrow-subdued trance; while Shelley makes us the subject of depressed, but living and inwardly radiating thought. You are deep in lament, while, like a blinded eagle, Imagination dashes wildly through the elements, in vain searching for words to hold it down.

Milton's *Lycidas* is an exquisite pastoral. It is from beginning to end one beautiful passage, fresh as May, and scenting as fragrant as sweet brier and wild thyme.

"The tufted craw-toe, and pale jessamine,  
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,  
The glowing violet,  
The musk-rose, and the well-attird' woodbine,  
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,"

out-perfume the rosemary and willow-sprig with which they are interwreathed. It is essentially and in design a pastoral lament; the sorrow of an

———"uncouth swain to th' oaks and rills,  
While the still morn went out with sandals gray;"

drawing all his illustrations from the Arcadian simplicity of his haunts and home, without the deep thought which cultured intellect is supposed to wield; and is therefore free from the pretense of deep, chaotic, labyrinthine sorrow, wide imagination, or profound meditation. It is as calm and richly placid as the sweet face of its author; full of bounding recollections of youth and the Pandean shade.

Gray's *Elegy written in a Country Church-yard* has the reputation of being one of the most exquisite pieces of word-melody in the language, and it deserves it. It is as smooth and enchanting as Life viewed through the eyes of childhood. There is scarce one stanza but has contributed to our

stock of "household words," scarce a line that we do not remember to have known long before we knew who wrote it. Yet it is like a beautiful statue or wax-work. It is utterly devoid of passion. It is very like nature, but not nature. It instructs by the morality of the picture it presents, but could never move by its own intrinsic capacity. Its tameness proves its bane, and it has no antidote save perfection of rhythm, and that is not sufficient to preserve it from the death monotony ever entails. Or, if it does not die, it will be saved from oblivion by its own very recommendations to die, like certain personages of weak, doubtful, and plausible characters, whom history cannot dispense with, but whose living proves they never should have lived. It is the picture of an eminent colorist whose original sketch may have been spirited, but whose pains-taking brush has zealously, though unconsciously, embalmed it from the sight. It is true that the spirit of the poem is much in accordance with a general view of a church-yard. But to a thinker, who for a time dwells among the tombs, what noble and expansive vistas of passion and conjecture does not each grave open to him? Gray has not caught this spirit. He has written of the church-yard without conjuring up and communing with the shades which the tomb-stones cast beneath them. His is the melodious whine of philosophy without the strength of the philosopher. The blood does not run cold as you read. You feel no sensation to make you akin to corpse-life; you don't feel clammy, or as if there were worms filling up the wrinkles on your forehead. No! it is not of the grave. You read it as you would a sentimental love-poem. You feel that "the path of glory leads but to the grave," as "cooing" and "wooing" lead to marriage; that the "rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep," as well as that "dark eyes shine like diamonds," and all that sort of thing. But in the *Elegy* you grow not cold, nor in the sentimental love-poem warm, because they are equally devoid of the necessary aids of thought and imagination. Every man knows he will *love* and *die*, and you can produce no effect on him by telling him things which he was born to fulfil. The subject must be wreathed round with a certain imaginative influence to make it effective. Every thing in life is so. The man who is jostled through the streets and edged off pathways,



like any other man, is a person of deep respect when we see him sitting on the bench of justice administering the law of his land. Yet he is only a man, but he is in a new light. So it is with every thing. Gray was an elegant, we may say eloquent versifier, but only a poet so far as balladists and descriptive verse makers can claim that honored title. He was a poet, in the same sense as Teniers and Watteau are allowed to be painters. But to a mind who delights in the imagination of Shakspeare or Shelley, nothing less than an Angelo, Raphael, or Barry can afford any sterling or lasting gratification. Others may be the object of transient laudation from their likeness to reality, but one cannot swear by them as did Vasari by Michael Angelo and his works. Nor can one *love* them, for they lack immortality. They want a soul; and LOVE, being in itself immortal, needs must choose a mate for eternity.

Blair's *Grave* we have ever cherished as a dear companion. Our friendship has been long, and shall only be augmented when that "home that lasts till doomsday," around which he has woven a "dome of thought," shall present a chance for our thanking him for the mental repast he laid before our youth. There are some fine passages in this poem, and if they are not remarkable for intense or harrowing strength, they are replete with vigorous natural passion, identified by thought with the object of his meditation.

"The grave, dread thing!  
Men shiver when thou'rt named; Nature, appall'd,  
Shakes off her wonted firmness. Ah! how dark  
Thy long-extended realms, and rueful wastes!  
Where naught but silence reigns, and night, dark  
night,  
Dark as was chaos ere the infant sun  
Was roll'd together, or had tried its beams  
Athwart the gloom profound."

These few lines give more impetus to thought than all the *Elegy* of Gray; the illustration of the darkness of the tomb takes us back "ere the infant sun" "had tried its beams" on the profound chaos from which God willed the earth. This thinking power which an author holds over his reader is the power exactly which proves him worth recurring to as a friend for comfort and consolation. We do not wish to make a syphon of our brain, that what we hear should enter at one ear and go out at the other. A continual current of such air would soon leave

us senseless. But we desire that each poet who visits our brain should leave a deposit—as toilers leave the cream of their labor in a bank, which may fructify with the deposits of others, and produce an interest necessary to the support of the dome which shelters and protects the principle. Who that has ever in boyhood visited a graveyard at night-time will fail to recognize himself?

"By glimpse of moonshine chequering through the  
trees,  
The school-boy, with his satchel in his hand,  
Whistling aloud to keep his courage up,  
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones  
(With nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown)  
That tell in homely phrase who lie below.  
Sudden he starts! and hears, or thinks he hears,  
The sound of something purring at his heels;  
Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him  
Till out of breath he overtakes his fellows;  
Who gather round, and wonder at the tale  
Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,  
That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand  
O'er some new-opened grave; and (strange to tell)  
Evanishes at crowing of the cock."

Thus the poet weaves a charm round the "unvarnished tale," and makes it of self-interest to all. This poem is full of feeling, vigorous thought, a pleasing and suitable imagination, sound meditation, and all poetically expressed. Campbell's well-known and oft-quoted line,

"Like angels' visits, few and far between,"

is taken wholesale from a passage in this poem. It is thus in Blair:—

"Like an ill-used ghost  
Not to return; or, if it did, *its visits*,  
*Like those of angels, short and far between.*"

We cannot say it is much, if anywise improved by Campbell; and even if it were, that would be a bad excuse for the plagiarism.

Now, bringing Tennyson's poem into company we value so highly is complimenting him, some may think, too much, but not more than we think his productions deserve. Less imaginative and less grand than Shelley's beautiful poem, the *In Memoriam* has a calmer dignity. It is the dignity produced by his not being so highly poetical. Shelley, from being so grandly and wildly imaginative, often found language to convey but an obscure translation of his thoughts. Like a jagged lightning-conductor, language often scattered into irremediable flashes the fire of his imagination. Tennyson, from not being

so great a poet, is a greater economist of his powers, and preserves the dignity of a certain position. His Pegasus is a sure-footed steed, speeding at a pleasant and steady pace, seldom venturing far into the aerial element. Its wings seem to be neatly arranged, having great faith in appearances; and, like the flying fish, returning to the wave when its wings get dry, so Mr. Tennyson's steed seeks the earth every time there is presage of a storm, lest its wings be ruffled or a feather displaced. Shelley's Pegasus is of a different order; it is a war-steed—breathing inspiration for a fight; its wings are strong and everlasting, as those which Æolus masters. He rarely touches the earth, but revels in the aerial realm as though he were not made of mortal clay. The earth lies beneath him in fact, as in imagination, and with an "Upward and on," he ever faces his steed to the sun. His Adonais is full of grand imaginings; and a thorough heart-wrung poesy runs through it which we can only compare to light in darkness, lighting up the dead Keats, as the illuminations breathe a life and an explanation through an old black-letter volume; or like a second life travelling into the dead corse of a second Lazarus. Mr. Tennyson's poem is of more pretention than the Lycidas of Milton, more ambitious in design, but cannot exceed the purity of style of the old bard. It is less simple, though the diction is as pure as Lycidas, which is saying a great word for it. And if it does not, as a lament for the dead, rank before the Lycidas, inasmuch as philosophical and meditative poetry will precede the pastoral, it is because we have raised Milton on that steady pedestal

of immortality to ambition, which, in a modern, is almost an unpardonable sacrilege. Only think, reader, of a live man, with a Mr. before his name, comparing with the John Milton of our childhood, and our fathers' and grandfathers' and great-grandfathers' childhood! It is revolutionary—it is rebellious! Put it down.

It is a waste of ink to write that the In Memoriam is stronger and healthier than the Elegy of Gray. It is less ornate, at least to all appearance, and more forcible, with a vast deal more of thought and heart-labor. Haydn the composer was in the habit of dressing as if for a ball, when about to make music; and we always have the idea that Gray must have been under a like influence, writing his *Elegy*, every thing is so neat and regular. We never should expect to meet Gray by the sea-shore in a profound distraction, impatient with the lazy waves that slowly bring him the loved corse of his dead friend. Beside the *In Memoriam*, the *Elegy* seems an elegant piece of *dilettantism*.

Blair's *Grave* has passages which are not surpassed by Tennyson. It is dignified, meditative, abounding with feeling, fine perception, and elegant descriptions. It perhaps, taken as a whole, is less artistic. It is however a beautiful poem, and, varying in subject very materially from a lament, is therefore rather exempt from a comparison with Tennyson, but which it can bear without danger. The *In Memoriam* is of a higher meditative order, though scarcely, for its subject, better expressed, and might be proud of the companionship if it did not aspire beyond it.

J. S.

## THE DIARY OF LADY WILLOUGHBY.\*

It is now some five years since there appeared one morning in the London Book Trade, a new work, of costly antique binding, clasped and edged with silver, with ribbed paper and ancient type, which at once drew attention to it as a literary curiosity. It was without history of any kind attached to it; without preface, introduction, advertisement, or dedication; without mention of its compiler, annotator or editor; without biography, save what was to be found within the pages of the diary, of its author; and, we believe, without the name of its printer upon the title-page. Bearing the pleasant inscription of "*So much of the Diary of Lady Willoughby as relates to her Domestic History, and to the eventful period of the Reign of Charles the First;*" printed with the capitals, italics, and ancient spelling of the seventeenth century; relating in all its details to a most interesting portion of English history, about which, at that particular juncture, public attention was sensitively alive; and purporting to be a veracious journal of the domestic events of a family, concerning whom enough was known to awaken the intensest curiosity, the edition, necessarily small as an experiment, was seized upon with avidity, and in a few days could have been found nowhere out of the cabinets of antiquarians, each of whom was rejoicing over it as a literary curiosity.

The second edition, which appeared soon after, was in a less costly style of paper and binding, although still bearing the characteristics of its antique spelling and capitals. Simply announcing to the reader the following notice, viz.: "*The style of printing and general appearance of this volume have been adopted by the publishers merely to be in accordance with the design of the author, who in this work personates a lady of the seventeenth century,*" the work was again thrown into the market with a like wonderful success.

A third edition was soon called for, and then a fourth, when it began to attract attention on this side of the water, and was soon issued from the press of Messrs. Wiley & Putnam, among the numbers of their Library of Choice Reading. The volume now before us is a second edition of the *First Part*, accompanied, between the same covers, with a Second Part, under the title of "*Some further Portions of the Diary of Lady Willoughby, which do relate to her Domestic History, and to the stirring events of the latter years of the Reign of King Charles the First, the Protectorate, and the Restoration.*" The character of the work, so far as relates to every thing except its authenticity as a Diary of the real Lady Willoughby, is the same as it was in the first edition, the readers of which were left to their own literary acumen as to its genuineness as a fragment of antiquity. It is still without explanation, except the brief notice just spoken of, without history, advertisement, or preface, acknowledged indeed to be fictitious, but so far kept in the shade, that the illusion thrown over the eager reader is scarcely the less complete. How many may have taken it for a truth in the outset we have no means of knowing; but where the *vrai* is ever before you more than the *vraisemblable*; where the truth to nature is ever so strict, that neither the wife's fidelity, nor the mother's love, nor the daughter's affection, finds a chord struck which has not its response in the heart; and where personages, places, events, characters, and even dates correspond to historical fact, unless too closely investigated,—a thing not likely to happen, when the heart is touched by the pathetic story and holds the judgment in abeyance,—we should not wonder if the deception had extended even to the cabinet of the virtuoso, or the study of the historian.

We consider this Diary of Lady Willoughby, as now completed, to be the *rara*

\* *So much of the Diary of Lady Willoughby as relates to her Domestic History, and to the eventful period of the Reign of Charles the First.* New-York: Wiley & Putnam. 1845.

*Some further Portions of the Diary of Lady Willoughby, which do relate to her Domestic History, and to the stirring events of the latter years of the Reign of King Charles the First, the Protectorate, and the Restoration.* New-York: John Wiley. 1848.

New Edition. New-York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1851.

avis of the season—the most charming work of the day. Evidently devised and composed by a woman's wit, whose heart has been in her story from the beginning to the end,—for the pen of no *man*, since the eldest born of our great progenitor, could depict such domestic life;—choice in its language of good old English undefiled; frequent in its allusions, and no less happy than frequent, to the stirring events of those days of England's birth-throes for civil and religious liberty; cautious in regard to those things which a woman in her home could know little of except from thousand-tongued rumor, but full and natural in her revelations of what might be supposed to come under her own observation; clear and true in the lineaments it gives of persons and characters who made the nation world-famous during the seventeenth century; warm in its expressions of attachment to the great principles for which the true hearts of the age were battling, and yet gently partial to those old inheritances which a daughter of royal blood could not but regard as almost sacred from antiquity; true, natural, earnest, loving and eloquent; as a work of art it stands deservedly foremost among all the fictitious writing which has proceeded from the British press in many years. True, it is nothing more than a simple story of a high-bred and home-loving woman's life, in the midst of a civil war; but it is this very simplicity which constitutes its excellence and beauty. A less acute observer of common things, possessing equal tact and cleverness, would have filled her pages with tales of suffering and bloodshed common to the time. It was better known to our authoress, on the other hand, that in the dire contest of civil commotion, the stream of domestic bliss will often wind along in its accustomed channel; and she has beautifully taught us that, come the fell gales of human passion whence they may, the daily life of home still finds beauty in its environs, and often entwines its tendrils more closely than wont about the objects of its love.

In the disconnected character of the very brief extracts which we shall give from the volume, it will be impossible for us to follow the thread of the story, in the simple and clear manner in which it runs through the Diary. Endeavoring, so far as is possible, to render the tenor of the tale intelligible to our readers, and to give them, at the same

time, some idea of the simple style and natural pathos of the writer, we will introduce them to a quiet and beautiful family scene of days long gone by.

1635.

"May 12, Tuesday.—Arose at my usual houre, six of the clock, for the first time since the birth of my little *Sonne*; opened the casement and look'd forth upon the Park; a herd of Deer pass'd bye, leaving the traces of their footsteps in the dewy Grasse. The Birds sang, and the Air was sweet with the Scent of the Wood-bine and the fresh Birch Leaves. Took down my *Bible*; found the mark at the 103rd *Psaln*; read the same; and return'd Thanks to *Almighty God* that he had brought me safely through my late Peril and Extremity, and in his great Bountie had given me a deare little One. Pray'd him to assist me by his Divine Grace in the right Performance of my new and sacred Duties: truly I am a young Mother and need Help. Sent a Message to my *Lord*, that if it so pleased him I would take Breakfast with him, in the *Blue Parlor*. At noon walk'd out on the *South Terrace*; the two Greyhounds came leaping towards me; divers household Affaires in the course of the Day; enough wearied when Night came.

"May 19, Tuesday.—Had a disturbed Night, and rose late, not down till after seven; Thoughts wandering at Prayers. The *Chaplain* detained us after Service to know our Pleasure concerning the Christening; my *Lord* doth wish nothing omitted that should seem proper to signify his Respect for that religious Ordinance which admits his *Child* into the outward and visible Church of *Christ*, and give honour to his first born *Sonne*. During Breakfast we gave the Subject much Consideration. My *Husband* doth not desire him to be named after himself, but rather after his *Father*; his brother *William* therefore bearing his name will stand God-father. All being at last brought to a satisfactory conclusion: he went forth with the *Chaplain* and gave his orders according therewith, I doing the same in my smaller capacity; he for whom was all this care lying unconsciously in his Nurse's arms."

"May 26, Tuesday.—Slept last night in very Wearinesse of Weeping; and awaken'd this morning with a feeling of Hopelessness; and ill at ease myselfe, methought every Thing around seemed melan-holy; Truth and Affection doubted, Short-comings hardly judg'd of; this is an unlook'd for triall. The Sun shone brightly through the open Window, but it seem'd not to shine for me: I took my *Bible* to read therein my ussall Portion; and kneel'd down to pray, but could only weep; thoughts of my *Mother's* tender love arose, and the Trust on either side that had been unbroken between us. Remembering an outward Composure must be attain'd unto before I could go down to breakfast, washed my eyes, and let the fresh aire blow upon my face: felt I was a poor dissembler, having had but heretofore but little trouble of heart to conceal; mett my *Husband* in the *Corridor* with Lord *Brooke*, and well nigh lost my Selfe-command when he gave a kindly pressure of my Hand as he led me down stairs. This Evening

how different does all appeare; and though this and some other late Experiences occasion me to perceive that Life is not so calm a Sea as it once did seeme in my ignorance of human Nature; slight Breezes may ruffle it, and unseene Rocks may give a Shock to the little Shipp: haply the Mariner will learn to steer his course, and not feare Shipwreck from every accident."

"June 4, *Thursday*.—My deare Mother arrived at Noon; she was fatigued, and retired to her Chamber, first coming with me to the Nursery to see her *Grandson*; he was awake and smiling; she took him in her arms and look'd fondly on him. It is a sweet child, my *Daughter*: may the *Lord* have you both in his safe Keeping now and evermore. My *Mother's* Blessing from her own Lips, how precious. She much commends my nursing him: and would not for my own sake I should lose so greate sati-faction. I attended her to her Room, where *Mabel* was in waiting: deare kind old *Mabel*, I was well pleased to see her, and kiss'd her as I was wont when a Girl: and so did spoile a most respectfull curtesie to my Ladyship. Deare *Mother* look'd round the room, pleased therewith: and with such small Comforts as I have been enabled to provide, which she hath at home. This Day hath been one of much Happinesse: Returned heart-felt Thanks to *God* for his loving-kindnesse and tender Mercy; read the 23rd *Psalme*: my Cup doth indeed run over.

"The House full of Company since the Christening; and I have felt too weary at Night to do more than collect my Thoughts for Devotion. To-day many have left; and my *Husband* doth purpose to begin his Journey to-morrow. My *Mother* with me, he leaveth Home with more ease of Mind."

"August 3, *Monday*.—The last day of my *Mother's* sojourn; to-morrow she sett's forth into *Rutlandshire*; and there will remain some Weeks before she returns to *Wimbledon*. My *Lord Noel* had engaged to meet her at *Harlinton*. May I be sensible of the greate Comfort and Happinesse in that I have been favoured to have my deare *Mother* so long with me; many sweet seasons of quiet Meditation and affectionate Intercourse have been vouchsafed: Words expressive of her owne humble and steadfast Faith, of Thanksgiving and Praise, fell from her Lip-pes, and precious Counsell and kind In-couragement to me; to-night as I knelt before her, my Infant in my Arms, she laid her Hand upon my Head, and stroking it fondly said; Deare Child, may that little one be a crown of re-joicing to thee as thou art to me; lead him early to *God*, my *Daughter*; to the *God* who has given him unto thee. Deare *Mother*!

"September 17, *Saturday*.—After having pass'd a week in *Lincolshire* wee are return'd Home. When at *Lincoln* my *Lord* took me to the *Cathedral*, and show'd me the Tomb of his late Father, who died in that Citie in the yeare 1617. After him our little *Sonne* is named *William*: Nurse says *Baby* has not been well for some days past, she thinks he is about his teeth.

"Baby ill, restlesse and feverish, sent off a Mes-senger to *Ipswich* for the Phisitian there.

"My poore Child worse; he takes scarce any nourishment, and suffers greate paine; he looks

up so piteously as if for help from those around him. The *Chaplain* mentioned him by name at Prayers: this startled me: seeing others believe him so ill, my fears encrease.

"Sep. 21, *Wednesday*.—No better to-day: I dare not think: Strength and Spirit needed to the utmost; for he likes no one so well to nurse him, and hath ever a sweet Smile when I come againe after a short absence. Oh *God*, spare him to me; give mee not this bitter cup.

"Weeks have passed and I am childlesse; yett doe I seeme as one not awaken'd from a frightfull dream. My Child, my Child!

"Oct. 23, *Sunday*.—The Fever hath left me weak: I dare not looke back, and there is nothing left me to looke forward to. O *Mother*, my Heart is well nigh broken; how is it that I live? shall I ever be able to say, It is the *Lord*, lett him doe what seemeth unto him good. I thought to write downe some of the particulars of the Patience and Sweetnesse, the Smile of Recognition when the parch'd Lip-pes could not speake, but I cannot: he is out of payne, and I thank *God* for that.

"Oct. 25, *Tuesday*.—Sat this morning for a long time with the *Bible* before me, thoughts too distracted to read; at last turned to the History of the *Shunamite woman*; Alas! no Prophet was here to give me back my *Sonne*, and, alas! neither could I say unto the *Lord*, *It is well*, when he tooke from me his precious Gift. Bear with me, O merciful *Father*; thou knowest the anguish of my Heart, and thou alone canst enable me to say, *Thy will not mine be done*.

"My deare *Mother* writes to comfort me, but a sorrow is now mine, in which even she cannot give Comfort: She urgeth me to take care of my health for the sake of others; but what is Life to me now? Yet will I try to beare in minde her In-junctions, though with a heavy Heart, and with more than indifference to the Prospect before me. I turn away from the thought of looking upon another Infant's face; all love for a Child is in the Grave; yet not in the Grave; it liveth in Heaven, my precious *Child*, with thy blessed Spirit; let me not speak in bitterness of a triall sent me by the Almighty Hand.

"Oct. 26, *Wednesday*.—At prayers my *Lord* was sensibly affected by hearing the words *Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the Kingdome of Heaven*: the beholding him thus overcome by strong emotion, led me to consider my owne Conduet, and I do feare me I have been very selfish in the indulgence of my own Sorrow, too regardless of him who equally with me hath lost the deare *Sonne* of his Love, and who doth ever strive to strengthen and support me, and would faine lead me to take an Interest in our family Concerns, and in the Welfare of our Neighbours, albeit Grief lieth heavy on his Heart. I felt another Reproof in his Looke of tenderness and commiseration, as at our mid-day meal I sent away the plate the food untasted: I roused myselfe to exertion, and was repay'd the effort when his Eye rested on me approvingly. The Servants left the room, he took my Arm within his, and we walked to and fro in sweet and solemn Silence; my Heart, which had been strangely shut up, melted within me, when he utter'd a few gen-



tle Words; and I felt there was yet something left to live for; Surely to him was due the poore remaining Powers of my Mind and Affections."

The following description of rural scenes would do no dishonor to the finest pastoral writers of any age of the world:—

"1637, *May Day*.—We walked down to the *Village* at an early hour, just in time to see the Procession of the May-pole, which was adorned with Ribbons and Garlands: Lads and Lasses were at their merey Games, the Queene in her holie-day Finery and Crowne of flowers, looking happier than the Wearer of the real Crowne, I ween: groups of Old People looking on: for a while there was a lack of Young Men and Maidens; but a number shortly appeared as *Robin Hood*, *Maid Marian*, &c. Methought some of the Elder Folks looked grave, and at one side of the Green a stern looking man, dressed in a loose Coat, and a high crown'd hat, with the hair cut close, had collected a good many round him, and was holding forth in a loud harsh tone. My *Husband* left me, and went towards them; after listening a few minutes to the Discourse, he made as though he would speak; but mett with discourteous reception and return'd with a smile on his face, saying, The Speaker look'd on his long curl'd Locks and lace Ruffs with too great Abhorrence to think him worthy his Notice, and onely went on with the more Bitternesse to set forth the diabolical Wickednesse of the Dance and the Vanity of all such Amusements. I sate me down by old *Bridget*, who had hobbled down in spite of her reumaticke paynes: poor *Smythe* too had crept out, wan and feeble from ague. After a while, the sport seeming to flag, my *Lord* offered to head a party at *Prison-bass*, and was cordially greeted, and *William Willoughby* coming up with a Sonne of *Sir Robert Crane* and one or two more young Men, the game was sett on with greate spirit. Ale and Victuals came down from the Hall and other Quarters, and I left the Greene. There was no want of Merriment the rest of the day: and the Preacher and his Party remained not long to interfere with the usuall Proceedings.

"June 27, *Tuesday*.—Hope that I have latterly made some Progresse in subduing Selfe, so far as attaining unto a greater desire to give up my owne will to that of others, and conform to their pleasure; more especially his who hath rightfull Claim to my dutifull Obedience and Companionship in those matters that interest him; herein only can true Satisfaction be found in wedded Life: may I every day more and more seeke to find Satisfaction and Pleasure in those things wherein he is concerned. At noon to-day we walk'd down to the Sheep-Shearing: the poor Sheep struggle at the first against their fate, but how quietly do they submit in the end: the Lambs did keep up a continued Bleating; it is a marvell how they find out their own Mothers, who come back to them so changed. One large Ram butted with such force against one of the younger Lads that he push'd him into the Water: much laughter thereat, and many a passing Joke we heard on his overthrow. On our way home two curly-headed Children pre-

sented us with Posies of Gilliflowers and Cowslip tufts, of which they had their aprons full: bade them go up to the *Hall* with them: we gave them a Silver Groat, which they look'd at with some perplexity, but curtsied and thank'd us with trustfull Countenances: the youngest one, strong made and active, look'd not much older than our sweet Child might now have been, had he lived."

"Methought the *Chaplain's* discourse savoured somewhat of phurisaical gloom and austerity, and we were therefore in no little perplexity when *Armstrong* came into the *Hall* after breakfast, to say the Domesticks petitioned for a Dance and *Christmasse* Games to-night according to old Usage. We gave our consent. The *Chaplain* expressed his Dissatisfaction, nevertheless the Evening passed merrily: a goodly assembly were gathered together of our Neighbours, and to show our Good-will we look'd on for a while, and my *Lord* led off the firste Dance with the Bailiff's Daughter: the young Men of our Party followed his Example, and chose out the prettiest looking Damsels, my favourite Cicely being one of them: and they went down a long Country Dance, well pleased therewith. Old blind *John* and his Sonne play'd the Viol and Pipe: Games followed, bob-apple and the like: and Alice had taken good care for the Supper. Sounds of Laughing and Singing reach'd us long after we left them."

Meanwhile the family history goes on. Lord Willoughby, earnest for the people's rights, yet still attached to the old order of things under proper reform, is long absent from home, and much missed among his yeomanry and tenants. The young wife bears it all bravely, though oftentimes with a sad and troubled heart. Difficulties increase around her, but she heroically resists them. Rumors of fearful doings in the Parliament-house come in terrific shapes, which she prays over, but will not fully credit. The first-born, as we have seen, is dead, and the old mother too sickens and dies, in the blessed hope of a glorious immortality; yet still, through all, the wife and daughter and mother puts her trust in God, and is safe.

"March 8, *Monday*.—Turning back the leaves of this *Diary*, I see many Interruptions, in some Places for Months together, no Notice or Note of any sort. The Period of my deare *Mother's* last sickness is unrecorded: but so deeply engaven on my Memory are the events of that mournfull Time, that I believe I may without danger of Error therein commit to Paper some few Particulars. It may be a Satisfaction hereafter, that these should not be trusted wholly to Recollection, which may then fail me.

"I remember as clearly as if 'twas no longer ago than yesterday, the Day whereon my *Mother* arrived, which did afterwards prove to be the last time it was ever my happinesse to welcome her under our Roof. The Afternoon was calm and beautifull and the Sunne low in the West caused the Shadows to

fall at length across the Grasse, the Honey-suckle over the Doorway was covered with its pale luscious flowers which hung down until some of the trailing Branches lost themselves in the old Sweet-Briar Bush, and the White Rose, my *Mother's* favourite Tree, was arrayed in its faire Blossoms. As we stood looking at these, she did presently arrive. Methought she stepped feebly from her Coach; and when I gave her such aid as I could, she say'd with a mournfull yet sweet smile, I need a stronger Arme now than thine, my *Daughter*: one equally kind, I do fully believe, she added as she leaned on my *Husband's*. Saddest thoughts took hold of me, yet did I use my best endeavour to conceal the Fears that struck suddenly on my Heart, that her Tarryance here would not be for long. She look'd better when seated in her accustomed Chaire: and her pale Cheek had a delicate colour which gave me a Hope that her Weaknesse was not so great as at first did appeare, and that the Difficulty of Walking might be from her having sate so long in the Coach, causing a degree of Stiffnesse. Before retiring to her Chamber, she had conversed with much of her usuall Cheerfulness: we accompanied her up the staires one on each side of her: when taking leave for the night, she said to my *Husband*, I feare me I shall be a Burthen to you, Lord *Willoughby*, but not for long: but I meant not your kind heart should so consider me. I thank you; thank you both: may God blesse you.

"For the space of two or three weekes my *Mother's* State did so alternate day by day, the one day seeming to regain the Strength lost the previous one, that I perceived not any great Change in her Appearance, save that her Breathing was somewhat hurried by an exertion more than common. I read to her daily, morning and evening, Portions of the *Scriptures*, her favourite Passages often repeated: of such I might make particular mention of the *Psalmes* and the *Gospels*. She did frequently remark thereon with much earnestnesse and sweetnesse. She was able most days to walk out a little; and sometimes, she, being unwilling to disappoint my Desires, would consent to be borne on a Chaire by two of the Men, never failing to thank them with much kindnesse of manner, and expressing her concerne at giving this Trouble. One fore-noon I did prevail with her to let them carry her a considerable distance from the House, to a sheltered sunny Spot, whereunto we did oft resort formerly to hear the Wood-pigeons which frequented the fine Trees hereabout. We seated ourselves, and did passe an hour or two very pleasantly: she remarked how mercifully it was ordered, that these Pleasures should remaine to the last Days of Life; that when the Infirmities of Age make the Company of others burthensome to us, and ourselves a burthen to them, the quiet Contemplation of the Works of *God* affords a simple Pleasure which needeth not aught else than a contented Minde to enjoy: the Singing of Birds, even a single Flower, or a pretty Spot like this, with its bank of Primroses and the Brooke running in there below, and this warm Sunshine, how pleasant are they. They take back the Thoughts to our Youth, which Age doth love to look back upon. She then related to me many

Passages of her early Life, wherein was observable the same Love of natural Beauty that doth now minister in so large a measure to her Enjoyment.

"The sweete Season of Spring was delightfull to her beyond any other Time of the Year: yet in all did she recognise the bountifull Hand of the *Creator*; and most aptly drew from all his Workes those Divine Teachings made manifest to the pious and lowly Minde, unto whom *Day unto Day uttereth Speech, and Night unto Night sheweth Knowledge*. In the Quietnesse of Contemplation, the still small Voice of *God* findeth a Place in the Heart: she had listened thereunto in the days of her Youth, and in Age she reapeth her Reward: the Yeares draw not nigh unto her when she will say, *I have no pleasure in them*. Such were my thoughts, as I beheld her placid Enjoyment, and heard her commend the delicate Beauty of a Flower she held in her Hand, remarking that she look'd upon this Portion of Creation as in a particular manner worthy of our sacred regard, the Flowers of the Field being sanctified by our *Lord*, teaching from them Lessons of Faithfulness in the Wisdom and Love of our *Heavenly Father*. She asked me if I would repeate the 90th and 91st *Psalmes*, which I did for the most part; she repeated after me the words, *Yet is there Strength, Labour and Sorrow*. Three score and ten Yeares I have not seen; and this lengthened Span of Life may not be ordained for me, yet in the latter Days of my Pilgrimage, thus farre toward the Grave, the *Lord* hath lay'd upon me no Burthen which his Love hath not made light and easy to be borne: Sight and Hearing remaine, and the use of my Limbs so farre as an old woman needeth. Surely Goodnesse and Mercy have followed me all the Days of my Life, and will, I doubt not, to the close, and my evening Sun will, I humbly hope, be permitted to set in brightness. She took a Rose-bud which I had gathered, and said, This Bud will never open; but some there are which will unfold in Heaven. She look'd earnestly in my Face: I perceived her meaning. My precious *Child*, mine that is in Heaven, I sayd, and could not refrain from Teares. Calm thyselfe, my *Daugh'er*: I shall soon meet him, if I am found worthy to be where his pure Spirit is: let me feel as a Link between thy Soul and his. O that I may one day meet there all my deare Children: many have been my Bereavements, but Mercy, tender Mercy was in all my Afflictions. We arose, and she was able to walk a good part of the Way towards the House, untill the Servants met us. Henceforth my *Mother* left the House but seldom, and soone shewed herself incapable of much exertion; her strength diminished daily, and she became scarce able to quit her chamber.

"She desired one day to speak with my *Husband*, and communicated to him her conviction that there remained to her but a short Time to live, and requested him to prepare me for her immediate departure to *Wimbleton*, talking of setting forth the next Day; but it was too late, she was too weak to bear moving: she tooke to her bed, and I thenceforth left her not, save when wanted in the *Nurserie*.

"One night, it was the *Sabbath*, she called us both to her Bed-side, expressed her Happinesse in beholding us so united in the bonds of Affection and Friendship: in a most touching manner addressed

my *Husband*, commended me as her chief earthly Treasure to his continued tender Care and Love, and then, the Teares running down her Face, thanked him for the Kindnesse and Gentlenesse he had always shewn to her beloved *Daughter*; she pressed our two Hands together, rays'd herself up, and in a low tremulous Tone, slowly utter'd, as nearly as I can remember them, these Words:

"Almighty Father, behold these my Children: *blesse them in each other and in their Children: keepe them in the Path of Righteousnesse: protect them in Danger, comfort them in Affliction, and when they come to passe through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, let their Spirit faint not, neither be afraid; but let them lay hold on the Promises of Eternal Life, through Faith in Christ Jesus our Lord and Saviour.* Amen.

"She sunk back exhausted, and revived not againe to hold much Intercourse with us. Her Countenance, though at times marked by Suffering, was Calm and Peacefull: her Eyes mostly closed as in Sleep: the silvery Hair parted on her Forehead: she lay throughout the remainder of the Day without taking notice of any thing: twice or thrice she ask'd for Water to drink, and smiled affectionately upon all around.

"Late in the evening she say'd, Is *Mabel* here? Her faithful Servant approached near the Bed. She had taken leave the day before of such of our Domestic as she knew personally, and now gave Messages of Remembrance to those at *Wimbledon*, not forgetting one or two poore aged Woemen, to whom she had beene a good Friend in their old Age of Poverty. Again she became much exhausted, and we thought the faint Breathing must soon cease; but she so remained some houres. About five of the clock in the morning she opened her Eyes: the early Sunne shone in at the Casement, which was at the furthest side from the Bed: she appeared conscious of the Daylight, and we could partly distinguish the words, *Heaven, no Sun, the Glory of God, the Light thereof.* She look'd on all that were neare unto her, and we thought she say'd, *Deare Children.* I stoop'd to kisse her: with a last Effort, she returned my Embrace; and as I gent'y lay'd her Head on the Pillow, her pure Spirit left its earthly Mansion."

Years of wedded life pass away. In the midst of the earnest contention of hostile factions, the Scotch party and the English, the Presbyterian and the Independent, each claiming the might of truth upon its side, and manfully battling for it, long winters and beautiful summers come and go crowded with events which will never be forgotten. The bloom of the bridal year in the old mansion has long given place to the ripe fruit of middle life. Through the long corridors and spacious halls, the voices of children make May-day merry in its early wild flowers and garlands of green, and the Christmas holidays ring with joyous wishes and loud laughter over the early call and the twilight game. The mother, care or subdued sorrow

stealing over her still beautiful face, but never invading her brave, placid heart, looks on in grateful joy, that, though much has been taken away, so much still has been left behind. The husband and father, often absent and long, is still the load-star of every heart in the home-circle,—his departure noted with sorrow, his letters read aloud until the sweet words they contain become jewels of love garnered up with other sacred memories, and his return chronicled with shouts of joy, and welcomed by moist eyes that long have

—“mark'd his coming,  
And look'd brighter when he came.”

"*July 19, Monday.* — Yester-noone, thanks be unto the *Most High*, to my unspeakable joy and comfort, my deare Life returned to his Familie, through Mercie well in Health, but changed by the long Sea-voyages and the climate of the *Indies*; this, though onely in the onward, being the same loving *Husband* and *Father*. He stayed not in *London*, but so soone as he could leave the Ship, did earnestly set forth hitherward. He expresseth some surprise to find the Nation so quiet. The joy of our Meeting was saddened by the manie relations to be given of the murder of the late *King* and of some of his former Friends, and divers other particulars of the state of Affaires and Parties, and the hopelesse condition of his present *Majestic*: of Familie news there was much to learn: Mr. *Edmund Spenser* sayth,

“One loving houre  
For manie yeares of Sorrow can dispense,  
A dram of Sweet is worth a pound of Soure:  
She hath forgot how manie a wofull Stoure  
For him she hath endured; she speaks no more  
Of past; true is, that true Love hath no power  
To looken back; his eyes bee fixed before.”

“Feare that I can scarce say this, not having so great Hopefulnessse.

“My deare Life is well satisfied with his Daughters, and knoweth not which he doth the most admire; yet methought his eye turned to the youngest most lovingly: he is pleased to commend my care of them. I had feares that he might thinke them forward or deficient in observance of some ceremonies, and did essay some little Apologie if they were more free in his presence than did seeme altogether becoming, seeing they had beene, in consequence of my retired life, more with mee than is customarie. In my lonely state, I was faine to solace myself with their sweet Societie, and did encourage them to feele unrestrained before mee; manie a lonesome and wearie Houre have they lightened by their simple Talke, and eased me not seldome of troubled Thoughts by their dutifull Affection.

“He smiled as he replied he knew not what might be deemed too forward, they spake not to him without Blushing, yet were they free from awkward Bashfulnessse, he wished them none otherwise, or in anght different, and had onely to desire that they might grow up such as their Mother. Teares did spring to my Eyes as he uttered these

kind Words; but although as a Wife the prayse was sweet and incouraging, and I believe might be so received without conceit, yet in my Hearte did arise the secret prayer, that they might be much better Women than their Mother. He added, no Father could desire better or prettier Children, and in his absence *Diana* had so grown, she was, tho' not so handsome as *Fanny*, an exceeding lovely young creature. *So we are rich in our Daughters, if in nought else.*

"*St. VALENTINE'S DAY, Feb. 14, Thursday.*—At an early hour this morning a small packet was left by a serving Man wearing a Liverie not knowne to *Lydgate* who tooke it from him. It was addressed to Mistress *Frances Willoughby*, *Fanny* received it with an abashed Countenance as her eye caught the writing of the Superscription which character did not seeme altogether strange to her. Within the outmost paper was a Letter tied with silke. She quickly handed it to mee to open, but I would not so dishonour *St. Valentine*, and left her to penetrate the Myserie. The custome is in my minde a harmlesse one, innocent in being generall, and in its poetieall and fancifull guise partaking somewhat of the Ancient Chivalrous Character: No doubt the *Knight* in this little piece of Gallantrie, is a certaine Gentleman whose attentions will not be displeasing to the faire young Maiden; who can say that she will not sometime looke backe upon this very Day with a mournfull pleasure? But I will checke my penne, nor disturb even in imagination, what is perhaps the first whisper of Love to her young heart; it may not bee so, but I know not a more blessed reliefe to my concerne for this deare *Child* than that no mariage contract should be made for her, unsanctified by a sweet and holie Affection. Custome hath led us wrong in this matter, in the disposal of one dearely loved *Daughter*, not so shall it againe: I have heard say that one overture of mariage was made by my Lord *Leicester*, who did aske my hand for his sonne, Lord *Lisle*, which was respectfullie declined by my honoured *Father*: I was of tender Yeares, and my *Mother* approved not engagements entered into for parties in their Childhood."

The story, from the beginning to the end of the Diary, is traced with so delicate a hand, and is so blended and intermingled with the lights and shadows of the family history, that it is well nigh impossible to repeat it in ordinary narrative. Lord Willoughby, earnest in the outset, both by principle and temperament, for the reform then universally demanded by all classes without the immediate precincts of the court, becomes at length lukewarm towards the extreme measures of the army and Parliament, and finally finds himself upon the death of the King numbered among the opponents of the leading party in the Commons. Retiring upon the occurrence of this deeply deprecatd event to private life upon his estates, he yet views with great solicitude the wild current along which the public affairs of the

country are rushing, more with the wish than the expectation of being able to interpose any effort which should stay their fury. He is the fair representative of what might have been called the Puritan nobility of the seventeenth century, a true exponent of a large portion of the upper class of English society of that day, which, earnest and active for thorough reform in the government, were yet strongly conservative towards the old kingly fabric which seemed tumbling into ruins. The object of much hope to the great mass of this class, among whom he stood pre-eminent; the chief personage in all their plans for the recovery of what they did not deem to be irrevocably lost; and the centre of a wide and constant correspondence; Lord Willoughby becomes a mark upon which the government *de facto* had set its eye, to the knowledge and great sorrow of the loved ones of the home-circle, for upon his liberty and life all their hopes of worldly enjoyment depended. Unaccustomed to be diverted through fear of danger from his pursuit of the great ends of duty, Lord Willoughby soon becomes entangled in the meshes of political schemes, which, to the existing government, seem strongly tainted with treasonable designs. Disdaining to fly, he is arrested, brought a prisoner to London, and without a public trial or opportunity of defense, is confined within the Tower. He is soon followed by his wife, who exhibits, during his long imprisonment, the enduring fortitude and self-sacrificing spirit of a true and loving woman.

"*April 17, Thursday.*—The Imprisonment of my deare Husband becometh greatly Wearisome to him. He doth now often wish that hee had not returned to *England*, but had stayed to manage his affaire in *Antigua*, saying to-day when the time drew neare for mee to take my Leave, that hee would more willingly bee separated from us by the wide Sea, than the thicke walls of the *Tower*, prevented the free use of his Limbs, and denied the fresh aire and exposed to the Insolence of the *Governour*. Beholding him thus chafed, proposed to goe my selfe to the *Protector*, and petition for his Release, but this angered him Mightily. Doe suppose it is more Difficult to Man's nature to be patient than it is to us; Accustomed to resist and overcome Difficultie and Danger, it is a surprize to them when it doth happen Otherwise; and whatsoever they may suffer, if likewise occasion offer againe seldome are they deterred from the same conduct. At this time, beleve my *Lord* would, if hee were given his libertie, plunge into the first scheme that was contrived as hopeful of Successe, as though they had never failed in Attempts which have hitherto ended onely in Death or Captivitey: Hee



did urge upon me to leave this wearie Citie: *The sweet aire of Parham would better thy Health deare Wife*; this he sayd as he did tenderly remarke on my pale and worne Lookes, and my Haire turning Graie. *And yet it will goe hard to part with such a loving caretaker, the only dear Comfort I have.* Would not consent to leave London, on the contrarie, would desire to stay with him altogether in the Tower, but this he will never heare mee speake of. Reached my Lodging well nigh spent.

"Oct. 27, Monday.—Have remained in the Tower since this day senight to attend on my dearest Life, who hath beene grievously ill, he is now better and hath walked out twice or thrice.

"Dec. 20, Monday.—Later than usuall when I arrived at the Tower; the striving to keepe a cheerefull countenance, and to lighten the Hardships of this long imprisonment, is beginning to affect my health: to-day my heart was full, and I gave way, on first meeting my deare Husband's embrace, and hidde my face off his shoulder, unable to controll my teares. *My poore Wife, thou art worne out*, he sayd tenderlie, *but cheere up, love, wee will have a merrie Christmasse yet.* It was very sweet to bee comforted by him, even in a Prison. When my time was up and I had to leave, he consented to take into consideration what I had urged more than once, that I should Petition the Protector in Person.

"January 8, Thursday.—Set forth in a good Degree of outward Composure, and not without an inward Strengthening which did greatly support mee; nevertheless, when wee stopped at Whitehall, I had much need of my Lord Lisle's arme. When wee entered the roome, the Protector sate at a Table whereon were Papers and Letters. One or two Gentlemen were in attendance, whom hee did dismissee, and then rose. My Lord Lisle spake a few wordes and ledde me towards him: He bowed as I advanced, with the petition held in my hand, and presented it to him; he tooke it, and motioned to mee to be seated. I was faine to obey him through weaknesse, else would it have better pleased me not to accept even this small Courtesie at his hands. He glanced at the paper and then spake: *The Lord Willoughby doth entreat his Enlargement in a more humble tone it seems, as does better suit his Condition, and doth no longer talke high of Injustice and the like: it is well; He is one who, having set his hand to the Plough, hath turned backe, and concerning such is it not sayd they are accursed? what sayeth the Spirit to the Laodiceans? For that thou art neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my Mouth.* He went on in this manner for some time, and then sayd, *I doe perceive my Lorde Willoughby giveth us his word that, so hee may be allowed to go forth for a space, to attend to the needful settlement of his Affaires, he will return to his Imprisonment. But how expecteth hee to be believed: Who shall put their trust in such as he?* Hereat I spake with some warmth, *May I remind your Highnesse that you speak to the Lord Willoughby's Wife, and ill would it become her to heare such wordes unmoved. I crave your Highnesse's pardon, but methinks no act of my Lord doth warrant any man, much lesse your Highnesse, to doubt his*

*honour. You shall judge yourselfe, Madam, he replied; thereupon hee turned to a Cabinet that was neare to him, and tooke out some Papers; from these he did select two Letters, one of these hee unfolded and asked mee, did I know the writing? I could not denie that I did; there was no signature, and the latter part was in Cyphers. That is not the only one, he continued, and opened another, and gave it mee, dated but two months backe: His Highnesse did then commence a Discourse, if so it could be called, seeming rather a confused utterance of his Thoughts; quoting sundrie texts of Scripture, which he did intersperse with talke of Government, High-treason, and so forth; of some men being forced against their will, to rule the state, though sorely oppressed by the burthen; this seemingly addressed to other ears than mine; after a while hee paused, and I againe spoke something in this manner, that I did conceive a Prisoner and one illegally made so, had a full right to use any Means in his power to escape, and to engage his Friends in his behalf. As he replied not, I further sayd, *If your Highnesse cast your eye back a few yeares, it would be sene that the Lord Willoughby did show as true Concernment for the Libertie of the Nation, as others who were then striving only to obtaine this Justice for the People; That hee believing that howsoever righteous a Cause might bee, that it would not sanctifie un-righteous Meanes, and foreseeing great Evill and Confusion, did stop short in the Worke, was no dishonour to him as a Christian or a Gentleman. As to High Treason, it passeth my poore abilitie to comprehend what doth make High Treason, seeing it changeth sides with the strongest, and is the Crime of the Oppressed resisting the Oppressor. I marvel that I spake so boldly. So I arose and sayd, Since Your Highnesse setteth at nought my Lord's word, your Highnesse's answer will be best transmitted through your Secretarie, a Wife's lippes repeate not words of such indignitie to her Husband, I begge your Highnesse's leave to withdraw. To my surprise hee did detain mee, and questioned mee on some indifferent and trifling matters, as it appeared to mee, then of a sudden changed his tone, saying, *Who can find a vertuous Woman? her price is far above Rubies; the heart of her Husband doth safely trust in her. Madam, we doe accept my Lord Willoughby's termes, holding his Wife's truth as his hostage, his petition shall be laid before the Councill.* So ended the interview, and I hasted to the Tower. It is rumoured that the Protector is greatly desirous that the old Peeres should come to his new House of Lords: hence his wish to conciliate in some Quarters. His lookes are not those of one at ease in his Position, his face was worne and cast downe, and I observed an anxious manner of listening to any Sound, and once at a sudden movement of my Lord Lisle, he started and looked behind him, seeming as though hee would have put his Hand on the Pistolls which were beside him, but checked himselfe; do compassionate him, as one who hath felt himselfe called to a mightie Worke, the Issues whereof have beene too mightie for his Guidance, and too full of Temptation and Conflict for his Peace. Many do say of him, that never was there a man**



of so great Courage and Abilitie to lead others. With Power have come Pride and Self-exaltation, and these have brought Crueltie, and Injustice: but who am I that I should judge Him, or speake of events above my Knowledge and Place: Let mee be thankfull for the prospect of the speedie Release of my beloved *Husband* from his long Imprisonment."

With a single letter from Lord Willoughby to his wife, written after the Restoration, we will close our already too protracted notice. Most earnestly, without one word of cautionary advice, do we commend the whole contents of the Diary of Lady Willoughby to the perusal of the youth of our country. Next to the biography and history of the great men and great events of that day, do we deem it to be a book of sterling value. As an epitome of history, or a record of the great events which occurred in Great Britain during a large portion of the seventeenth century, we regard it as holding no mean place; but as a work of cultivated taste, high character, pure womanly feeling, and unabated interest, from its commencement to its close, we consider it unsurpassed. In the words of another, no less true than eloquent, "Where natural, simple feeling, pure piety, the unaffected womanly thoughts of a daughter, wife, and mother are valued, and the more for being elevated above the sphere of common life, by being associated with one of the most spirit-stirring scenes of the past, the great English Revolution, this Diary of Lady Willoughby cannot fail to be appreciated."

LETTER FROM THE LORD WILLOUGHBY TO HIS WIFE

*Deare Heart*:—Having occasion to send Lydgate into the Country on some Businesse of a nature not to be entrusted to Paper, I at the same time make him Bearer of these Lines to my deare *Wife*, whose tender Heart will suffer in that I have to write. This afternoon was sent out of the World the honestest and noblest Man in it; Sir *Harry Vane* was beheaded on *Tower Hill*, notwithstanding that his *Majestie* had pledged his word to remitt the Sentence, should it be given against him, which it was knowne the *Solicitor-Generall* had resolved: there is a Curse methinks on Kingship; and the Royall Word is ever to be a Mockerie. There was assembled a vast multitude, numbers at Windowes and on the tops of the Houses; as Sir *Harry* pass'd within the *Tower* railing, the acclamations of the People were loud,

manie crying out, *The Lord goe with you, The Lord helpe you*. He did make acknowledgement by taking off his Hat at different times; as the Sled was drawne slowly through the crowd, I heard one who stood neere the Sled say to him, it was the most glorious Seat he had ever sat in; he answered him, *It is indeed*: one Man who had knowne him in *New England*, pressed forward to bid *God* blesse him, the teares on his furrowed Face. As he stood on the Scaffold the multitude were strucke with admiration at his noble presence as hee began to speake to them; but he was presently interrupted by Sir *John Robinson*, who was there for this intent, and who ordered the Trumpeters to come neare, and sound the Trumpets before his Face, to prevent his being heard, and this was done severall times, and his notes were rudely snatched from his hands as I am credibly informed, but did not see it; the People were much moved by what he say'd, and it was feared they might be wrought upon in a degree like to be dangerous, if he was permitted to go on with his Discourse. As he knelt downe, one that was neare heard one or two short sentences, such as, *I blesse the Lord who hath counted me worthy to suffer for his name*. I blesse the Lord I have not deserted the righteous Cause for which I suffer. Such, deare *Wife*, was the end of this good and upright Man. As the People went their way after the fatal stroke was given, there was much murmuring; they spake one to another of his manifold Vertues, his integritie in Office; while some scrupled not scoffingly to jest on the worth of a King's Promise, and others, whose garb betokened them of somewhat better Rank than the crowd, did with great warmth enlarge on that Speech of his in the *House* some while ago, when he did support the Petition of the Royalists, Prisoners sold for Slaves in the Publicke Market at *Barbadoes* by order of the *Protector*. His *Majestie* is blamed by many. I mett Mr. *Pepys*, who had witnessed the execution, and hee say'd to mee, the *King* would lose more by this Man's Death than he would get againe for a good while. Tho' of late differing from Sir *Harry Vane*, there has been no personall enmitie between us, and greatly desiring, in remembrance of our former Friendship, to see him once more, in companie with others of his Friends, I visited him on the morning of his Death. *Why*, say'd hee, *should wee be affrighted with Death? I blesse the Lord I am so farre from being affrighted with Death, that I find it rather shrinke from mee than I from it*. Kissing his Children he gave them his Blessing, saying, the *Lord* would be to them a better Father than he was: told them not to be troubled for him, he was going home to his Father. I have writt these particulars for your private reading. Farewell, sweete *Wife*, whom I dearly love, yet would I rather be the dead Sir *Harry Vane* than one who must be namelesse. WILLOUGHBY.

*Strand*, this 14th day of June, 1662.

N. S. D.

## THE YANKEE MAHOMET.

*To the Editor of the American Review:*

I HAVE thought that at a time when public attention is so generally turned towards the different elements which are mingling to form the population of the western limits of our country, and the influence which that population must, at no very distant period, exert upon our national destiny, the following sketch of Mormon history might not be uninteresting to a portion of the readers of your Review.

In treating of Mormonism, I propose to state the origin of the system; to explain its structure; to represent the causes of its past and present rapid dissemination, and to give a sketch of its history from the establishment of the "stake" at Kirtland to the present time.

And, first, it will be necessary to relate a few events connected with the origin of the "Book of Mormon," a work which bears to the remainder of the sacred writings of the Mormon Church, a relation similar to that of the four Gospels and Acts to the more elaborate and didactical Epistles of the New Testament.

Those who were acquainted with the early life of the founder of Mormonism, with his ignorance and character for stupidity, wondered much at the publication of so invention-displaying and elaborate a work, of which he claimed to be sole author and proprietor; and as the prophet daily lived down his own boasts of superior virtue and wisdom, the wonder grew into a suspicion of the genuineness of his claims of exclusive authorship. A short time served to give this suspicion basis and confirmation, and a number of affidavits filed almost simultaneously in different parts of New-York and Pennsylvania, and by witnesses between whom there was no opportunity of collusion, showed clearly the sources of the pretended inspiration.

Of these affidavits I shall only give the substance of one of the most important, which embodies nearly all the information possessed by the world on the subject. I quote from the information given by John

Spaulding, the brother of the subject of the testimony:—

"Solomon Spaulding was born in Ashford, Conn., A. D. 1761. He graduated at Dartmouth College, and was afterwards regularly ordained a minister. After preaching three or four years, he gave up his profession, and commenced mercantile business, in partnership with his brother Josiah, in Cherry Valley, N. Y., where he soon failed. In 1809 he removed to Conneaut, Ohio, where he engaged himself in building an iron forge; but in this business also he soon failed.

"Casting about him for some method of retrieving his losses, he conceived the design of writing a historical romance upon a subject then much mooted in the scientific world, the origin of the Indian tribes. This design he carried into execution between 1809 and 1812, and the produce of his labors was a novel entitled the 'Manuscript Found.' In this work he mentioned that the American continent was colonized by Lehi, the son of Japheth, who sailed from Chaldea soon after the great dispersion, and landed near the isthmus of Darien. Lehi's descendants, who were styled Jaredites, spread gradually to the north, bearing with them the remains of antediluvian science, and building those cities the ruins of which we see in Central America, and the fortifications which are scattered along the Cordilleras.

"Long after this, Nephi, of the tribe of Joseph, emigrated to America with a large portion of the ten tribes whom Shalmanezzer led away from Palestine, and scattered among the Midian cities. This remnant of Joseph was soon after its arrival divided into two nations, the Nephites and the Lamanites. These nations made war constantly against each other, and in the year A. D. 420, a great battle was fought in western New-York, which terminated in the destruction of the armies of both the belligerent parties, and the annihilation of their power. One man only was left; Moroni, the son of Mormon, who hid the records of the Nephites near Conneaut, Ohio, previously at his death."

In 1812 Mr. Spaulding went to Pittsburg to negotiate for the publication of this work. He presented it at the office of Patterson & Lambden, but his proposals were made without success. It seems, however, that the firm did not give him a decided refusal, since the manuscript was left at their office. In 1814 Mr. Spaulding moved from Pittsburg, where he had settled, to Washington county, Penn., where in 1816 he died.

From the above facts, which might be substantiated by a vast amount of confirmative testimony, did our limits permit, we are forced to the conclusion that, previously to his publication of the Book of Mormon, which consists of the historical matter above condensed, and of various prophecies concerning himself, together with a large amount of religious matter, Smith had obtained access to the "Manuscript Found."

How he gained this access it is impossible, with any degree of certainty, to say. We know the Manuscript Found to have been left with Patterson & Lambden in 1812, but all subsequent inquiries as to its fate have been ineffectual. One member of the firm rarely engaged in business, and has forgotten the affair altogether; the other is dead.

We know, however, that Sidney Rigdon, who was next to Smith the most important man in the Church, was an intimate acquaintance of Lambden, and that during the three or four years previous to the publication of the Book of Mormon, he prepared the minds of over a thousand people for sudden conversion to the Mormon faith, by preaching the main doctrines of the system.

Many maintain that it was Rigdon who obtained the manuscript of Spaulding, modified it, chose Smith as his tool and catspaw wherewith to feel of public opinion, and afterwards joined the sect which he himself had in fact created.

The following testimony, however, although not actually proving any thing to the purpose, would seem to indicate Smith as the originator as well as prosecutor of the scheme, although I am inclined to think that there did exist an understanding between him and Rigdon long before 1830, the time of the publication of the sacred writings.

I make an extract from the testimony of Mrs. Spaulding, widow of the author:—

"In 1817, the year subsequent to my husband's death, I removed to Onondaga county, in New-York, and from thence to Hartwick, Otsego county, in the same State, having with me a trunk containing his writings. At the latter place I married again; and soon after went to Massachusetts. From 1817 to 1820 the trunk remained at Onondaga Hollow. After my marriage in 1820, it was removed to Hartwick, where it remained until 1832. A man of the name of Smith was, between 1823 and 1827, frequently seen prowling round the house without any ostensible object, and so suspicious were his manœuvres, that he was

once or twice arrested as a common vagabond, and only escaped the penalties of the law by running away."

Mrs. Spaulding, at the time of giving this testimony, was old, and family misfortunes had impaired her memory, so as to destroy her recollection of the smaller circumstances attendant upon the removal of the trunk. She remembers, however, that the above-mentioned trunk contained quite a number of writings, at the time when she left it at Onondaga Hollow; and although no one was known to have visited it between 1817 and 1832, it was found, by examination in the latter year, to contain but one manuscript, and that unimportant.

The fact that Smith was near this vicinity and engaged in questionable business at the time, during which his revelations were in course of preparation, seems therefore, in connection with the others above mentioned, to show that he himself purloined the manuscript, one copy of which had been left with Patterson & Lambden. Spaulding was then the innocent author of the Book of Mormon, and Smith the plagiarist and impostor who gave it to the world as inspiration.

But to understand thoroughly any system, we must seek in the early life of its founder for those ultimate causes which have given it its peculiar nature and distinguishing characteristics. I think that we may find the elements of Mormonism in the early life of Smith.

Joseph Smith was born on the 23d of December, 1805, in the town of Sharon, Vt., of poor and vicious parents, whose influence was, in his early years, constantly exerted to suppress the development of any of the higher qualities of the human soul to the exercise of which his disposition might incline him.

When he was about ten years old, his family removed to Palmyra, N. Y., in the vicinity of which they resided about eleven years. His childhood was spent in following the occupation of a money-digger, one in which the ignorance and credulity of his parents constantly prompted them to engage themselves and family, to the great detriment of all industrial pursuits. The mounds and sepulchres of the extinct races of our land, holding out as they did promises of treasure to the ignorant, gave, the country over, strong motives to the idle and avari-

cious to search into their depths and endeavor to reap advantage from the examination of their contents. Accordingly, we find Smith, in early youth, following his father, pickaxe on shoulder, digging eagerly into whatever might seem an Indian tomb; encouraged by stories of boundless wealth hidden in the earth beneath him, which only waited the touch of his skilful hand, or the presence of the divining-rod, to reveal itself to the world; and subsisting by the plunder of hen-roosts, or upon whatever else fortune might throw in his way.

The effects of such a course of life upon him who follows it may readily be imagined. Constantly revelling amid the wild-est fictions which the avarice-stimulated imagination of his parents could fabricate, his fancy and love of the marvellous were cultivated to a surprising degree. Constantly striving for gold, and obtaining little by his efforts, he prized it above all other things, and became one of the most avaricious of men. Hope of future acquisition sustained him in his labors; and as he was seldom reduced to want, but generally, either directly, by obtaining articles of value as a reward of his researches, or indirectly, by cheating those who joined him in speculations of the kind, made his expeditions support him, a strong and buoyant feeling of self-confidence was created and fostered. Permanent feelings of this kind are only companions of those who have learned to depend upon themselves, and they are generally found in conjunction with decision, with pride, and often with vanity; all of which qualities Smith possessed in a very high degree, as is indicated by his conduct in after life. He could, when he had risen to power, frame legends to reanimate the desponding spirits of his devotees, and could hope on, even when his Church was most persecuted and scattered, for final exaltation and boundless dominion.

Such was his cupidity, that he announced revelation after revelation to his saints, commanding them to bring him moneys and necessities when his treasury was full; and such his vanity, that it required all the faith of his followers to obviate the ridiculous effects of his boasts. He was firm even to obstinacy, as his unyielding determination to occupy western Missouri testifies; and proud, regarding all men as fit subjects of a delusion in which he did not himself be-

lieve. Yet he possessed a trait of character seldom joined with pride, a low cunning which could stoop to the adoption of any means for the attainment of a desired object, and which often defeated the best pre-concerted projects of his enemies.

In foresight, and power of estimating the probabilities of the future from the aspect of the present, he was far from deficient, as the organization of his Church, adapted to all countries and all times, testifies; but we often find him overlooking affairs of minor importance, with a neglect which, in one occupying his position, seems surprising. He would, for instance, jest over his own infallibility and inspiration; would provoke wantonly the most powerful and trustworthy of his dependants; and would openly proclaim projects the concealment of which policy plainly dictated.

His intellect was of no ordinary kind. Great powers of reasoning were his natural gift; and as his reasonings were rather of an analogical than an analytical cast, there existed (as is always the case with minds thus constituted) a deep vein of humor that ran through all he said and did. An imperfect education had left him deficient in knowledge of the structure of language; and hence his oratory and writings are characterized by most ridiculous grammatical blunders. He possessed, however, a rough kind of eloquence which won upon the hearts of those too ignorant to see the glaring absurdities of his doctrines.

Add to these qualities a retentive memory; a correct knowledge of human nature, so far as he had opportunities of observing it; ambition that knew no scruple, and licentiousness that scorned all bounds; a Herculean frame and a commanding appearance; and we have the Mahomet of America, and the most dangerous religious impostor that has appeared for centuries.

The knowledge of his early life which has been given to the world is limited; for all that seems to have been desired by those who made researches or gave testimony concerning him, was either to establish the bad character of the Smith family, or to show the real origin of the Book of Mormon.

We find him at the age of 17 going out among the neighbors to do work by the job. The following anecdote is related of him, showing the effect which his previous training in the gold-seeking department had at



this time produced in exciting a love for the marvellous and mysterious. It is in itself trifling, and only derives importance from its connection with his after life.

As he was engaged one day (1822) in digging a well in company with a neighbor, a very curious stone was discovered, which he desired leave to examine. This being granted, he put it into his hat and asked Chase, the friend whom he was helping, to lend it to him. Chase did so, telling him at the same time not to lose it, as it was something of a curiosity. Soon after this, Joe began to aver that with this stone he could discover treasure, and see all things both above and beneath the earth. Chase then called upon him, and required it of him; but Smith could never be prevailed upon to give it up. It was afterwards used in the translation of the Book of Mormon, and styled the mysterious Urin and Thummim.

His employment between this time and 1826 is not known, saving some few expeditions in search of gold and silver. One of his neighbors gives us an account of the ceremonies employed by the Smith family upon the occasion of such an expedition. These consisted in the use of the divining-rod; the sacrifice of a black sheep, previous to the commencement of the incantations; the formation of a circle of stones, and others of a like nature; from an observation of which said witness sagely concludes, that the business brought them more mutton than gold.

Occasionally he was heard advancing contradictory statements concerning a discovery made by himself of certain gold plates, and declaring the existence of a connection between himself and the spirit-world. These various stories gradually assumed form, and in after times, the story told to those who asked concerning his inspiration and published in the same writings, was as follows:—

When he was about seventeen years of age, a revival of religion occurred in the village where he lived, by which many young people of his acquaintance were converted. His own mind was much troubled by a sense of the sinfulness of his conduct, and by doubts which of the various religious sects was most worthy of his support. One day, as he retired to a grove for purposes of prayer and meditation, an angel from hea-

ven appeared, comforting him, and prophesying that he should be the founder of a sect destined to be greater than all others, and to embrace all mankind as its members. He was directed to search on the summit of the hill Camora, in Manchester, Ontario county, N. Y., for a volume which should contain the institutions of this sect, and which had been buried there for upwards of fourteen hundred years. He searched, found, and was about to obtain possession of it, when a voice from heaven forbade him, and enjoined upon him a certain course of conduct for the ensuing four years. He was to be married to a woman described to him, and whom he should know as soon as they might meet; and was to prepare himself for the labor of translation by diligent study of the Coptic. In 1827 he might return and claim the book.

He obeyed the Divine command; was married in 1826; obtained a complete mastery over the difficulties of the Coptic,\* and returned, to obtain the fulfilment of the Lord's promise.

The spot being indicated to him by the recollection of his former adventure, he removed the earth, and saw, after opening a stone box, a large number of gold plates, each about eight inches long and seven wide, and of the thickness of sheet tin. Upon taking up the precious record, he looked down into the cavity occasioned by its removal, and saw a toad, which immediately leaped out and assumed the form of the Prince of the infernal world. His majesty, glancing at Smith for an instant, rushed upon him, dealt him a tremendous blow, and wrenched from him the sacred plates.

Nothing daunted, and animated by supernatural aid, the daring intruder grappled with his opponent, and after a hard contest succeeded in regaining his treasure, with which he commenced an immediate retreat. The baffled fiend followed close, and planted upon the rear of the retreating prophet a kick which raised him four feet into the air; then, disappointed, vanished.

But, unluckily for his credit, Smith had made a partial exposure of himself to a

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\* With regard to this profound knowledge of the Coptic, there is some reason for doubt, as he has assured those asking him the meaning of Greek passages, that they were in the ancient Egyptian, and could be translated by no person save himself.



neighbor, Peter Ingersol; and this throws some little light upon the pretended discovery. The conversation had turned upon the golden Bible, and Joseph had admitted it to be a mere speculating affair; when, Ingersol desiring to know something about his first proceedings, he answered: "Early in the fall of 1827, as I was passing along in the woods, I saw some beautiful white sand. I gathered several quarts of it, tied it up in my frock, and carried it home. On entering the house, I found the family at dinner. They were all anxious to know the nature of the contents of my frock; so I gravely told them that I had the golden Bible, which I had previously mentioned; and, to my surprise, they all believed me. I added that no man could see it and live, but still offered to take it out and show it to them, upon which they left the room in alarm. Now, says I, I have got the damned fools fixed, and will carry out my fun." Such passages as this, occurring often in our hero's life, serve to show that, whatever else he was, he was no fanatic.

I have mentioned the marriage of Smith. In 1826, he paid his addresses to a young lady named Hale, whose father soon forbade him his house, and removed to Pennsylvania. Joe, nothing daunted, went to a credulous neighbor named Lawrence, and told him that he had discovered a silver mine near a river which ran by the place where Miss Hale resided, and that some of the silver might easily be put into boats, and floated down to a good market. Lawrence carried Smith, who was moneyless, whither he desired, gave him upon his request a recommendation to Mr. Hale, and was then left to go home, empty-handed as he came. The money-seeker then eloped with his chosen, and, by promises concerning a gold mine, persuaded a good old Dutchman, named Stowell, to move all his furniture to a place of residence which he had prepared.

The necessity of increased expense probably made him cast about him for means. Accordingly we see him, in 1827, in Palmyra, New-York, entering into negotiations with Martin Harris, for the publication of the Book of Mormon. To use his own words to Ingersol, "I went to that d—d fool, Martin Harris, and told him that a revelation from heaven had informed me that he should give me fifty dollars towards

the publication of the Golden Bible." This Harris, at once knave and fool, partly believing in Smith's inspiration, and partly engaging in the plan for the sake of profit, was the best tool that Smith could have found. He followed Joe to the town of Harmony, Pa., where together, Harris acting as secretary, they prepared the Book of Mormon for the press.

Smith, seated on one side of a suspended blanket, diligently used the above-mentioned Urim and Thummim in the pretended inspection of the golden plates, (which his disciple was not permitted to see, lest their brightness should slay him,) while Harris transcribed his words. When the anxiety of the scribe to see the sacred volume became intense, as it frequently did, a revelation would be announced, telling him to wait patiently; and thus, restraining him from undue meddling, and encouraging him by flattery, his master prevailed upon him to advance all the funds necessary for the publication of the work, which took place in 1830.

From the above facts it must appear that money-making was primarily Smith's object, and that it was success which enabled him to make his high pretensions to sanctity and miraculous power.

Besides Martin Harris, Smith had gained over to his interests Oliver Cowdery and David Whitmer, whom he occasionally employed as secretaries; and when the Book of Mormon was issued from the press, a Church was formed, consisting of Smith, his father, his brother Hiram, and these three worthy coadjutors. The doctrines of this Church were contained in the newly issued volume; but as there were in the Book of Mormon only meagre explanations upon disputed theological points, the summary of faith was soon after enlarged by the Book of Covenants, published in small portions and at intervals. This last was, no doubt, partly written by Sidney Rigdon, during the sojourn of the Church in Ohio.

The Mormon theological belief, thus ushered into the world, is in many respects worthy of attention; and although we may see in it much that is ridiculous, it nevertheless appears to be the result of the endeavors of a sound mind, though of one sadly misinformed, to clear up the mysteries with which modern speculation has darkened the Scriptures; the principle of absolute

human supremacy in Church affairs being constantly kept in view.

The minds of the members of a sect which is to be governed in religious belief by one individual, must be deeply imbued with faith, lest an inquiring spirit should overthrow their confidence in the claims of him who governs them. Faith, therefore, is most treated of in the Mormon system; and so far do Mormons carry their admiration of this quality of the soul, as to maintain that it is the power by which God created the world. In this view they sustain themselves by an ambiguity in Hebrews xi. 3, which has been suffered to remain in our translation.

Good works are less made a theme of injunction; and although obedience to the will of the Prophet is sternly insisted upon, many indulgences are granted to the saints in other respects, and many restorations made of the doctrines of the various sects that have allowed their members liberty of action, and regarded belief as the only requisite to salvation. The Prophet, for instance, very generously allowed his chief supporters polygamy, provided the additional wives received the term spiritual, and the marriage ceremony was performed by himself. This privilege was of course unmentioned in any of the sacred writings, and extended at Smith's good pleasure.

Three offenses Mormons are enjoined to forgive, but the fourth, they are emphatically told, God shall revenge for them; and the interpretation of this has ever been, that they may revenge themselves.

On the subject of the Trinity, Smith agrees with what is termed the Orthodox belief, as nearly as he understands it; but was often heard during his life to declare himself far superior to our Saviour.

The Bible is said to be, after the Book of Mormon, the great canon of faith; and claims are made by the Prophet of having rectified many mistranslations, and restored many parts suppressed by the Catholics, who are denounced in no measured terms. Mormons regard it in the same light in which Christians regard the Old Testament, and its prophecies are to be literally fulfilled.

There are now many differences in the Church, upon theological points; and were, even during the life of Smith. Elder Pawley Pratt wrote a book, entitled the

"Voice of Warning," in explanation of the subjects of disputation, which is almost regarded as canonical.

In this work, the Mormon belief concerning the fulfilment of the predictions of the Apocalypse is thus explained:—

"The New Jerusalem mentioned is to be built up in America, at Independence, Mo., and at the same time the old shall be rebuilt in Palestine. The two cities shall flourish until the great and last change, when both shall be caught up to heaven, to be near the Lord and his eternal habitations."

The Book of Mormon declares that the "saints of the Church shall in after ages be equal to our Saviour, and, like him, engage in the creation and salvation of worlds;" and adds, "that there are four future states or conditions of the soul, the Celestial, the Telestial, the Terrestrial, and the Infernal;" so that the distinction between the Mormon and other sects can be as well preserved hereafter as here.

The creed of the Mormon Church would little differ, excepting on the points above enumerated, from that of any Christian denomination; but from what has been mentioned, it will be seen that in its main features it bears considerable resemblance to that propagated by Mahomet. Both recognize the principle of arbitrary power, and both that of forcible dissemination. There are, too, in both, indulgences for the faithful and sensual paradises reserved for the elect.

It might not be unprofitable, did limits permit, to continue the parallel, and show how the minds of the great impostors of different ages are the same, and how the systems resulting from them distinguish, invariably, false teachers from THE TRUE.

Smith's system was, however, produced in an age different from that of Mahomet, and could not, from the nature of things, be immediately promulgated by the sword. Care, circumspection, and an organization which should spread itself over the whole country, were necessary before forcible measures could quicken his onward march to power; and this organization he supplied with a skill which, considering his educational advantages and his opportunities of investigating governmental machinery, is truly wonderful.

He was head of the Church, and, according to his own account, in constant communication with the Deity, whose commands he

imparted to others. The Church is therefore commanded to listen reverently to what he says, and to obey him in all affairs, spiritual and temporal.

He only exercised this power, however, as head of a body which could live and grow without him. He was but the leading member of the First Presidency, which consisted of three individuals, and exercised supreme authority in all Church affairs. The other two members were, during his life, his brother Hiram and Sidney Rigdon.

Each Mormon church is called a stake, and is ruled by a subordinate presidency, consisting of three high priests, who in religious affairs are subject to the central authority. There is in each stake an ultimate court of appeal in civil, and in some cases in religious affairs, which is composed of twelve high priests, and called the "High Council."

An inferior court also exists in each stake, subordinate to the High Council, which acts only in civil affairs.

Connected with the First Presidency is a "Travelling High Council," which acts immediately under its authority, and consists of twelve high priests, called the "Twelve Apostles," who preach the gospel in different parts of the world, and govern unorganized stakes. These Twelve Apostles have under their authority first, second, and third Seventies, which assist them in the administration of the affairs of new churches, and also preach.

All the above officers are elected by the people, and hold their offices during life, competency, and good behavior.

There is thus a central authority in spiritual affairs, which binds the churches together, and an independence of the separate churches, which enables them to live under whatever civil laws they please. Every feeble and unorganized stake is amply provided for, and the bond of union is strengthened by the communication of the minor authorities with the superior power, and by the constant exertions of travelling apostles.

There are two classes of priesthood, the Melchizedec and the Aaronic. To the former belongs the First Presidency, with its High Council, together with each of the subordinate presidencies, with its High Council; to the latter the lesser courts, the "Seventies," and generally all elders and deacons of the Church who preach,

whether they are travelling or stationary. The ministerial is no preventive to other occupations. Funds are occasionally provided for the ministers by the Church; but they are generally left to obtain their subsistence without extraneous aid, provided those around them can contribute nothing, and the funds of the Church are low.

The Mormon elder is not, like too many of our Christian ministers, secluded from the haunts of life, and dependent upon a few parochial visits and upon weekly sermons as his means of reviving and sustaining religion. He wields the axe with the pioneer, climbs the mast with the sailor, drives the plough with the farmer; and thus, mingling in all the various avocations of mankind, appealing to familiar things, and using an influence which nothing but acquaintance with men and their actuating motives can give, is almost universally successful in obtaining some fruits of labor.

Moreover, as Mormons live under a democratical form of Church government, and each man stands a chance of being a high priest or elder, all feel themselves bound to gain a thorough knowledge of their Scriptures; and thus a power of argument is gained, which gives the most ignorant the advantage in dialectical contests with the learned.

This organization, and these facts, account, I think, for the vast influence which Mormonism exerts among the poorer classes; and when we consider such a constitution, we cannot wonder at the rapid increase of the new Church, and the astonishing power which it obtained in so short a space of time.

Having then these foundations on which to build, it will not be difficult to construct, uninterruptedly and understandingly, the edifice of Mormon History.

The first Mormon church was organized April 6th, 1830, at Manchester, N. Y., and was composed of six members, three of whom were, as has been remarked, members of the Smith family. Between April and October about forty were admitted as members in the surrounding villages. In October, four missionaries, among whom was Oliver Cowdery, started for the West, to preach to the Indians, whom Mormons have always looked upon with great favor, since they are taught by Smith to believe them the descendants of the ten lost tribes.

In the course of their journey, they preached at various places, and at Kirtland, Ohio, baptized one hundred and thirty disciples in less than four weeks. Before the next spring, the church at Kirtland had increased to about one thousand members. The reason of this enormous increase in so short a time is explained by Professor Turner in something the following manner.

In the year 1827, Alexander Campbell, Sidney Rigdon, and William Scott left the regular Baptist Church, and founded a new sect, styled the "Reformed Baptists." S. Rigdon was distinguished from his colleagues by doctrines which soon entirely severed him from them, and made him the leader of a separate congregation. He maintained that the prophecies of the Scriptures would be literally fulfilled, and the Israelites actually restored, together with several other doctrines coinciding with those of Smith. His eloquence and persuasive powers were irresistible, his imagination luxurious, and his emotion while addressing an audience so overpowering as to induce many to believe him acting under the influence of inspiration.

Some maintain the existence of a previous agreement between him and Smith, and the supposition is not improbable, although it cannot be verified. At any rate, as soon as the Book of Mormon was published, he started for Smith's place of residence, immediately returned after a short interview with the Prophet, and announced to his congregation his conversion to the Mormon faith. So great was his influence, that almost all of his flock followed his example, and occasioned, by entering the pale of the Church, this sudden augmentation.

Soon after the conversion of Rigdon, Smith announced a regulation, which designated Kirtland, Ohio, as the place where, until another should be provided, the Church should take up its head-quarters. He gave it the Hebrew name of *Shinahar*, and adopted the practice of giving Hebrew names to the places where Mormon churches were established.

When winter arrived, between one and two thousand Mormons had settled at Kirtland, and the Church seemed fairly begun. As the season progressed, many of the elders and members, excited by the revelations of Smith and the eloquence of Rigdon, fancied themselves possessed of miraculous

power, and laid claim to the gift of tongues. Some ran frantically through the woods day and night, uttering unintelligible sounds; some went into convulsions, and lost their reason through overpowering religious emotion; while the country around seemed as the plains of Boeotia must have seemed during the high festivals of Bacchus.

Smith, seeing that if each member of his church could with impunity lay claim to intercourse with heaven, his own power must fall, pronounced these farcical inspirations the work of the devil, and declared that all the commands which God would impose upon the Mormons would be first given to himself. The confusion soon after ceased.

The year 1831 opened with bright auspices to the cause. Smith announced a revelation commanding Church members to bring a large proportion of their possessions to the common treasury; and the command was obeyed. The elders made many converts throughout the country, and Smith's correspondents in the West gave him such glowing accounts of the country lying along the Missouri frontier, that he determined to make it in future time the head-quarters of the Church. He had at first selected a portion of Geauga county, Ohio, as the promised land; but his character being well known in those parts, and fifty gentlemen of high standing in community having made affirmation as to his rascality, he relinquished his project. In the month of June he called together the priesthood, to give what he termed the "endowment," which consisted in the imposition of hands and the impartment of the Holy Spirit; and after the performance of this ceremony, dispatched them to the West to preach the faith, commanding them to meet at Independence, Mo. Thither he and Rigdon soon went and pointed out a place for the erection of a temple, giving to Independence the name Mount Zion. After uttering various prophecies concerning the future greatness of the place, they returned to Kirtland.

The Church at Mount Zion soon numbered twelve hundred members; but as its history is separate from that of the Mother Church at Kirtland, I shall treat only of the latter until 1838, and then review Missouri affairs.

In the year 1832, a firm was established at Kirtland, with Smith for its head, the business of which was to take care of all consecrated property. During the commence-



ment of the next year, the gift of tongues again made its appearance. At first Smith declared it another Satanic manifestation; but soon afterwards, so great was the impression which it made upon the minds of his followers, he sanctioned it as the result of Divine influence. Judge Higbee, who soon after joined him at Kirtland, thus explains it: "Every sound that can be uttered is a word in some language. The inspired person has only to open his mouth and utter sounds, leaving it to God to make them expressive of some train of thought. The translator must yield himself to the influence of the Spirit, and he will utter the substance of what is said."

In June, the firm formed in the preceding year received a revelation from Smith, which commanded that the town should be laid out into lots, the proceeds resulting from the sale of which should be applied to the building of a temple. In carrying out this command, large debts were contracted, as the edifice to be erected was very expensive.

In 1834, the firm was divided into two separate and independent firms, the one located in Missouri, the other at Kirtland.

In 1835, Smith and Rigdon purchased goods in Buffalo and Cleveland, and established a mercantile firm, the profits obtained by which were to be applied to the building of the temple. This establishment was soon involved in debt, and the leaders attempted to gain money by issuing their notes, payable at periods after date; but this expedient soon failed. During this year three or four hundred elders assembled at Kirtland, to pursue their studies in the department of Hebrew literature, under the direction of Mr. Seixas, a celebrated Hebrew scholar, whose services Smith had secured.

In 1836 another endowment meeting was held at Kirtland, which is described as having been the most confused of earthly assemblages. Smith gave ardent spirits in great quantities, assuring the elders that the liquor was consecrated, and would not intoxicate. The meeting, soon feeling the effect, and thinking that a second day of Pentecost had arrived, indulged in the most outrageous extravagances, and spent the day in invoking curses upon the heads of the "Missouri Mob." Such meetings were afterwards discontinued.

In 1837 the Kirtland Bank was estab-

lished. It had no charter, and subscribers might pay for their stock in town lots, rated at almost any value. The notes were at first current in the vicinity, and all old debts were paid off with them; but no one in the East would take them. Elders were sent off to barter away Kirtland money, but the institution, having no basis, soon fell through, and Smith, with Rigdon and several other compeers, started for Missouri in the spring of 1838, hard followed by a sheriff, whose pursuit was, however, vain.

During the six years of which I have been speaking, the sect had increased with great rapidity. Its bishops and elders had travelled over the greater part of the Union, and made converts in almost all the States. It is impossible to compute the exact number of Mormons in 1838, but probably fifty thousand does not come far from a correct estimate.

The chief theatre of Mormon increase had not, however, been the country around Kirtland, where the Prophet's influence was most directly exercised, but Western Missouri.

In the summer of 1831, a portion of the sect settled, according to the direction of Smith, at Mount Zion. Here, under the able direction of Bishop Partridge, a little church of twelve hundred members was built up within two years. But that zealous spirit which, in a Church admitting the principle of forcible conversion, will not let members rest unless a rapid proselytizing is going forward, was at work. Mormons were now next-door neighbors of their friends the Indians, whose affection was rapidly conciliated by that respectful treatment which Mormonism inculcates with regard to the descendants of the ten tribes of Israel. No very great number of conversions were made west of the frontier; but so close were the bonds of intimacy with the tribes drawn, that the elders began to fancy that their power was sufficient to enable them to dictate to the citizens of surrounding counties. Along the northern border of Missouri was the as yet unhumbled tribe of Sanks and Foxes, whose dominions extended from the Missouri river to the Illinois; while within a few hours' ride to the westward lay the hunting-grounds of the Pottowotamies, the Kickapoos, the Kanzas, the Delawares, and the Shawnees.

Confiding partly in these allies, in the event of emergency, partly in their own



numbers, and more in the predictions of universal empire made by their sacred writings, the Mormons became exceedingly insolent, made dark and frequent predictions of the extermination of the Gentiles, and pronounced, in a way that left no doubt what would be the nature of their future conduct, that the "earth and all therein are the Lord's and the inheritance of his saints."

Such conduct excited, of course, exasperation; and when we reflect that the saints were thievish in their habits, (as the records of Missouri courts will testify,) and justified, by appeals to their books, "milking the Gentiles," as they termed it, we cannot wonder at, although we may be unable fully to justify, what followed.

On the 20th of July, 1833, a meeting of the citizens of Jackson county was held, for the purpose of considering the best method of effecting the expulsion of the Mormons from the neighborhood.

It was represented at this meeting that the sect, being composed of persons of bad character, who constantly prophesied the expulsion of their neighbors, and—being already numerous, would be a fruitful source of dissension in the community. Resolutions were therefore passed, among which were the following:—

"No Mormon shall, in future, be allowed to settle in the neighborhood."

"Those already settled shall be required to move away."

"The office of the *Mormon Star* shall be closed."

"The Mormon elders shall be requested to co-operate with the elders in carrying out these measures."

"Finally, those who refuse to comply with these resolutions shall be referred to such of their friends as possess the power of prophecy for information with respect to the fate which awaits them."

While this assembly was yet deliberating, an appointed committee of twelve waited upon Partridge, to notify him of these demands.

He required time for consideration and consultation with his friends in Ohio. The committee reported this reply to the meeting, which instantly adjourned, proceeded to demolish the printing-office of the *Star*, to tar and feather Partridge himself, and to extort a pledge from the Mormons that they

would leave the country before the spring of 1834.

That these violent measures are reprehensible, cannot be doubted; but that this expulsion has been beneficial to Missouri, is also indisputable. Whether the citizens were justifiable in taking *some* means of ridding themselves of neighbors who, it was vident, aimed at their own forcible expulsion at no very distant time, I will not pretend to determine. I leave it with such affairs as the removal of Mr. Clay's press from Lexington, to be settled in different ways, according as different canons of moral conduct are adopted.

The Mormons, considering the agreement which they had made invalid, petitioned Governor Dunklin for redress. He referred them to the civil law; but from this they received little or no assistance. The citizens meanly availed themselves of such means of molestation as pulling down houses, whipping and tarring and feathering individuals, until on the 4th of November a conflict took place, in which three or four were killed, and which occasioned so great an excitement that the Mormons thought it prudent to leave the county, and in a few weeks all had removed. The inhabitants of Clay county received them kindly, and gave them protection and subsistence throughout the winter.

The loss of property occasioned by these disturbances and this hasty removal was estimated by the Mormons at \$120,000.

In the spring of 1834, Governor Dunklin endeavored to bring the parties to justice; but so great was the excitement on both sides, that he relinquished the attempt, hoping that quiet would be restored, and seeing that impartial decisions could not be obtained before the proper tribunals.

When Smith, at Kirtland, heard of these proceedings, he issued a proclamation, reproving the Church in Missouri for its dissensions, and declaring that it had suffered punishment by the Lord's will. He also commanded his expelled disciples to return to Independence, and take possession of their property, since it was there that the Lord's temple should be established. Not contented with words, however, he mustered a number of emigrants who desired to join the Church at Independence, and started for that place with two hundred and fifty armed men.

The expedition arrived about the beginning of June at the Mormon settlement in Clay county, prepared, as its members thought, for conquest. Previously to their departure, the society had voted itself the name of the "Church of Latter-day Saints," being persuaded that the time had come when wickedness should, by miraculous means, be finally removed from the earth, preparatory to the coming of the Lord's kingdom.

On the 18th June, committees from both parties met at Liberty, Clay county, to endeavor to arrange affairs. The Mormons insisted on their right of returning to Mount Zion, and the Missourians persisted in their determination to repel all attempts at resettlement. No business of any importance was transacted, and the exasperated parties soon separated. A large portion of the Missouri committee entered a boat, appar-

ently sound, for the purpose of crossing the Missouri river; but when they reached the middle of the stream their vessel suddenly filled and sank, thereby drowning several of them. There can be little doubt that this tragedy was planned by Smith, who had opportunities of tampering with the boat while it was tied to the bank. So fiercely, therefore, did public resentment burn against him, that the Prophet saw that with his present force he could do nothing; and although the relinquishment of his project of making Mount Zion the seat of his empire was no part of his nature, he deferred carrying it out until an increase of Mormon population should give him sufficient force.

I have perhaps exceeded the proper limits of a communication, and must defer until some other time an account of the Missouri disturbances.

*Providence, April 17th.*

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#### NOTE TO THE PORTRAIT.

With the expectation of being able to present in our next number a complete and authentic article upon the present condition and future prospects of that most interesting region the Territory of Minnesota, we have concluded to place among our list of portraits the present able and efficient Governor of that region—a gentleman, who, by his energy and wisdom, is contributing to lay the foundations of a State that will hereafter rank among the greatest of the Confederacy.

The article referred to will render superfluous the biography with which we usually accompany our portraits, as it will necessarily speak of the measures of Governor Ramsey; and a man is best portrayed by his works.

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

*The Life of Algernon Sidney; with Sketches of some of his Contemporaries, and Extracts from his Writings.* By G. VAN SANTVOORD. New-York: Charles Scribner.

This book is a very creditable contribution to the historical literature relating to that, to us, most interesting period of the annals of England, when the principles upon which this government was founded received their most definite elucidation.

There were men among those who established the brief interregnum of the English Commonwealth whose ideas were in advance of their age, or at least of the circumstances which surrounded them. Their number was insufficient for the task they undertook. Some became martyrs to their cause, whilst others were enabled to plant their principles in a virgin soil, not overgrown with other habits and ideas. Among the former, Sidney was one of the most distinguished and disinterested. Mr. Van Santvoord has drawn his character and related the incidents of his life with a warm appreciation; and he has thrown in some admirable short sketches of some of his compatriots. In such a work, of course, the stern features of the great Cromwell must appear. Siding with neither of the extremes, the author, we think, gives the true view of this extraordinary man, and we commend his book warmly.

*The Lorgnette; or, Studies of the Town.* By an OPERA-GOER. Fourth edition; set off with Mr. Darley's Designs. New-York: Stinger & Townsend. In two volumes

Every body says that this is a rare book, and every body is right for once. Some one has said that it exceeds any thing of the kind since Addison, and to this, too, we have the greatest mind to subscribe. Indeed, we do not know but we could be driven into an argument, (were the proper occasion to arise,) to show that it is as keen, as witty, as elegant, as the corresponding parts of the great moralist himself. Certainly, *The Town*—this "Great Metropolis"—has had no such "chiel" within it "takin' notes" of its foibles and follies, its pretensions and its hypocrisies. The present elegant edition makes its appearance with a new and characteristic preface from the hand of the renowned *Ik. Marvel*, in which the long-defeated curiosity of the public as to who the author is or was, is entirely relieved by a "full and particular" account of the "nominis umbra."

*Travels in America. The Poetry of Pope.* Two Lectures by the Right Honorable the EARL OF CARLISLE, (Lord Morpeth.) New-York: G. P. Putnam.

The first of the lectures composing this very neat little volume has been extensively published in the newspapers. A great many are therefore already familiar with it; but there are, no doubt, many more who, failing to catch it thus "on the wing," will be glad to have in this permanent form these candid and generally just observations of the distinguished author. The lecture on Pope will well repay perusal.

*The Natural History of Selborne, with Observations on Various Parts of Nature, and Naturalist's Calendar.* By the late Rev. GILBERT WHITE, A. M. Bohn's Illustrated Library. New-York: Bangs, Brothers & Co.

This is one of those choice books that so long maintain their place in the affections of the quiet lovers of nature. All literary readers have of course obtained a sufficient knowledge of it from chance readings, to embrace the present opportunity of getting at it in so pleasant and acceptable an edition of it as the one before us.

*The Iliad of Homer, literally translated, with Explanatory Notes.* By THEODORE ALOIS BUOGELEY. London: H. G. Bohn. New-York: Bangs, Brothers & Co.

A most careful and accurate translation of the world's great Epic. It is a fine addition to Mr. Bohn's classic series attached to his famous Library of good books.

*Episodes of Insect Life.* New-York: J. S. Redfield.

An elegantly printed and illustrated volume, containing "authentic records" of the insect world, wreathed about with the flowers of imagination and fancy, admirably adapted to popularize the subject.

We conceive that there is a peculiar appropriateness in thus ornamenting the science of Entomology. The rich fancy of the author of this beautiful book may be fitly likened to the luxuriant verdure of leaves and flowers, among which live and sport so many of the tribes described.

These inhabitants of the world of verdure and of the by-places and crannies of creation, with their tiny toils and pleasures—could they have a more appropriate historian?

The getting up of the book is a really splendid specimen of taste. Mr. Redfield should be exempted from the bite of a — bug or the sting of a mosquito for the term of his natural life.

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*The Glenns, a Family History.* By J. L. MCCONNELL, author of *Talbot* and *Vernon*, Grahame, &c. New-York: Charles Scribner. 1851.

A story of very decided ability. The author exhibits uncommon powers in the analysis of character and motives; and his studies have been taken from the life. His scenes are laid among our Western settlers, whose peculiarities have probably never been so carefully considered from their serious side as by this very promising author.

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*Memoirs of William Wordsworth, Poet Laureate, D.C.L.* By CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, D.D., Canon of Westminster. Edited by Henry Reed. Vol. 1. Boston: Ticknor, Reed and Fields.

Having received this welcome volume only on the eve of our going to press, we can only announce its appearance at present. This however will be all that is necessary to those who are happy of that choice multitude who make up the "audience" of the great Poets. This American edition, in accordance with the wishes of the author, has most appropriately been intrusted to the hands of Professor Reed, the editor of the fine edition of the poet's works published in Philadelphia.

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*Frank Forester's Fish and Fishing of the United States and British Provinces of North America.* Illustrated from Nature by the Author. By HENRY W. HEBERT. Third edition, revised and corrected, with an ample Supplement, by the Author. New-York: Stringer & Townsend.

Having in a previous number of this journal presented, as we were in duty bound, an entire article on this book, we need only call attention to the new edition, and say that it is even more beautifully issued in paper and typography than ever; that it has been carefully revised and

added to by the author, both in matter and illustrations; and should command a place, not only in the library of every angler, but also in that of every lover of nature.

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*The Works of Washington Irving, Complete in fifteen Volumes; and the Choice Works of J. Fenimore Cooper, in twelve Volumes, 12mo.* New-York: G. P. Putnam.

The American public owe Mr. Putnam a debt of gratitude for his enterprise, and we might say patriotism, in issuing such elegant editions of these standard authors, and at so cheap a rate, that all may gratify their national pride by placing so goodly a row of volumes of choice reading upon their shelves. We have often wondered that books as parlor ornaments were not more appreciated. What a radiant nook would a little case containing these volumes make in a room; and, by the way, how admirably would a richly-bound set of the American Review fit in opposite. *Verbum sap.*

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*The Traditional History and Characteristic Sketches of the Ojibway Nation.* By G. COPWAY, or KAH-GE-GAH-BOWH, Chief of the Ojibway Nation. Boston: Benjamin B. Mussey & Co. 1851.

Here is a book by a veritable "native." This circumstance, if nothing else, will give it interest, and, may we not add, importance, as it serves to show the education and refinement of which our Indian tribes are capable.

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*A Grandmother's Recollections.* New-York: Chas. Scribner.

An admirably written and beautifully got up volume, which we highly commend as a present to the juveniles.

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*The Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art.* By JOHN TIBBS. Reprinted from the London edition. Philadelphia: A. Hart, late Carey & Hart.

This little manual of all the new facts of the year has been issued for several years past in England, and has acquired a wide celebrity. It will be found to be a most convenient book of reference for what has been done during the year in the way of improvements and inventions.













